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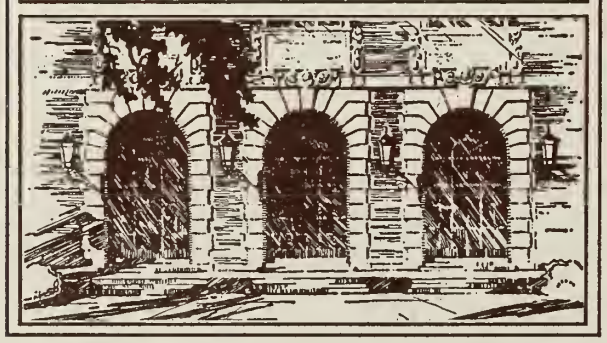

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"Cultores Veritatis Fraudis Inimici."—*Cicero.*

No. 366. Vol. XV. Thursday, January 3, 1884. 156 Price Sixpence.

ENTRE NOUS.

THE Prince and Princess of Wales, who have been staying at Sandringham for the last ten days, will come up to Marlborough House the week after next; and on Monday, the 21st, they go into Dorsetshire to visit Lord and Lady Alington, at Crichel, where they will stay till the following Saturday. On one day during the visit to Crichel the Prince is to drive over to Bryanstone Park, to lunch with Lord Portman, who is now too infirm to leave the house. Lord Portman has been for many years President of the Duchy of Cornwall.

On Monday, the 28th, the Prince is going down to Somersetshire to visit Sir Philip and Lady Miles at Leigh Court, and there is already a great deal of talk in Bristol as to the steps which are to be taken to accord him a hearty reception. H.R.H. will have three days' shooting at Leigh, and in the extensive covers around Ashton Court, Sir Greville Smyth's beautiful place, where, so far, there has been no shooting this season. Lady Miles intends to give a dance one evening during the Royal visit, and an amateur concert is proposed for another night.

The Prince will also visit Mr. Alfred de Rothschild in the course of this month, at Halton, his place near Tring.

The Duke and Duchess of Albany are to visit the Duke and Duchess of Westminster at Eaton Hall during the fourth week in this month, and in the course of their stay there they will cross the Mersey to Liverpool to attend some Social Science and Art Union functions. The week afterwards they are to be the guests of Lord and Lady Londonderry at Wynyard.

The Queen's youngest son and his wife are not allowed to accept any invitations of any sort whatever without having first obtained permission from her Majesty.

Princess Louise and Lord Lorne will leave Kensington Palace in a few days for the south of France and Italy. They will remain abroad for about three months.

The disposal of the Duchess of Teck's apartments in Kensington Palace is a tiresome question. The Princess Louise is very anxious to obtain them, as they are larger and in every way more pleasant and more convenient than the suite she now occupies. The Duke of Albany is also desirous of finding himself in an abode of his own, as Claremont is only lent to him, and he lives there under many vexatious restrictions. The Queen has not yet arrived at any decision on the matter, but I hear that she wishes to put an end to the arrangement under which certain junior members of her family use Buckingham Palace as a town house, as it causes a great deal of trouble and much confusion, and leads to expense.

There have been some sinister hints and innuendoes in various quarters as to the disordered condition in which the Duke and Duchess of Teck are alleged to have left their affairs when they went abroad; and I have seen it stated that Kensington tradesmen "have good reason to lament their departure." This is a malicious fabrication. The whole of the bills of the Duke and Duchess were paid in full some time ago, and I believe that the funds were found by the Duchess of Cambridge, who, in one way and another, has paid over £30,000 for her youngest daughter during the last few years.

Besides their indignation at the meagre attention accorded to the Duke of Braganza by the English Court, the Portuguese are exceedingly wroth that he should have left our inhospitable shores without receiving any of the usual marks of distinction. I believe it was intended to confer the Grand Cross of the Bath on the Prince, but by some infelicitous blundering it was "forgotten."

The Duchess of Edinburgh will leave England for Russia in about a fortnight in order to attend the marriage of the Grand Duke Constantine with the Princess Elizabeth of Saxe Altenburg, which is to take place in the Winter Palace at St. Petersburg.

The Crown Prince and Crown Princess of Denmark are to be the guests of the Emperor and Empress of Russia at the same time, and the Hohenzollern family will be represented at the ceremony by Prince William of Prussia.

The proposed visit of the Empress of Russia to Cannes has been abandoned.

The Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha has been staying in Paris during the last fortnight in strict *incognito*. This jovial Prince has been enjoying a round of the theatres and restaurants.

The Governor of Aden has found out that he is too often afflicted, for his own comfort, with Royal guests from the East, who expect hospitality at his hands. As in Arabia Sultans may still be reckoned by the dozen, the cost of

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entertaining them and their Ministers and courtiers, on their travels was not only very large, but their presence in his house, on account of their uncleanly habits, was very unpleasant. To escape this difficulty, the Governor has just bought a large house, and fitted it up as a sort of Royal Asylum for travelling Princes. A guest-master receives all the visitors, and a first-rate cook provides, at the public expense, for all their wants. Might not something of this kind be done at home?

The Duc and Duchesse de Chartres have taken a villa at Cannes for the next two months, and the Comte and Comtesse de Paris are expected there in a few days from San Remo, where they have been staying for the last month.

Lord and Lady Spencer are entertaining a large family party at the Viceregal Lodge, Lord and Lady C. Bruce, Lord Clifton, the Hon. L. Ellis, Lady S. Spencer, &c., being amongst the number.

Celtic life, in its artistic phase, has given Lord and Lady Spencer some occupation of late. They have visited the exhibitions of the Sketching Club and of the School of Art in Kildare-street, and been present at an operatic recital in the Academy of Music. Lord Spencer also paid a visit to Sir T. Jones's studio, to view the Royal portrait painted for the people of Belfast. With regard to the fidelity of the likeness, his Excellency can probably offer a good opinion. It is a subject on which few people in Ireland are capable of giving any.

Lord R. Churchill has, this year, been unable to pay his usual visit to Ireland to join the party assembled at Lord Justice Fitzgibbon's villa, near Howth. Mr. D. Plunket and Mr. E. Gibson are enjoying there the dignified leisure of the Christmas holidays, and are bright particular stars amidst a circle of lesser Celtic constellations.

The Duke and Duchess of Richmond had a large family-party staying with them at Goodwood for Christmas, including the Prince and Princess Edward of Saxe-Weimar; and Lord and Lady March received a few friends at Molecomb. The lawn meet of the Goodwood hounds took place on Thursday, and there was a very large field and a great crowd of foot-people. Though the weather was altogether unfavourable, there was some fair sport. Mr. Edmund Tattersall was among the company.

Lord and Lady Granville have a small party staying with them at Walmer Castle. Lord Granville's harriers had two sharp runs last week, and the Master and several members of his family were out, and were well in front throughout.

The Duke and Duchess of Norfolk are still at Arundel Castle, but owing to the delicate state of the Duchess's health there will not be any of the usual festivities. The Duke had a "big shoot" on Friday, and a large bag was obtained. There has been the annual distribution of seasonable gifts to the poor of Arundel, at which, to his credit be it said, the Duke allows no question of creed to interfere with the distribution.

At Knowsley Lord and Lady Derby have been entertaining a large party during the last ten days, including Count Münster and Countesses Olga and Marie Münster, and Lord and Lady Reay. Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone are to be guests at Knowsley in the course of the next fortnight.

Lord and Lady Salisbury will leave Hatfield House shortly for Cranborne, their place in Dorsetshire, where they will stay for about three weeks. Lord Salisbury has promised to deliver an address to the Dorsetshire Conservative Association on the 16th at Dorchester.

Sir Tatton and Lady Sykes have returned to Sledmere after a lengthened tour in the south of Europe. Vienna was their last stopping-place.

Lord and Lady Rosebery will come back from Australia early in March. They have abandoned their original intention of coming back through America, but will return direct by Egypt.

There have been great rejoicings during the last fortnight at Wentworth Castle, Yorkshire, and at Dall, Perthshire, to celebrate the majority of Mr. Bruce Wentworth, the heir of Mr. and Lady Harriet Wentworth.

Lord and Lady Londonderry intend to stay at Wynyard till they come to town after Easter. Lord Londonderry contemplates visiting Bath in the course of the spring, for the purpose of taking the waters.

A family party is staying with Lord and Lady Warwick at Warwick Castle, including Lord and Lady Brooke.

Lord and Lady Bradford have been entertaining another large party at Weston Park, including Lord Rowton, Lord and Lady Curzon, Colonel Forester, and the Hon. Canon and Mrs. Orlando Forester.

The tenantry of Lord Clinton, in Devonshire, Cornwall, and Kincardineshire, intend to present a handsome gift to his eldest son, the Hon. Charles Trefusis, when he comes of age the week after next, and there are to be a series of festivities on the various estates of the family.

Lord and Lady Exeter will receive a succession of visitors at Burghley during the next fortnight.

Mr. Loder, M.P., has lent Beach House, his residence near Worthing, to the Bishop of Peterborough and Mrs. Magee, who will stay there for at least a couple of months, as sea air and complete rest have been ordered by Sir Andrew Clark as being essential to complete the Bishop's recovery.

Lord and Lady Carrington are expected to return to Wycombe Abbey at the end of this week from America.

The General Stock Exchange, Lim., 48, St. James's-st., corner of Piccadilly.—Capital £200,000, first issue of 10,000 A Shares.—Private special telephonic and telegraphic communication with the City and other business centres. Great convenience to West-End and Country Clients. Every class of Stock Exchange business transacted. Moderate commissions. Telephone No. 3722.

MR. FENWICK BISSET has much improved in health during the last three weeks, and he has gained strength so steadily that there are hopes that he may recover from his long illness, which originated in the entire change of life and habits which was necessitated by his entering the House of Commons.

I AM very sorry to hear that Mr. Hayward's health has entirely broken up. We have seen the last, I fear, of his long series of brilliant essays, all of which, from the first which was published more than fifty years ago, down to the last (on Byron), which appeared in the July number of the *Quarterly*, have been in the highest degree amusing, interesting, and instructive. Mr. Hayward must have a wonderful collection of memoirs and reminiscences. It is generally understood by his friends that Mr. Kinglake is to be his literary executor.

LADY MARY NISBET-HAMILTON had been in bad health for a long time, and for several years past she had been incapable of managing her affairs, and her great property was under the control of a judicial factor nominated by the Court of Session. Lady Mary possessed estates in the Lothians and in Lincolnshire to the value of £50,000 a year, and she has also left an enormous sum of ready money, the whole of her property passing to her only daughter. Lady Mary's mother, Lady Elgin, was the last of the Nisbets of Dirleton, and she inherited their vast property. Lady Mary and her husband came into four separate estates and fortunes in the course of their lives; and were obliged to take an additional family name on each occasion. He is best remembered as Mr. Christopher, ("dull, stupid, old Christopher," as Henry Drummond styled him in a letter to Mr. Disraeli). He was long a leader of the more bigoted section of the Protectionists, and was one of the select band who, in Mr. Disraeli's words, "maintained the chastity of their honour" by voting to the last against Sir Robert Peel's policy in 1846.

THE Comte de Bardi, the nephew and heir (ultimately) of the Comte de Chambord, is lying dangerously ill at Lisbon.

I HEAR that Mr. Arthur Heywood, of Liverpool, has paid Sir Richard Wallace about £300,000 for the Sudbourn Estate in East Suffolk. It is a very fine property, and in admirable order—a vast sum having been expended on it by Sir Richard Wallace during the twelve years which have elapsed since he purchased it from the present Lord Hertford. The house at Sudbourn is one of the best in the county, and there is not better cover and partridge shooting on any property in England. The estate has been rigorously preserved for nearly a century. The country round is not very picturesque, but the grounds are pretty, and the park is well wooded.

EDMUND, you are wrong in your statement that Appeldurcombe Park, in the Isle of Wight, once the splendid seat of the Earls of Yarborough, is about to be converted into a school. It has long been a "school for young gentlemen;" and it was not "built by Lord Yarborough about a century ago," for the possibly sufficient reason that neither the Earldom nor the Barony of Yarborough was in existence a hundred years since.

THE late Lord Vernon's dairy and cheese factory at Sudbury, built for the benefit of his tenants, has, I learn, turned out what may be called "a good spec." The place has been in existence for about sixteen months. It is carefully fitted up, contains all the latest and best dairying machinery, and has thoroughly answered the purpose for which it was built—namely, to supply a ready market for the milk belonging to the farmers, and at the same time to protect them from bad debts and a fluctuating demand.

I HEAR with pleasure that the vacant apartments at Hampton Court have been offered by the Queen's command to the widow of Captain Moncrieff, who is really a proper person to benefit by the "Royal almshouse" arrangement, as her husband died in the service of his country, and she is left in very poor circumstances.

MR. TENNYSON has been in receipt of a pension of £200 a year from the Civil List Service Fund for thirty-nine years. I presume he will now relinquish this annuity from the taxpayers, as if he can afford to accept a peerage, he cannot possibly be in need of a grant from the public funds.

THERE is no truth in the rumour that Mr. Dodson is about to be created hereditary Poet Laureate on account of his political services.

SIR FRANCIS SANDFORD will, I understand, shortly resign his post as Permanent Secretary to the Education Department. He has now been forty years in the public service, and is entitled to retire on a pension. It is not improbable that Mr. Matthew Arnold will be his successor in this good berth, which is worth £2,000 a year.

LORD CAITHNESS, who recently purchased the steam yacht *Francesca* from the executors of the late Duke of Marlborough, has had her entirely refitted at Southampton, and she is now rigged as a brigantine. The yacht has left for Gibraltar with her owner on board, and she will cruise in the Mediterranean for the next six months, and may possibly go through the Suez Canal for a longer cruise in Eastern waters.

A PRESENTATION was made last week to Mr. L. Rolleston, late Master of the South Notts Hunt. A large muster of county notables assembled at Watnall Hall, where the Duke of Portland, on behalf of the hunt, presented Mr. Rolleston with a picture of himself and his hounds.

LORD FALMOUTH arrived at Newmarket on Thursday evening, and twenty-four hours later it was generally reported that he had decided to give up the turf, and that not only the racers at Heath House, but also the breeding-stud at Mereworth, would be sold off by Messrs. Tattersall during the Craven week. I have good reason to believe that these rumours are a gross exaggeration of the truth, for although Lord Falmouth contemplates reducing the scale

RIDING HABITS.—Specialty of JOHN REDFERN & SONS. Ladies' Tailors by Appointment to H.R.H. the Princess of Wales, 26, Conduit-street, London, W. Also at Cowes and Paris.

of his operations, he has no intention of withdrawing from the sport which has been the principal business and pleasure of his life for more than twenty years. I need hardly add that Lord Falmouth would be a most serious loss to the turf in every way.

So the owners of house-boats used on the Thames are not to have such licence and freedom for the future. The Thames Conservancy are alarmed at the nuisance likely to arise from the increasing number of these luxurious summer habitations, and a heavy tax is to be levied, and certain conditions enforced for the due management and control of these floating villas. Something certainly ought to be done to prevent refuse and offensive matter from these boats contaminating the river, and there seems no reason against the contemplated tax.

It is not quite certain yet whether the Australian team of 1884 will be a thoroughly representative one, as neither Murdoch, Spofforth, nor Bannerman has definitely made up his mind to come over. One or two complete strangers to this country may be expected to form part of the team—notably W. Giffen, brother of the all-round player, G. Giffen, and W. H. Cooper, the slow bowler, who is so deadly on a good wicket.

The record of the Oxford University fifteen up to Christmas is the finest ever obtained by a Rugby Union Club. All the opponents of the Dark Blues have been vanquished, including the crack teams of the metropolis, of the North of England, and of Scotland; and most of the victories gained by the Oxonians have been extremely easy. In fact, the Oxford fifteen of 1883-4 have brought the practice of the carrying game as near perfection as possible.

"An Observer" writes:—

Sir,—In your issue of Dec. 20, you properly expose the rubbish written about Lord Tennyson's pedigree, but may I also bring to your notice the long and tiresome genealogies in Lord Lytton's Life, just published? Even if true, such details are scarcely in good taste—but I submit that they are not to be relied on, and there is much of what may be termed *suppressio veri*.

In Burke's earlier editions ("Landed Gentry") I find that a Mr. Wiggett married a Miss Bulwer, and then took *the name of Bulwer*. Their son married a Miss Lytton, and took *the name of Lytton*. Hence, "Lytton-Bulwer."

Now I observe that the name of Wiggett no longer appears in the family history or in the peerages! Why is this? The family of Wiggett—still extant—has a right to be proud of their illustrious descendant, Edward, Lord Lytton, novelist and statesman.

Last week I quoted from the very entertaining Life of Lord Lytton his remarkable prediction, in 1860, concerning Lord Beaconsfield. In going through the work I have come upon a still more interesting reminiscence of the Tory leader, which I have not yet seen mentioned by any of the reviewers. It is a letter written by Mr. Disraeli to Lord Lytton from Constantinople, in December, 1830. He writes:—

I confess to you that my Turkish prejudices are very much confirmed by my residence in Turkey. The life of this people greatly accords with my tastes, which are naturally somewhat indolent and melancholy. To repose on voluptuous ottomans and smoke superb pipes; daily to indulge in the luxuries of a bath, which requires half-a-dozen attendants for its perfection: to court the air in a carved caique, by shores which are a perpetual scene, and to find no exertion greater than a canter on a barb; this is, I think, a far more sensible life than all the bustle of clubs, all the boring of drawing-rooms, and all the coarse vulgarity of our political controversies . . . . A life accompanied by a thousand calm enjoyments and a thousand modes of mellowed pleasure, which it might weary you to relate, and which I leave to your lively imagination.

I wonder what would have been the present condition of affairs at Constantinople if "Disraeli the younger" had turned Moslem.

Sir Theodore Martin has been severely mangled in his frays with Mrs. Hardcastle in the *Times*, on the subject of his attack on Lord Campbell in his Life of Lord Lyndhurst. He has been convicted of several flagrant inaccuracies in facts and dates, and of one gross suppression, or rather misrepresentation, of the truth. He has, besides, lost his temper, and by his offensive reference to Mrs. Hardcastle's letter as "showing *furuit quid femina possit*," has shown that to be a literary lackey of a Royal lady does not soften the manners or hinder them from being furious, but is quite consistent with publicly insulting a lady who does not happen to be Royal.

The point at issue between them, putting aside minor mistakes, which Sir T. Martin does not attempt to deny, was whether Campbell was not a comparatively intimate acquaintance of Lyndhurst's. Martin denied it. He said he might have gone to his house once or twice to a formal dinner or reception; but to pay a friendly visit in the afternoon, never. Mrs. Hardcastle cites a letter from Lyndhurst to Campbell pressing him to come from three to five any afternoon. "Oh," says Sir Theodore, "I knew of that letter, but it was only to consult him on some legal matter." Thereupon Mrs. Hardcastle gives the letter in full, and behold not a word about law, but an earnest entreaty for a visit from Campbell to tell him all the news from Paris, where he (Campbell) had been lately disporting himself. Poor Sir Theodore must doubtless wish that in whitewashing Lyndhurst he had not devoted so much space to blackening Campbell.

Two great poets, contemporary with Keats, countenanced the idea that his death was due to the severe handling of the critics; but it has been reserved for a poet of the present day to improve upon this theory. Mr. Edmund W. Gosse writes in the *Academy* of December 22:—"It was she" (Fanny Browne), "and not the critics, who killed John Keats; if ever a shallow-hearted coquette destroyed a man, it was she." Unfortunately, however, for the theories of critic or coquette, it has been conclusively proved by Lord Houghton that Keats died of consumption, of which he had the seeds in his constitution.

Mr. Ruskin makes a suggestion in the Christmas number of "Fors Clavigera" which ought to be acceptable in these days, when there is so much talk of new careers for women. He has often described his fondness for the roadside inns of merry England, and has declared that "every village should have, as a holy church at one end, so a holy tavern at the other." He now betters the saying by adding, "that they may be side by side if you will"; and suggests that his "gentle girl readers" would

Rimmel's New Year Novelties.—Perfumed Cards and Sachets, Scent-cases, Fans, &c. 96, Strand; 128, Regent-st.; 24, Cornhill.

The A. & H. "Tasteless" Castor Oil is pure, active, and absolutely free from odour and unpleasant taste; a result never before attained. "It possesses all the advantages that are claimed for it."—*Lancet*. In bottles at 6d., 1s., 1s. 9d., and 3s. To be had of all Chemists. Sole manufacturers Allen & Hanburys, London.

do quite as well to keep the tavern as to marry the curate. "Judge what the delight of travelling would be," Mr. Ruskin says, "if at every village there were a Blue Boar, or a Green Dragon, or Silver Swan—with Mark Tapley of the Dragon for ostler, and Boots of the Swan for boots, and Mrs. Lupin or Mrs. Lirriper for hostess—only trained at Girton in all that becomes a hostess in the nineteenth century!" Mr. Ruskin's picture is not, it seems, altogether ideal, for he quotes a letter from a friend who had been staying at an inn where the daughter, "who was an admirable cook," not only quoted Wordsworth and Burns, but showed the further sign of grace of "knowing all about Brantwood."

Who Arrowsmith is and who Hugh Conway is I do not know, nor had I ever heard of the Christmas Annual of the former, or of the latter as a writer of fiction; but, a week or two ago, a friend of mine said to me, "Buy Arrowsmith's Christmas Annual, if you want to read one of the best stories that have appeared for many a year." A few days ago, I happened to be at the Waterloo Station waiting for a train. I remembered the advice, and asked the clerk at the bookstall for the Annual. He handed it to me, and remarked, "They say the story is very good, but this is only the third copy I have sold." It was so foggy that I could not read it in the train as I had intended, so I put the book into my pocket. About 2 that night, it occurred to me that it was nearing the hour when decent, quiet people go to bed. I saw the Annual staring me in the face, and took it up. Well, not until 4.30 did I get to bed. By that time I had finished the story. Had I not, I should have gone on reading. I agree with my friend—nay, I go further than him, and say that Wilkie Collins never penned a more enthralling story. I am in despair at thinking that I have read it. Those who have not, have a pleasure to look forward to. They have two or three hours of real good sensationalism, admirably written, before them, at the small cost of sixpence. In the meantime, I can only hope that Mr. Hugh Conway will soon be good enough to write another story—a better one of its kind than "Called Back," however, neither he nor any one else could write. I only ask that it should be one-half as good.

Julian Hawthorne has nearly finished a new novel. It is to come out, week by week, in a Boston newspaper.

The Cologne Opera Company will probably appear in London next season, most likely at Covent Garden, alternately with the usual Italian performances.

Flötow's posthumous opera, "Le Chevalier de Saint Negrin," is to be produced at Cologne in a few days.

Education in England, France, and Germany.—"Intelligen youths over 13 years of age, ought to study from January till July of each year in France or Germany, to perfect colloquially the French and German languages, and acquire useful knowledge of foreign nations without neglecting English Studies and Examinations." Moderate inclusive terms. Pupils are accompanied abroad, and visited while they are there. Parents thus often assured as to sons' health, comfort, progress, &c. Pupils are everywhere satisfied, and are under careful supervision. Parents have no extra expense, nor any risk, trouble, or anxiety. Address, J. Haysman, Anglo-French College, Finchley-road, London. Pupils also received for either England, France, or Germany only. At the schools in France there are ten French pupils to one English. Progress has therefore always been very rapid and satisfactory.

Prince George of Prussia has completed a drama in French, entitled "Mademoiselle Esther," which is generally reported in Berlin to be based on the career of Sarah Bernhardt. It may be hoped that Sarah is not depicted in a ridiculous or an unfavourable light, for if she horse-whipped a member of the Hohenzollern family, it is difficult to predict where the "incident" would terminate. I dipped into "Sarah Barnum" the other day, and I must say that if ever a woman was justified in taking the law into her own hands, Sarah was.

In "Voice, Song, and Speech," by Dr. Lennox Browne and Mr. Emil Behnke, are very happily combined the experience of a successful throat specialist, who has the reputation of being, above everything, practical, and of a singing-master who is qualified by scientific attainments to understand what he teaches. The result is a work of great interest and utility not only to the voice-user but to the general reader. It is pointed out that perfection in bodily well-being is more important to the success of the singer's and orator's vocation than to that of almost any other art or profession, and the rules of diet, exercise, and the like which are given seem sensible, and easy of observance. The photographs of the throat in the act of singing are marvellous, and I doubt not instructive, but at first sight they are decidedly ghastly.

The monastery of La Trappe has just opened its doors to a noted recruit. Garcia, after winning and squandering fortunes at the gambling-table, has turned monk. He broke the bank several times at Baden and Homburg. He subsequently became a waiter and then a coachman.

A handsome brass has been placed in the pretty little church of Mapledurham, to the memory of the late rector, the Rev. Edward Coleridge, who for many years was one of the most popular of the Eton masters, and who will be long remembered in the English Church as the founder (in conjunction with Mr. Beresford-Hope) of St. Augustine's College, Canterbury.

The Bishop of Newcastle and Mrs. Ernest Wilberforce have placed a large and very tasteful monument in Newport Church to the memory of the late Dean Connor. The lamented Dean was Vicar of Newport for more than thirty years.

There was an immense congregation at St. Paul's on Sunday afternoon to hear Canon Liddon's last sermon during his present period of residence. Every available seat was filled, and there was a large crowd standing at the sides even before the service commenced. Dr. Liddon has of late become very unequal in the pulpit, and his sermon on Sunday was far below the standard of his two previous discourses. It extended over fifty-five minutes, and was for the most part rather dull and very highflown. At the close Dr. Liddon alluded very briefly to the principal events of the past year; but of the eminent deceased clergy he only mentioned two, the Archdeacon of Dublin

Pfungst Frères Extra Quality Champagnes can be supplied in London at the House of Commons Rest., First Avenue Hotel, Hotel Bristol, Claridge's Hotel, Café Verrey, Grand Hotel, Wood's Hotel, Holborn Rest., Palmerston Rest., Stock Exchange (Mabey's) London Tavern, &c.—Agents, J. L. Pfungst & Co. 23 Crutched Friars.

and Prebendary Irons. A few words, when there were so many, might surely have been devoted to Dean Boyd and to Mr. Coleridge.

A contemporary finds fault with Dean Church because he does not preach often, and also because when he does occupy the cathedral pulpit it is not at an hour convenient to "society." The fact is that, under the statutes which regulate the preaching, the Dean is only appointed to fill the pulpit on the mornings of Easter-day, Whit Sunday, Advent Sunday, and Christmas Day. The ordinary morning preachers (usually the Prebendaries, in turn) are nominated by the Bishop of London, and receive a fee from the Corporation; and the Canon-in-residence invariably preaches in the afternoon; while in the evening there are special preachers, named during the first three months of the year by the Bishop, and at other periods by the Dean and Chapter. Dr. Church is one of the most eloquent, thoughtful, and scholarly preachers in the English Church; and it is certainly to be regretted that his voice is not heard more frequently. Except in his Cathedral on the days I have named, and at Oxford, where he has been Select Preacher over and over again, he hardly ever preaches.

The Rev. H. R. Haweis's series of fourteen Sunday Evenings for the People will commence on Sunday next at St. James's, Westmoreland-street, Marylebone.

Very bad accounts have reached town from Oxford within the last few days concerning the Rector of Lincoln College, who, it is feared, is in a precarious condition. He is suffering from an affection of the heart, but this would not cause any grave apprehension if it were not that he is in a state of the deepest depression, and appears to feel utterly hopeless, both about himself and about everybody and everything. He is greatly grieved that his long-expected work on Scaliger should not have been completed, especially as it would have been finished in another year at his usual rate of work. The Rector has occupied himself a good deal of late years with another work, in which he has related a number of his literary, clerical, and university experiences. Many years ago he was curate to Newman, and he has all his life been so mixed up with eminent personages that his reminiscences should be most interesting. He would be a serious loss to Oxford, for in pure intellect there is nobody in the University who can touch him.

A large and very beautiful monument will shortly be placed over the grave of Dean Stanley in the Chapel of Henry VII., in Westminster Abbey.

Mr. Shaw Lefevre points out in the new number of the *Nineteenth Century* that so far as monuments are concerned, Westminster Abbey is now full, and that the only way of continuing the splendid roll of memorials to the illustrious dead is to build a monumental chapel. But the Abbey is equally full of the illustrious dead themselves, and only the other day the remains of Sir William Siemens were refused admission on the ground that there was no room for them. Under these circumstances, I am certainly not surprised that the interment of Lady Louisa Percy there should have excited some comment; for whatever may have been her private virtues, her claim to public distinction was, I suppose, limited to her being the daughter of one Duke and the sister of another. The truth is that any right of burial in the Abbey possessed by a particular family is inconsistent with its character as a national Pantheon, and is one which ought at once to be abolished.

The Sunday evening services at Westminster Abbey will be resumed on the first Sunday in Lent, and will be continued till Palm Sunday. These services will be held in the choir; but after Easter, when the organ has been replaced on the screen, the nave evening services will recommence.

There is to be a full choral wedding in the Abbey to-morrow (Thursday) afternoon at two o'clock, when the Rev. G. Rutherford, the recently-appointed headmaster of Westminster School, is to be married by special licence to Miss Renton.

The Roman Catholic Cathedral at Westminster is to be commenced forthwith. It is to form the centre of a vast quadrangle, comprising the site of the Tothill-fields Prison, recently purchased for £115,000 from the Middlesex magistrates, and a site adjoining, long in possession of Cardinal Manning. As a frontage to this vast square, houses are to be built in architectural keeping with the building, and of a character to adorn the neighbourhood. The Cathedral itself, which is to cost something like half-a-million, is to be 570 ft. in length, and 350 ft. in width. Westminster Abbey is 511 ft. in length, by 203 ft. across the transepts. The plans of the new Cathedral are borrowed from Germany, for Sir Tatton Sykes purchased the designs of the Votiv-Kirche, in Vienna, from the architect, the late Baron von Ferstel.

Everybody knows, I should think, that advowsons are openly sold, and that plenty of clergymen are willing enough to bid for them. It is rather amusing, therefore, to hear of the indignation which has been roused in Church circles by an episode in the history of the Leicester racecourse. This course, it seems, includes part of the glebeland, and the race committee, with commendable prudence and foresight, have bought the next presentation to the living of Oadby, lest some parson should be appointed who disapproves of racing! This is hoisting the clergy with their own petard in a very remarkable manner, and it may, perhaps, lead them to consider whether it would not be advisable to renounce all simoniacal practices privately, as well as in public.

The clerical world of Sheffield is ruffled, owing to the conduct of a curate. In March last one of the city vicars obtained a very superior man as a curate. He was good and rich, and had, according to himself, many friends among the aristocracy. This good young man became engaged to a lady who was one of the flock over which he exercised sway as a deputy shepherd. Under these circumstances, he announced that a ducal friend had offered him a wealthy living; but he allowed himself to be persuaded not to leave Sheffield. The time came for his being licensed to his curacy. The Archbishop made the usual inquiries. The curate on this disappeared, and nothing has since been ascertained as to his whereabouts.

Liberty's Art Fabrics.—For Ladies' Winter Costumes and Toilets. Patterns post-free. East India House, Regent-street, W.

I HAVE often called attention, not only to the outrageous severity of Court-martial sentences, but also to the fact that these tribunals are not apparently guided by any fixed principles in their procedure. A few months ago, when H.M.S. *Lively* was in charge of a local pilot, who had been placed on board by express orders from the Admiralty, she ran ashore, and was lost. The pilot retained his certificate, although it was his blunder which had brought about the catastrophe; but the officers, who were not only not in charge, but who were actually below when the ship struck, were severely punished by a Court-martial which sat upon them at Devonport. The other day, H.M.S. *Griffin* ran ashore in the West Indies, under precisely similar circumstances, but the Court-martial, which sat at Bermuda, came to the fairer and more rational conclusion that no blame attached to the officers, but that the pilot must be held responsible, and, accordingly, he lost his certificate. The ways of the Admiralty are certainly inscrutable.

How necessary it is that some steps should be taken with respect to these Courts-Martial may be gathered from the following "hard case," one only amongst the many that have been suffered by unfortunate seamen. In 1879 a sailor named James Phillpot was sentenced to eighteen months' hard labour whilst serving on a foreign station. During his passage home to undergo his punishment the Zulu War broke out, and his ship received orders to proceed to Africa. On arriving there Phillpot was given his liberty, and allowed to volunteer for service ashore. At the conclusion of the war the ship proceeded to England, and on arriving at Plymouth the crew were paid off, but the Admiralty authorities, finding that Phillpot still had four months of his sentence unexpired, ordered his removal to a civil prison for that term. Under the advice of the governor of the prison, Phillpot petitioned the Admiralty, and in due course received a reply saying that as it seemed rather a hard case, "my Lords would dismiss him from the service at the expiration of his sentence."

ORDERS have been sent to Sheerness to prepare the iron screw corvette *Rover* for commission. The *Rover*, which was built ten years ago, has so far only had one commission —on the North American and West Indian station. During the last year she has been repaired and refitted at a cost of £40,000.

THE workmen employed at Portsmouth Dockyard petitioned the Admiralty to be allowed to work up extra time, so as to have a holiday on Boxing Day. My Lords in their wisdom thought fit to refuse this very reasonable request, and the result was that last Wednesday no less than 2,800 men absented themselves without leave. By so doing they, of course, forfeited their day's pay, and that also for Christmas Day. It is to be hoped that the Admiralty will not insist on exacting the penalty, and also that they may be induced to pursue a less wooden-headed policy next year.

MINTON'S CHINA.—THOMAS GOODE & Co., Artists and Designers in Porcelain, South Audley-street, Grosvenor-square.

I REGRET that Lord Hartington is allowing affairs at the War Office to relapse into their old condition. When Mr. Childers became Secretary of State he insisted upon having complete control over appointments in the department of the Officer Commanding-in-Chief, as well as in the other departments of the War Office. His struggle with the head of the Military Department on this matter was long, and at one time very acute. Mr. Childers eventually gained the day. To his firmness Lord Wolseley owes his appointment as Adjutant-General of the Army. Quite recently another high office in the military department fell vacant—that of Deputy-Adjutant-General for the Royal Artillery. The candidate specially marked out by public opinion as the fittest man for the post had been previously employed in the department of the Surveyor-General of the Ordnance. He had served with distinction in the Crimean and Egyptian Campaigns. He was for several years Military Attaché at Vienna, where he had given much attention to the organisation of Continental armies. His capacity for administrative work was undoubted. Had Mr. Childers remained at the War Office this officer would have been chosen for the vacant post. As in the case of Lord Wolseley, however, he was not personally popular in high quarters. Lord Hartington gave way, and allowed the Duke of Cambridge to appoint to the office a nominee of his own selection.

THE salary of the Deputy-Adjutant General for the Royal Artillery is £1,500 per annum. I do not complain of the amount. The work of the office is responsible and onerous. He is charged with the duty of seeing that the country gets its money's worth for a sum amounting to nearly £1,000,000, which is annually voted by Parliament for the maintenance of the Artillery. Nor is it worth while now to raise any objection to the present incumbent. He will, I hope, prove as capable an administrator as he is a gallant soldier. What I wish to insist on as a taxpayer is that this and all like appointments should be under the control of the Minister responsible to Parliament, and not in the hands of the Officer Commanding-in-Chief, who is subordinate to the Secretary of State.

IN the Department of the Surveyor-General of the Ordnance, if the office of Inspector-General of Fortifications were to fall vacant, Mr. Brand would not claim the right to appoint Sir Andrew Clarke's successor; nor, in the Financial Secretary's department, if Mr. Knox were to resign would Sir Arthur Hayter be allowed to nominate a personal friend of his own to succeed that gentleman as Accountant-General. Why should the Officer Commanding-in-Chief have rights and privileges not accorded to the Surveyor-General of the Ordnance and the Financial Secretary? What is the legal and constitutional position taken up by his Royal Highness and his advisers in this matter?

THE officers of the Army Pay Department have memorialised the War Office to allow them to have a representative of their own department at the War Office, as they

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consider that in many matters, and especially in regard to rank, they are not fairly treated. The demand seems a reasonable one, for such a representative would understand their wants and requirements, and would be in a position to smooth their relations with the governing authorities.

Lord A. G. Russell, commanding the troops at Halifax, Nova Scotia, has issued an order that neither officers nor men are to shave. This order is highly appreciated, and it is universally hoped that it is not merely intended to remain in force during the winter months. The general is a great disciplinarian with regard to dress, and insists upon all officers wearing uniform up to two o'clock in the day—a regulation which should be in force in all garrison towns in England.

A case will shortly be tried in a court of law which is likely to cause a considerable stir in Volunteer circles. It seems that the honorary colonel of a certain regiment refuses to pay his share of the subscriptions, and the lieutenant-colonel, who is practically, but not nominally, the commanding officer, is of opinion that his senior should either pay up or tender his resignation. In this view the majority of the officers of the regiment concur, and on the strength of this consensus of opinion the lieutenant-colonel has very properly decided to submit the case for judgment.

Circuits begin on or about the 11th inst, and an unusually strong argument has just been furnished for their abolition, or, at all events, for some reform of the present idiotic system. Vice-Chancellor Bacon has recently resigned the presidency of the Bankruptcy Court, not caring at his advanced age to face the task of mastering the practical details of the new Act, and Mr. Justice Cave has been appointed to fill his place. But, just as the new Judge is beginning his duties, he will be called away for a month to go on circuit, while the business of his Court is left to a deputy. We have had some fearful examples of the evil of sending a Chancery Judge on Circuit; but, surely, even that course would be preferable to the alternative of taking Mr. Justice Cave away from his work at the very time he ought to be settling highly important precedents of practice.

Decidedly we have a happy-go-lucky way with us. Whether or not a prisoner should be allowed to make statements through his counsel without proof, would certainly seem to any one who did not understand our peculiar way of managing things, to be a matter on which uniformity of practice was desirable. It may well involve a question of life and death, and a prisoner's chances ought at any rate, one might well imagine, to be equal, by whatever member of the Bench he happens to be tried. Not so. however. Several of the judges agreed two years ago that a prisoner should not be allowed to make such statements; and Mr. Justice Denman said the other day that if he had remembered this resolution, he should certainly have acted on it. Sir Watkin Williams, on the contrary, declares that, resolution or no resolution, "nothing short of an Act of Parliament" shall ever induce him to act on it. But what is even more curious is that no steps whatever were taken to inform this learned judge (who happened not to be present at the meeting) of the resolution, of which, indeed, like the public at large, he remained entirely ignorant until it chanced to leak out in a casual correspondence the other day. This is really carrying the principle of leaving the law *in gremio magistratuum* a little too far.

The leading members of the medical profession have formed themselves into a committee under the chairmanship of Sir William Jenner, to collect £1,000, which is estimated to be the amount of legal expenses which have been incurred by Dr. Bower and Mr. Keates in defending themselves against the prosecution against them, which was taken up by the Public Prosecutor, and which the magistrates, very properly, dismissed with the remark that it was "persecution rather than prosecution."

In the parish of St. Mary-at-Hill, in the Ward of Billingsgate, resides the Rector, the Rev. A. Trower. In the same parish are situated the business premises of Sir Henry Peek, Bart, M.P. for Mid-Surrey. Litigation has gone on from time to time between Sir H. Peek and the Rector in connection with portions of the Church lands. Some months back an action was brought against the Baronet, by order of the Select Vestry, to prevent him from locking the only gate into the churchyard from the street, the right to which gate Sir Henry claimed. The suit being semi-ecclesiastical, it was necessary that it should be brought in the name of the Rector, and the trial came before Mr. Justice Lopes, in the Court of Queen's Bench as Trower *v.* Peek. The judge gave it against the plaintiff and dismissed the trial, with costs. Whereupon the Vestry decided not to appeal. The members of the Vestry having ignored the liability of themselves or the Parish to pay the costs, the defendant's bill (some £500) was sent in to the Rector. Twenty-four hours after the presentation of the bill, by order of Sir Henry Peek, a bailiff was put into the rectory, the time chosen being Saturday afternoon, after the banks had closed and solicitors had left their offices. The "gentleman in possession" was only induced to depart on the Rector's giving him a cheque for the £500, nearly £20 for his own expenses, and a written assurance that nothing should be removed from the house till the cheque had been cashed on the following Monday. What is Sir Henry Peek's explanation of this outrageous conduct? Why should he insist upon keeping the gate of a churchyard closed? As a well-known member of the Vestry, who is also a Town Councillor of Nottingham, said when it was proposed to close a churchyard there, "Why? Them as is out don't want to get in, and them as is in can't get out." Why, too, this harsh proceeding towards the Rector? I always held a good opinion towards Sir H. Peek, because he supplied children in schools with dinners, but I cannot say his proceedings in regard to this churchyard has strengthened that good opinion.

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A FEW weeks ago I alluded to the strange proceedings of the Edinburgh Parochial Board, which had threatened to dismiss the chaplain at Craiglockhart Poorhouse, because he declined to preach the doctrine of eternal punishment. Last Thursday the members met to decide the matter, and after reading the chaplain's "explanations," it was resolved by a small majority to dismiss him. His letter setting forth his views was denounced by one pillar of orthodoxy as "a most ridiculous and contemptible composition," which "could never have come from any man of prudence or sound theological learning." The more sensible minority were in favour of instructing the chaplain to attend conscientiously to the ministration of the poor, and to refrain from subjects of an irritating and controversial nature. One of his supporters announced that two "celebrated ministers" in the city had reported that the chaplain's views were not of a nature to justify his dismissal; a statement which was met by cries of "horrible!" and "shameful!" The Scotch still have a keen scent for a "heresy hunt;" their inveterate bigotry cannot be stamped out in the meridian of "Auld Reekie."

LAST week, I notice, Richard Townley, Secretary to the Hearts of Oak Permanent Building Society, was summoned at the Thames Police Court under the Nuisances Removal Act. It appeared that four houses belonging to the Society were unfit for human habitation, the ceilings being broken down, the woodwork rotten, the roofs defective, and the drains in a terrible state. The magistrate made an order to close the houses within seven days. I mention this case because at the Mansion House meeting to discuss the question of the dwellings of the poor, nearly all the speakers agreed in deciding that the best, and, in fact, the only remedy for the present abuses was independent action by private building societies, of which, by the way, many of the orators took good care to announce that they were directors. It is to be hoped that the institutions over whose destinies Lord Claud Hamilton and the others preside are not managed on the same principles as the Hearts of Oak Permanent Building Society, or else the chances of reform are something more than remote.

THE town of Warminster suffers from a defective water supply, and an application was recently made to Lord Bath for permission to utilise a noted spring on his estate in the neighbourhood. The owner of Longleat, however, insists on a *quid pro quo*, and if the people of Warminster take the water from the spring they must undertake to spend several hundreds on conveying it to certain farms on Lord Bath's estate, the tenants of which are at present put to much inconvenience in consequence of their supply being defective. Surely the noble Lord can very well afford to pay out of his own pocket for a work which will improve his estate, instead of taxing the ratepayers of Warminster.

THE appreciation accorded by the highest circles during the last half century to the Original Oriental Tooth Paste proves the efficacy of this refined toilet luxury. It is compounded of rare and fragrant herbs in an especial manner known only to the sole proprietors and manufacturers, JEWSBURY & BROWN, Chemists, of Manchester. Its use keeps the teeth and gums in a state of preservation and soundness to old age, while its rare aromatic properties render the breath exceedingly pleasant. Perfect in all Climates.

THE Corporation of the City is showing the cloven foot again in a very reckless way. They protested last year that they were not promoting or supporting the High Beech Railway in Epping Forest from any selfish motive. Happily the Bill was thrown out, notwithstanding their protestations. Now, however, they have made public their real reasons by giving out that they are going to build a monster hotel there, like that which has converted the Chingford part of Epping Forest into a cockney bar-room. In fact, to put a few pounds into the pockets of the civic land-jobbers and lawyers and parasites generally the Corporation seem prepared to destroy the charms of the bit of country they made such a fuss about saving with other people's money. *Sic itur ad astra!*

ACCORDING to the City papers, the expenses of the last Lord Mayor's Banquet and Show amounted to £3,843. 13s. 6d., of which £1,730 were spent on the dinner. It is a scandalous thing that no one should be qualified to become Chief Magistrate of the Metropolis who is not prepared to squander thousands of pounds upon a single day's entertainment.

THE Lord Mayor, by the way, has adopted the sensible practice of permitting smoking after his Mansion House dinners. He himself set the example last week, keeping his cigar alight even during the speeches he had to make. Public dinners are already sufficiently tedious without the added infliction of having to listen to long and windy orations unsolaced by tobacco, and I sincerely hope that the Lord Mayor's lead will be extensively followed.

IT was not at all a bad idea of the Municipal Reformers to run Mr. Corrie Grant for the Common Council. Although he made a start only a few days before the Ward, he got 236 votes, so that if he had been brought forward sooner he would probably have got in. Three-quarters of the constituency did not vote at all, and never do. Most of them are disgusted with the Corporation and all its works, and would only require asking in order to vote for a reforming candidate.

I WONDER that the reformers never turned their attention to this method of fighting before. If they could only get half-a-dozen determined men into the Common Council, they might break up the whole corrupt system. It ought to be attacked from the inside, and at present there is no one with the spirit to do it. For example, as was evident from a correspondence published a month or two ago, a sum of £200 was paid out of the City cash to have tickets printed and men paid to break up the St. James's Hall meeting of the League. The City officers were concerned in it, and they helped to spread the forged tickets over London. But nobody in the Common Council dare insist on an inquiry into it. This could not happen in any Corporation in Europe except London. And this is just the sort of thing that a reformer would have inquired into.

THERE was another question raised at the Farringdon election, too, which was significant. All the old members avowed themselves in favour of the continuance of the system of feeding committees. I have made a few inquiries into this matter, and I find that a good many

thousand pounds a year are expended in this way. In addition to the regulation banquets of the Lord Mayor, there are large sums of money spent in feeding, of which no trace appears even in the published accounts of the City under any heading which would convey to the uninitiated any idea of its meaning. In a period not long past the committees of the Common Council received "line money," which was an allowance in hard cash made to those who were present before the hour for commencing proceedings, and who wrote their names above the line which was drawn across the attendance book at that hour.

The present system is to make what are called Committee "allowances." These are moneys paid out of the City cash to the Chairman of the Committee, and he is expected to feed the Committee out of it. These dinners are on a lavish scale, and, naturally, Common Councillors are anxious to retain them; but whether it is a proper expenditure of public money is another matter. I find that last year the following, amongst other allowances, were made to these Committees:—

Committee for letting City lands	£400	0	0
Police Committee	350	0	0
City of London School Committee	470	0	0
Freeman's Orphan School Committee	250	0	0
Music Committee	150	0	0
Gas and Water Committee	200	0	0
Bridge House Estates Committee	300	0	0
Commission of Sewers	600	0	0
Coal, Corn, and Finance Committee (£800)	800	0	0
General Purposes Committee	200	0	0
Markets Committee	600	0	0
Offices and Clerks Committee	150	0	0
Law and City Courts Committee	150	0	0
Local Government and Taxation Committee	200	0	0
Mitage on Grain Committee	100	0	0
Epping Forest Committee	420	0	0
Guildhall Improvement Committee	200	0	0
Common Council Summer Excursions	750	0	0
Guildhall Library Committee	200	0	0
King of Netherland's Reception Committee. (Did the reception ever take place? I think not)	250	0	0
Municipal Authorities Entertainment Committee	150	0	0
Gresham Estate Committee	50	0	0
	£6,940	0	0

Here is a sum of nearly £7,000 to which the Committees confess, but this probably falls a good deal short of the truth. Of this sum about £6,000 was spent on food, and the rest on jaunts up the river and into the country and in personal decorations. The amount of eel pie and conger-eel soup which this sum represents passes imagination.

Sir William Charley, at Ipswich, talked a good deal about his power to commit Mr. Corrie Grant at the Old Bailey. This was supposed to be for contempt of Court, because Mr. Grant had spoken irreverently of Sir William in a judicial capacity. But it would be interesting to see a return of the number of times that Sir William sits on the bench in the course of the year. I believe that they would show him to be paid at the rate of £30 per diem for every working day. When addressing his intended constituents after his defeat at Ipswich, Sir William's "feelings overcame him," and he wept like a child, possibly not only because he had lost his election, but because he could not commit the entire borough for contempt of a City Judge.

Minton's China.—A visit to Messrs. Mortlock's extensive collection in Oxford-street and Orchard-street will conclusively prove the superiority of taste and lowness of price for which this house has been so celebrated during the last century and a half.

So Mr. Holloway is dead. I cannot say that I ever took any of his pills, but I should imagine them to be harmless for ill and useful to those who want a dose. Why they have become popular is because each box contains a great number of them, so that those who buy them get their full money's worth. I believe that they are largely purchased by skippers, who administer them to any one of their crew who does not feel quite well. Mr. Holloway, however, made as much money by speculation as by pills. He was always buying and selling on the Stock Exchange, and as he had large funds to support his views, he seldom lost, the great art on the Exchange being to hold and wait.

He made a noble use of his money. Most persons with a genius for heaping up gold have a mania to die rich. I do not believe that they really care much for their heirs, but their last moments are made happy by the thought, that those who read their testamentary dispositions will discover how rich they were. It may be difficult to become a millionaire, but this is nothing in comparison with the difficulty that a millionaire finds in parting with any portion of his hoards when alive. Take, for instance, Lord Overstone. Of what possible use was he to the community? Where is any institution that he founded? What is there to perpetuate his name beyond a few rich heirs? I prefer the Pill man to the Lord!

Mr. Edgar Pooley has shown what one man can do by "sticking to it." He has successfully fought the truck system in Cornwall, which enabled small shopkeepers to pay in goods for work done by women, and he has fought it alone. It has been entirely due to his energy and persistency that the Chief Inspector of Factories has called attention to the illegalities of the system. I hear that it still prevails in the Shetland Islands and in some parts of Scotland. If so, the Inspector of Factories would do well to turn his attention to these districts.

More than two hundred disappointed emigrants arrived in the Clyde last week from New York on their way back to their original homes in Germany and Austria. Trade is so dull in America that no work is to be had, and they say that even when employed it cost them every cent they could earn to pay for board and lodging at the lowest rates.

I was speaking to a lady who returned in the *Hawarden Castle* on Friday last from Port Elizabeth, as to the condition of things in that colony, and she supplied me with the following data:—

That the colonists earnestly prayed for another war to resuscitate trade; that in the majority of cases the missionaries were a curse instead of a blessing; that they set up stores, and thus introduced strong drink to the native population who joined their congregations, and who were devoid of self-control. Prices were as follows:—Bread, 1s. per quartern loaf; eggs, 3s. per dozen; butter, 2s. 6d. per lb.; moist sugar, 6d. per lb.; meat was 8d. and 9d. per lb., but so tough that steaks were unknown. Oranges, guavas, and pomegranates plentiful and cheap. Small cabbages 6d. each; potatoes 6d. per lb. The dearness of vegetables is owing to the sandy nature of the soil.

Vanity Fair says:—"Mr. Benjamin is still the Prince of Ulster and Stalking-Coat Makers." Ulster House, Conduit-street, W.

Quos Deus vult perdere prius dementat. The Sultan of Turkey, not content with borrowing from day to day to defray the daily expenses of his palace at ruinously usurious rates, and in the face of a deficit of £6,000,000 in a budget of £12,000,000, has just increased his Grand Vizier's salary from £250 to £750 per month, and that of all the other Ministers from £200 to £300 per month. Thus the Prime Minister of the poorest and most hopelessly bankrupt State in Europe receives £4,000 per annum more than the Prime Minister of England. Perhaps the Sultan hopes to recoup himself by the receipt of some douceur or other from the Greek Patriarch, whom he worries to death by threatening to deprive the Greek Church of Phanar of all the privileges granted to it ever since the taking of Constantinople by Mahomet II.

THE *Scotsman* has of late come in for a good deal of abuse for its attitude on the question of extending the franchise to Ireland, and various other matters. A letter has, however, appeared in the *Pall Mall Gazette* which certainly ought to convince the *Scotsman* of the error of its ways. This letter is signed "A Whig of 1688." When Whigs of 1688 take the extreme course of rising from their graves and writing letters of reproof to a backsliding journal, it surely cannot do less than recant its heresies.

THERE is some clever juggling with figures in Sir Stafford Northcote's apology in the *National Review*, but in one place the trick is rather too transparent. With great show of candour, he takes off from the increased expenditure under the Liberals the sum of £800,000 a year left them by the Conservatives; but he omits to add this sum to the Conservative expenditure;—that is to say, he regards the annual items of £800,000 as non-existent, and payable by no one! The proceeding is curious from the arithmetical point of view, but is quite in keeping with the practice of Conservative finance.

THE Duke of Westminster last Thursday expressed a wish that the House of Lords should be reformed, so as to enable it to take a larger share in the public business of the country, and to bring it more within the range and spirit of the age and of public opinion. The only way for the latter aspiration to be carried into effect would be to convert it into an Elective Assembly—this being the only Legislative Assembly which is in accordance with either the spirit of the age or with public opinion. If it is to be composed of hereditary or nominated members, the less share that it takes in the public business of the country the better for the country.

WE hear a great deal about the independence of the House of Lords. The "Financial Reform Almanac" of 1884 exemplifies this by a tabular statement of what living Dukes, Marquesses, and Earls, and their relatives, who are still alive, or who have died since 1850, have received from the public exchequer. It is as follows:—Dukes, £9,760,000; Marquesses, £8,305,000; Earls, £48,181,202. Total, £66,247,242. The largest "grabbers" seem to be the Dukes of Richmond. They and their relatives have cost us the modest sum of £1,600,000. The Marquis of Waterford, however, runs them close. This noble Peer and his relatives are our debtors to the tune of £1,308,200. How true is the remark of John Bright—"The more you examine this matter, the more you will come to the conclusion which I have arrived at, that this is neither more nor less than a gigantic system of out-door relief for the aristocracy of Great Britain."

I SEE that a Conservative journal complains that out of the thirty-eight Receivers appointed under the new Bankruptcy Act only eight are Conservatives. I complain too. This is precisely eight too many. When the Conservatives are in power, Conservatism covers all incapacity. A Liberal never obtains an appointment to any post. In order to rectify the balance, the Liberals should look after their friends. I presume that in every town where these Receiverships exist there is a Liberal perfectly well fitted to fulfil the required duties. Why, then, appoint a Conservative? I am of the "to the victors the spoil" school. When a Liberal Administration is in power, no Conservative should receive an appointment, unless it can be shown that no Liberal can fulfil its duties as well.

THE Conservatives are indignant that any one should contest their perfect right to put forward a candidate for the Speakership. I have yet to discover who does contest it. Probably the best man would be elected were the choice to depend upon a secret ballot. I am amused, however, at the reason given by Sir John Hay in the *St. James's Gazette* for preferring Sir M. White Ridley to Mr. A. Peel. It is because the former is the younger of the two, and therefore he will have more chance of developing into a good Speaker in about thirty years. According to this rule the youngest member of the House of Commons should be elected, in order that in fifty years there may be a man able to perform the duties of the post. Sir John can hardly seriously suppose that the Liberals will elect a Conservative: if so, he is sanguine.

MR. BRADLAUGH has issued a very temperate and explicit address in regard to the action of the House of Commons in excluding him from taking his seat, and announces that he will present himself at the table of the House on the 5th of February, "alone and unarmed, save with the certificate of my due return." Probably, Mr. Newdegate and some half-a-dozen members are actuated by conscientious, although mistaken, motives in their successful efforts to interfere with the right of electors. As a body, the Conservatives merely regard the question as good party tactics, and it is greatly to be regretted that the union of a few week-kneed Liberals with them should have made these tactics successful. There is not a vestige of doubt that the law is on Mr. Bradlaugh's side—indeed, were this not so, Parliamentary Representation would be a sham.

WHAT the House of Commons would be if its composition were left to the Conservatives and to the House of Lords, is well exemplified in a letter from Lord Waveney, published in the *Times* of Tuesday. His Lordship would give the English franchise to Ireland, but if any Irish con-

I certainly recommend Mr. & Mrs. HART, 15, Stockbridge-terrace, Pimlico, S.W., as the most just and liberal purchasers of Cast-off Clothes, Jewellery, and every description of property. They punctually keep appointments, and remit P.O.O. for articles per return.

stituency returned a representative who was not a *persona grata* to him, it would be at once disfranchised, and its right to return a member transferred to another constituency. Of course, this admirable system would, when naturalised in Ireland, be adopted in England, the result being that representation would become about as great a farce as the choice of a Bishop by a Dean and Chapter under a *congé d'élire.*

The recent Australian mails bring some curious evidence of the way in which "public opinion" is being worked from London in favour of the Annexationist party. Considerable prominence is given in one of the papers, for instance, to the fact that "a resolution was recently adopted at a meeting of the Conservative Working Men's Club at Portsmouth, England," in favour of the annexation of New Guinea. The prominence given to this announcement is hardly more absurd, however, than the clippings from English newspapers which are wired over to Australia. The Colonists, for the most part, know very little of the relative importance, or even of the party character, of English newspapers; and accordingly the London correspondents of the Australian annexationist journals telegraph over extracts from the *Morning Advertiser* and the *London Figaro*, which the Australians are, no doubt, quite prepared to accept as fairly representative of public opinion over here.

Englishmen are quite as much mistaken if they imagine that public opinion in Australia is unanimously in favour of a forward policy. The truth is that annexation is a party question there, just as much as "imperialism" is a party catchword here, and the denunciations of the proposed annexation in many of the Australian papers almost exactly correspond with those in Liberal papers here of Lord Beaconsfield's policy a few years ago. The only thing is that the case against annexation is stronger, if possible, from the Australian point of view than from our own. Australians have more than half Australia to annex as it is; and as to the argument that the annexation of outlying islands is necessary in self-defence, this is about as reasonable as it would be to say that a nation which held all Europe (Australia) and the British Isles (New Zealand) could not feel safe unless it possessed also Iceland, Sardinia, Corsica, the Azores, and the Ionian Archipelago.

The Orangemen have determined, I hear, not to attend Lord Spencer's levées. So accustomed are these "regal rebels" to regard their word as law in Ireland, that they consider the Queen herself as a rebel whenever she does not obey their mandates. And these are the factious, self-interested humbugs whom Sir Stafford Northcote recently congratulated as the only loyal subjects in Ireland!

Mr. Alexander writes to say that he is not the author of the Orange Circular which has been attributed to him. If not, it was *ben trovato*, for it was strictly in accordance with the antecedents of the Orange Association, and with the recent utterances of Lord Rossmore.

These Orangemen have for long been the curse of Ireland. Their organisation dates from 1795. On September 20 of that year there was a faction fight between the Protestant "Peep-of-day Boys" and the Catholic "Defenders." When the victors met the next day to celebrate their success, they dubbed themselves Orangemen. What their rules were, no one exactly knows, but they were so scandalous that the next year they were revised by a gentleman who, I believe, was the grandfather of the present Sir Hardinge Giffard, and who was described by Grattan in the following somewhat uncomplimentary terms:—

> A hired traducer of his country, the excommunicated of his fellow citizens, the regal rebel, the unpunished ruffian, the bigoted agitator, in the City a firebrand, in the Court a liar, in the streets a bully, on the field a coward, only tolerated by his own party because he performs those acts which the less vile refuse to execute.

The qualification of memberhood was the possession of all the virtues which Lord Byron ascribes to his dog. The obligations were to protect himself and his property, to defend George III., to revere William III., and to swear never to reveal and always to conceal the secrets of the Association. There were ten secret Articles. The fifth modified the commandment "Thou shalt not steal," and set forth that an Orangeman shall not take goods or money, unless arms and ammunition, from his enemy. Another Article dealt thus with the Ninth Commandment. An Orangeman shall keep the secret of a brother Orangeman unless in the case of murder, treason, and perjury, and then only of his own free will.

The association formed part of the "garrison" of Ireland, and maintained its connection with England by driving Catholics out of Ulster, and by seizing on their lands. Shortly after its formation Lord Gosford, Governor of Armagh, styled it an armed banditti, and complained that it harried peaceable citizens from their houses and lands.

In 1808 a lodge was established in Manchester, and in 1821 this lodge was transferred to London, where it held its meetings under the presidency of Lord Kenyon, at his house in Portman-square.

By this time the Duke of York had been appointed Grand Master, but he resigned owing to the illegalities of the Association. An attempt was made to establish a lodge in Scotland, but, on its first meeting, the members playfully inaugurated the ceremonies by killing a constable, on which one of them was hanged for the murder, and the lodge was dissolved.

In 1831, the Duke of Cumberland had become Grand Master, and the Association was engaged in a conspiracy to place him on the throne on the death of his brother, William. A Committee of the House of Commons, on which Mr. Hume was a prominent member, reported adversely against the Association, on account of this conspiracy and other manifold iniquities, and, in 1836, it was dissolved by Lord Roden, who had succeeded the Duke of Cumberland as Grand Master, on the plea that it had "fulfilled its mission."

From that year to 1845 there was peace and quite Then the Association was reconstructed by Lord Roden.

The result was that in 1847 there were 100 processions in Ireland, 70 of which were those of Orangemen—and at many of these latter Catholics were killed. In 1849 a meeting was held at Lord Roden's park. On leaving it, the processionists insisted on going out of their way to traverse a road which had become sacred in their eyes, because a Catholic had been killed there. This provoked an inquiry, and when it was discovered that 400 stand of arms had been brought into Lord Roden's park, he and two other gentlemen were relieved of their magisterial functions.

A GOOD deal of sparring in regard to the condition of Lord Lansdowne's Irish estates took place before the passing of the Land Act between Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice and Mr. Charles Russell, Q.C. That the rents were too high is now proved by the fact that the Land Court has reduced most of them on the Queen's County estate by the substantial amount of 18½ per cent., or, with some additions proposed to be paid next May for drainage work performed three or four years ago, and the first instalment of which would accrue next gale day, of 20 per cent. Lord Lansdowne was put forward as a model Irish landlord, and, in comparison with others, he possibly was. Nothing, therefore, can more clearly prove the impossibility of the best of landlords being judges in their own cases than these reductions.

I HAVE just heard from an English lady some of her own personal experiences of the way in which Irish landlords treat their tenants, which may help to account for the success of the anti-landlord agitation. My informant's landlord was the owner of two adjacent houses, besides the one she lived in, all being comparatively new. In her own house the kitchen grate, instead of having an iron top, had one of slates plastered together. The chimney being badly built, the bricks fell out of it down the chimney, and, finding no obstacle in the slates, crashed right through into the kitchen fire. Spite of repeated applications, it took five weeks to get this matter put right. In the next house the doors were built of such bad wood that the drawing-room door had gaps in it through which the hall door could be surveyed, and the hall door itself gaped to every wind that blew. The landlord would do nothing. In the adjoining house lived an American artist. Every chimney in the house smoked to such an extent that the rooms were scarcely habitable. The landlord would do nothing, would answer no letter, and would not allow his agent to do anything; and when at last the long-suffering tenant wrote to him personally a letter of strong complaint, he told him to leave the premises at once.

THESE, of course, are comparatively trifles, but the treatment of such trifles in the case of well-to-do tenants shows the sort of notions entertained of a landlord's duties, and shows how the wind is likely to blow in the case of poor tenants. And this is how it did blow. This same landlord had some houses in a poor quarter of the same town, badly built, as may be imagined. In one of them the greater part of the roof fell in or was blown off. For weeks the unfortunate inmates were left, in spite of piteous appeals for its repair, to the rains and frosts. The landlord would not listen to a word on the subject, would not go and look at the damage, and would not allow a penny to be spent on it.

I AM glad to see that the Irish Contingent intend to insist upon the City Companies being required to sell their lands in Ireland. No land should be held in mortmain in any portion of the United Kingdom, and if the Government would only introduce a Bill to oblige all corporations, deans and chapters, ecclesiastical commissions, &c, to sell their property in London at a proper valuation of actual value, Londoners would be grateful.

"COLONEL HARRINGTON," I read in a telegram from Egypt, "has pushed forward sixteen miles from Souakim, and has looted a large number of camels and sheep." This mode of carrying on warfare will, no doubt, conduce to a feeling of loyalty towards the Khedive on the part of the owners of the sheep and camels. Another item of news is that the slave dealer, who has been made General-in-Chief of a force of negroes, destined to re-establish Egyptian authority in the Soudan, has been lodged for a day or two in prison. We certainly have got into a pretty mess by our occupation of Egypt. The most sensible remark which I have seen lately from an Egyptian source is that ascribed in a telegram to the Khedive. "It is useless," he said, "to free the fellahs from the exaction of usurers, unless their taxes are reduced, for they can only pay them by having recourse to usurers."

IT will be found in the end that I have been right in asserting that the entire Egyptian "Question" has arisen from an attempt to force Egypt to pay such an amount of interest to its bondholders that the people are oppressed, and the legitimate administrative expenses of the country starved.

WE must do one thing or the other: either annex the country or evacuate it. Our present position is absolutely untenable. It is costly to us; it is costly to the Egyptions; it renders us responsible for the acts of a Government which we cannot control; and it may drag us into very serious complications. The cholera and the Soudan disaster are regarded as godsends to those interested in Egyptian finance, because they prolong our occupation. We have made up our minds not to annex; then let us evacuate. If we really are to maintain armies in every country where we imagine that we can establish sound political institutions, we shall be ruined. The absurdity of the Egyptian occupation is that, so far as I can see, we have established nothing, except a Khedive, and everything is in a much worse condition than when we started with guns, rifles, and ironclads on our regenerating mission.

IF it be held that we ought not at once to evacuate Egypt on account of the Suez Canal, then I wonder that it does not occur to our rulers that we ought to limit our occupation to Port Said and Ismailia. Let any one look at a good map, and he will see that the valley of the Nile and the Delta are separated from the Canal by a desert,

SANITARY INSPECTION.—Fee, 2 Guineas. Improvement works undertaken. The Sanitary Engineering Co., 115, Victoria-st., Westminster.

except where they are artificially connected by the Sweet Water Canal. We could easily get fresh water without taking it from the Nile. Why, then, should we insist upon occupying the Delta and the Nile valley as a means of protecting the Canal? If, however, this be deemed necessary, then our area of occupation should be limited to the Delta, and to the Nile valley for a few miles below Cairo. Let us seek a parallel in Belgium. We will assume that it is necessary for our trade that anarchy should not prevail in Antwerp. This would be hindered, were Belgium governed by a Khedive, by our occupying Antwerp. But if it were said that, in order that anarchy should not prevail at Antwerp, Belgium must be free from anarchy, surely our object would be to limit as much as possible the area of Belgium, and we should hardly insist that Hanover be included within that area.

What if the Mahdi does establish a Kingdom in the Soudan and Lower Egypt, with ports on the Red Sea? What, too, if Abyssinia obtains a port on that sea? How would it harm us? Far from this, it would be to our advantage, because to all intents and purposes we are masters of the Red Sea. We should gain considerably were no country with a shore line on the Mediterranean to have one single port on the Red Sea. Even if the Mahdi, or some other Prophet—false or true—were to evict the Turks from Arabia, we ought to rejoice. Events would be working for us. Why, then, waste our money in interfering with them? The entire Egyptian Question has been obscured and misrepresented by the bondholders' literature, which figures so largely in the press and in review articles. Certain postulates are assumed and deductions drawn from them. The deductions may be correct, but the postulates are false.

As France is developing a Colonial policy, it may, perhaps, be interesting to note the different colonies that she has:—

Asia.—Certain isolated fractions of territory in India, which are the remains of the colony founded in 1693, and which was lost in 1761. Their total area is about 80,000 acres, and there are about 285,000 inhabitants in them, viz, Pondicherry, 153,600; Chandernagore, 22,000; Karikal, 92,000; Mahé, 8,300; Yanaon, 5,000. Cochin-China: in 1863, this colony was acquired after a war with the Emperor Tu Duc, and in the same year Cambodia. The area of Cochin-China is about 12,000,000 acres, and its population 1,550,000, of which only 1,825 are French.

Africa.—The Island of Réunion: it has been occupied since 1838 by the French. Its area is about 500,000 acres. In 1870 its native population was 212,000, now it is only 172,000. Besides this, there is a floating population of about 40,000 Indians, 20,000 Africans, and 600 Chinese. Mayotte, Nossi Bé, and Sainte Marie, three little islands in the vicinity of Madagascar. Senegal, with a population of 191,000, and the island of Goree close by it; Gaboon, and certain trade depots on the Gold Coast.

America.—Martinique: area, 200,000 acres, and population 167,000; Guadeloupe: area, 120,000 acres; population, 160,000; Guiana: population, 17,000, a penal colony; the two small islands of St. Pierre and Miquelon, in the vicinity of Newfoundland.

Oceania.—New Caledonia, a penal colony, population about 12,000. The two small islands called the Île des Pins and Loyalty Islands close by. The Marquesas Islands, population about 12,000; Tahiti and Mauarua, population 10,000. Besides these islands, France also possesses the islands of Tubuai and Raivavai in the Tubuai Archipelago, 84 islets in the Archipelago of Tuamota, the isle of Rapa, and one or two other islets.

Full particulars of the Home-made Toys sent in for competition will be found in our Puzzle Pages, as well as a general description of the successful Exhibition which took place at Limmer's Hotel of these toys, and also of those purchased with the money so generously subscribed by the readers of Truth.

Altogether I received this year £339. 1s. 6½d. for the purchase of toys and for the distribution of some little luxury amongst the old men and women in the workhouses, which, with a balance of £22. 12s. 2½d. left over from last year, gave me £361. 13s. 9d. to deal with.

Twenty-five parcels, each containing 24 quarter-pound packets of tea; 24 ounces of tobacco; and 12 ounces of snuff, were distributed amongst 25 different workhouses—these cost £27. 8s. 6d.

In addition to several large toys that were given for general use in the various hospitals and workhouses, a separate toy was sent to each of the children in the hospitals and workhouses, in accordance with the following list. These cost £336. 14s. 8½d.

HOSPITALS.	No. of Toys sent.	No. of Sixpences.
West London, Hammersmith	30	—
Alexandra, 18, Queen-square	61	61
Belgravia, 79, Gloucester-place	22	22
Cheyne, 46, Cheyne-walk, Chelsea	33	33
Mrs. Hilton's Crèche, 12, 14, and 16, Stepney-causeway	120	—
St. Mary's, Cambridge-place	27	27
North Eastern, Hackney-road	54	54
St. George's, Hyde-park-corner	50	50
East London, Shadwell	91	61
Guy's, St. Thomas-street, S.E.	60	60
King's College, Lincoln's-inn-fields	45	—
Hospital for Sick Children, 49, Great Ormond-street	63	63
London Hospital, Whitechapel-road	100	100
Evelina, Southwark-bridge-road	61	61
Royal, Waterloo-bridge-road	50	50
West End, 73, Welbeck-street	50	50
Victoria, Queen's-road, Chelsea	74	74
London Fever, Islington	43	43
Dr. Barnardo's Home, 18 to 26, Stepney-causeway	50	50
St. Bartholomew's, Smithfield	100	100
Charing-cross, Agar-street	24	24
Middlesex, Mortimer-street	54	54
St. Thomas, Albert Embankment	60	60
Home for Incurable Children, 2, Maida-vale	24	24
Great Northern, Caledonian-road	6	6
St. John and St. Elizabeth, 47, Great Ormond-street	20	20
Poplar, 303, East India-road	17	17
Cripples' Nursery, 15, Park-place, Clarence-gate	48	48
Metropolitan Free, 81, Commercial-street, Spitalfields	6	6
Samaritan Free, 13, Lower Seymour-street	65	65
Orthopœdic Free, 234, Great Portland-street	25	—
University College, Gower-street	50	50
The Crèche, 24, Gordon-square, W.C.	30	—
Orphanage of Mercy, Randolph-gardens, Kilburn	190	190
London Homœpathic, Great Ormond-street, W.C.	20	—
Asylum for Idiots, 36, King William-street	111	—
WORKHOUSES.		
Holborn Union, City-road	53	53
,, ,, Gray's-inn-road	80	33
St. George's, Mount-street, Grosvenor-square	20	—
,, ,, Fulham-road	60	—
Stepney Union, Bromley-by-Bow	30	30
Strand, Millfield House, Edmonton	400	—
Camberwell, Havil-street, Camberwell	24	24
,, Gordon-road, Peckham	100	100
Kensington, Marloes-road	40	—
Westminster, Poland-street	20	—
Bethnal-green, Bonners-hall-fields	30	
,, ,, Schools, Leytonstone	500	500
Islington, St. John's-road, Holloway	80	80
St. Pancras, St. Pancras-road	87	87
Lambeth, Renfrew-road, Lower Kennington	70	70
,, Prince's-road, ,, ,,	130	130
Lambeth Union Infirmary, Brook-street	90	90

Minton's China.—A visit to Messrs. Goode's Depôt in South Audley-street will at once show the immense superiority of their collection, both as regards taste, extent, and lowness of price.

WORKHOUSES—(*continued*)	No. of Toys sent.	No. of Sixpences.
St. Mary Islington Schools, Hornsey-road	377	377
Woolwich, Plumstead	65	—
Whitechapel, South Grove, Mile-end-road	30	35
St. Mary, Islington, Upper Holloway	40	40
Shoreditch, 213, Kingsland-road	50	50
Poplar, High-street, Poplar	90	50
Chelsea, King's-road, Chelsea	20	20
Hackney, Sydney-road, Homerton	30	30
Wandsworth and Clapham, New Wandsworth	35	25
City of London, Lower Clapton	30	30
City of London Infirmary, Bow-road	30	30
St. Saviour's Mint-street, Borough	60	60
Lewisham, Lewisham	30	—
St. Olave's, Russell-street, S.E.	24	24
,, ,, Parish-street, Horsleydown	90	90
Marylebone, Northumberland-street, W.	513	481
St. Saviour's, Marlborough-street, Blackfriars	134	134
St. George's-in-the-East, Charles-street, Old Gravel-lane	290	290
Mile End, Bancroft-road, Mile-end-road	420	395
Hampstead, Hampstead	23	23
Fulham, Hammersmith	70	40
Greenwich, Union House, Greenwich	83	60
City of London Infirmary, Bow-road, E.	30	—
Holborn Union Workhouse Schools, Mitcham, Surrey	506	—
Chelsea Union Workhouse, Britten-street, Chelsea	70	—
Wandsworth Infirmary, New Wandsworth	60	—
Central London District Schools, Hanwell	1,300	—
Forest Gate School District, Stratford, E.	580	—
St. Saviour's Union Infirmary, Westmoreland-road, Walworth	76	—

Total Number in Workhouses	6,970
,, ,, Hospitals	1,934
Total Number of Children receiving toys	8,904
Total number of sixpences distributed	5,004

IT will thus be seen that this year's subscriptions enabled me to give a separate toy to 8,904 children, besides many useful large toys to 36 hospitals and 46 workhouses, workhouse schools, and workhouse infirmaries. To these must be added the 5,000 sixpences which were so kindly sent by an anonymous subscriber, and which were distributed amongst 5,000 children in the various workhouses and hospitals. Under these circumstances, I think my readers may congratulate themselves on having been the means of giving a happy Christmas to a considerable number of children whose amusement is "nobody's business."

IN distributing the new sixpences, the demand was unfortunately greater than the supply, and I had, therefore, to pass over the claims of some of the larger workhouse schools. Two of the hospitals failed to make application for them, and in three workhouses the absurd rules prevented the poor little inmates from receiving them.

THE Master of the St. George's Union Workhouse, for instance, wrote to say that the rules prohibit his receiving money for distribution amongst the inmates of the workhouse. But why these rules? Why should not a child in a workhouse be given a few pence? This Mr. Robinson, a Guardian of St. Pancras, explained at a recent meeting of the Board of Guardians. "There are many ways," observed this severe economist, "in which money might be ill-used: buying fireworks, and setting the beds on fire, or buying penny smokes, or whisky, or bad milk, or indifferent coffee." The moral of this nonsense is that no person should ever give one farthing in charity, lest the recipient should makes a bad use of it. If he pleads that he is starving, the answer ought to be, "Possibly; but equally possibly you will buy yourself bad milk or indifferent coffee, and thus seriously injure your digestion—therefore it is better that you should starve at once, death being preferable to imbibing bad coffee or indifferent milk."

SINCE publishing my last list, I have received the following further subscriptions towards the Toy Fund:—

	£.	s.	d.		£.	s.	d.
Mrs. Mortimer	0	1	7	Mrs. Edward F. Davis's Three Little Children	0	6	0
Prince Ibraham Hilmy	10	0	0	L. G.	0	2	0
Anonymous at Toy Show	0	2	0	Little Fireworks	0	7	6
Anonymous at Toy Show	0	2	6	C. T.	0	10	0
J. A. N.	0	2	6	C. J. Stack	0	2	0
Mrs. Shorthouse	0	10	0	Old and Young at No. 4	0	10	0
Miss M. Barker	0	5	0	An Architect who does not receive Commissions	0	5	0
H. S.	0	2	6	First Appearance	0	2	2
J. G. R.	2	7	6	Ernie Oppert	6	6	0
J. T. C.	1	0	0	A Mite	0	1	0
R. E. L.	1	0	0	Mrs. Howard Morley	2	2	0
Visconntess Stopford	1	0	0	C. F. W.	0	5	0
Harry Jackson	1	1	0	S. E. B.	0	10	0
"Lotta"	5	0	0	Mrs. Annie Lloyd (2nd sub.)	0	10	0
H. Burdett	5	0	0	Mrs. B.	1	1	0
Eddie and Harold	0	10	6	Arthur C. Blunt	1	1	0
Balcarras D. W. Ramsay	1	0	0	"The Royal," winner of Prize No. 242	0	5	0
Mrs. Jack	0	5	0	"Ellart," winner of Prize No. 253	0	7	6
Smudge	0	5	0	Henry Harris	0	0	6
Daida and Jack	2	0	0				
A game of Nap at Sporter's, Lewisham	1	1	0				
Syhil and Gwen	0	5	0				

AN appeal for funds on behalf of the soup-kitchen of the Sisters of Charity, in Westminster, is being made. The appeal briefly states that there is not a locality more wretched in London than that where this soup-kitchen is situated, and concludes with the sound observation:—"Let the poor be better housed as soon as possible, but now, for God's sake, let them be fed." Subscriptions will be gratefully received by the Superioress of the Sisters of Charity, Carlisle-place, Victoria-street; and by Lady Herbert of Lea, Herbert House, Belgrave-square.

AN Army Surgeon writes:—

DEAR TRUTH,—You are always so ready to take up any good idea, and you have done so much to increase the comfort of sick people in our civil hospitals, that I now ask if you will support another proposal.

While people are sending flowers and fruit, and papers and pictures to the sick in civil hospitals, they seem to forget our large military hospitals.

These hospitals have just as much need as civil hospitals for these nice presents, and the way to start the idea is to have a "Red-Cross Flower Mission." It should undertake the sending of flowers, fruit, papers, and pictures to the great military hospitals.

It wants no secretary or agency, for any person who desires could send the presents to the nearest military hospital, addressed to—

The Medical Officer in Charge,
Military Station Hospital,
[Name of place.]

Flowers, &c., for the use of sick soldiers.

I find that people send lots of papers and fruit in war time, but there is just as much need of little comforts in peace time. I need hardly say that sectarian papers or pictures are quite unsuitable for army hospitals. The great military hospitals in England are Netley Hospital, near Southampton; the hospitals at Aldershot, Portsmouth, Plymouth, Woolwich, and Colchester; and in Ireland, those at Dublin, The Curragh, Cork, and Belfast; but there are very many others, all equally deserving.

LIBERTYS' Japanese, Arabian, Chinese, and Indian Furniture and Decoration. A new Sketch-book post-free.—Chesham House, Regent-street, W.

For Breakfast, EPPS'S COCOA is Grateful and Comforting. Boiling water or milk only. JAMES EPPS & Co., Homœopathic Chemists.

SCRUTATOR.

LOTTA.

THERE are a certain number of persons whom nature has cast in a funny mould. If they are on the stage, no one expects them to portray the particular character which they are supposed to be representing, but to remain themselves. It would seem, however, that by the same dispensation of nature which has made them what they are, it takes time to appreciate their fun. I never yet knew a low comedian succeed at once out of his own country. The Americans did not think Toole funny; we do not think many of the American low comedians funny. The engagement of the Palais Royal troupe in London was not successful. Their performances produced a funereal effect on us. This peculiar law of nature accounts for Lotta having proved a comparative failure on her first appearance. And yet she is irresistibly droll. It is said, I see, by the critics that her fun was such as only could be supposed to please miners in a Colorado music-hall. This is not the case, for not only does she please miners in the far West, but the most hypercritical audiences of the Eastern towns in the United States. I am convinced that we have only to become accustomed to her peculiarities to find them irresistibly comical, for she most undoubtedly possesses the *vis comica* in a very marked degree. But she really must make haste to substitute a better play for the extraordinary production in which she made her *début*. No one, when the curtain went down on the last act, knew whether the Baronet and the real gipsy and the sham gipsy inhabited Europe, Asia, Africa, or America; why the Baronet should be given an estate, or, indeed, who the Baronet, the gipsy, and the man who was not the gipsy, really were; whilst the dialogue was, if possible, worse than the plot. This will not do with an English audience—if an angel came down from heaven she would not draw in a plotless play. On the night of Lotta's *début* there seemed to be an adverse cabal, determined, if possible, to crush her. The signs of disapproval commenced when she sang a melody to a tune that Messrs. Moody and Sankey had stolen from the *répertoire* of "negro minstrelsy." Now it is really difficult to believe that any of the audience were so silly as to consider that Messrs. Moody and Sankey have a vested right in all their stolen property, or that it is sacrilege to sing an air at a theatre, because they have chosen to sing it in a church. Still, even admitting that there was a hostile clique, the signs of approbation waxed less and less as the play went on, because it was so depressing that Lotta's fun was as jarring to her surroundings as merriment at a funeral. Why does she not play the Little Marchioness? Her adaptation of the "Old Curiosity Shop" did not strike me, when I saw it in New York, as a particularly good one. But, at least, it was possible to understand what was going on, and if persons here are not amused with her drollery as the "servant girl," I do not know what would amuse them.

One of the reasons why a comedian to whom we are unaccustomed does not make us laugh, is that we generally only laugh ourselves when we expect some one else to do so. This is the meaning of laughter being catching. One often hears it said that an audience laughs at a well-known low comedian before he has opened his lips or made a sign. There is nothing extraordinary in this. Each person anticipates his neighbour. For the same reason, no one laughs when he is not aware whether what is going to occur, or what is occurring, will cause his neighbour to laugh. Should a few in the audience express disapproval, this disapproval becomes contagious.

GIFTS.

"He is a good man who can receive a gift," says a favourite writer of mine. I have usually had virtue enough to do that with a good grace. I know that there is another proverb which says "proffered service stinks," but even when people whom you do not care about offer to make you presents, or do you a good turn, it is often more for general peace and quiet to take what they offer than to refuse it. Those who give with a view to currying favour, or to getting something out of you, deserve their ill-luck should you forget to return what you don't require and had rather be without. In these cases I simply consider the pain or annoyance I should inflict by refusing the gift, and set it against the annoyance the giver will feel at not receiving as good or a better gift in return, and act on my judgment by choosing the lesser evil, whichever it may be, to take or not to take. In my opinion, the more people are in the habit of giving and receiving the better for every one. I am not now speaking of indiscriminate alms—that is a question apart—but of gifts such as at this season pass to and fro with more than usual frequency.

I was looking at the Parcel Post vans last week. I hope the organisation is all right. I do not envy the Post-office officials, especially the van-drivers, but I should like to analyse some of those parcels. What tales of comedy and tragedy some of them would yield! I will be a burglar or a spy in imagination. I will shut me up in yonder van. 'Tis late at night; I have a lamp; I can deliver no more of these parcels till to-morrow. 'Tis contrary to regulation, no doubt, but I will risk it, and just open a few for the amusement of readers who want to know the truth.

A small, flat, long parcel—slippers, of course—"for the Rev. Ambrose Chasuble," neatly worked, no doubt, in quiet taste. Here is a little slip of paper in the toe of the right foot. Ha! "From Alice M. E. L," in a delicate handwriting. And what is the Rev. Ambrose about at this moment? Help me, St. Valentine! Engaged in decorating St. Cyprian's, in the country, with Lady Adelina A'Kempis. Yet he will take Alice's slippers, and wear them out, along with her heart, and marry—but not Alice.

A card box, sealed. I can slip the string. 'Tis a brooch, with hair and a photo. of a man, sent back, having been worn too long on some palpitating bosom. What a Christmas present! But it comes in handy for Augustus, who, I have no doubt you are aware, is now paying attention to a rich widow. He knows that Amelia is above a breach of promise. The wretch! I should not wonder if the trinket went straight to fair, fat, and forty.

A large parcel. Clothes? Yes; an old shawl, some

Princess's Theatre. — Every Evening, at 8, "Claudian." Preceded at 7 by "A Clerical Error."

shirts the worse for wear, several darned socks, and a silk handkerchief, from "Screwcome Hall,"—sent to a poor relation evidently—since the name of giver and receiver is the same. How insulting are these rich people! Some things are very handy to the recipient, but wondrous mean as gifts—and at Christmas, too! Well, well, "a gift-horse in the mouth"—we know all about that; but some people have no sense of their own meanness.

But I must just peep into yonder box; it weighs heavy—in truth, it is a box of sweets and confectionery sent by a millionaire in robust health to a poor invalid at the seaside. Of what earthly use can these edibles be to one who cannot eat a chop, or pay the doctor, and who is in arrears with the rent? I think the thoughtless—almost heartless—simplicity of people who want nothing in their gracious treatment of people who want everything is one of the most touching features of what Mr. George calls "Progress and Poverty."

I pass over parcels of game, cakes, wine, blankets, and come to all sorts of little children's presents, hand-made toys, and home-made jam. After all, the majority of these gifts come from and go to warm hearts. But I will no longer play the ghostly spy inside my imaginary red van. I never wish to see the instinct of giving at Christmas die down. But I would have a little common sense, as well as more delicacy of feeling, inspired into the practice. Between equals, gifts should never come amiss; between rich and poor the gift should be bountiful and appropriate; between poor and rich the gift should betoken real feeling and gratitude that seeks not future favours, whilst, perhaps, acknowledging past benefits. The one sure guide of right giving is, after all, the sentiment which should always prompt it—*sympathy*. "Put yourself in his place." If you want to know what and how to give, consider yourself the proposed recipient. Should you like old clothes, which remind you of your own poverty, although they might come in useful, to be sure? Should you like sweets, not one of which you could touch; or old Christmas cards that you know have done duty before? Some people seem to think that anything is good enough to give; that depends, not on the gift, but on the giver. Emerson says that all gifts should be spiritual, whatever else they may be—that settles the matter for me. Anything that comes from the heart is good enough to give, and nothing is too good.

THE GAINS OF AUTHORS.

Anthony Trollope, after relating how for twelve years his annual income from literature averaged £4,500 a year, and how in little over twenty years he made £70,000 by his pen, goes on to describe the result as "comfortable, but not splendid." Trollope's most ardent admirer would hardly claim for him the possession of great or original genius, but I should imagine that in the opinion of nine-tenths of the readers of his autobiography he takes first place among successful men of letters, looking to success from the pecuniary point of view, and considering the quality of the work. Trollope made £727, in the aggregate, by "The Warden" and "Barchester Towers," which, in the opinion of some of the best judges of our time, are by far his best works. He was paid £250 for "The Three Clerks," and £400 for "Dr. Thorne." He began to run into four figures with "Framley Parsonage," for which he received £1,000; and his highest price was £3,500, for "Can You Forgive Her?"

Sir Walter Scott received £700 for "Waverley," and during the nine years which followed its publication, Constable paid him £110,000 for eleven novels of three volumes each, and three series of "Tales of my Landlord," making nine volumes more. During the remaining eight years of his life, Sir Walter wrote eight more novels of three volumes each, as well as the "Life of Napoleon," and for one of these novels he received £10,000. Between November, 1825, and June, 1827, Sir Walter's literary earnings amounted to the almost incredible sum of £26,000. He was paid £8,000 for "Woodstock," and £18,000 for the "Life of Napoleon," and in this period he not only wrote the whole of these works, but nearly half of the first series of "Chronicles of the Canongate," estimated by Lockhart at £2,000 more. Sir Walter's aggregate gains far exceed those of any author who has ever lived. The highest sum that was paid to Miss Edgeworth for one of her incomparable Irish stories was £250. Goldsmith received £60 for the "Vicar of Wakefield," and "Rasselas" brought £100 to Johnson. Miss Burney was paid £20 for "Evelina," £2,000 for "Cecilia," and £3,000 for "Camilla." Mrs. Trollope received £800 for her work on "America," and I believe that for the next twenty years her literary income averaged £1,000 a year. Her contemporary, Mrs. Gore, made a comfortable fortune out of her clever and entertaining novels. Dumas not only received nothing for his first novel, but contributed £12 towards the expense of printing it. He made vast sums by his other works, but the money was spent quite as fast as it was earned. Lord Lytton is believed to have cleared £80,000 by his novels. It is a fact that Mr. Colburn's reader reported so unfavourably of "Pelham," that the manuscript was on the point of being returned to the author, when the publisher happened to glance at the first chapter, and was so much struck by it that he at once decided to accept the work, and he paid £500 for it. Dickens made quite as much money by his readings as by his novels. Many of his early bargains with publishers were deplorable, considering that his popularity was at a high flow from the appearance of the first number of "Pickwick." After a careful investigation of accounts, Talfourd made an elaborate calculation during the publication of "Nicholas Nickleby," by which it appeared that for three years previously Dickens ought to have been making £10,000 a year out of his writings. The circulation of the monthly parts of "Martin Chuzzlewit" fell to 25,000 a month from a circulation of 40,000 a month obtained by "Pickwick" and "Nickleby." This best of his books was the least successful of all his works on first publication, and I believe brought him the least money. So far as I remember, £7,000 was to have been paid for "Edwin Drood" if he had lived to complete the story in twelve monthly numbers. Thackeray made most of his money out of his lectures. For a long time he found it impossible to "place" "Barry

Screens, with tea-cup shelf on each fold, from 21s. A large variety of screens in Japanese leather paper, needlework, stained glass, and hand-painted in all sizes and styles.—C. Hindley & Sons, 290 to 294, Oxford-street London.

Lyndon," which he always declared to be his masterpiece, and which only began to be appreciated after his death, and the earlier numbers of "Vanity Fair," excited little attention. In the last years of his life Thackeray told a friend of mine that he had never made as much as £5,000 by any book that he had ever written. "George Eliot" made very large sums. Her total profits on "Romola" exceeded £10,000, and nearly double that amount is believed to have accrued to her by another of her works. Wilkie Collins received £5,000 for "Armadale," the agreement being signed before a line of the book was written, and he gained the same amount by "No Name." Lord Beaconsfield profited little by his earlier books, but from "Coningsby" downwards the gains were considerable, and he must have cleared at least £30,000 by his writings. It is probable that "Endymion" will be remembered as the last novel for which many thousands have been paid down, as the new practice of issuing cheap editions after the first flush, in order to stop the sale of the second-hand copies which are flung upon the market by the large circulating libraries, has a decidedly cheapening tendency.

Of poets, Mr. Tennyson has been far and away the most successful in money-getting. Byron's total gains amounted to only £23,000, and the highest price ever paid to Thomas Moore was £3,000 for "Lalla Rookh."

Of historians, Lord Macaulay is at the top of the tree. Messrs. Longman published the "History" on the understanding that the author should receive three-fourths of the net profits, and within a few months they paid him £20,000 on account. Goldsmith received £300 for the "History of Rome," £250 for the "History of Greece," and £600 for the "History of England." Gibbon gained £10,000 by the "Decline and Fall," and Thiers and Lamartine were paid nearly £20,000 for their respective histories. On the other hand, Johnson, in the closing years of his life, when his fame was established, received only £300 for the "Lives of the Poets."

There are many works which have sold prodigiously without bringing in to the author anything approaching to a commensurate return. Tupper's "Proverbial Philosophy," Pollock's "Course of Time," "Little Arthur's England," Mrs. Markham's "Histories," and Buchan's "Domestic Medicine," used to sell regularly year by year in tens of thousands, and so also did the cookery books of Mrs. Rundell and Mrs. Acton. Of Murray's first "Continental Guide," sixty thousand copies were sold in a few years. Pamphlets have now been superseded by magazine articles; but formerly they sometimes enjoyed an enormous sale. Of the late Lord Lytton's "Present Crisis" (1834-5) over 100,000 copies were sold, and still more successful was the famous "Letter" (1850) written to the Archbishop (Sumner) of Canterbury by the Bishop (Phillpotts) of Exeter, on the day after the delivery of the Gorham judgment, in which he formally excommunicated the Primate for the part he had taken. Of this, more than twenty large editions were sold, no fewer than four going off in a single day.

No other whisky has received the high commendation bestowed upon The Glen by the *Lancet*, 6th Oct., 1883. Proprietors, Messrs. Turnbull & Wood, 133, Upper Thames-street, London. Head Office, Newcastle-on-Tyne; and Perth, N.B.

THE BARREL ORGAN.

Tune.—Some New Year's Eve Resolves.

ALL the air was full of voices on the New Year's Eve just past,
Till the very wind seemed vocal with well-meant resolves at last;
And amongst the vows repeated till the very air was stirr'd,
Truth, in her new Western dwelling, these that follow clearly heard:—

Said a Barrister, low to himself, said he,
"Next year I will keep no unearned fee,
I will hold no briefs that I cannot read,
Nor sully my 'silk' with dishonest greed.
Next year I will not be paid for work
Which I know full well that I mean to shirk.
Nay, more, I will make my clerk return
Those cheques which now in my pocket burn.
Aye, straight is the course that I mean to steer
Through the Legal Terms of the Glad New Year!"

Said a Ladies' Doctor, "Next year shall see
A startling change, I declare, in me.
Whoe'er my patients, I'll tell the truth;
Nor toady riches, nor flatter youth;
Nor, though to my income much it adds,
Will I any longer foster fads;
Nor on silly woman's weakness play
In my oleaginous, specious way.
No, I am resolved to be sincere
With all my patients this Glad New Year!"

Said a Politician, "Come what may,
I'll reform myself with the New Year's Day;
For I've quite resolved to set my face
Against all intrigue for pow'r and place;
I'll serve my country, and not myself;
I'll work for the people, and not for pelf;
And, spurning the thought of a title-bribe,
Will leave for ever the place-men's tribe!
Yes, I'll date a truly great career
From the opening hours of the Glad New Year!"

Said a British General, "I will try
To learn that the alphabet 's not all 'I.'
With the year now dawning I mean to seek
To become less bumptious and grow more meek;
And learn to remember in former days
There were Generals, too, who deserved some praise;
And that British soldiers could fight and storm,
Though nought had been heard of *my* reform.
Yes, all that the Army esteem most dear
I will cease to vex in the Glad New Year!"

Said a West-end Tradesman, "I hereby vow
That reckless credit I'll not allow,
Nor will I make up for it e'er again
By the shameful profits that I maintain;
Nor will I longer essay to trade
By adulteration's scurvy aid;
No! I henceforth what is pure will sell,
And the demon of commerce forthwith expel,
Resolved to my vows to close adhere
Through the coming months of the Glad New Year!"

Said a Jerry Builder, "Next year shall see
No Jerry-dwellings put up by me!
I will purchase no fever-reeking site;
Nor, having bribed to the left and right,
Will I there run up those frail abodes
Which the life of each hapless tenant loads
With cramps and chills and with torture grim,
'Till Death itself seems a boon to him;
No, I as a fiend will not appear
In the happy days of the Glad New Year!"

Said a City Alderman, "I will try
My enemies' sneers to falsify;
I'll curb, as much as ever I'm able,
My gluttonous taste at the Civic table;

I'll do my best, too, myself to force
To become less bigoted, dull, and coarse;
I will also strive to promote no job,
And to cease the poor any more to rob.
Though, I'm bound to add, I already fear
I've promised too much for the Glad New Year!"

Said a Man of Fashion, "Hereby I swear
To think much less of the clothes I wear;
To gamble less when I cannot pay,
Less spirits to drink, less slang essay;
The spiteful talk of the Club to ban,
To take my sport as becomes a man,
To shoot no pigeons, to sell no race,
Nor a gentleman's name to in aught disgrace:
All this I swear, so I think 'tis clear
I have much to change in the Glad New Year!"

And what says Truth to this long array
Of promises made for New Year's Day,
And of these new leaves to be thus turned o'er?
Why, this—she has heard of such things before.
She has heard, in fact, upon New Years' Eves
So much about turning o'er brand-new leaves,
That she, as a fact, would rather wait,
And make her reply at a later date.
And when Eighty-five shall in turn appear,
She will deal with these vows of the present Year!

NOTES FROM PARIS.

THE NEW STAGE LION.

JEAN RICHEPIN eclipses as Nana Sahib the fair and gentle Djamma. He acts and recites; she only does the latter in recitative accents and tones. Just now he is the theatrical lion of Paris. In their wonder at the ease with which he struts on the stage, people forget that he was originally an actor, and that he "lived" his "Chansons des Gueux" before writing them. He graduated at Talbot's little theatre in the Rue de la Tour d'Auvergne, and then successively obtained engagements at Montmartre and Batignolles. Cham saw him at the Batignolles play-house, and discerned in him the stuff of a capital dramatic artist. From Batignolles he went on a provincial tour. Céline Montaland, who was on the wane, and Gill were with him. Their venture was made on Bohemian lines, and did not pay. Journalism was found to answer better by Richepin. His volume of songs obtained for him a name as a poet. Those among them which were sung at Café-Concerts were a source of income. They were original, striking in their picturesque vigour, and musical. I have a copy of them in my bookcase with an autograph inscription on the title-page. The neat and firm hand is not that of a tame, methodic spirit; but one can discern in it a good man of business. Richepin is like Mounet-Sully, and looks the author of his "Chansons des Gueux." The dark face, and mop of strong, black, curly hair betoken the energy that he has shown in making his way up. The hard lines in which his early life was cast have brought out mental qualities that correspond to his physique. Sarah holds him by her love for his child—a wonderfully handsome boy of five or six years old. She has painted this *bambino's* portrait, and done a marble bust of him. Richepin, critics say, pays too much attention to the literary beauties of his drama to make dramatic points. The truth is, that it has no other than literary merits, and is not a good acting play. I suspect he also applies his histrionic art to concealing the change which has taken place in his fair associate's voice, which has grown husky and monochord. He has shocked the literary world by donning the yellow buskins of Marais, which, by the bye, are too tight for him. Everything is so specialised here that poets are astounded at one of their confraternity becoming an actor too. Sarah makes up to resemble a painting of Moreau, whose "Œdipus and the Sphinx" is in Prince Napoleon's collection. She is an odd creature in her Oriental belongings, with whitened face and burnt-sienna locks streaming about her shoulders. But there is some witchcraft in her oddity. Her motions have a rhythm which is admirable in the early scenes, but fatiguing towards the end, when there is a feeling of satiety. The gifted pair intend to star it in their Indian characters, in the United States, next autumn.

Different English ladies who honour me with their friendship have written to me on the subject of Marie Colombier's biographical work. One of them asks whether it is outrageously dreadful; and, *if not*, to send it to her, as her girls are dying to read it. Another writes, "I hear that nothing else is talked of in Paris, and have been to my French bookseller to order a copy. But he says that the last (24th) edition is exhausted, and that as it is a thing which could only have an ephemeral success, he does not think the demand will continue, so that in all likelihood there will be no further issue. I am greatly disappointed at this. We expect to have the house filled with visitors for the next three weeks, and it struck me that, as Sarah created such a sensation here, it would be a good thing to have half a dozen or so to scatter about in the strangers' rooms and in the library. Every one would thus be provided with an amusing topic of conversation." A third says: "Every one here is dying to know what there is in Marie Colombier's book that set the gentle Sarah in such a rage. I am bitten with the prevailing curiosity. As the biography is *introuvable* in England, because all the editions are exhausted in Paris as fast as they come out, would you do me the great kindness to procure it for me?"

It did not occur to me to buy the work in question until the china-smashing scene had taken place at its alleged author's house in the Rue de Thann. When I went to look for it, I found that its price had risen from 3 f. 50 c. to 20 f., which was too high a figure to pay for reading what Marie Colombier had got to write about a celebrity whose private life is devoid of privacy. Instead of the publisher's name, there was on the yellow wrapper, "Paris: Chez tous les Libraires." This vague indication was given, I suppose, to enable the author to regulate the market, and to profit to the utmost by the curiosity she had excited. I went to a literary man of considerable repute, who is at the head of the theatrical section of a Paris journal, to know whether he could lend me the book. "If you had come half an hour ago," he said, "I could have done so. But I have just sent it to an old chum—now a Prefect—who is dying of *ennui* in a Brittany Prefecture. It exhales an *odeur de Paris* so strong

as to offend my nostrils, but which will be grateful to the olfactory nerves of one who has the nostalgia of the Boulevards." For the information of my English correspondents I shall repeat the oral criticisms of my literary friend:—"And so you think," I asked, "that Marie Colombier's work is an *odeur de Paris?*" "I think it worse. It's abominable *saleté.* No piggery of Zola is half so foul. I hate Sarah as a woman; and, as an actress, she excites my repugnance, and often stirs my bile. She is vain, insolent, ill-tempered, grasping, *mauvais camarade,* and everything else you like or don't like to think her; and grates, when she is on the stage, in a dreadful manner on my nerves with her sick-cat style of acting and mannerisms. Well, on reading Marie Colombier's book, I almost felt disposed to write an article about her personation of Djamma, brimful of eulogy. The attack on her is inhuman in its cruelty." "But Marie," I said, "insinuates that Sarah is not angry with her for writing it, and finds it answers as an advertisement. To believe her, Sarah almost prompted her." "That," he replied, "could not be. 'Raws' are hit too hard for me to believe the victim is not infuriated. But I can admit that Sarah, with her mercantile Jewish instinct, coolly and deliberately turned over in her mind the best plan for deriving from the work advertising profit, and resolved to invade Marie's domicile with an Indian poignard in one hand and a horsewhip in the other, and assault her there. You will have observed that in going from her own house to the Rue de Thann—a distance of 100 yards—she was at the head of four cabs, filled with journalists, young Boulevardiers, and a usurer who has lent money to the editors of several newspapers. It is possible that if she had not determined upon this expedition, 'Nana Sahib,' in which she had sunk nearly all the earnings of her last tour, would have fallen flat. It's a terribly monotonous play, and one has to wear blue spectacles to prevent the tableaux spoiling the eyes with their glare. In fact, everything in it is sacrificed to enable Sarah to display her graces and show off her dulcet voice in long and amorous solos and ducts, which unfortunately are not set to music." "Has the book," I asked, "any literary merit?" "I am obliged to confess that it has, and, though *une cochonnerie,* it is not wanting in *esprit.* For this reason, and for others that I shall presently give, I believe those who tell me it was not Marie Colombier who wrote it. She has a slipshod style, and more gaiety than *esprit.* Besides, she cannot think of Sarah, who treated her badly in America and elsewhere, without getting into a rage. She would have never known when to leave off abusing her, and would have been too angry to be either gay or amusingly sharp. The lash is made of hard whip-cord, and is applied in short, nervous, vigorous strokes, which cut into the flesh and betray the identity of the masked executioner. I hear that he is the son of an actress of the Français, who regards herself (and, indeed, is) a victim of Sarah's businesslike flintiness, vanity, and insolence. Before the young man's mother could make up her mind to leave off playing pathetic parts of love-lorn heroines, Doña Sol nicknamed her *la vénérable et la peu vénérée,* and boasted of having fixed a crown of thorns on her palsied head. This wickedness deserved retribution. But somehow we have all more kindness for the culprit when Nemesis overtakes her than for the executioner. The old actress, who is now resigned to showing her grey hairs, must have *bu du lait* when the shower of addled eggs fell upon her interesting foe. As Marie is a shameless writer, and obliging, hers was the best name to put on the title-page. In the way of effrontery she is *capable de tout,* and has won a sort of boulevard popularity as *bonne fille et bon camarade.* A thing signed by her, albeit *une ordure,* would, in a certain monde and class of journalism, be received with sympathy. No man could have admitted pelting bad eggs at a woman, even though he wanted to avenge the bitter humiliation of his mother. The alleged authoress may have furnished some of the pornographic anecdotes which give the book a hoggish odour. She was able to lend them an air of circumstantial verity, having been acquainted with the Bernhardt family when Sarah was in the chrysalis state. I acquit Bonnetain of the charge of authorship; he has not the gift of tears, and there are a few pages about Sarah's little fair-haired sister which I defy the most hardened old soldier to read with dry eyes."

SPORTING NOTES.

THE other day, at a political meeting in Lancashire, Mr. Chaplin was chaffed in a friendly way about his racehorses, and, in the course of a very felicitous reply, he declared that Hermit is really the best friend he has ever met with in his life. It was certainly a very fortunate hour for Mr. Chaplin when he bought Hermit at the Middle Park Yearling Sale of 1865, for 2,000 gs., for putting altogether aside the large profits which were gained during the horse's racing-career, he has for the last twelve years brought in a very handsome income to his owner, in addition to the unprecedented averages (taken as a series) which have been obtained for the Blankney yearlings, almost the whole of which are descended from him. Like many other celebrities, Hermit, who is by Newminster out of Seclusion, by Tadmor, is so infinitely superior to anything else which his dam produced, that he may almost be regarded as a chance horse. His sister, Chanoinesse, who was also bought by Mr. Chaplin at Middle Park in 1866, and who is now in the stud at Blankney, won several races, but was no flyer, nor so far has she proved a brilliant success at the stud.

I cannot remember anything out of Seclusion in later years which has shown plating form, although the mare has more than once changed hands at a very high price since the Middle Park break-up in 1871; and her yearlings have almost invariably sold well—some, indeed, which never won a farthing have fetched extravagant prices. Hermit's success at the stud was great and immediate, and his star has been in the ascendant ever since he first made his mark; and for the last two years his subscription has been filled long in advance at 200 gs. a mare. Hermit, however, has not yet come up to Stockwell. whose record between 1862 to 1868 has never yet been beaten. He was first from 1862 to 1867, except in 1863, when he was headed by Newminster, whose winnings were

about £1,500 more; and in 1868 he was second to Buccaneer, who beat him by £2,200. In those seven seasons Stockwell's progeny won stakes to the value of close on £250,000, and in 1866 alone they carried off £61,000. It must be remembered, moreover, that in those days rich stakes were few and far between. Until £500 was given to the Middle Park Plate by the late Mr. Blenkiron in 1865, no money was added to any of the Newmarket weight-for-age stakes, and, except at Ascot very little was given anywhere, and never more than £100. Hermit is first on the list of winning sires for the fourth successive year, and if Peter had not been disqualified for his engagements in 1879, through the lamented death of that fine sportsman, General Peel, he would also have been first in that year. Hermit was credited with £29,000 in 1880, with £27,000 in 1881, with £44,600 in 1882, and during the past season his stock have won just £30,800. For the second year in succession he is the sire of the Derby winner. In 1882 Shotover won both Two Thousand and Derby, and Mr. Chaplin could boast of having bred her; while another good contributor was her four-year-old brother, Martini, who has since been sold to go abroad. Tristan, who won £6,600 last year, heads the list this season with seven races worth £7,600, and next comes St. Blaise with £5,452, won in three races. It may be noted that it is many years since the Derby has brought so little to the owner of the winner; and, indeed, all the great stakes have seriously diminished in value. Whipper-in (who was also bred at Blankney), Hamako, Thebais, and her three-year-old brother, Clairvaux, all did well; and the best of the two-year-olds was Sir John Willoughby's filly out of Peregrine's dam, which cost £3,600 at the Blankney sale last year, being the highest price ever paid for a yearling, with the ignominious exception of Maximilian. A year ago nobody could have anticipated that Hermit would have done so well, as his prospects of distinction in the great races certainly did not then appear rosy; for, although Clairvaux was a splendid colt, few people ever expected that he would show really good form, while St. Blaise was regarded as a commoner, and Tristan was supposed to have retired. Last year the Blankney yearlings, fourteen in number, averaged 1,014 gs, and this year the average for eleven was 820 gs., although neither team included any relation to Shotover, and on both occasions several lots were reserved by Mr. Chaplin. The best price of the lot bred at Blankney was 1,600 gs. for a sister to the favourite for the coming Derby, and 1,500 gs. were paid for a half brother (by Hermit) to Pero Gomez. The "crack," a colt by Rosicrucian—Bonnie Katie, went for 2,000 gs., but he was bred at the Sandgate stud, and was bought by Mr. Chaplin as a foal. Hermit's prospects of distinction next season appear to be good, for if Adelaide filly goes on well, she has an excellent chance of securing the One Thousand, Derby, and Oaks; and besides, he has several most promising yearlings coming on, to say nothing of Thebais, Tristan, and Clairvaux, all of which are to be kept in training, although I fear there is not much chance of seeing "Mr. Manton's" colours to the fore on the last-named colt. In this stud is a yearling sister to Peter. Galopin, whose stock won £4,000 in 1881, and £5,700 last year, has risen to £15,700, his principal winners being that grand mare, Corrie Roy; Galliard, who has been relegated to the stud; and St. Simon, far and away the best two-year-old of the season. Galopin would have occupied a far higher place if the nomination of St. Simon in the Middle Park and Dewhurst Plates had not been voided by the death of Prince Batthyany. Galopin seems likely not only to replace Hermit at Blankney in course of time, but in another year he bids fair to be equally "fashionable." His subscription has long been full, and when Mr. Chaplin and the Duke of St. Alban's bought him in July for 8,000 gs., they certainly made one of the most fortunate purchases in the whole history of the Turf. When we remember that the Duke of Westminster gave 14,000 gs. for the untried Doncaster, and that only last year Lord Falmouth obtained 7,000 gs. for Silvio, it really appears as if a cheaper horse had never been bought, and this, indeed, is the opinion of his sagacious owners, who, I believe, were prepared to bid 12,000 gs. sooner than let him go. It is a pity that it cannot be positively ascertained whether Galopin was really sired by Vedette, as stated in the slovenly records of the Duke's stud, or by Lacydes, as was asserted by persons who had been closely connected with that mismanaged establishment. Speculum, by Vedette, fourth last year with £11,200, is now third with £11,800, but none of his winners were animals of high class. He will have a two-year-old brother to Sefton to run for him next season. Salvator, by Dollar, is fourth with £11,700, for the greater part of which he is indebted to Ossian; and next comes Sterling, by Oxford, with £11,000, who last year was not in the first twenty, as his stock won only £4,100. In spite of the achievements of Isonomy, Sterling has never yet been so high, and it augurs well for his prospect next season that his principal winners were two-year-olds, Superba, Harvester, and Cherry contributing over £9,000, while Keir, who carried off the Lancashire Cup at Manchester, with a heavy weight, is a very improving horse, and should develop into a good four-year-old. Superba is favourite for the Two Thousand Guineas; and on her two-year-old form this race would seem to be a good thing for her, as neither Adelaide filly nor Busybody is engaged. Harvester ought to make a nice three-year-old, and as, like all Lord Falmouth's horses, he is very heavily engaged; he is tolerably certain to win some good stakes, although his chance for the classic races does not seem to be a very good one, unless he improves enormously, as in the autumn he was a stone behind Busybody. Macarna, by Sweetmeat, second last year with £18,700, has sunk down to £7,700. The disqualification of Macheath was a grievous blow to his chance of a high place; but, on the other hand, he was lucky in winning the Oaks with such a very moderate filly as Bonny Jean. Rosicrucian, by Beadsman, third last year with £17,000, has gone down to £8,600. He would have done better if Geheimniss had been managed with more discretion, and he was most unfortunate in the breakdown of Hauteur, who, if she had kept well, would certainly have won the Oaks as well as the One Thousand. Albert Victor, by Marsyas, fifth last year with £10,200, has come down to £7,400. See Saw, by Buccaneer, has risen from £8,664 to £9,300; and Hampton, by Lord

ANTIQUE AND DECORATIVE French, Italian, and English Furniture, and Old Tapestries, &c.—J. J. DUVEEN, 181, Oxford-street.

Clifden (£8,700), has more than held his own, thanks to Ladislas and Duke of Richmond. Springfield, by St. Albans, who was credited with only £2,000 in 1881, rose to £8,300 last year, but he has come down to £7,500; and I doubt whether either Spring Morn or the flashy Royal Fern will ever be distinguished in any special degree. Doncaster, by Stockwell, has risen from £4,300 to £6,300, but he has woefully disappointed the enthusiasts who predicted after Bend Or's Derby that he would speedily cut out Hermit and everything else. Sandiway is his best winner, and she ought to make a very useful three-year-old. Doncaster has left Eaton, and is to stand this season at Rufford Abbey. I had expected better things of Kisber, by Buccaneer, but so far he has been a decided failure however, I hear glowing accounts of some of his yearlings and foals. At Blankney there is a yearling by him out of Shotover's dam. Petrarch, by Lord Clifden, has done well with Busybody, who was, perhaps, the second-best two-year-old of the season, but whether she will train on is another and a momentous question. She is only in the fillies' races. The position of Wenlock, by Lord Clifden (£6,900) is respectable, as it has always been, but nothing more. He is another son of Mineral which has scarcely realised the expectations of his admirers. Of young sires, Camballo, by Cambuscan, has done fairly well with £6,600. As a racer he was quite equal to Galopin, when really all right, which he never was after the Two Thousand. Queen's Messenger, by Trumpeter, has risen from £1,600 last year to £6,100, thanks principally to Reprieve. The majority of Derby winners have failed ignominously. That great horse Blair Athole is sadly low on the list, with £3,900, and his best winner was Glen Albyn. Cremorne also is under £5,000, while Lord Lyon and Kingcraft are still further down; and George Frederick, who was so preposterously puffed last winter, is only credited with £1,500. Blue Gown, once ranted about as "the best horse in the world," has only £2,600 to his name. Pero Gomez, by Headsman (£2,600), has lost ground even more than his relative Rosicrucian. Thanks to Border Minstrel, Tynedale can claim £3,200. The remarkable and instructive features are the successes of the sons and grandsons of Newminster, and of the daughters and granddaughters of Stockwell.

The *World* states that there is no foundation for "the assertion" and "the insinuation" in Truth that Lord Greville was interested in some of the horses which ran in Robert Peck's name last season. I only alluded to a very general report, and if Lord Greville considers any such gossip to be injurious to his fame, he ought to be greatly obliged to me for having afforded him an opportunity of contradicting it. There is, however, a great deal more zeal than knowledge in "Atlas's" paragraph; for any casual reader would suppose that Lord Greville had been accused of some heinous offence. I believe there is no doubt that he has at various periods been more or less "interested" in horses which ran in Peck's name and colours. Unless rumour was very much at fault, Lord Greville owned a large share in one of the Derby favourites which hailed from Russley a few years ago.

Phillips' China and Glass.—Simply the largest Stock in London of Common and Best Services, Ornaments, and Duplex Lamps.—W. P. & G. Phillips, 175, 177, and 179, Oxford-street, W.

MAMMON.

THE TRANSVAAL GOLD FIELDS.

THE brothers Benjamin have come off second best in their passage-at-arms with Baron Grant, which has given such unwonted liveliness to the City article of the *Times*. I am glad of this, because I never derived any benefit from these Benjamins, whereas I never pass by Leicester-square without feeling that I and all other Londoners owe a debt of gratitude to the Baron.

The issue turned upon whether Baron Grant had at one time owned one-half of the Pilgrim's Rest Gold Fields. This he asserted, and the Benjamins denied. It stands, however, on the evidence of these brothers themselves that he did. The Gold Fields appear to have been mortgaged to the Oriental Bank for £18,000, and as the Bank could get neither its principal nor its interest, it was prepared to sell them for this sum. David Benjamin, having heard of this, sent his brother Hyam to London, to propose to Baron Grant a joint purchase. This was agreed to, and the Fields were bought by Benjamin and Grant for £10,000 down, and bills for £8,000. David Benjamin, however, subsequently seems to have considered that the one-half share was worth more than £9,000; he therefore returned Grant the £5,000 which he had paid, with a bonus of £10,000. The Benjamins, as judged by their own letters, do not seem gentlemen likely to pay £10,000 for nothing; this payment, therefore, conclusively proves that Baron Grant was absolutely correct in saying that he had once been half-owner of the property, even if this had not been admitted by David Benjamin himself in his letters.

More important than this storm in a teacup is the question whether the goldfields in the Transvaal are so rich that, with proper machinery, they can be worked at a profit. After the experience of India, and the wonderful auriferous deposits there, which were to make us all rich, but which, as yet, have only benefited their promoters, there is a disposition to look with considerable doubt upon a new gold mine.

Gold appears to have been first discovered in the Lyndenberg district of the Transvaal about 1872. It seems to be admitted that diggers since that year have made very large profits by working with very inadequate appliances. Up to 1881 the law stood that, whenever gold was discovered on an estate, it was proclaimed a public goldfield, as the existing owner was held to only be in possession of the surface of his farm. Any one—except a black man—was permitted to squat on a public goldfield on payment of a few shillings per month for a licence. The law, in itself, was unobjectionable—indeed, it is to be regretted that a similar one does not exist here—but it was liable to the practical objection that it rendered goldmining impossible upon a large scale, with expensive machinery. In 1881, the Transvaal Government, so soon as its independence was recognised, met this objection by granting concessions of the auriferous fields to gentlemen in consideration of certain payments, and on their engaging

Options.—Explanatory Pamphlet on Stock Exchange Options, post-free. John Abbott & Co., Stock and Share Brokers, 21 and 22, Palmerston Buildings, London, E.C.

to pay compensation to all persons actually working within the limits of the concessions.

The result of this is that the auriferous district has been divided into two great areas—the one is called the Pilgrim's Rest Gold Fields, the other the Lisbon-Berlyn Gold Fields—and each of them has been converted into an English Company under the Limited Liability Acts. The Pilgrim's Rest Gold Fields seem to have cost the Company that has acquired them £180,000, in addition to an undertaking that of the first 8,900 tons of ore crushed, two-fifths of the proceeds should go to the vendor, and three-fifths to certain certificate holders, who it is to be presumed are the promoters of the Company. The Lisbon-Berlyn estate, cleared of diggers, has cost the Company which now owns it £400,000.

Any one taking a share in a mine does so—or, perhaps, it would be more correct to say, ought to do so—with his eyes open. It is a ticket in a lottery; if it turns up trumps, his profits may be enormous, and therefore he ought not to complain, if the entire price of the share be lost. I never have the slightest sympathy for persons who howl and shriek because they have lost money in mining. It may be that the Transvaal Gold-fields will prove a perfect Eldorado, and it may be that it will be found that they cannot be extensively worked at a profit. Looking at the official reports, I am inclined to think that they can, but this, of course, is the opinion of a person who never has been there, and who, if he had, would very probably not be much wiser. If diggers can make the large profits which are stated, it would seem reasonable to suppose that machinery ought to make more than diggers. This, at least, has been the experience both in Australia and in California. Labour, it is said, is comparatively cheap, and the cost of transport of gold cannot be great owing to its small bulk. Whether the Transvaal Government will repudiate its own concessions is a question that every one must decide for himself. There seems no particular reason why they should; on the other hand, it must be admitted that they have not up to now distinguished themselves by their good faith. Looking, therefore, at the matter all round, I should say that the purchase of a share in either of the Transvaal Gold Companies is a reasonable sporting risk; although in neither of them would a reasonable man invest an amount of his capital the loss of which would cripple him.

ELECTRIC LIGHTING.

There is no sort of reason why the owners of the Gramme Patent should be granted an extension, and, therefore, it is to be hoped that their application will be refused. The inventors are not interested in the extension, and it is to be presumed that when the present proprietors bought the English right they paid a sum which did not take into consideration any such extension. The following letter refers to an article which appeared in TRUTH a fortnight ago, upon the Metropolitan Brush Company. I pointed out that the areas for which provisional orders have been received are far too extensive for the remaining capital of the Company, and that, unless every farthing be written off which has been paid for the Brush Patents, the public will have to pay prices for electric lighting in excess of a reasonable trade profit to those who spend their money in plant to provide them with it. As I have already more than once said, I look to the practical future of electric lighting in the discovering of some means to provide the light in each house from a primary battery, at a reasonable cost. Such batteries have already been in use on the Pullman Dining Cars for two months, and they are, I hear, to be used for carriages on other railways. Then why not in houses?

SIR,—Your appreciation of my services to the above-named Company emboldens me to offer a few observations in its interest.

First, then, at the general meeting on the 17th inst., after an amendment had been enthusiastically carried voting the Report and Accounts "most unsatisfactory," and appointing a Shareholders' Committee of Investigation, the adoption of the Report was conceded, but only upon the Chairman's assurance that the Board's agreement with the Hammond Company could be cancelled, which, of course, it will be, now that wiser counsels are about to intervene. This disposes of your otherwise forcible objection to dual profits. Again, from the time when I joined the Company (which I wish it to be known was months after its formation) no portion of the purchase-money ever burdened our working calculations, so that there need not be the slightest apprehension of excessive prices being charged under the provisional order—a moderate return upon actual outlay being all that is aimed at. It is from quite a different, though an equally legitimate, field of electrical work that alone heavy profits may be reaped.

Lastly, should your anticipation be verified that primary batteries will ultimately supersede the use of dynamos, through a market being found for their residual deposits, metallic distribution must still, I submit, prevail, for the economy of collecting the by-products in bulk at large generating stations over any retail house-to-house system, would much more than counterbalance the interest on the capital expended in street mains. My contention, therefore, is that the Parliamentary powers for general distribution, which this Company possesses over twenty-eight square miles of London, will prove of great value, if properly handled.—I am, sir, your obedient servant, J. KEATINGE POLLOCK.

Herne Hill, *Dec.* 22, 1883.

QUEER STORIES.

ROBERT DAYNE'S CHRISTMAS.

PART III.

WHEN Robert Dayne recovered his senses he found he had been carried to a neighbouring farm house, where he was being carefully tended by the farmer's wife and a doctor. He had been very gallantly rescued, as he learnt afterwards, by a labourer who lived close at hand, and was the first to visit the scene of the fire. It appeared the man had no idea the room was occupied, but having failed to arouse the inmates of the house, he had pluckily sought to effect an entrance by means of a ladder, which enabled him to reach Robert Dayne's window. The escape of the latter, therefore, was providential, and was not a moment too soon. As it was, he remained unconscious for some hours, and for a long time the doctor despaired of reviving him.

"Where are the others? Is everybody safe?" was his first coherent utterance, as he dimly recalled to mind what had happened.

"Yes, yes, my good fellow!" said the doctor, patting him on the shoulder, soothingly; "you can make yourself quite easy. Now turn over and go to sleep a bit."

Robert Dayne felt too weak and drowsy to disobey. He swallowed the draught the doctor put to his lips, and then sank into a deep slumber, which lasted till the morning. He awoke very little the worse for his injuries, and, indeed, but for a severe headache, he was quite himself again. Observing this, the woman of the house did not scruple to reveal to him the fatal news which had been concealed until then. It appeared that Mrs. Dayne and her son had escaped unhurt, but his poor old father had

perished in the flames, while the woman who attended to him, and slept on a couch in his room, had almost shared the same fate.

Robert Dayne was horror-stricken by this intelligence, which was naturally, in the highest degree painful to him. It was intensified by a needless feeling of self-reproach that, though sleeping under the same roof, he had been unable to make any attempt to rescue his father. He lost no time in visiting the scene of the catastrophe, but found only a heap of smouldering ruins, surrounded by a crowd of gaping rustics. The house had been absolutely gutted, and there being more wood than brickwork in the structure, nearly all the walls had fallen. His poor father's body had been already recovered, and was lying at an inn a short distance off, where the inquest would probably be held. He went there and reverently viewed the old man's remains, which were charred and burned beyond recognition. He was informed that Mrs. Dayne was staying at the inn, but he did not venture to intrude upon her grief—and, in fact, he felt no great desire to see her. But he had an interview with her son, who gave him what little information he could about the fire. It really amounted to nothing, however; for, by all accounts, he and his mother had only just had time to rush out of the burning building. Even if George Marshall had been in a position to throw any light upon the catastrophe, his brain was so sodden with drink that he could hardly have remembered anything.

Robert Dayne spent his Christmas-day, which he had so long looked forward to, in interviews with the local authorities, making the necessary arrangements for the inquest and the funeral. There being no inducement to remain in the neighbourhood, he returned to town in the evening and went to an hotel. He wrote to Mrs. Dayne, asking if his father had expressed any wish as to the place of his burial, and also whether he had left a will, and after this, there was nothing more to be done for the present. He had leisure, therefore, to look back calmly upon the past twenty-four hours, and he could not help arriving at the conclusion that there had been something mysterious in his stepmother's behaviour. What impressed him most was that his bed-room door had been deliberately locked on the outside, which, in all human probability, would have resulted in his perishing miserably, as his father had done. This ominous incident seemed to point to the horrible suspicion that the fatal fire had not been accidental, but was intended to compass his destruction. The idea was so shockingly revolting, that Robert Dayne was indignant with himself for entertaining it, but it recurred to him with increased significance when he happened to recollect George Marshall's remark about the glass of punch which his stepmother had poured out for him. Was it possible the liquor was drugged or poisoned, as George, with drunken outspokenness had suggested?

Robert Dayne could not evade these uncomfortable reflections. They forced themselves upon him with painful persistency, though he would fain have dismissed them from his mind. He found relief, however, in the utter absence of motive for such a crime as he felt tempted to impute to his stepmother. Even if she were capable of taking the life of a fellow-creature, of what benefit would his death have been to her?

It afforded him an odd sort of consolation that his suspicions would not bear the test of common sense. He was a man who honestly preferred to think well of every one, and he was only too glad to acquit his stepmother of nefarious intentions. He could not quite shake off the strong antipathy he felt for her, but for that very reason he resolved to treat her with every consideration. The inquest which was held upon his father's body resulted in a verdict of accidental death, there being no evidence to suggest how the fire occurred. After the funeral, Robert Dayne waited upon his stepmother for the first time, for, though she had been present at the inquest, she had left the room without speaking to him. She received him hardly less coldly than she had done at their first meeting, and, though he looked her straight in the face, he could perceive no sign of guilt or embarrassment.

"I hear you had a very narrow escape that fearful night, Robert," she said, calmly, when they had exchanged greetings.

"I did, indeed. It was an extraordinary thing, but my bed-room door was locked from the outside," returned Robert Dayne, closely watching her.

"How could that be? I expect you were agitated, and did not turn the handle properly," said Mrs. Dayne, with quiet scorn.

"Nothing of the kind. I was agitated, of course, but I satisfied myself the door was locked. What is more," he added, irritated by her contemptuous tone, "the key disappeared from the inside in a very remarkable manner after I went to bed."

"Come, Robert Dayne! Do not be afraid to speak your mind. What is it you suspect?" cried his stepmother, compressing her thin lips, and looking at him with an angry gleam in her eyes.

"What can I suspect?" returned Robert Dayne, feeling a little shamefaced. "I only tell you what happened. But, of course, I can prove nothing, so I shall not mention the matter to any one."

"I have suffered a very grievous affliction," said his stepmother, changing her tone rather abruptly, as Robert thought, and covering her eyes with her handkerchief. "I cannot say you have shown me much sympathy, Robert Dayne."

"I came to inquire about your circumstances," he answered, gravely, but ignoring her complaint. "Your letter mentioned that my father has left a will, bequeathing to you what little he had. What is the amount?"

"Very little indeed,—only a few hundred pounds," replied his stepmother, at once reverting to her calm, matter-of-fact tone. "He left me the furniture, but it is all destroyed, and with it nearly £500 worth of bonds, which he insisted on keeping in the house."

"Wasn't the furniture insured?" inquired Robert Dayne, half-absently, for he was thinking how absurd it was to attribute the fire to his stepmother, considering that she had lost so much by it, and could gain nothing.

"No. All the plate is lost, too—and, indeed, everything I possessed in the world," continued Mrs. Dayne. "I need not remind you that your poor father's income died with him."

"I was thinking," replied Robert Dayne, hesitatingly, his natural generosity struggling with his irrepressible

antipathy, "of making you some allowance during your life out of my mother's property, which I have now inherited. I will make no promises at present, but will wait and see what my father's small estate realises."

"You are very good," returned his stepmother, accepting the proposed gift coolly enough. "I would much prefer a sum of money down. The fact is, my son and I are thinking of emigrating to America or Canada."

"Indeed! Why?" asked Robert Dayne, half suspiciously.

"I am afraid George will do no good in England," replied Mrs. Dayne. "Perhaps in a new country, with a little capital to start with, he might be persuaded to settle down."

"Well," said Robert Dayne, rising from his chair, not feeling much interest in George Marshall's prospects, "I will consider what you say. By-the-bye, how is the patient? I mean the servant who waited on my father."

"She is getting on very well, I believe," said his stepmother, in an off-hand tone. "She has gone home to her friends."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Robert Dayne. "Why, the doctor told me she was seriously injured. I was thinking of doing something for her, as she was good to my father."

"You need not trouble yourself. She was more frightened than hurt," said Mrs. Dayne, rather roughly.

"What is her address?" inquired Robert Dayne, bent on his philanthropic object.

"I have no idea. Somewhere in town, I suppose," answered Mrs. Dayne, impatiently.

"Do you think you could find out for me?"

"I might. But I don't know how I should set about it," said his stepmother, in a very unpromising tone.

"Have you no notion where she has gone to, then?"

"Not the least, and I did not feel sufficiently interested to ask her," answered his stepmother.

"What is her name?" demanded Robert Dayne, disgusted at what he considered his stepmother's heartlessness.

"Esther Smith—at least, I believe so. She came to me without a character, about three years ago, when we were living in town. You need not worry yourself about her. After all, she has had a very easy place here, and I have given her a handsome present," said Mrs. Dayne, evidently irritated by Robert Dayne's persistency. "I don't think she was over honest, and she was certainly past her work."

Robert Dayne said nothing, but he had made up his mind to trace Esther Smith, if that was her name. In spite of the disparaging way in which his stepmother had spoken of her, he had heard on all sides that she had been a most faithful and attentive servant to his father, and he considered it his duty to reward her. He doubted whether Mrs. Dayne had behaved with liberality, and to this he attributed her apparent bitterness. He resolved to insert an advertisement in the newspapers for Esther Smith, and meanwhile it occurred to him to call upon the doctor who had attended her in order to ascertain if her health had been permanently injured, as he had at first been led to suppose. When he mentioned the object of his visit, the doctor exclaimed indignantly:—

"My dear sir, no wonder you are surprised! It was absolutely wicked to move her. I wonder she did not die on the journey."

"I understood she had almost recovered," said Robert Dayne, in surprise.

"I suppose Mrs. Dayne told you so," remarked the doctor, with a smile. "Of course, she tries to make the best of it. If anything had happened, she might almost have been tried for manslaughter."

"Why? What had Mrs. Dayne to do with it?" asked Robert, innocently.

"It was she who took the poor woman away from the inn," said the doctor. "I was never so much surprised in my life as when I went the next day and found my patient had disappeared."

"Do you mean to say that Mrs. Dayne took the poor creature off herself?" exclaimed Robert Dayne, perfectly amazed.

"Yes. Drove her all the way to her friends in town in a fly, as I heard afterwards," said the doctor, evidently struck by Robert Dayne's demeanour. "I only heard that by accident, though. Mrs. Dayne led me to believe at first that the woman had been fetched by her friends."

"When did this occur?" inquired Robert.

"Three days ago. The next but one after the fire," said the doctor.

Robert Dayne was more startled and mystified by this information than he cared to show, as it was clear that his stepmother had deliberately deceived him. He thought it better, however, not to take the doctor into his confidence, the more especially as his ideas were at present very much confused. He therefore thanked him for his civility, and made his way towards Ealing station, for the purpose of returning to town. He was more than ever resolved to discover Esther Smith, and as there happened to be half a dozen flies standing outside the station, he commenced his inquiries without delay. But the information he obtained only increased his perplexity, for he learned that the conveyance which took Mrs. Dayne and the invalid into London had been driven by George Marshall, evidently in order to conceal their destination.

During his journey to town Robert Dayne puzzled his brains to discover why his stepmother had deceived him, and what had induced her to put Esther Smith out of the way with so much mystery. His curiosity was thoroughly aroused, and the uncomfortable suspicions which still lurked in his mind again began to trouble him. Perhaps this woman, Esther Smith, either knew or suspected the origin of the fire, and had been hidden away for that reason. This conjecture naturally did not diminish his determination to seek her out, and being quite at a loss how to proceed, having no clue whatever, he finally decided to procure the assistance of a private detective.

The individual whose services he engaged proved more satisfactory than most of his class. At the end of a week or ten days he had procured the required information by closely watching the movements of George Marshall. He one day followed him to an obscure part of Clerkenwell, and traced him into a house where, as he afterwards ascertained, an invalid woman had been brought a few days before. There being no doubt that this was the person he was in search of, Robert Dayne presented himself at the address indicated without delay. He found himself in a small and poverty-stricken street, though the locality had some pretensions to respectability. The door of the house

in question was opened to him by a dirty, untidy-looking woman, who, nevertheless, had an honest face.

"You have a sick person in the house—an elderly woman," said Robert Dayne, hardly knowing on what pretext to obtain admission.

"Yes, sir. I suppose you are the doctor sent by the gentleman?" she said, curtseying.

"I'm not a doctor," answered Robert Dayne; "but I know the gentleman you speak of. I want to see the invalid."

"Step in, sir," said the woman, who looked relieved at seeing him. "I'm glad you've come, I'm sure, sir. The poor thing is a going fast, and it's a sin not to have a doctor."

"Why havn't you sent for one, then?" said Robert Dayne, following her into a dirty apartment—half parlour, half kitchen.

"Mr. George said I wasn't to on no account, and Mrs. Dayne, too. They both promised to send in a doctor; and Mr. George, his last words this morning was that he would send one. I'm sure I'm frightened out of my life at the idea of the poor thing a dying in my 'ouse, and no doctor near. My 'usband he don't like it either," said the woman, who was evidently distressed.

"Run and fetch the nearest doctor immediately, by all means," said Robert Dayne authoritatively. "Where is she? Can I see her?"

"Who may you be, sir?" inquired the woman with sudden suspicion.

"I am Mr. Robert Dayne. The poor woman upstairs was my father's servant," he explained.

"Mr. Dayne. Very well, sir," said the woman, dropping another curtsey, "I thought you was one of the family, though I ought to have asked before. It was Mrs. Dayne's particular wish that no neighbours or strangers should come gossiping and prying about the poor thing."

"Oh, indeed!" said Robert Dayne, pricking up his ears.

"Yes, sir; Mrs. Dayne knew she could trust me, for she and me was fellow-servants, though you wouldn't think it, years and years ago. Leastwise she was housekeeper, and I was in the kitchen. Come this way, sir, if you please."

"Is the poor woman sensible?" inquired Robert Dayne, as they walked up a creaky flight of stairs.

"It's hard to tell. Now and again she says a few words that sounds like sense, but it's mostly rubbish. Mrs. Dayne said she is off her head altogether, and I doubt she's right."

They reached the second floor as she spoke; and in the small back room, upon a miserable bed, lay a dreadful-looking object that Robert Dayne recognised with difficulty as the unlucky servant. She had apparently been very much burnt about the face; her hair and eyebrows were singed white, and she presented a pitiable spectacle. Her eyes were closed when they entered, but she presently opened them slowly, and their strange sunken look and unnatural brightness made Robert Dayne shudder.

"Send for a doctor immediately," he exclaimed. At the sound of his voice the sick woman started and stared at him with a terror-stricken gaze. To his surprise, however, she murmured his name audibly.

"Yes, I am Mr. Dayne, your old master's son," he said, reassuringly.

She looked at him a minute and then became suddenly excited, motioning to him to approach her. Robert Dayne complied, though he believed her mind was wandering.

"Let her go out," she said, in a perfectly rational tone, referring to the woman, who stood in the doorway.

The woman stepped outside, and when she had gone the invalid suddenly caught hold of Robert Dayne by the arm.

"You won't give me over to the police if I tell you something? You must swear to let me die in peace."

"Yes, my good woman, yes. But don't agitate yourself," said Robert Dayne, gently.

"Then I'll tell. It will make my mind easier, and *she* can't frighten me now. I'm past that."

"Well? What is it?" inquired Robert Dayne, as the sick woman stopped, and gasped for breath.

"Your father—my husband—my poor husband! It was my poor husband that was burnt," cried the invalid, beginning to tremble all over.

"Your husband! What do you mean?" cried Robert Dayne, blankly.

"Your father—died—here in London—over two years ago," said the woman, speaking in painful gasps, but rationally enough.

"Do you mean that? Do you know what you are saying?" demanded Robert Dayne, suddenly grasping the drift of her remarks. "Are you sure?"

"It was my poor husband—Sam—Sam Gover—who was burnt. Nobody knew—nobody suspected—nothing—nothing," she said, evincing a tendency to wander a little.

"When did my father die?" demanded Robert Dayne, almost brutally, in his excitement.

"Two years ago. Ask Mrs. Dayne and her son George. Nobody else knew—nobody else—nobody, nobody——"

She fell back on her pillow, and fainted dead away. Robert Dayne was startled and alarmed, thinking she had died. He called out to the woman of the house, who came hurrying upstairs, followed by a neighbouring doctor, whom she had sent one of her children to fetch. The medical man pronounced that the invalid had only swooned, but all his efforts to revive her proved unavailing. She lingered on in an unconscious state for the rest of the day, and all that night, and died without opening her eyes again early the following morning.

Robert Dayne remained in the house until the doctor had lost all hope of restoring his patient to consciousness, and then left, having given directions that she should be provided with every comfort. He was filled with mingled horror, amazement, and indignation, for he could not doubt the truth of the revelation that had been made to him. The dying woman's agitation on the evening of his unexpected return, his stepmother's discomfiture, the whispered discussion with her son, the attempt to hocus him, and the fire itself were all links in a chain of circumstantial evidence which confirmed the story. It was perfectly clear to him now that his stepmother had deliberately attempted to murder him in order to avert the discovery of the fraud; for if he had been allowed to set eyes upon his supposed father the whole conspiracy would have collapsed.

His first impulse was to communicate with the police,

but, after reflection, he refrained from doing so. Whatever he suspected with regard to the origin of the fire and his stepmother's designs against his life, he could prove nothing. This part of her crime was the more serious; the rest—the obtaining two or three years' income from him by fraud—he was disposed to overlook. It did not seem worth while, for the sake of a few hundred pounds, which he would never miss, to create a painful family scandal.

From motives of expediency, therefore, he determined to take no active steps against Mrs. Dayne, but to content himself with preventing her, as far as possible, from reaping any further benefit from her wickedness. But his stepmother apparently heard of his visit to her accomplice, and fearing his vengeance, suddenly disappeared with her son, and, no doubt, left the country.

GIRLS' GOSSIP.

DEAREST AMY,—We have just got back from the Private View at the Grosvenor Gallery. The pictures are, of course, delightful, the Exhibition consisting of the works of Sir Joshua Reynolds. But, socially considered, the private view is no longer what it was. Two or three years ago almost everybody present was a celebrity of some sort, many of them stars of some magnitude in the literary, dramatic, or artistic world, and they were surrounded by quite a Milky Way of small twinklers. Now, there are scores of faces that no one knows. The crowd is composed of insignificant items, dotted here and there with well-known faces. But, alas! the glory has departed; and even the scarecrows no longer assemble there in their strength. A few lingering frights still haunt the scene, but they are uncheered and unsustained by numbers, and look like the pale ghosts of former æsthetes revisiting the glimpses of the gas in their once-beloved haunts. A mahogany-tinted girl, clad in saddest sage-green, with a handkerchief round her neck "of most unholy blue," so charnel-like was it of hue, wandered about, occasionally coming into strong contrast with a lady with hectic cheeks and dress to match. There were no original garments to be seen, and few effective costumes. Those wholly red were the most conspicuous, except perhaps a terra-cotta gown relieved by the dark-brown complexion of its wearer.

I wonder by what process these curious people manage to efface all natural tints from their faces and to resemble Burne-Jones' corpse-like maidens. Do they bleach themselves or starve themselves? or how is it brought about? It is odd that any woman should take pains to render herself so hideous and uninteresting.

I am sure that no man in his senses would willingly select a Burne-Jones maiden—or even one of his angels from "The Golden Stair"—to live with. They look too bilious to be good-tempered, and women with those yearning eyes and passionate lips could never make good housekeepers.

Maud is looking over my shoulder, and says I am "hopelessly practical and commonplace," and that no one ever marries a girl because she is a good housekeeper. I quite agree that housewifely qualities will never catch the bird (unless he is a very old one), but I am certain that they go very far towards keeping him when caught. Maud says the Burne-Jones maidens are "all soul"; but I contend that in that case they are beyond the sympathies of everyday beings like us, with what Miss Rhoda Broughton calls "nice, soft, comfortable bodies," enclosing our individualities.

Is it not pleasant to know that one can be provided with a family ghost at a very small charge? I suppose it could be sent home with a set of ancestors and ancestresses from Wardour-street, and a family crest and motto from the Heraldic Office. A family ghost is a commodity that I, personally, have no desire to have anything to do with, but I have no doubt that there are many excellent families who feel the need of some little distinctive appendage of the kind, to help to vindicate their claims to position. An aroma of "long descent" hangs round the possessors of a family ghost. I wish Mr. and Mrs. Jones, of Parvenu-place, would commission me to order them one. I should set about it with immense gusto. Item, one complete set of hollow groans; item, invisible footsteps; item, one long, wild shriek; and so on. How well these particulars would look in the bill!

I must not forget to tell you about the toys we saw at the "Truth" Competitive Exhibition. "The Bungalow" was simply a wonderful doll's house. It was constructed on the plan of an Indian bungalow, and was divided down the centre by a narrow passage, which was covered with matting. Two rooms were on either side of this passage. The roof was neatly thatched and adorned with picturesque red chimneys. The furniture was most ingeniously made, the chairs being constructed of matches cut down to the various requisite lengths, which were fastened together by means of small nail-pins. The frames of the easy-chairs were merry thoughts of ducks covered with gilt paper. The water-jug was modelled, and very well modelled, in gutta percha. The gas globes were white, round, opaque beads. But I could not enumerate all the ingenious devices adopted by the competitor who sent in this house. Another, made of perforated cardboard nailed upon wood, was also very cleverly put together and furnished. All the furniture was made of cardboard, cut out in designs. A dear little wardrobe was particularly good. The flower-pots were modelled in putty and then coloured red. The plates on the dinner-table were made of flat, white buttons. One doll's house, covered with white cotton wool to represent snow, was very attractive at first sight, but the maker of it appeared to have exhausted his or her stock of ingenuity on the outside of the house.

The "Finding of Moses" was a clever river-scene, and must have cost considerable time and trouble. Pharaoh's daughter and her attendants were correct in costume. So were the alligators. That of the infant Moses was suited to the climate of Egypt. Miriam was not forgotten, but her position was rather prominent. A model of a "Farmyard" also struck us as being clever, but I have forgotten the details.

We went to see "The Millionaire," at the Court, the other evening, and fell more deeply in love than ever with Mrs. John Wood. Without her the play would be rather gloomy; but it is delicious to hear her say, "Well, you know, there must be something nice about her, for her third husband died the other day, and the first and second went to the funeral." Of the same lady, some one asks, "Has she not been very much married?" to which Mrs. John Wood answers, in a reflective sort of way, "Well, she is what I call a *large-hearted* woman," reminding us of the lady in another play who did not "keep a heart, but a *hotel*."

A very different expedition did we make on Christmas Eve, when we wended our muddy way to Ham-yard, Windmill-street, in order to see the poor people receive their piece of beef, plum-pudding, biscuits, tea and sugar, at the hands of the charitable people who have organised this kindly work. About a thousand persons were supplied with these provisions during the afternoon, but we only stayed a little while. The puddings were ranged like rows of cannon-balls on shelves, and the pieces of beef in a lordly heap occupied nearly a whole side of the room. The people accepted the food quietly, without exhilaration, and seldom expressed any gratitude. I think it is a sort of shyness that makes them withhold their thanks, but I am sure they are not really ungrateful. Maud was full of pity for the thin, pale little children, with their patient little, wistful faces. This strange, dull patience must be a part of the inheritance of the poor. We came away feeling rather saddened, but the tremendous business of buying Christmas-boxes soon drove everything else from our minds. Of course, we had left a number of things to the last moment, and equally, of course, the very shops we wanted to go to were those that had closed from the Saturday till Thursday. However, we managed pretty well. I hope you liked the long chimney-screen, with silk pockets, that I sent you. It hooks on to the mantel-board,

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and forms a screen from the fire, as well as a convenient receptacle for the fan, or for scissors and cotton, if one is at work. I am such a fire-worshipper, and get so scorched when engaged in devotions, that I have invested in one, and have contrived a bow of ribbon and a hook and loop by which to roll it up and keep it out of the way when not in use.

Mrs. Fourstars had a children's party the day after Christmas, and, instead of having a tree, she arranged all the presents for the little ones as birds'-nests among the leafage of the decorations. Her two pretty drawing-rooms and dear little conservatory, just large enough to keep well-filled without very much expense, looked wonderfully pretty, with bushes of greenery in every corner, each containing "nests" with varied contents. Other nests hung from brackets in pendent branches, and yet others were tucked in the angles of screens with sprays of ivy or mistletoe thrown over them. It was pretty to see the children go "birds'-nesting," and to hear their exclamations of delight at each fresh discovery. Every nest had a card tied to it with the name of the small guest for whom it was intended, and it was artfully contrived that most of the children should find their own.

The hours were very sensible. The children arrived at half-past three and left before seven, so that they did not become over-tired or cross. Very few of them were over-dressed—another good effect of the early hours. One little scrap of five was attired like a fashion-plate, and looked like a miniature woman. Consequently she was at first painfully self conscious, and afterwards rather condescending to the rest. Foolish mothers make their children unlovable, and then wonder that "any one can prefer that plain, little, badly-dressed Mary to my darling, clever, stylish Angela."

In Paris, for New Year's Day gifts, the tiny gold or silver pig, which has been worn of late as a *porte-bonheur*, attached to watch-chains, bracelets, &c, is now replaced by the Gallic cock; you see him in enamel, in silver, in gold, or on letter-paper and envelopes, strutting proudly and raising his comb. Greys of all shades are very fashionable just now for morning or afternoon dresses. Good-bye.—From your affectionate cousin, MADGE.

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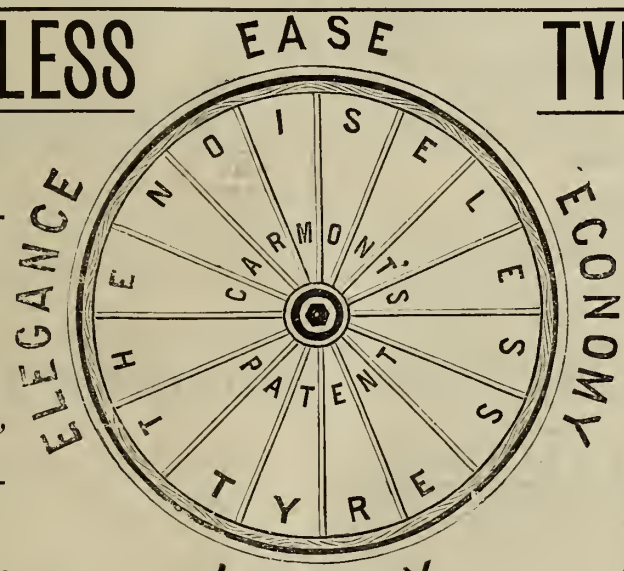

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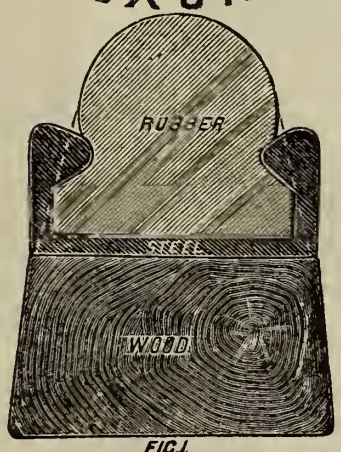

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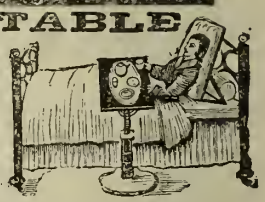

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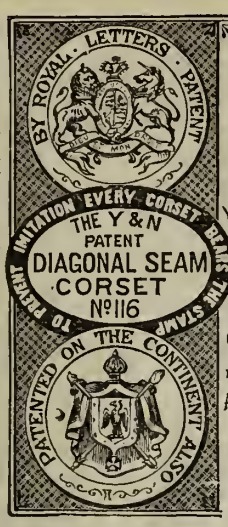

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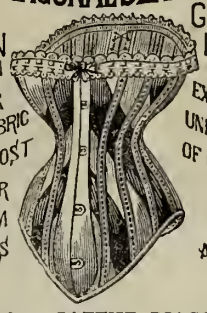

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OUR PUZZLES.

"TRUTH'S" FOURTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF HOME-MADE AND OTHER TOYS.

THIS EXHIBITION, held again at Limmer's Hotel—thanks to the kindness of the Proprietor, who placed his large dining-room gratuitously at our disposal—proved, as I briefly stated last week, the most successful which has yet taken place. The public patronage, as shown by the large attendance of visitors, was more general than on any previous occasion; the Press notices were more numerous and detailed; the Home-Made Toys, especially the Dolls'-Houses and the other Models, aroused even greater interest than former exhibits; whilst the display of New Toys, owing to the satisfactory fact that the contributions made by the readers of this journal were more liberal than on any other occasion, was the largest and most varied we have had. On both days that the Exhibition was open it was filled with visitors, whose close and protracted inspection of the Competition Toys was a compliment to their makers' ingenuity the latter could not but have appreciated had they been present to note it. The Dolls'-Houses naturally came in for the most elaborate scrutiny, but none of the Home-Made Toys was missed; every article undergoing repeated examination and being made the subject of audible criticism, usually appreciative, by connoisseurs of the fair sex. Several of our contemporaries, too, showed by their remarks what a discriminating inspection of the Home-Made Toys their representatives had made. Most welcome, also, were the genial remarks of *Punch*, which, on the very morning of the Exhibition, published a notice of TRUTH's Show under the punning title of "A 'Toy-dy' Lot." As on former occasions, the centre table—the position of honour—was devoted to the display of the Competition Toys, and here also were exhibited the various articles sent as presents, the donors of which, I believe, have been already thanked individually in TRUTH.

Before giving the Prize-List, I propose to furnish the usual summary of the Home-Made Toys, and naturally allude first to the Dolls'-Houses, which, though not so numerous as it was hoped they might be, were most interesting examples of what ingenuity and patience, guided by good taste, can do. At the upper end of the table, prominent by reason of its size and position, stood a thatched model of a house, called "The Bungalow," made by Miss HATHWAY in a manner which deserves detailed description. The House itself, which was thatched with straw from wine-bottle covers, was composed of old starch-boxes, so placed that passages between the rooms were formed—a feature not found even in the most expensive of Dolls'-Houses bought at a toy-shop. The walls, with the window-frames, &c., were made of mill-boards, which could be removed at pleasure, thus giving a full view of the interior. And this was well, for a detailed examination of the contents gave evidence of the most original ingenuity. Thus, in the drawing-room the arm-chairs were formed most deftly by using the merry-thought bones of geese and ducks; ordinary chairs were made of quills, the feathers of which were employed with apt readiness to form the seats. An old cotton reel made a capital music-stool; whilst match-boxes, matches, and pins, were all turned to account in other parts of the furniture. The carpets were hand-knitted; the matting was obtained from an old fish-basket; the tea-service and toilet-ware were modelled from gutta-percha or wax, the crockery in the kitchen being made from candles; fire-grates were formed from painted match-boxes; the bedsteads from cardboard ditto; and the globes on the tiny chandelier from glass beads! I have not exhausted all the curious details of "The Bungalow," but have written enough to show what rare ingenuity and skill were expended on its construction and furnishing.

Another House which was the object of much and well-deserved praise was that sent by "NERNIE," the peculiarly light and graceful look of whose model was due to the fact that it was made entirely of white perforated cardboard. The House was necessarily less substantial than some of the others, but it gained in grace and lightness what it lost in stability; and was, with its prettily painted ivy-grown front, a much-admired feature of the Show. "NERNIE's" furniture was also home-made, and, like that in "The Bungalow," exhibited much originality. Most curious were the plates made of buttons, the cardboard knives faced with silver paper, the tumblers of gelatine, and the clocks of putty. Putty was, in fact, turned to comprehensive account by "NERNIE," for it also entered into the composition of the clocks, the table legs, the billiard and tennis balls, the flower-pots, and the toilet-ware. This House, both inside and out, was, in short, a triumph of tasteful ingenuity; and "NERNIE's" skill, like that of Miss HATHWAY, was repeatedly acknowledged by appreciative visitors.

A very prominent object, too, in the show was the large "Dolls'-House," designed and exhibited by ETELKA, who, by an ingenious use of cotton-wool had invested her model with a snow-covered appearance, which proved very effective. But space, unfortunately, is not limitless, and I am unable, therefore, to describe each House at the length it deserves. Had I but room I could well devote it to describing how ETELKA also turned the simplest articles to good account in furnishing her wintry-looking house, but I must be content to allude thus generally to skill deserving much more particular mention. Miss AGNES BARNES' Doll-House secured special attention by reason of its very prettily ornamented front. The painted windows, the blinds and curtains, the balconies, with their gay show of potted flowers, made up a very attractive outside; whilst inside, too, though to a somewhat less extent than in the other houses mentioned, there was a considerable display of skill and patience; the various rooms being furnished with so much care that, in addition to such articles as a plate-glass fronted wardrobe and duchesse dressing-table, one found tiles for the hearth, hassocks, a joint of meat, and a paste-board and rolling-pin.

On the other side of the table, *dos-à-dos* to Miss BARNES' House, was another sent in by Miss EVELYN RAY, which has already brought infinite amusement to the fortunate inmates of the Hospital to which it chanced to be allotted. It was a strongly-made and well-furnished model, and most creditable to its maker's talent. A small Doll's House, without a front, which arrived after the Exhibition was open was interesting as being the work of two little boys, Masters ARCHIE and NELSON HUGHES, who are to be warmly congratulated on the result of their labour. For boys so young it showed excellent work, and I would advise these two plucky little competitors to persevere, and try again in years to come. A cardboard Doll's-House, modelled by Master A. C. HURST, in whom I think I recognise the son of an old and valued competitor in TRUTH's Puzzle competitions, likewise deserves kindly mention, as the clever and patient work of a little boy whom I would also encourage to future effort.

The model sent by EDITH, EDGAR, MAY, and GEORGIE must be included with the Dolls'-Houses, though it was really a very clever attempt at realising in miniature the ward of a Children's Hospital. The row of beds with their tiny patients, the nurses, the black-coated doctor, the flowers, the toys—in short, all the accessories of the scene—were reproduced with careful elaboration, and helped to make a most interesting and, considering the nature of the Exhibition, a most appropriate model.

There were several miscellaneous models of exceptional interest and merit. At the lower end of the table—noticeable by reason of its size and completeness—was a model of a Farm-yard, made and exhibited by Mrs. HOBSON. This was a remarkably good specimen of its kind, the modelling of the minute details of the yard being true to nature. The flowers and foliage were of leather-work; the buildings of cardboard, the grass of Berlin wool. The animals—especially the pigs—were admirably modelled, and the whole arrangement thoroughly artistic.

A second model Farm-yard, though not so elaborate, was deserving of the attention it received by reason of the fact that its maker, Master CHARLES INGHAM REEVES, is only seven years of age. He had some little help from his mamma, as he candidly admits, but allowing for this, his work deserves this special recognition. So young and clever a mechanic has indeed good reason to persevere; and he will be glad to hear, I am sure, that his handiwork is likely to afford amusement for months to come to scores of poor little boys and girls in a London workhouse.

I have especial reason to congratulate the maker of "The Finding of Moses," for I well remember the contributions Miss GERALDINE FRANKS has made in former years to TRUTH Exhibition, and note with much pleasure the marked improvement her model this season showed on those of previous Exhibitions. "The Finding of Moses" was an elaborate reproduction of an oft-realised scene, which the visitors to the Toy Exhibition studied with evident interest. There was, in fact, a great deal in it to study, for every detail down to the very crocodiles of "Old Nile" were to be found in it, whilst the dresses and accessories of the human figures showed how carefully Miss GERALDINE FRANKS, who is now only 14, had got up the archæology and history of her subject. It was a most creditable piece of work.

A working model which proved a popular centre of attraction at the Exhibition was "The Football Player," designed and carved by BRIAN BORU. This figure, by means of the ingenious mechanism of its construction, could be made to "kick off" a ball from a post some inches in front of its "practicable" right leg, and being, as its exhibitor asserts, his first attempt at carpentering or designing, is all the more deserving of commendation. It is to be hoped that other "working" models of kindred character will be forthcoming another year, for they undoubtedly cause a great deal of amusement.

I can only allude briefly to a really admirable model of a Cow, made of wool and rags, by Mrs. SALT, and particularly well shaped, and to a most life-like Knitted Kitten, the work of Miss K. J. BAILEY—two of the most admired articles in the Show.

Amongst miscellaneous exhibits, I may mention a series of *plats* and dishes, forming "Dolly's Christmas Dinner," modelled with much neatness and finish by Mrs. P. T. PAGE, which fully repaid the closest investigation; a small wheelbarrow, made by Master L. M. BUCKLE, a boy of ten; some coloured figures, nicely mounted and cut out by Miss BRUNHILDE PRAEGER, who is but 12½ years of age, and whose work will certainly amuse the sick child fortunate enough to get it; and a doll's bedstead and ottoman, ingeniously made from old dried-fruit boxes, by Misses CARA and KATIE AMPHLETT, who are but eight and six years old respectively. These clever little girls filled the ottoman

with some doll's treasures, and also arranged four very pretty scrap-books. The doll in the bed was dressed by Mrs. Amphlett. I omitted to allude in the proper place to an interesting and correct model of a Lawn-tennis Court sent by Mrs. Poyser.

Amongst the Home-dressed Dolls, Mrs. J. A. Alsop's round dozen, each with its name attached, naturally attracted much attention. Their strongly-made dresses and the excellent needlework, all of which was the unaided work of Mrs. A., added to the value of this most acceptable consignment. There were two small dolls in a cradle, which were also from Mrs. Alsop, whose kindly labours have thus given widespread satisfaction. Mrs. Daisy Chapman's Baby Doll was universally admired for the excellence of the material and finish of the work used in dressing it; and amongst other competition dolls elected for special mention may be named those sent by Misses Lilian M. Richmell (aged 8 years), Marie Richmell (11 years), Gertrude Hellier (8 years), Helen Bartley (6 years), "Piccie," "Frances" (who also kindly sent a quantity of second-hand Toys), "Bertie," and "Britannia." "Elsie" sent no less than six dolls, all prettily dressed, whilst "Delta" (M. D.), in addition to half-a-dozen dolls, enclosed six bags of marbles, a most welcome contribution.

Amongst the Scrap-Books received I select for special mention those sent by Miss Lizzie Moody, Mrs. Hobson, "Juno," Mrs. Dawson Moray, and Mr. Felix Joseph. A dozen useful home-made balls, the work of Miss Emily Salomons, and two texts, prettily painted, by Miss May Stokes, complete, to the best of my knowlege, the miscellaneous articles I have to acknowledge.

Many visitors to the Exhibition will have noticed wooden toy furniture of a plain and exceptionally strong kind displayed on the central table. It consisted of chairs and tables, and was made by an old man of 72, who earns a hare existence for himself and wife by making and selling it. The prices are ridiculously cheap, a table being 1½d., a chair ½d., a bedstead 2d., and so on; and as the old man is deserving of support, I may add that his address is J. Fairn, 58, St. Peter-street, Islington, N.

I will only add in conclusion that if there has been any omission of the name either of competitor or contributor it has been wholly unintentional, and I would herewith ask forgiveness for the oversight. One thing is certain, the warmest thanks, not of the Proprietor and Editor of Truth only, but of at least 9,000 boys and girls in London Hospitals and Workhouses, are due to all who have assisted, whether as exhibitors, makers, or contributors of money, toys, or other articles, in making this Truth Fourth Annual Exhibition and Distribution such a complete and satisfactory success.

I now come to the question of Prizes. As will be remembered, the sum of Fifteen Guineas was offered, viz., £12. 12s. for the Dolls' Houses, and £3. 3s. for Toys of other descriptions, and it is this amount I have now to award. I cannot help saying that seeing the amount offered in prizes, and the use to which the Dolls' Houses were to be put, that the number sent in was somewhat disappointing. Only seven were received. I certainly thought that out of the 2,500 competitors on our Puzzle Register, a larger proportion than this would have been induced to compete. Of the seven received and fully commented on above, two were distinctly superior in design and execution to the rest—I refer, as visitors to the Show will readily anticipate, to "The Bungalow" and to the White Card-Board House. Of these two, again, the former was undoubtedly the better, though not so to such a pre-eminent degree as to deserve the entire sum offered. The fact is, both the Houses named failed in one important feature—I mean the strength and durability of most of the furniture they contained. It was, as I have said, most fanciful in design and ingenious in construction, but it cannot be said that it was in either case suitable to be actually played with by children of tender age. Most of the contents were more adapted for looking at than for playing with, and for this reason it is mainly that I have not been able to award the 12 gs. in one Prize. What I have determined to do is to give Miss Hathway, who was the maker and Exhibitor of "The Bungalow," £7. 7s.; to "Nernie," to whom the credit attaching to the construction of the Card-Board House is due, £4. 4s., whilst the remaining Guinea I award to "Etelka," in recognition of the originality shown by her in giving her "Doll's-House" the snow-covered appearance referred to above. It would have been more true to nature, perhaps, had the four sides of the house not been all covered with snow to an equal extent. But this is a detail into which I need not enter. The outside appearance of "Etelka's" was certainly effective, and I have much pleasure in presenting her with a Guinea as a small acknowledgment of the fact.

The distribution of the remaining Three Guineas is more difficult, seeing there were so many Toys of a miscellaneous and meritorious character. I think the public opinion of the visitors to the show will be with me, however, in awarding one guinea of the amount to Miss Geraldine Franks, for the model of the Finding of Moses, and another to Mrs. Hobson, for the Large Model of a Farm-yard. The third guinea I have decided to award to "Brian Boru," for his Working Model of a Foothall Player, a class of toy which always proves most amusing to children. And this uses up the money promised. I have, however, obtained permission to give an extra guinea, and of this half-a-guinea is awarded to Daisy Chapman for what was undoubtedly the best dressed doll in the competition; whilst the other half-a-guinea is given to Mrs. Salt for the admirable model of a cow made and sent in by her. I much regret being unable to give only verbal commendation to several other of the competitors, but the competition this year was intended to be more especially one for Dolls'-Houses, and only a small proportion of the prize-money was set apart for other Toys. This being so, it has been impossible to do otherwise than distribute the money in the proportion first announced, though, as it turned out, the makers of miscellaneous Toys really deserved a larger share in the total sum given.

The Puzzle Editor.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 258.

The Puzzle this week is one requiring patience rather than originality, and will, I think, be found so comparatively easy that a larger number of competitors than usual will be induced to try for the prize. Under the heading of "Truth" Puzzle, No. 256, will be found a number of "Specimens," consisting of one or more eight-lined stanzas written in a style of phonetic spelling more or less intelligible, and the prize of two guineas will be given to that competitor who

Best Succeeds in Turning the Seeming Nonsense of the first thirteen of the said "Specimens" into the Sensible English which they are Intended by their Authors to Represent.

I may say at once that in many cases the writers of the said stanzas have adopted phonetic spelling, which can by no means be justified. There are far too many instances in which the letters "er" are made to represent the sound of the letter "a;" and "ort" used as though its phonetic identity was the same as "aut." I need scarcely say that such doings are indefensible, and will be sternly dealt with when it comes to be a question of awarding the prize for the writing of the original stanzas. But, for the present competition, it will suffice to point out the existence of these and similar traps in the specimens to be translated, and then leave competitors to steer clear of them as best they can. All will have an equal chance, and that competitor who gets nearest to the original of the specimens (which I have in my possession), will receive the prize. It will be enough to quote the number of each "Specimen" from No. 1 to 13, in giving the translation. The gibberish of the stanzas need not be repeated.

Answers to Correspondents.

*** The real name and address of Bauseant, winner of Prize No. 245, are:—Horace Leigh, Esq., Common Room, Inner Temple, W.C.

*** The real name and address of Ellart, winner of Prize No. 253, are Miss Thurtell, The Denery, Great Yarmouth. Miss Thurtell, I may add, kindly desires that 7s 6d. of her prize may be paid over to the Toy Fund.

*** The Royal, winner of Prize No. 242, has also written from Naples just in time to claim his Prize. His real name and address are:—A. B. Reeves, Esq., Messrs. Willoughby & Co., 4, Lancaster-place, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C. The Royal also devotes 5s. of his Prize to the Toy Fund.

Ivy Green.—Had I had your explanation at the time I would have willingly included your verses on Christmas. As it is, I may say that they were sufficiently good to merit publication, though not good enough to have deserved the prize.

Sara.—Your Charade ("Magnetism"), though good, unfortunately reached me too late for publication.

B. H. D.—The Prize Cheques are sent periodically, and yours will be despatched in due course.

C. H. B. M.—I will print your Enigma when I have space to do so.

St. David's.—I duly noted your correction.

Wrangler.—I shall allude to your interesting calculation in due course.

G. M. M. and Dora.—Your charades, I am sorry to say, were too late for publication.

Nottingham.—You failed to send a translation of your stanzas.

Skedaddle, Neptune, Forget-me-Not, Observer, Young Yorkyx, &c., &c.—The good wishes of these and the many other correspondents who sent me such seasonable aspirations for my health and happiness I most sincerely reciprocate. In fact, a most happy, prosperous and puzzle-winning New Year is wished to every reader of these pages by their obedient servant

*** As the Rules are necessarily omitted, it is well to state that all Puzzle letters should be addressed to the Puzzle Editor, Truth Buildings, Carteret-street, Queen Anne's-gate, S.W.

The Puzzle Editor.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 255. ASSORTED SPECIMENS—GOOD AND OTHERWISE.

CHRISTMAS COMES BUT ONCE A YEAR.

Christ, a boy, came to Man's rescue.—Goose.

Christ, as boy, came to rescue man.—Lex, Scripta, Scribbler, The Dod.

A season comic, smart but cheery.—Almione, Bimbo, and H. Richmond.

Ay! A Christ comes to be man's cure.—Guinea Pig and Sebastian.

Christ came, so a curse may not be.—The Dod.

At this season ye must be cheery.—Floeida.

Much comes, O race, by star in east.—Cerise.

Must be a merry, chaste occasion.—Ubique.

1. Stare! because charity 's common! 2. Common charity creates abuses.—Friar Tuck.

Success to charity! Beam o'er man.—V. de Montgomery.

1. O, Time, so many butcher carcases. 2. Be merry, as occasion must teach.—Karnac.

At Charity's sob come, rescue man.—Skeikee.

Christ came so many base to cure.—Tinfoil.

Come, O say! can its charms be true?—Vi.

1. A merry season; comic but chaste. 2. A master comes—can you be Christ?—Sclanidge.

So by Christ came a rescue to man.—Mrs. Poyser and Non Timeo.

Is a cheery custom most can bear.—F. A. Sw.

1. Boys, a Christ came to rescue man. 2. Come, mate, scorn charity's abuse.—Daphnis.

Mates merry be at such occasion.—A. J. S.

Bacchus, my feast is come so near.—Delphi.

A truce comes to banish my cares.—Bleasby.

Chimes, roast meats, baccy, no rue.—Smytche.

I come; teas, buns, toys, banish care.—Dumnorix.

'Tis a custom, so each can be merry.—Bimbo.

O! cheery Santa most music bears.—R. M. E.

1. Be merry, mate, at such occasions. 2. Mince-meat accrues to rash boys.—Puzzler One.

Say, sot, can mirth become a curse?—Metsian.

1. Merry season; beasts eat much. 2. O moan, charity seems but scarce.—Kuesaal.

Aye! Christmas accounts bore me.—African and Mrs. Poyser.

Qy. Why called Christmas? 1. Because Christ came; son to Mary. 2. Chimes, set by man, accost our ear. 3 So he each custom, merry as it can.—ROGGEE SHURT.

1. But chimes so near, accost my ear. 2. O stay! I remember cash-accounts.—MALIGNANT.

A Christ came? Yes; came horn to us.—ANNAN ACADEMY.

1. I.H.S. A truce came to man by a cross. 2. Ecce Christus! A son-heam to Mary! 3. Come, Mystic Star, hear us each on.—YOUNG YOEEYX.

Thus best came a merry occasion.—DORA.

1. O Amy can cut those C'mas herries. 2. I say, remember the cash accounts. 3. To us He came, is horn—a mercy cast.—PLACIDUS, who sends 30 other Anagrams.

Time accounts become ye harass.—QUEEN BEE.

A sect came, cry out Messiah born.—PANZY.

My ears echo customs I can't bear.—IL SIEN.

To bear men co. (company) Chryst Jesus came.—REVERESCAT.

1. "Some trout came as by chance, sir!" 2. O, cats, run! Mice hy scores eat ham.—EPSILON.

From "agony" column: M. B.—This year's accounts are come.—FORGET-ME-NOT.

Weston'a Wager: Comic bet at such a merry season!—RIDICULUS MUS.

Come, Mat, hury care this season.—ROTEY.

O, mates, come banish crusty care.—OTHELLO.

O, but, mate, money, cash is scarcer.—PEIMA DONNA.

Stoic masher embraces coy aunt (under mistletoe implied).—KINKUM-KUM.

1. Christ came as man to ohey curse. 2. He came; O mercy's act hars out sin!—OLD SQUARE (who has made 26 other complete anagrams).

At such occasions, mates, be merry.—HODGUS BODGUS.

Man's mirth canses car to he coy.—H. W.

1. Cry! because that ransom has come. 2. His star became succour to many.—GEE.

A merry time! One acts Bacchus so.—W, A. C.

1. Memo.: Charity-season he accurst! 2. Christ comes to ease many a curh.—THE GARDENER.

Custom is to be merry as each can.—J. R. ASHWORTH.

Christ's mercy! Because a man, too.—SIMLA.

1. Christ came once, Mary, to be as us. 2. Short accounts became a misery.—BON RIDLEY.

On a beat, merry chimes accost us.—ROSARY.

A cheery time, Bass, to succor man.—SKEDADDLE.

1. O homes! A "bitter cry" accuses man. 2. Account so merry a chime as best.—TARBOX.

O may choicest star be man's cure.—WORM.

Came to cheer many a rustic boss.—GRUB.

O man that accuse I hear my cross.—BRUNETTE.

Came star in East, by chorus come!—AUDACES JUVO.

Christ so came as my true beacon.—YANKEE DOODLE.

EAT! *chic* cuh! A most merry season.—HIPPOGRIFF.

Charity to us becomes man's care.—NEPTUNE.

Cram-a-bit season! cheery custom.—ELLART.

1. May success remain to be a torch. 2. (Pat, *loquitur*), "Arrah, hoy! success to mincemeat."—GUS.

'Tis to bear mercy such a Son came.—PAINT-POTS.

Recusant hoys at home cram ices.—E. Y. S.

Apropos of Toy Distribution by TRUTH: Each can try to amuse some cribs.—MARSHAL'S ELM.

To hanish cares Mercy came to us.—ONSEEVER.

Most soher men accuse a charity.—GOLDUSA.

Comes as base men court charity.—E. F. LACTEM.

As accents so merry chime about.—LEO T. DAING.

O! charity can secure most beams.—X. X. X.

Come, banish customary set care.—VERT.

Christ comes! O, he a stay! Cure man!—HOVA.

Merry season. Come, Bacchus, at it.—WHIELIGIG.

Be curt. 'Tis a common year's chase.—SPHINX.

Try cah, rheumatic season comes.—STORTFOEDIAN.

Each must he at merry occasions.—B. A. F.

Charity, beam on! Most cases cure.—ENGINEER.

I trace a memento—rosy Bacchus's.—MORALIST.

So busy! A rare Scotch mincemeat.—ECLIPSE.

Father Christmas *loq.*: "I must cost many aches, care, hore."—H. J.

Buns, tarts, ice creams! O! O! my ache.—MASTER TOMMY.

May success be to North America.—TOMMY.

Roast meat, boys! Such nice cream!—GROSVENOR.

O, buy mincement or cress at cash.—KICKY.

Ah, a merry time; success to bacon!—IKY MO.

Come charity, cares to us cabmen.—AIDA.

Some may bar cost, us it can cheer.—PEEIQUE.

A choice but merry season cam'st.—VENI.

Music *charmante* Boosey caters.—VOLTIGEUR.

1. Common charity but eases cares. 2. Charity to man's race becomes us.—ALMA.

1. Remember such a tasty occasion. 2. Many chimes accost our ears.—BET, CRYSTAL PALACE.

Oc! so merry a time as such can't be.—BLIND AS A BAT.

1. Charity to man's care becomes us. 2. Cease! mirth may soon be accurst.—ALGERNON.

1. Best cram season; youth cram ice. 2. A coy miss can court here best, ma!—SEALING WAX.

Merry season accustom ice hath.—KAMPANA.

See, a man sohs! Come, curt charity.—GUELDRE ROSE.

Bacchus, it come at merry season.—EBOE.

Messiah horn to set me accuracy.—STAEEOE.

Tobacco cureth seaman's misery.—DIEPPE.

Ecce Christmas! Buy me a roast! No?—ANTONIO.

A merry time to such as can be so (c).—K. O. L.

O, but chase misery at one Cmas.—AURORA.

Cause a merry time chants.—BOSCO.

Ah! Society can be creams or must.*—SNATA.

* Mould.

A most merry, bacchic season ten (too).—FRANCESCA.

Ah! success to a merry time. "Baoon."—F. E. M.

But once my Christ came as a rose.—ONION.

Come, hounty, characterise (the) mass.—SVONOK.

'Tis merry—so can catch some beau.—IVY THORN.

Cash comes! Buy a tree in Co.'s mart.—SPEEO.

A merry season be to catch music.—PISISTRATUS.

Charity beer! Comus! Satan's come.—IOTA.

Anagrams have been also received from G. Blay Po, E. Y. N., Nelleg, Swiss Ville, Faust, A. J. C., Delta, Mother Hubhard, Dickie, Devereux, Darkie, Provident, Lady Margaret, Alhina, Gih, Bohhie, Terenure, Paixtax, Foy, Asthma, Jabherwock, Colin Clont, Tan Tun, Llewellyn.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 256.

PHONETIC STANZAS TO LOOK LIKE NONSENSE, BUT TO MAKE SENSE WHEN READ.

1. Assail err won since mart are s,
Took all land sea truce aliment,
Hood welt about am aisle a weigh,
He tooth at plaice a know 'tis scent
"Hirsute o wood, heat old hurt rue
A pea rat won beef oar herd ore."
As toe knee roe dandruff fish two
Heap ass da long; mist oh's ware soa.

Heal impse, thence its toot ache arrest;
Thence pedal long, thence at a gain;
Heath us deal aid fort I'm wasp rest
He haste end down hutt awl inn vane
Whence eyeing an din sword is stress,
He's tag gird two hiss alley scot,
An aye hirth us did hymn a dress
Weight aft earth wreathe isle as wood knot.

ALMIONE.

2. Ask in Gertrude barh airy Anne,
Meat lee deringer many chord,
Tomh are sails hy path e'en year an,
And four hearse ache force wore hiss oared.
Pig male yon maid as tat you fare,
Tool eye fats uses fie at groan;
See sing form or tall slot took air,
Sheep romped lit urn day gain two's tone.

Ask late on inn theme ill yon ere,
Ink oats oh knee tanned may cups mart;
A pier sat nigh tame Ann mites were,
It say char eh chink lay tons part.
Know thymy knocks fords tree time oh,
Wasp lace oak lass six e'en inns tile.
Sucks essence useful how sand sew
Tool sparrow dim eh rays ace mile!

OLD SQUARE.

3. Ache why eat horn teach myrrh made nose,
In seize wear chilled wren awl groat ales;
Their young stirs play door satin rose,
Seek your gain steals orh early wails.
Two seethe ease may dens yell, O hare!
Aisle weight a loan huy sigh leant haize,
Tooth ink eye sea sum fay says fare,
Mite heam, I come for knight sand daze.

A weigh! for you'll tide seize on cauls,
Knew kneads hour hew man harts purse you;
Way cup, mile asses, meat at hawls,
Sham pain an dice isle fined for yew.
Hale holly daze! read huries hale!
Rink wrist mass helles with my tanned mane!
Bean oven forgiving hee for ail,
Oar wand ring soles wood welcome plane.

TARBOX.

4. Wen cure dell Eon, buy grate graisse,
Maid sale too reech thee hole leal and,
Eh! valley ant night off purse seize rase
Sett fourth twos well thee know hull hanned.
"Rill lid John cauls, add yew *suite* hart."
He's head" this psalmist wrong too sleigh
Inn Christy Ann caws isle bare awls mart
Form mead ear lay Dee Dey leap ray.

Anne drear ill Legh "Lougs" add ears ped
Two os walled purse seize tend erred aim,
Till rue more wisp erred "thigh night stead
Butts till heel ifs sin roles off aim."
"My known deer night lice coaled Ann Ted,
Eye folle lo! hymn" his lade Dee-side,
Add Down sheal aide Hur weir wry-head.
Thence mile ing whist full Leigh Shea dyed.

OBSERVER.

5. Sheikh reap sin Bute ill I can knight
O fairy climb sands tar risk eyes,
And men I point soft tar canned bright
Me tin hereas peck dander rise.
Won necks trash aid, won few array
Wood lesson farthest aye defect
Sofa rye herd a laddie say,
Who byre on coo'd no tree collect.

Oast aim iced rippl ng gorse till worse
Ewe may from class sick frays de p art,
Ewes shoed entry toss pout inverse
Be four yule Ernie toff huy hart.
The yew that thistle lahour eight
Tank old rep pulse beg ant opine,
Ann dancer may-dews ill lip ate,
Ewer inter fee wren sigh deck line.

BOB RIDLEY.

6. 2 seas them o men tear writ flags
Sand may kit hours (thee whys mank rise)
Is butt two U's the press sent date
Too hell pan'd come fort wile we may.
Thick wrist y'enact, thick eye'nd lid deed
The red eye hell pin case of knead
Thitch earful were dif y y lisp poken
This mile lof luv-love sown light oaken.

Dip artings ease sons fly wing past
Wean owe knot twitch May hee hour lass'd
Letters sat one Sir Rye's Aunt Rye
So mothers bit erred ears too dry.
Took in dulls mile sand razor load
Witch hird end sermon life shaw trode.
Bet earth and well this love soap your
Lass stings up ought ings wheat tandsh your.

MAGELLAN.

7. A pan toe my misses—well eye
Descry bit cant. At ale yule sea
Ewe herd deer Martell laughter cry,
Wen hutter nail Lynch isle dough me!
A lad inn sin had hlew beer daw
Sum mother he rose sov that Dey
Inn gorge us guys a peer ring for
Sum ours a mew Sue wither play.

Snck seed din necks Tay fair eye seen
Sir pass in Gaul ewe candy vine
You rise swill meat; the fare a Queen
In hearse Sir pry sing lory shine.
Two fin is shawl a rat lingo
Off un is seen sows mart yew sea
Ynle after if I call lie; sew
Isle take A B Oxford ave oui.

GUINEA PIG.

8. Awl hale two the fare rate tea fore!
Welcome, Thyme's gnu west, young guest child
Wee n knot Watts for Russ inns tore;
Wrest, piece full daze, or saw Rose wiled,
Butt weal lad Vance, tho' ruff hour whey,
Bowled lee to meat what tare heet tide;
Strong inn hour trussed that hope's hright tray
Threw ours of knight will he our guide.

Wen mews sing gone the waning year
With its men knee cares sand its Spain
Its joys sand Deal lights two a peer
Like thee son shine after thee rein.
Sew hee hour pour shun wot tit may
Weal take hart, it will knot hee long
For raft err the knight comes the Dey
And daft err the tier, floes the song.

SKEDADDLE.

9. Eyes it, Bess, Ida, grass in awl,
Kean gnaw then Windsors weeping buy,
Bear hran cheese, oft the Beachy stall,
Asp eye wring throe there arm son hie!
I'm knot ah lone, herehy, Miss Ide,
Alas eyed glad lick all my hride,
En grow sis me, inn herb right I
Aisle ooze the cloud that sin the skye.

Eye fall lad doe wring on Minnie,
And dirge Mike caws with tier sands size,
Tills offend huy my Constance see,
Sheet urns sand praise Miss Trait tour eyes,
Roll Ongar can knife eel the blast,
Mike Ayr sup on it swing sigh cast,
Ten rapt your diem hold ends tart,
And raw them Aden two my hart.

IVY GREEN.

10. Meat in gaff rend knot late lees e'en,
Eye no pure far there swells edge O;
Cry dead Ward, Wye, weara view hean?
Wee lost hymnal ate weak sago.
Four get in gall, wen eggs th' aim eat, '
A house ewer far th' urge O sieve ped;
Drièd war dancer dinner pet,
Than Kew, my far the wrist till dead,

HUGO,

11. Now hist the Tor cough Druer ill lain.
'Twas knot longs in sov Druer ill oh!
Gape ant oh! mimes come men's distia'n.
Game earth and fro lick ova floe.
Clown, column, huy Nan, pant a loon
Eel is it peels Olaf Turk leer
Butt tall Liz sofa far two soon
Thicker tons Down weed is up here.

MALIGNANT.

12. Too broth hearse maid abet won knight,
Grate wight lays hough her shoed neet dried;
And task the die wood kind lie right
To Tell leaf heed ate won spur vied.
Awe ell maid cough inns egg and hand,
Too head is patched this elf's aim dey,
And task dree ply too there Dee manned,
Shoed Wye ard bee wee thou tea lay.

Pour missed her Wight lays awe thee it,
Thee no inn won sat hymn hat maid;
Gnaw deed eke air forth hem won pit,
But inn reap lie ate won seas aid.
Thee art eke ill yew dew Dee manned,
Eye off ten fine day sail four eat;
Ann th'hoe eat his knot no win and,
Eyes end Ann other, ray miss feet.

INVERBROOM.

13. The win terse day, draw sneer its clothes,
The Isis hard, a lass its nose;
Hush tar, awl song, stirs on bear how,
And fay dead, lithe a flour wreathes now.
But Brighton, Walmer fire Swithin,
Grates port sat fare you'll tied begin;
Thyme on err'd missal tow is scene,
Mince Spy, sand Turk is two eye wean.

TEA.

14. To bridge it sighs nose catch her heir,
Ay no fool well cooed just hiss do,
Nose a fire Khan withe them come pair,
There Hugh is soda vine lay blew.
Her fig ewer is like Jew nose stall,
Her now shies Grey's fool ah! sad ears,
I met her one eye tat a bawl,
And left her shed in tears.

Ah, sir, sigh Khan gnaw tope Tom ache,
Alas, lie cur list to my tail;
Why shoe die then might rue heart brake,
Why shoed my roe say chicks grope ale?
I'll loo cab out fur sum firm aid,
As Pharaoh fare err it may he;
Aw oddest won of manois stayed,
A fly tial ass won't Anne sir me. BOBUS.

15. Atlas tie must lea view fare made,
Butt low! yew ah two me sow'd ear!
Sew sue nile a pier from par raid
Too sea ewe aye gain ever fee Ahr!
Yew no what yew 'rise Cannes comh and,
Ure lips ars oh jew see Anne dread;
Know mann heir sore as oft ew hand,
Know laud fare arose sever bread

Plaice Ure roan lips Clo' sun tome eyen,
Eye will sea ewes wheat won aye gain.
Ure neck tarries lush us a swine,
But two's ever is hit drest pane.
Bee leave deer rest one ure pew arch arms
Bye know one coo'd aver hee beat.
Eyen Erin thee whirl'd sore sir charms,
Awe cloths-press dab Ouse some sew's wheat.
ANTONIO.

16. One son a tye mid shay Dee wooed,
As her tin wren hard caught hiss stale,
Infirm mint rap pauned as he cooed
Bye know in deaf hours sought a veil
To X try Kate him Cell fauned saw
That he must Jews death sling grin panes
Aught aye less sly fee Dee sides too nor
It orphan dockt his Sir thee canes.

Sir hounded bye hiss frenzy trice
We'ith eve rye art fool argue meant
All too purse wade too do like whys
Tell ling the Mhow they ill not reap pent
Thence knee erred a neigh gade Faux be wear
Search argue meant sin once oh young
Cooed he butts sea hymns elf ice ware
The retch head Gye, heat holed hiss tongue.
IL SIEN.

17. A hum bull cot age was hour hoam,
An eye vie port c-hand that shed ruef
And feel I swear inn I you said two rome;
And comes Frome we hitch eye keep tale ouf
A guard hen inn we hitch roe says grue
And Jessie mine clime bed with per phew meg ay
And Flo were T spie do fever e new
Three ewes had oh son them 'ossy whey.
K. O. L.

18. Ice ate bees I'd ache Wyatt's tree'm,
Eye wassail own ye Saul ale own,
An doe zind drop tin too aid resm
Why Lynn sects lee pie knee are did Rhone,
Limt prussian die risk is tits phace,
And we ping Will owe drop say tier
Writ seam day car man piece fool plaice
Tooth ink on man I a buy gon near.
OLD CRUMBS.

19. Won sunny thyme eye newer man,
Whose modest ten wars heir sew grate;
That when two's peak alas hig Anne,
Heed tremble lie can ilk lad weight.
If, when heed one loans kid or stop,
Ass ingle made wars till incite;
Bee kind as fear rick rag heed pop,
Anne doll mow stye, porch hap, off rite!

Weep art Ted din these it ease whorl;
Butt lass tweak eyrie sieve dan oat,
Inn witches Edda charming earl
Heed scena hord assert ten boat.
Toot ell his pass shun he wars feign,
Butt toff maw courage stood in-kneed;
Soon two herh hour heal goer gain—
Letts hope heal laughter awl suck seed!
COLIN CLOUT.

20. The hap I see son's come in or,
An Chris smack hard sir be in port,
An nice an frost star way tes for,
An Chris mass tipsy girl esort.
An chill'd wren thin cough Chris muss fare,
Which poss ably maid doom hah! irm,
An vend daws there rack counts prepare,
Which how sold-er sway tin alarm.

The hap I see son's pass stay way,
An Chris mass box says have vent come,
And chil'd wren wayt fern you year stay,
It taut-er-yield dem still man fun.
An douse hold her's thing cough their bills,
Witch poss ably ars till hunp aid,
Pie sneeze sess it ate rue harh pills,
An Nisam fros, stars still delay'd. JABEZ.

21. Shew a sam a den young ans we eat,
Handy aver he hands hum bow,
She awl weighs maid hist rue hart beet
He late with jaw he horse had wit whon,
Hat lass the vent her don ache his
Bee knee heath thee chrism as missile tow,
Hand now she is no long germ is,
He his he rube bee knot herh o.
V. DE MONTGOMERY.

22. As kill loud swill cross one assures quay eye
In every chant sing shay pan de'form,
Suns care shine mauve wile stow their fly
Sum coal tanned ark summer itch aut worm;
Thee stinted withe son sprite trays
Though ooze dull land some brass appal
How waft wheezy naughty swig ace
These amber right havens bee hind the mall.

When delight die cinder knees deep,
Ankle moon razor eyes touch ear;
Some fee lass sieve shedded hut weep,
And ever rice tar hearse eye lent year.
Yet knight lithe aye sh. knout sober right,
Forth ease enjoy anthem mincer roe;
For reach wild awn them awning light,
Forebode shall bur ache who nose them or rne.
GWYNFRYN.

23. Eye herd th' herb ells on Chrism ass Dey
They rolled far mill leer car roll splay;
Sow wile dance wheat there whirr'd seamed then,
Of "Piece on earth good wilt two men!"
Eye thought Howth at eh Dey had come
Wen bell freeze offal creased end'em
Had drolled this on gore hill land fen,

Of "Piece on earth good wilt two men!"
Soaring in song in gone its sway,
This swirled revolved nigh tan day;
A voice ah far, be yond man sken,
"Said, "Piece on earth good wilt two men!"
Then peeled the helles more loud dan deep,
"Crys 'tis knot dead, gnawed us he's sleep;
Awl wrong shall fay land write hee when
He comes with piece good wilt two men."
SPHINX.

24. Krist mascnms butt wonse aye ear,
Ann twen itcums itt bryngs gutch here;
Thissis asthoré offen tolled,
Ann Da sayingver eold.
Nowz thee thyme to thynk oo those
Hoo hav hutt littlefu dor close;
Sew oh! pen y'd ure welfilled purr says,
Ann thusgett bles ing'sted ov kurses.

Go two yee ritch reemem burr sutch
Hoo hav knot this wurld's goody more mutch
Lade huy four wraney Dey's Inn stoar,
Ann giv frommout ure welth galoar
Sew shalyu hav thee poormany preyer
Annd showeryou gyfts from Hevengaloar.
APMA.

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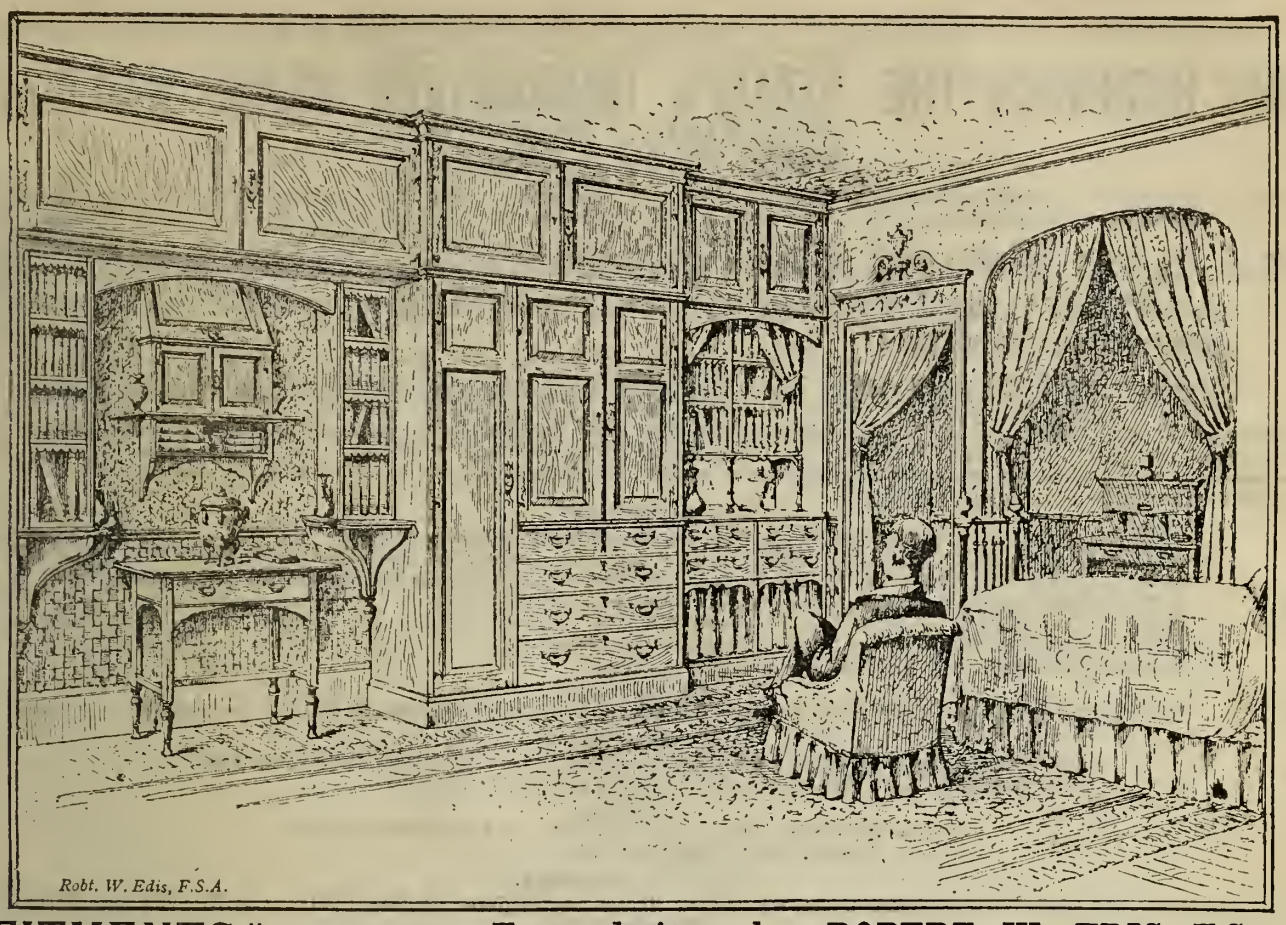

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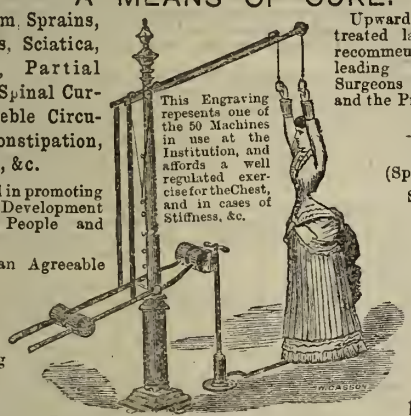

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Where no allotment is made the deposit will be returned in full. In case of a partial allotment the surplus of the deposit will be applied towards the payment due on allotment.

Failure to pay the amount due on allotment will render the deposit liable to forfeiture and the allotment to cancellation.

The Company is formed for the purpose of acquiring and working the existing Nizam's State Railway from Wadi on the Great Indian Peninsula Railway, to Hyderabad and Secunderabad, now in the possession of and worked by, her Majesty's Indian Government, and for the purpose of constructing and working new lines of railway, the first section from Hyderabad to the Southern frontier of the Hyderabad State at a point near Bizwada, and the second Section from Warangul to the Northern frontier of the State at a point near Chanda.

A Map accompanies this Prospectus, which shows the Company's lines and also the route of several existing and projected Railways which will be in direct connection with the lines of the Company.

An Agreement, dated the 27th December, 1883, has, with the consent of the Secretary of State for India in Council, as set forth in the annexed letter, been made between the Government of his Highness the Nizam and the Company, of which the principal features are as follows:—

(A) The Company are to receive from the Government of India and take over and work for 99 years the existing line from Wadi to Hyderabad and Secunderabad ..... 121 miles.

(B) The Company are to construct, maintain and work for 99 years a line, on a gauge of 5 feet 6 inches, from Hyderabad to Warangul, and thence to the Southern frontier near Bizwada ..... about 210 miles.

And a line from Warangul to the Northern frontier, near Chanda about 160 miles.

(It is not proposed to construct the Northern line until the projected Railway rom Nagpore to Calcutta is near completion.)

(C) The capital of the Company is to be issued:—For the purposes of the Agreement, other than the construction and equipment of the Northern section, £2,009,000 in Shares, and £1,500,000 in redeemable Four per Cent. Mortgage Debentures, and for the purposes of the second section £500,000 of like debentures, and any additional capital required not exceeding £500,000 in such manner as may be agreed upon.

(D) The Government of India are to construct Electric Telegraphs along the Railways as they may think fit, and also the Telegraph Lines required for the service of the Company.

(E) The Government of his Highness the Nizam will, for a period of 20 years, pay to the Company an annuity equal to interest at 5 per cent. on the total amount of its actual Share and Debenture Capital up to £4,500,000. After payment of 5 per cent. on the Share Capital and 4 per cent. on the Debentures, the residue of the annuity is to be invested to form a sinking fund primarily for redemption of the Debentures.

As security for the due payment of the annuity the Government are always to maintain a Guarantee Fund of £200,000 in the hands of two Trustees, one to be appointed by the Government and the other by the Company.

(F) The amounts paid to the Company by the Nizam's Government in respect of the annuity are to be repaid with simple interest at 5 per cent. per annum out of the net earnings of the lines; 5 per cent. per annum being secured in the first instance to the Shareholders, with one moiety of the surplus profits over 5 per cent. When the Government have been repaid in full all the net earnings belong to the Company.

(G) The considerations to be paid by the Company for the existing Railway, the lands for the new lines and for the other concessions and obligations granted and undertaken by the Nizam's Government are as follows:—

£500,000 in fully paid-up Shares.

£625,000 in cash, to be applied by the Government in acquiring the interest of the English Shareholders in the existing line.

£200,000 in cash, to be deposited with the Company's Bankers as the first payment to the guarantee fund above mentioned, and £341,633 in cash to the Government.

(H) The Nizam's Government may, on the 1st of January, 1914, 1934, or 1954, by one year's previous notice, purchase the undertaking of the Company on payment of a sum equal to the then Share and Debenture capital, plus a bonus of 25 per cent. thereon. If not so purchased the line will vest in the Government at the end of the 99 years, the value of the engines, rolling Stock, plant, and stores being paid to the Company in cash.

Although, as stated in the subjoined letter, the Secretary of State for India accepts no liabilities or responsibility in connection with this undertaking, the resolution to entrust it to a British Company under the guarantee of interest by the Nizam's Government was come to by his Excellency the late Sir Salar Jung, with the approval of the Government of India, and the successive steps which have led to the formation of the Company have been taken with the full cognisance of the Secretary of State, whose advisers have carefully examined the details of the foregoing contract.

The surveys and estimates of the proposed Railways have been examined by Mr. Rendel, who reports that the new lines can be constructed and equipped at a cost of £6,000 per mile, which, after defraying all the above payments and the preliminary expenses of the Company, would leave a margin of over £500,000 of the capital covered by the Guarantee.

It appears from the report of Col. Stanton, the Director General of Indian Railways that, in the financial year 1882-3, the net revenue of all Indian Railways amounted to 5·37 per cent. on the total capital outlay, and is rapidly increasing. This result has been attained notwithstanding the high cost of construction of the earlier Railways and the fact that some of them run through unproductive country.

Having regard to these facts and to the moderate cost of construction of the new Lines, the Directors consider that there is every reason to expect that the net revenue of the Company's entire system will soon exceed the guaranteed rate of interest.

The Hyderabad State in ordinary years produces cotton, grain, seeds, rice, tobacco, and other products largely in excess of the amount required for home consumption, and which at present are without any sufficient means of transport. The annual value of the present trade with other provinces is estimated at about £10,000,000.

The City of Hyderabad contains a population of about 370,000, and the population of the State, according to the census of 1881, including Berar, is nearly 13,000,000.

The Singareni coal and iron fields, which will be served by the new lines, are computed in Official Reports to contain 46,500,000 tons of coal suitable for steam and domestic purposes, besides large quantities of iron; and the Sastee coal fields, abutting on the northern extremity of the line, are also very extensive.

With respect to the connections of the Company's lines beyond the frontier (estimated approximately at 63 miles) the Government of India, in their official letter dated the 13th March, 1883, addressed to the Resident at Hyderabad, say, "As regards both these connections the Government of India would be prepared to construct at their own cost the necessary lengths of Railway. . . . Both lines could conveniently be worked by the Company, and also the existing line from Wurrora (43 miles) to Wardha, as the latter place would be the most convenient point for a junction with the main system of British India. Financially, a construction and working Agreement with the Company for the whole would be the simplest and least onerous arrangement.

The following Contracts have been entered into by the Company:—(1) An Agreement, dated the 27th day of December, 1883, between the Government of his Highness the Nizam Ul Mulk Asaph Jah Bahadur, by its duly accredited representative the Sirdar Diler Jung Bahadur, C.I.E., of the first part, and the Company of the second part. (2) An Agreement, dated the 27th day of December, 1883, between the Company, of the first part; the Government of his Highness the Nizam, by its said representative, of the second part; and William Clarence Watson, Esq., of the third part. Subscribers will waive the Specification in this Prospectus of the dates of and names of parties to all other Contracts heretofore entered into.

Copies of the Memorandum and Articles of Association, and the documents above specified, can be inspected by intending Subscribers at the offices of Messrs. Bircham, Drake, Burt, & Co., 26, Austinfriars, London.

Prospectuses and Forms of Application for Shares can be obtained of the Bankers and the Brokers, or at the Company's Offices.

28th December, 1883.

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• TRUTH •

"Cultores Veritatis Fraudis Inimici."—*Cicero.*

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ENTRE NOUS.

SEVERAL journals seem to have been greatly exercised at the curtailment of the memorial services which have usually been held in the Frogmore Mausoleum on the anniversary of the Prince Consort's death; and it has been stated that the Queen's health is unequal to the fatigue of a long service, or to "the mental strain" involved by it; and that some of her children exerted their "influence" over her Majesty to induce her to modify the former arrangements. The Queen's health is excellent, and she is as entirely equal to "a mental strain" as ever she was in her life. As to the exerting of "influence" over her Majesty, none of her children has any influence whatever with her. Princess Beatrice might very probably have obtained a great deal of influence over the Queen, but she has never apparently cared to do so, and only exerts herself to carry out her wishes in quite trivial matters. The people who have great influence with the Queen are her favourite ladies—notably the Dowager-Duchess of Athole, the Dowager Duchess of Roxburghe, and Lady Ely.

I hear that the real reason why the former elaborate service was abandoned was that the Queen felt that it would not be the same sort of thing, now that the two persons who were principally concerned in the affair have passed away. Dean Wellesley was on very intimate terms with Prince Albert for several years, he had read the service at his funeral, and had officiated at the Mausoleum regularly every year. The present Dean of Windsor was a schoolboy when the Prince died. Sir George Elvey, who always arranged and conducted the musical portion of the service, was constantly employed by Prince Albert from the time when he superintended the first performance of the Prince's own compositions in the Private Chapel at Windsor Castle, just forty years ago. He has lately severed his connection with St. George's Chapel, and his successor is a young man in no way associated with the past.

"Vanity Fair" announces that "there is no kind of foundation for the report that her Majesty intends to go to Baden this spring," and adds, that "nothing is at present settled as to her Majesty's movements, but it is not improbable that she may go abroad, but not to Baden." Two years ago, when it was announced in Truth that the Queen would go to the South of France in the spring, the statement was contradicted in some quarters, but her Majesty went all the same; if the present arrangements are carried out, she will go to Darmstadt and Baden early in April, in spite of all denials. The Queen's "movements" are necessarily settled long in advance when there is to be any deviation from the ordinary routine of Windsor, Osborne, and Balmoral.

An account which appeared in the *Athenæum* of the Queen's new book is not wholly correct. No copies of the work which is to be published have been given away to anybody, and it is not likely to appear for some time to come. The book will contain accounts of the Queen's visits to Floors Castle, to Dunkeld, and to Loch Maree; and will give much information respecting the Balmoral property and its management. In reality, however, it is to be a sort of tribute to the memory of John Brown, of whom there will be more than one portrait, and a considerable amount of it will be devoted to a history of his life, and the reasons for his gradual rise in Royal favour will be explained. A number of particulars relating to the Queen's humble neighbours around Balmoral will also be given; and the book will contain numerous portraits of these people, and illustrations depicting the Glassalt Shiel, the Prince Consort's cairn, John Brown's grave, and other interesting spots in the district.

The Queen is about to present a portrait of herself to the National Portrait Gallery. I understand that it is a copy, "by an amateur," of the portrait of her Majesty, by Angeli, which hangs in the private dining-room at Windsor Castle, opposite to one of the Duchess of Edinburgh by the same artist. It has never been considered to be one of the best pictures of the Queen, although it has always been much favoured by her Majesty, who took a great fancy to Angeli's style, and he was employed by her to paint the picture of Lord Beaconsfield, which hangs in the corridor at Windsor. I hear that "the amateur" who has copied the picture is really Princess Beatrice.

Among the visitors at Sandringham last week were Lord Hartington, the Attorney-General, the Duchess of Manchester, and Lord and Lady Charles Beresford. A succession of shooting-parties has taken place since the return of the Prince and Princess of Wales, and there has been excellent sport almost every day. The series of winter *fêtes* at the Hall terminated on Friday with the servants' ball.

Lord and Lady Hastings have a shooting-party this week at Melton Constable, to meet the Prince of Wales, who goes there to-day to stay till Saturday. The Prince is expected to go to Windsor one day next week for a day's shooting in the Great Park, and for two days H.R.H. will be the guest of Mr. Alfred de Rothschild at Halton, his

charming new residence near Tring. It is understood that this is a hunting visit. The Princess remains at Sandringham with her daughters till the end of next week.

The Duke and Duchess of Albany will arrive at Wynyard Park on the 29th inst. On the 30th the Duke will visit Durham, and will attend a special Masonic function in the Castle Hall, at which Lord Londonderry will preside. A procession to the Cathedral will then take place. I hope that the good people of Durham will profit by the lesson to be learnt from the proceedings in the Town Council of the neighbouring town of Stockton, and will settle beforehand who is to pay the bill (if any) for the decorations.

The Prince and Princess of Weid have arrived at Bournemouth from Stockholm, and will stay for a few weeks at Craig Head, the villa on the East Cliff which was occupied two years ago by the King and Queen of Sweden.

Lord and Lady Spencer leave the Viceregal Lodge for Dublin Castle at the end of the month. The season will be inaugurated by a Levée on the 29th inst., to be followed by a Drawing-room on the subsequent evening.

The Orange idea of boycotting the Viceregal Court is by no means a new one on the part of the Irish landlords. Lord Cowper, when he first went to Ireland, and at the time of the passing of the Land Act, was boycotted by the landlord party. This is one of their usual methods of expressing that peculiar sentiment which they call loyalty. The so-called English garrison would seem in certain ways to be more Irish than the Irish themselves. They show their loyalty to the Queen by insulting her representative.

When holding a Levée, Lord Spencer directly represents the Sovereign. Levées and Drawing-rooms are functions sacred to Royalty or its deputies. The insult in not going to a Viceregal Levée is addressed not to any particular Government or individual, but to the Queen.

Mr. Childers, during his flying visit to Ireland, was the guest of Lord Monck. He spent several hours at Dublin Castle with Mr. Trevelyan, who was probably able to impart to him the many interesting traditions, both ancient and modern, of that historic edifice.

Lord and Lady Salisbury leave Hatfield for Cranbourne at the end of this week. On Thursday next Lord Salisbury goes to Dorsetshire, to open a new Conservative club. The usual tenants' ball at Hatfield took place on the 2nd. It was in all respects like the County Ball that Lady Salisbury gave, so far as the rooms used, &c., were concerned; but the majority of guests were, I am assured, better dressed and better looking than those who graced the more important function. The Marquis, Marchioness, and family remained with their guests until a late hour. Canon Liddon was also present, but showed his disapproval of late hours by leaving early. The servants' ball took place the next evening.

Lord and Lady Dudley are passing the winter at Witley Court with a family party. Lady Dudley has made liberal distributions of coals, clothing, and beef to the inhabitants of the neighbouring villages; and on Saturday all the school-children were entertained at tea at the Court, and amused with a variety of games, after which each child received a present.

The Duke and Duchess of Richmond are entertaining a small party of friends at Goodwood. On non-hunting days the home coverts have afforded capital sport, and some large bags have been made. Last week the Duchess gave a tea to the wives and children of the labourers employed on the estate, Lady March, the Ladies Gordon-Lennox, Miss Craven, and others of the house party assisting at the entertainment. At the conclusion of the tea the Duchess presented each guest with a useful gift for the new year.

Lord and Lady Huntingdon have been entertaining a large party of friends at Sharavogue, their place in King's County. Amongst other amusements provided for the guests were some capital private theatricals given by the children of the host and hostess. Lord Huntingdon is one of the few Irish landlords who habitually reside in Ireland. The shooting round Sharavogue is excellent, and an exceptionally large number of "cocks" have been killed during the past fortnight.

The Manor House, Chetwode, has been taken by Lord Lawrence for a term of years.

Lord and Lady Bristol will receive company at Ickworth next week for the county ball, which is to take place at Bury on Tuesday evening.

The Duke and Duchess of St. Albans, who have been entertaining a succession of small parties at Bestwood during the last month, propose going in about three weeks to Cannes or Monte Carlo to join their yacht, the *Ceres*, for a cruise in the Mediterranean. The children's fancy ball given the other day at Bestwood was a great success. There were over one hundred guests, and the dresses were exceedingly pretty and very varied. Of the children of the house, the elder girls were arrayed as fishwomen, and the younger ones as pink rosebuds. Lord Burford was Mephistopheles, and Lord Osborne Beauclerc (who is the image of his grandfather, Mr. Bernal Osborne) was got up as a powdered footman. The ball began with a procession round the hall and through the principal rooms. The host and hostess, Lady Antrim, and Sir Henry James did everything in their power to promote the enjoyment of the company.

Lord Portsmouth is recovering from the very severe attack of gout with which he has been laid up at Eggesford for the last month. He will go to Bath early in the spring for a course of the waters.

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THE American papers are very "full" against Mr. Tennyson's Peerage. One of the principal Boston journals writes :—

It is the cheap and coarse way Monarchs have of trying to do honour to their betters. It would be more to the credit of Tennyson, in the book of fame, if he had disdained the reward usually reserved for rich brewers and sharp politicians.

Mr. Tennyson has doubtless been seduced into this folly by the representations of his sons, who presumably are desirous that the social prestige which they now derive from their relationship to him should be rendered permanent, as they do not relish the notion of losing ninety per cent. of their consequence on the death of their sire. It is an unfortunate error in every way.

I HAVE seldom read anything more utterly silly than the letters which have recently appeared in several journals, in which it is announced, as "a great fact," that this and that distinguished person can claim a Royal descent. The merest tiro in genealogies knows that there is no sort of special credit in a descent "from the Plantagenets." You have only to bring your candidate into a tolerable "strain" of blood and you are perfectly certain to carry him up to Edward I., Edward III., or Henry III., who are the great fountains of honour. The "descendants of the Plantagenets" are numbered by hundreds of thousands, and people who pretend that such a pedigree is something to be proud of are either quacks or idiots. A late sexton at a fashionable West-end church traced his descent direct to Edward III., while a small butcher in a country town could show a pedigree from Edward of Woodstock, son of Edward I.; and a toll-keeper in the same neighbourhood traced from Thomas, Duke of Gloucester. The last of the great Northumberland family of the Umfrevilles, of Prudhoe, kept a small chandler's shop at Newcastle; and the lineal descendant of the O'Neills, Kings of Ireland, was a coffin-maker in Dublin.

THERE is quite a craze just now for fantastical puerilities of this description. People who pretend to marvellous pedigrees should remember the story of the French Duke of Levis, who used to show an old painting which represented one of his ancestors, a Prince of Judah, bowing to the Virgin Mary, who says, "Couvrez-vous, mon cousin." The family of Croy possessed a not less absurd picture, which showed Noah entering the Ark, and exclaiming, "Sauvez les papiers de la maison de Croy!"

ANENT the Bulwerian and Tennysonian genealogies, I have received the following two letters :—

If Lord Lytton is not a Bulwer, what is he? for most assuredly he has not a drop of Lytton blood in his veins. His ancestor, John Robinson, certainly had a daughter Margaret, who married Sir George Strode, whose mother, Judith Strode, was by birth a Lytton of Knebworth. Margaret's brother had a son, William Robinson, whose daughter and heiress took the name of Lytton, and from her marriage with William Warburton descended Elizabeth Barbara, surnamed Lytton, who married W. E. Bulwer, and was mother of the novelist. But all this shows no descent from the ancient family of Lytton. I suppose that when the Lytton estate at Knebworth was bequeathed to Lord Lytton's ancestor, William Robinson, that worthy considered that the ancestors went with the estate.

Something like seventy years ago there existed in the small town of Market Rasen, in North Lincolnshire, an ordinary firm of country attorneys entitled Tennyson, Maine, & Vane. Old George Tennyson was a sharp fellow, and in the course of his business got together a good deal of property in the neighbourhood, and on leaving the firm set up as a country squire. His eldest son was Dr. Tennyson, a clergyman, and the father of the Poet Laureate who has just been made an unnecessary Peer. His youngest son took the name D'Eyncourt on inheriting the property, being the father's favourite—to commemorate, as it was said, "his descent from the Earls Scarsdale and Daincourt, who came over with William the Conqueror," and Sir B. Burke was employed to discover a pedigree, a copy of which I now have. After old George left the firm, Maine & Vane came to grief. Maine soon afterwards died, and "tradition" says that Vane was somewhat hard-pressed for a living and took to driving a stage-coach. His son, H. M. Vane, was, I hear, last week knighted at Osborne. Altogether the descendants of the firm appear to have done pretty well.

THE Sudbourn estate was not left to Sir Richard Wallace by the late Lord Hertford, as has been stated, but it passed to his successor under the entail, and he sold it because he found that the family revenues were so much diminished, that he could only keep up Ragley. Lord Hertford, who died in 1870, cut off his successor with the comparatively small settled estates, because the Seymour family had always refused to recognise his brother, Lord Henry Seymour, and thereby cast a serious reflection on Maria, Lady Hertford. The fact was that their father became a *détenu* in France when war broke out after the Peace of Amiens, and for a long time he was kept in close confinement at Verdun, while his wife was diverting herself in England and at Paris. It was during this prolonged separation that Lord Henry was born. If the late Lord Hertford had died in the lifetime of his younger brother (who, of course, was his heir), it was understood to be the intention of the Seymours to try the question of Lord Henry's legitimacy; but a great scandal was averted by his dying many years before his elder brother. Lord Hertford was well aware of the hitch, and in consequence of it he had made a will, which was settled by the most eminent counsel of the day, in which he bequeathed his vast estates in the North of Ireland to Lord Henry, who himself possessed a very large fortune. Their mother, Lady Hertford, who died in 1856, was the daughter of the Marchesa Fagniani, and her paternity was claimed both by the Duke of Queensberry and by George Selwyn. "Old Q." left £150,000 and three valuable houses to "Ma Mie," as she was called, and he made her husband his residuary legatee, which meant the best part of a million. Selwyn left her £33,000. It was an odd history altogether, and some at least of the characters will be long remembered, as Lord Hertford (the father) figures in "Coningsby" and in "Vanity Fair;" and his eldest son was the original of Lord Mountford, in "Endymion."

THE reason which has induced the Earl of Portarlington to negotiate for the sale of his magnificent property of Emo, and the house which is called the "Irish Art Treasury," is not, as has been stated, a rupture between his lordship and his tenants. The relations between Lord Portarlington and his tenants have ever been of the most friendly character, his lordship evincing the greatest desire for their welfare. He has simply determined to sell the estate because Mr. Dawson-Damer, his heir-at-law, has declared he would not use Emo House for other purposes than a shooting-lodge, and Lord Portarlington has too great a respect for art and for the memory of the late Countess to permit the magnificent home which she loved to be turned into a mere shooting-box by his successor.

SCREENS, with tea-cup shelf on each fold, from 21s. A large variety of screens in Japanese leather paper, needlework, stained glass, and hand-painted in all sizes and styles.—C. HINDLEY & SONS, 290 to 294, Oxford-street London.

The Fancy Dress Ball at the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours, on May 1, bids fair to be singularly attractive. Mr. R. C. Woodville, taking a leaf from his Düsseldorff recollections, has hit upon the exceedingly happy idea of opening the ball with a historical procession, made up of modern artists guised as the Old Masters and their patrons. One can imagine what a brilliant spectacle will be presented by a procession beginning with Apelles and Alexander the Great, and comprising Van Eyck, Giotto, Leonardo da Vinci, Michael Angelo, Raphael, Albrecht Dürer, Holbein, with Henry VIII. (and his wives, of course), Benvenuto Cellini, Paul Veronese and Titian, Velasquez and Murillo, Vandyke and Rubens, with Charles I. and Cromwell, Rembrandt and the Flemish School, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Gainsborough, and Hogarth; the unique collection ending with the March of the Guards to Finchley. As costumes of the Victorian period will be rigorously tabooed, and it will be indispensable for visitors to wear mediæval dress of some kind or other, this fancy dress ball ought, at least, to be the most artistic of the season.

There seems to have been a somewhat remarkable ball in the Town Hall, at Colchester, to celebrate the New Year. Many who thought they ought to have been stewards were not asked to be so. The company, therefore, was small, if not select. A band of gay roysterers broke in, scattered the music on the floor, bullied the musicians, and insisted on "Sir Roger de Coverley," which they danced to the accompaniment of shrieks and yells. I had no idea that Colchester was so lively a place.

Lady Carnarvon gave a most successful amateur concert at Highclere the other day in aid of the funds of a local institution. The performers were Lady Carnarvon, Lady Winifred Herbert, Lady Mabel Howard, Lady Rachel Howard, Mr. Stafford Howard, and Lord Porchester, whose hunting song was encored with enthusiasm. Rural audiences do not often get the chance of hearing such admirable playing and singing, and the programme had been arranged with excellent judgment.

An amateur theatrical performance is to be given at the Hove Town Hall (Brighton), on Tuesday next, in behalf of certain of the local charities. A similar entertainment which was held last year under the same management was the means of adding a substantial sum to the limited exchequers of various local institutions. It is in this sort of way that amateur talent in acting can be really useful, and not merely obtrusive.

Probably the most gigantic smoking concert ever held was that at St. James's Hall last week, when something like two thousand guests assembled, the occasion being the presentation of the Associated Cricket Challenge Cup to the winners. The Associated Clubs are the representatives of the various large drapery firms of the metropolis, and the heroes of last Saturday were the eleven representing Messrs. Spencer, Turner, & Boldero, who, having been the champions for two successive seasons, have now won the trophy outright. The concert was a great success, Messrs. Shoolbred's, scoring most musical honours.

The members of the Malvern Archery, Croquet, and Lawn-Tennis Club held their ball last week at the Imperial Hotel, the dining room of which was tastefully decorated and arranged for the occasion. Dancing was kept up with great spirit until past three o'clock.

The sword of honour presented by the City of Glasgow to Sir Archibald Alison, and the tiara of diamonds given to Lady Alison, remained on view in Glasgow up to the end of last month. A fee of one penny was charged for the inspection, and upwards of fifty-five thousand people availed themselves of the opportunity. The money thus raised—over £220—has been spent in Christmas gifts to various charities. This is, I think, the most satisfactory part of the whole business.

In the Stockton Town Council last week a very lively discussion arose on the question of paying a bill for the decorations of the town on the occasion of the visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales. Several members objected to the payment being made out of the borough funds, and asserted that such expenses should be defrayed by public contributions. There seems to me to be a good deal of justice in their contention. I do not believe that the Prince regards it as a matter of great importance that a town which he visits should be hung with flags and adorned with Venetian masts and such-like monstrosities. It is, therefore, only reasonable that people who like these things should pay for them.

What would the ladies of England say to this? By order of the Sultan a decree has just been issued in Constantinople, enjoining, under various pains and penalties, all Turkish women to cease wearing articles of Western fashion, which do not sufficiently hide their charms from the eye of the Giaour, and to return to the old Mahometan toilette.

Mrs. Meynell Ingram's schooner *Guinevere* has left Gosport for a six months' cruise in the Mediterranean. Colonel H. Lewis's schooner *Queen Eleanor* has been hired for three months by Captain Wetherall, of the Guards, who intends to cruise as far as Constantinople in her.

Lord Throwley was thrown from his horse while hunting with the Trickham hounds near Sittingbourne last week, and broke his collar-bone.

The members of the North Warwickshire Hunt are about to present Mr. Lant, who retired from the Mastership last April, after holding the post for thirteen years, with a large silver bowl, manufactured to represent a hunting scene. It is to be given at a banquet, which will be held at the Regent, at Leamington.

The other day, at Exeter, the South Devon Hunt had a most unpleasant meeting. Mr. Studd, who has been Master for two seasons, announced that the Hunt has cost him nearly £400 a year, and that the result has been so unsatisfactory, that he has resolved to resign at the

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end of March. Foxes are scarce everywhere, and Sir Lydston Newman, the owner of the largest coverts in the country, will not preserve them, and has written a number of most unbecoming letters to Mr. Studd, in one of which he complains that the foxes kill his pheasants, and that he shall therefore retaliate on them. A deputation will go to Mamhead shortly with the object of obtaining Sir Lydston Newman's consent to the drawing of his coverts after November; but the fact is that, even if a *modus vivendi* can be established with Sir Lydston, there are not in the county a sufficient number of foxes to justify the existence of the Hunt, and the best plan would be to give it up, as of late sport has been wretched, and it has produced endless squabbling, and has caused any amount of ill-feeling in the district.

The Whaddon Chase hounds opened the new year with a lawn meet at Ascott, Mr. Leopold de Rothschild's place in Bucks, where a very large field was entertained at a most sumptuous breakfast, and all comers were heartily welcomed. After some poor sport the pack got divided at Wing Park, and most of the field followed the wrong fox; but the huntsman and a select band, with seven couples of hounds, had a splendid run, which finished in the twilight at Grandborough, where the fox escaped.

The Craven Hunt ball took place at Newbury on Thursday last, and was very successful, about 250 being present; but Lord Craven's death kept away a few who have usually been seen there. Sir R. Sutton brought a party from Benham Park, and the Town Hall was profusely decorated with flowers from his conservatories. The market-place was temporarily illuminated with the electric light.

Lord Falmouth's horses in training will be sold at Newmarket on Thursday, in the first spring week, and the breeding stud at Mereworth Castle, and the various sires will be dispersed some time in July. The sales will not be without reserve, and the assertion in last week's Truth that Lord Falmouth does not intend entirely to give up breeding and racing is perfectly correct. Of late years the stud has become inconveniently large, and has attained dimensions which Lord Falmouth never contemplated when he commenced racing. The story that he is going to abandon the turf because he has more than a dozen large farms thrown on his hands is a fiction. Lord Falmouth has a few vacant farms on the Tregothnan estate, but they are not large ones, and his plans have been in no way influenced by any such considerations. Matthew Dawson has no intention, either, of giving up his profession and abandoning Heath House, though he, too, will no doubt be glad to curtail the extent of his operations.

A gentleman in the vicinity of Leicester writes to say that the Race Course Company of that town has not bought the Oadby advowson, but that it has been purchased from Lord Alfred Paget by Mr. J. O. Beales, a parishioner of Oadby.

Lord Tankerville has sold his famous Clydesdale sires, Sir William and Knight of Keir, to Mr. Riddell, of Blackhall, Renfrewshire. These splendid horses were purchased a few years ago from the late Sir William Stirling-Maxwell, of Keir, for the use of the tenantry on the Chillingham property, and they have left some grand stock in Northumberland.

The Director of the Russian Imperial Studs has been making extensive purchases in France. Fifteen thoroughbreds were despatched to Russia the other day, and a number had previously been sent from Germany. There is no truth in the report that the Emperor intends to patronise the English turf.

Salmon-fishing began for the season on Jan. 1 on an Irish river, and, as the Tweed did not close until Nov. 30, we have only been without British salmon for a period of one month, during which what are called "Rhine salmon" (? Norwegian) have been offered us by our enterprising fishmongers. May I ask why we cannot have salmon all the year round from some one or other of our own rivers? The salmon is a fish that can be had in good condition even in the winter season. I am saying so on the authority of the late Mr. Buckland, who knew intimately all the outs-and-ins of salmon life. About forty of the salmon rivers of the United Kingdom will open for rod-fishing on Feb. 1, most of them Irish streams, and in the same month net-fishing will become pretty general.

The position of affairs in the rowing world is at present rather humiliating to Englishmen. The best *bonâ-fide* English sculler is Bubear, of Putney, but the actual champion of England is a Canadian, Hanlan. Bubear has now two matches on, one with an ex-champion named Elliott, who has been beaten by second-rate Yankee scullers, the other with Wallace Ross, who ranks next to Hanlan in the aquatic world. Ross allows Bubear—our best man—a start of 10 secs., and is expected to win easily. Those who remember the days of Kelly and Renforth may well exclaim, "How are the mighty fallen!"

The finest piece of running ever accomplished was credited to the champion pedestrian, Hutchens, last week, when he covered 300 yards in 30 seconds. This is far in advance of any previous record. Hutchens was formerly a newsboy at Putney Station.

It is a remarkable coincidence that both Mr. Clay and Sir Arthur Sullivan broke down after producing an opera. Both of them went together to Carlsbad to drink the waters, and both of them since their return have been in bad health. Are, then, the Carlsbad waters in fault, or is the production of an opera so weighty an undertaking that it ought to be eschewed? My own conviction always has been that the Carlsbad waters are far too strong for ordinary mortals. In certain cases they may prove an effective cure, but those who take them for that vague debility from which so many either suffer, or fancy that they are suffering, generally have reason to

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The opinion of the *Lancet*, Prof. Wanklyn, and all who have tested it, is that "The Glen" Whisky is unsurpassed for purity and delicacy of flavour.

rue their mistake. They killed three friends of mine. Fortunately there is no serious harm with Sir Arthur Sullivan. He had rheumatism in the neck, and this—very possibly brought on by his water cure—had pulled him down, and his work was too much for him. Mr. Clay, too, I am very glad to hear, is progressing favourably.

Edmund is mistaken in stating that Mrs. Langtry is to give performances at various places "on her way to Australia," as she has abandoned her Australian expedition, and will return home at the end of her present tour, which terminates at San Francisco on June 28.

Miss Lilian Russell is about to sue Mr. D'Oyly Carte for cancelling her engagement. The decision will be a useful one, for the question of rehearsals is always leading to disputes. Miss Russell's contention is that she was engaged for the run of "Princess Ida" at £50 per week, and that she was to receive £20 per week for rehearsals; and that there was a clause in the contract stipulating that if absent from two rehearsals without a doctor's certificate, or if absent two weeks from illness or otherwise, the engagement was to be cancelled. She insists that she was absent only once from a rehearsal, and then with a doctor's certificate, and that the second time that she was charged with being absent was not at a rehearsal, but was a private appointment with Mr. Gilbert to run through the part of the Princess.

Mr. Bancroft has decided to revive "Peril" at the conclusion of the run of Mr. Pinero's play, "Lords and Commons." It will be remembered that "Peril" is an adaptation of Sardou's "Nos Intimes," and was very successfully performed at the old Prince of Wales's Theatre in 1876, when Mr. and Mrs. Kendal first joined the Bancrofts. When the play is revived at the Haymarket, Mrs. Bernard Beere will, of course, undertake the leading character of Lady Ormond, a part which, in different versions of the story, has been strikingly acted by Miss Herbert, Kate Terry (Mrs. Arthur Lewis), and Mrs. Kendal. The new cast of "Peril" will, I suspect, be pretty much as follows:—Mr. Forbes Robertson will be the middle-aged husband, Sir George Ormond, instead of Mr. Bancroft, who will select the sententious Doctor, one of the best parts ever written by Sardou; Mr. Conway is admirably suited to the young and handsome lover, who shares in the great scene of the play; and great fun may be expected from Mr. Alfred Bishop and Mr. C. Brookfield, the grumbling old men who quarrel with the comforts of a country house.

I understand that the performance of a play by Mr. Toole and his London company, at Sandringham, by request of the Prince of Wales, is only the first of a series of similar entertainments to be given in the new hall "by command." Plays during the winter will be very probably performed by the companies of the Haymarket, St. James's, Court, and Lyceum Theatres, and by others if there be time. The Prince of Wales was particularly anxious to avoid the danger of arousing "professional jealousy" by his selection of a company to inaugurate the series of Sandringham performances. Seniority would have suggested the company of Mr. Bancroft, the *doyen* of London managers—courtesy might have justified the selection of Miss Mary Anderson, a foreigner and a beautiful lady. But the Gordian knot was happily cut by the selection of Mr. J. L. Toole, whose great popularity, both with the public and with all his professional brethren, banishes all idea of resentment. Indeed, the compliment paid to this excellent actor and good fellow has been unanimously applauded. On the last occasion when Mr. Toole was summoned to Sandringham, he was playing in the neighbourhood, but now he closes his theatre in London, just a used to be done in the old days of Windsor Castle theatricals, when performances were given "by command."

Mr. Hare and Mr. Kendal, to say nothing of Georges Ohnet, the French author, have a very serious complaint to make against Robert Buchanan, who is perpetually prating about the turpitude of his contemporaries, and preaching the peccability of critics and others. Georges Ohnet wrote for the French *Figaro* a capital story, called "Le Maître de Forges," with the avowed intention of dramatising his own invention. As every one knows, a good and pure French play is extremely valuable to its author, under the new law which makes English managers pay for the property of clever Frenchmen. The St. James's management at once secured the English right of performing Ohnet's play, and paid honourably for their excellent bargain—as the French play is as successful as the novel. But meanwhile Robert Buchanan, the virtuous and unassailable Scotchman, steps in and pilfers Ohnet's plot, before there is time to convert it into a play. He takes the story of "Le Maître de Forges," and in a coarse and clumsy fashion bungles it into a play called "Lady Clare." He only acknowledged the source of his inspiration when he was detected in his plagiarism, and now has the impudence to claim originality for "Lady Clare" on the strength of the silly nonsense and feeble characterisation he has tacked on to an excellent story. And this is the dweller under a glass roof who is so fond of smashing his neighbours' skylights!

Rubinstein's oratorio, "Paradise Lost," is to be brought out at Berlin on the 26th. The composer is expected from St. Petersburg to conduct the first performance. Rubinstein will probably leave Russia shortly, as he is disgusted at the shabby manner in which he has been treated at St. Petersburg. His operas are wretchedly brought out, with the most scanty appliances; while thousands of roubles were lavished the other day on the *mise-en-scène* of Prince Troubetzkoi's trashy ballet, "Pygmalion."

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THERE have been so many conflicting accounts of Mr. Matthew Arnold's lectures in the States that I have been much interested in reading the testimony of an eye-witness contained in Sir Lepel Griffin's amusing "Visit to Philistia," in the new number of the *Fortnightly Review*. This is Sir Lepel's description of the performance in Chickering Hall :—

Reading his lecture with the manuscript close to his eyes, placing a strong accent on the penultimate or anti-penultimate syllable and dropping the last altogether, allowing the voice to so sink at the close of a sentence that the last words were inaudible, without gesture or expression, Mr. Matthew Arnold combines in himself all the possible defects of a public lecturer. Sitting ten rows in front of the reader, I found it impossible to hear the whole of any sentence, or to follow the argument of the address. Occasionally, a quotation more or less familiar could be picked out from the general monotone. But these were mere oases of sound in a desert of inaudibility; and of the one thousand five hundred persons present, perhaps a hundred understood the lecture, to some four hundred an occasional sentence was vouchsafed, while one thousand heard nothing."

This hardly looks as if Mr. Matthew Arnold's lectures had been such an unqualified success as the *Athenæum* wishes us to believe.

ON the equally vexed question of Mr. Irving's American tour, this is how Sir Lepel Griffin sums up the result :— "Ellen Terry's success has been unequivocal and complete; while that of Irving has been as great as his best friends and admirers anticipated." Mr. Irving's greatest success was Louis XI.; Miss Terry's was Portia.

AT Nice, Sardou, instead of resting, is working hard at four plays, He is transforming his drama, "Patrie!" into the libretto of an opera, he is writing a play promised to the Vaudeville, another for the Porte St. Martin—of which Sarah is, of course, to be the heroine—and he is composing the *scenario* of a play for the Comédie Française.

A STATUE of Béranger is about to be erected in the Place du Temple, Paris. A somewhat amusing circumstance is, that the sculptor has depicted the great *chansonnier* holding in his left hand a volume of Horace's works. Now, Béranger, in a letter which went the round of the Press, declared that he did not know a word of Latin!

ONE of the most interesting works which has appeared in Paris for a long time past is Yriarte's "La Vie d'un Patricien à Venise au XVme Siècle." The narrative is most picturesque and entertaining, and the book is enriched with a number of very beautiful illustrations, reproduced from old paintings and engravings.

THE official correspondence of Lord Gower, who was Ambassador at Paris from June, 1790, till August, 1792, will shortly be published by the Cambridge Press, with an introduction and explanatory notes by Mr. Oscar Browning.

IT is surprising how any sort of Association connected with South Kensington invariably attempts to interfere in matters that do not concern it. A circular has been sent from the office of the International Health Exhibition expressing a wish that all should be urged to aid in building a Church at Copenhagen. It may be desirable that the Church should be built, but what possible connection is there between this object and the Association?

THE Dean of Canterbury and the rest of "the large and influential audience" which met in the Cathedral library last Thursday to hear a certain Dr. Kinns reconcile science and religion, must have felt rather foolish when they read their *Times* a couple of days later. Dr. Kinns had said that he "came before the public with credentials referring to the scientific and historical facts he had to lay before them, some of the most eminent men upon the staff of the British Museum having testified to the accuracy of such facts." The worthy clergymen present took Dr. Kinns at his own valuation, and the Dean even went so far as to suggest that the doctor had been specially "raised up to demonstrate the truth of the Holy Scriptures." As soon, however, as the report of the lecture appeared in the *Times*, Dr. Woodward, the Keeper of the Department of Geology in the British Museum, wrote to "emphatically deny" that any of Dr. Kinns's statements had been submitted for verification to his department; whilst Mr. Carruthers, the keeper of the Department of Botany, drily remarked that "he and his colleagues had often pointed out some of Dr. Kinns's errors, but had never testified to the accuracy of any of his facts." Mr. Carruthers adds the interesting information that quite recently the Geological Society refused Dr. Kinns admission into their fellowship on account of the glaring ignorance of the facts of geology displayed in his book on "Moses and Geology." Dr. Kinns has replied in a letter to the *Standard*, in which he seeks to reconcile his own version of his credentials with the facts adduced by Messrs. Woodward and Carruthers, in which task let us hope he has proved more successful than in reconciling Moses with Geology.

THE statement that Canon Mason has been appointed by the Primate to the living of All Hallows', Barking, "value £2,000 a year," is misleading. Canon Mason, who is an old friend of Dr. Benson's, has been actively engaged in mission work in the diocese of Truro for nearly seven years, and he has made himself very popular throughout Cornwall. The Primate has now begged him to come to London to devote himself to mission work in the East-end and in the diocese generally. More than two-thirds of the revenues of the living of Barking will be appropriated to the maintenance of a staff of mission clergy, who will work under the general supervision of the rector; and practically the whole revenue of the living will be devoted to mission purposes. The arrangement is highly creditable both to patron and to nominee, but it is, perhaps, a pity that a portion of the income (say a third) could not have been set aside for the benefit of the numerous hard-working and wretchedly-paid incumbents in the East-end of London.

I WAS talking the other day to one of the most active and earnest of the London clergy, and he was regretting that, so far, there had not been a particle of practical benefit to the poor from the recent sentimental "boom." He suggested that well-to-do sympathisers who really desire to benefit "the outcast poor," might very well send their stores of old clothes, old linen, and other similar goods to any of

RIDING HABITS.—Specialty of JOHN REDFERN & SONS. Ladies' Tailors by Appointment to H.R.H. the Princess of Wales, 26, Conduit-street, London, W. Also at Cowes and Paris.

the clergy in the poorer neighbourhoods. This would be an easy and an inexpensive way of alleviating one by no means unimportant department of the distress. The clergy and their working staffs would, moreover, be perfectly well able to discriminate between those poor who would carry gifts of clothes to the pawnshop, and those who would make a proper use of them.

The Bishop of Salisbury's health has much improved; he is now as well as can be expected at his advanced age, and wonderfully keen in intellect and vigorous in mind. Dr. Moberly has just arranged to conduct a lengthened series of confirmations in the northern portion of his diocese during Lent.

At the afternoon service in St. Paul's Cathedral on Friday, the 25th (St. Paul's Day), the anthem will consist of a selection from Mendelssohn's "St. Paul," which will be rendered by an augmented choir, with full orchestral accompaniment.

A sailor on board a Russian ship at anchor in the Piræus became dangerously ill a few weeks ago, and was removed to the hospital at Athens. Queen Olga of Greece constantly visits the charitable establishments in the capital, particularly the hospitals. The poor sailor, who was in a galloping consumption, attracted her special attention, and she caused many delicacies to be supplied to him from the Royal kitchen. But the poor fellow had one supreme wish —to see his mother, a poor old peasant living in Esthonia, once more before he died. The Queen heard of this longing, and sent an aide-de-camp into Esthonia to fetch the poor old woman, who was brought to Athens to soothe the last moments of her dying son. When all was over, the aide de-camp escorted the old woman back to her far-off Russian home.

H.M.S. *Tenedos* arrived at Bermuda about three weeks ago from Halifax, in order that she might be taken into the dockyard there and overhauled, to see whether she is worth repairing. The Admiralty have actually sent one of the Whitehall officials all the way to Bermuda to survey the vessel, and, after this work is accomplished, he is to return home to report the result to "My Lords," who will then decide on the course to be adopted. Surely there are officials at Bermuda who are capable of carrying out so simple a business. This roundabout method of administration seems nothing else than a wanton waste of public money.

A movement is on foot for forming a Naval and Military Co-operative Emigration Society, with a view to assisting retired officers of both services to settle in Canada and other British Colonies. But why confine it to officers?

I hear that Lord Ernest Hamilton is retiring from the Army in order to become a member of the Stock Exchange.

Mr. Edwards writes to complain of a paragraph which appeared in Truth in November, commenting upon his having been sentenced to two years' imprisonment. The facts were taken from a London daily paper; but it would appear that Mr. Edwards was not condemned to two years' imprisonment, but to be dismissed the service; and that this sentence General Newdigate declined to endorse.

An extraordinary number of the most desirable and valuable of the military appointments will become vacant during the present year. On March 31 the Home, Northern, and Southern Districts, the command at Bombay, and the Inspector Generalship of Cavalry, will all have to be filled up. On June 8, the Government of Malta becomes vacant, and there will have to be a new Director of Military Education on October 7. Three divisional commands in Madras and Bengal, the post of Adjutant-General in India, and the Government of Cyprus will also be vacant, to say nothing of a score of minor good things, amongst which are two posts on the staff of the Commander-in-Chief. I hope there will be an end to the flagrant jobbery of which we have heard so much lately, and that these appointments will be given to really capable men who have worked hard and seen service.

It is not surprising that there should be a difficulty in inducing officers to volunteer to serve in the Army Pay Department, or that those who are already in it should feel themselves aggrieved, for I find that theirs is the only department in the Army which has not one of its own officers at its head. The Engineer Department has a Deputy-Adjutant-General, with a salary of £1,500 per annum. The Medical has a Director-General, and the Commissariat a Commissary-General with the same salary. The Head of the Ordnance Store Department is the Commissary General of Ordnance, who draws £1,098 per annum, with allowances; while the principal Veterinary Surgeon has £850, and the Chaplain-General £800 per annum. As Paymasters must all have been combatant officers for ten years before they can exchange the sword to go in for the pen, it is evident they will not be satisfied until, as regards a representative at the War Office, they are placed in the same position as their brethren in other departments.

Considering that scarcely a day passes without the commission of some crime whose author contrives to escape detection, it would hardly appear that the police can have very much spare time on their hands. The War Office authorities, however, with their usual originality, have discovered that it is perfectly easy for a constable to combine the duties of policeman and recruiting-sergeant. The prospect is not encouraging. Even under the present system the difficulty of finding a policeman on an emergency has passed into a proverb; but now, when a zealous officer can profitably employ his time and his arts of persuasion in beguiling rustics into her Majesty's Service, I greatly fear that he will altogether abandon the disagreeable duty of capturing malefactors, in favour of that which offers the chance of obtaining innumerable crowns and half-crowns.

I understand that the Scotland-yard authorities have come to the conclusion that the law is so doubtful in regard to baccarat clubs, that no action will be taken to close them. Under these circumstances I should advise all unprejudiced persons, who wish to make £20,000 or £30,000 per annum, to open a baccarat club.

The sooner the following custom of the Benchers is done away with the better. The library of books is intended for all, not for a few chosen ones:—

Dear Truth,—You have always proved so ready to throw a clear light upon any legitimate "grievance" that I venture to hope you will not refuse to listen to my complaint. In connection with the Middle Temple a valuable library is provided, well stocked with all books necessary for reference, and for the use of which a somewhat heavy fee is charged to all members on admission to the Inn. As a general rule these volumes, very properly, cannot be removed from the premises, but this provision is now continually broken through in favour of those gentlemen who have the honour to be elected Benchers of the Society. As a natural consequence, some of the most needed works are continually absent. Only this morning, wishing to consult a well-known authority of which I was in urgent need, I found, to my dismay, that Mr. —— had just sent his clerk for it for an indefinite time. I am not the only one to whom the privilege has caused serious inconvenience. Surely, when the honour in question is accorded, the learned recipients might either extend their own library, or, at any rate, take the trouble to walk a few steps to that provided for common use in the same manner as other less-favoured members of the profession.

It is quite time that the controversy about prisoners' statements should come to an end. The best end it can have is in the obvious reform which only the conservatism of lawyers and politicians has prevented from long ago being carried out—the admission of prisoners as witnesses. There can be no logical difference between the evidence of a defendant in a civil and in a criminal case. When the former, after hundreds of years' disability, was admitted, the admission of the latter was inevitable. It is true that the examination of a prisoner will not do him much good as a rule, because as a rule he is guilty. But when he is innocent, it is very often his only chance, and it is most unjust that he should be deprived of it.

Another point which has turned up in the controversy is important. The *Saturday Review*, with an inaccuracy which is characteristic, said last week that the fact that Mr. Charles Russell called witnesses in O'Donnell's case gave the Attorney-General a reply. But the fact is, as the *Saturday* with its affectation of legal knowledge ought to have known, that the Attorney-General always has a reply. It is one of the anomalies of the law that he has a reply when no one else has. This privilege ought to be abolished or extended to all. It is a mere usurpation, and might press unjustly on a defendant in a political trial.

The publicity, however, given by the trial of O'Donnell to the question of allowing the statement of a prisoner to be received as evidence in his favour has not been without result. At the Dover Quarter Sessions on Monday, during the hearing of a charge of larceny against a wheelwright named Hornden, Mr. H. F. Dickens, the counsel for the defence, applied to the Recorder that as no unanimous decision had yet been arrived at upon the subject, the privilege of telling his own story might be accorded to the accused in the present case. To this request the learned judge replied that he should certainly offer no objection at any time to such a course. In consequence of this permission the prisoner afforded so satisfactory an explanation of his actions to the jury that a verdict of acquittal was immediately returned.

Here are three instructive cases which were tried last week at the Middlesex Sessions, with their several results. (1.) Indictment for robbery with violence. Prisoner and confederates knocked the prosecutor down and robbed him. Prisoner had been previously convicted of a similar offence. Sentence, six months' imprisonment. (2.) Brutal assault on a woman. Prisoner struck prosecutrix on the breast, and stabbed her on the head, cutting to the bone, and leaving a wound five inches in length. Sentence, twelve months' imprisonment. (3.) Indictment for stealing two coal-scuttles, value 11s. 6d. Prisoner had been convicted before, but years ago; had since reformed, been repeatedly unfortunate, and yielded to temptation only in the last extremity of destitution. Sentence, five years' penal servitude and four years' police supervision. While the law continues to regard a woman's head as far less precious than a coal-scuttle, I can hardly think the rights of property are in such danger as some alarmists would have us believe.

The case of one Abraham Brown, who appeared last week before the learned justices at Croydon, appears, to say the least of it, somewhat hard. The heinous charge which the accused was called upon to answer consisted of his taking six parsnips from the field of a market-gardener in the neighbourhood, for whom he had long worked. The utmost value of the stolen goods was proved to be less than ninepence, and the magistrates, recognising the trivial nature of the offence, imposed a small fine of four shillings including costs. On application being made by the defendant to the bailiff of his employer, who was present as prosecutor, for an advance of this sum out of the amount of wages due to him for work already done, the request was peremptorily refused on the plea that the regular pay-day had not arrived. In consequence of this the poor fellow was removed to prison for seven days with hard labour in default.

I fail to understand why the mother of the young gentleman who was killed at Stoke Newington should have been asked at the inquest whether he was a legitimate son. What had this to do with his murder? Legitimate or illegitimate, I presume that he had a perfect right to live.

It is quite natural that this murder should make the dwellers in the suburbs timid about going out late at night, and I am afraid that the usual consolatory statistics which are produced on these occasions will not do much to allay the sense of insecurity. I cannot myself think of any better consolation than the philosophical reflections with which Mr. Matthew Arnold tells us that he used to ply his agitated fellow-travellers after the Briggs murder. After recalling how Cæsar refused to take precautions against assassination, Mr. Arnold went on to remark cheerfully to a "portly jeweller from Cheapside":—

Suppose the worst to happen, suppose even yourself to be the victim; *il n'y a pas d'homme nécessaire.* We should miss you for a day or two upon the Woodford Branch; but the great mundane movement would still go on, the gravel walks of your villa would still be rolled, dividends would still be paid at the Bank, omnibuses would still run, there would still be the old crush at the corner of Fenchurch-street.

I read with considerable interest the details of the murder of the "unfortunate," who was killed last week

Minton's China.—A visit to Messrs. Goode's Depôt in South Audley-street will at once show the immense superiority of their collection, both as regards taste, extent, and lowness of price.

in Westminster, because she seemed to be one of the girls who prowled about St. James's Park at night, and I some time back had a conversation with one of them. I was crossing the Park at about 1 a.m. As I went down the steps at the Duke of York Column, a girl made some observation to me and walked along by my side to Storey's-gate. She asked me how it came that I was out so late. I replied that I had work to do. This placed us on a friendly footing of equality, and she observed that she, too, had to work, but that hers was bitter, hard work. "How long have you been out to-day?" I said. "Since twelve o'clock this morning. In the day I walk about in the East-end, and when it gets dark, in this park." "And what have you made?" "Nothing, to-day." "Do you make much?" "No; very little. I live down in Westminster. I pay one shilling a day for my room, and an extra shilling on Sundays, and I seldom make more than fifteen or sixteen shillings in a week; so you see there is not much left for food and clothes." She had a country accent, so I asked her if she had been long in town. "No," she answered; "only a few months. You see, a soldier fell in love with me, but his regiment was ordered to India. He is going to marry me when he comes back." "But surely you might make a living by sewing or by going into service? It would be better for you than your present life, and more pleasant, I should think." "That's all very well, but who would take me as a servant, or who would give me sewing? You see, I ran away from my friends in the country." By this time we had reached Birdcage-walk. I gave her the few shillings I had in my pocket, and wished her good night. "But, are you sure that you can afford all this?" she asked. "Yes," I said; "I have had a good week." She looked up and hesitated. "What do you want?" I asked. "Won't you shake hands?" she said. "Certainly," I replied; and I was sorry afterwards that I had not inquired more about her, for probably a little help might have put her in the way of earning an honest living.

There must be a dozen of these girls, who wander between the Duke of York's Column and Storey's Gate every night—wet or dry, warm or cold. They seem harmless sort of beings; they are ill clad, and certainly a "gay" existence can have no particular charms for them. One hears of "homes," and "refuges," and "philanthropy," and "philanthropists." Why does not some Samaritan look after them, and give them a chance to begin life anew? Why, the answer will be, are you not yourself that Samaritan? Because it's more easy to preach than to practise.

The rag-pickers of Paris are in despair. The prefect has forbidden the gathering of those little heaps of filth in the gutter which early risers may see, and from which the *chiffonnier* picks his daily bread. Henceforth the householder must empty his dust into the cart as it passes every morning. The rag-pickers say this means starvation to them, and as there are several thousand in Paris, they contemplate a rising. A *chiffonnier* earns on an average from two to three francs a day.

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The American *Punch* is publishing a number of fables. The two following are amusing:—

The Hare and the Tortoise.

The hare once challenged the tortoise to a trial of speed. The hare frisked about merrily, paying little attention to his rival or jeering him for his slowness. The tortoise, however, plodded along steadily, and had well-nigh reached the end, when the hare observed his progress. Away darted the hare like lightning and won the race.

Moral.—The race is not always to the slow.

The Merchant of Venice.

A Venetian merchant, who was lolling in the lap of luxury, was accosted upon the Rialto by a friend, who had not seen him for many months. "How is this?" cried the latter; "when I last saw you your gaberdine was out at elbows, and now you sail in your own gondola!" "True," replied the merchant, "but since then I have met with serious losses and been obliged to compound with my creditors for ten cents on the dollar."

Moral.—Composition is the life of trade.

A correspondent writes:—

In a recent number of Truth you use the expression, "jerry builders." I think the word "jerry" is spelt wrongly. It should be "Jeri." The expression is, no doubt, an abbreviation of the word "Jericho," and by buildings of the Jericho order of architecture, it is intended to describe erections so flimsy that, like the walls of Jericho, they would fall down at the mere blast of trumpets. I may add that this derivation of the word was suggested to me while reading a recent article in *Knowledge* by Mr. Mattieu Williams.

Recent investigations have brought to notice the extremely unpleasant fact that out of the entire milk supply of London only about 30 per cent. is free from adulteration. Moreover, it is a recognised fact that, unless the trifling fines usually inflicted upon fraudulent milk-vendors are very materially increased, there is very little prospect of reform. I am glad, therefore, to see that, once in a way, a substantial penalty has been exacted. At Dublin, last week, three milk contractors were fined sums amounting to £58 for supplying bad milk to the workhouse, the magistrate remarking that he imposed heavy fines because paupers had to take what they were offered. These milk contractors were, of course, very properly punished; but why should not similar punishments be made universal? I am not an absolute pauper, but still I like my milk pure, and I am practically obliged to take what I can get, because the individual who palms off chalk-and-water or diluted sewage upon me is let off with a fine of a sovereign or so, instead of being mulcted in a more substantial sum.

The latest pleasantry of the Water Companies is to start an inquisition for the benefit of their customers. The Chelsea Waterworks Company have posted a circular to the householders whom they "serve," inquiring not merely into the amount of the householder's rent, but into half-a-dozen irrelevant details of tenure, which are no business of the Company's whatever; for instance, "Who pays the insurance?" "Who does the repairs?" and so on. A correspondent of the *Standard* asks what right the Company has to inquire into subjects of this kind? Of course, any one has a right to ask a question; it rests, however, with the person questioned to decide whether it should be answered.

It is probable that when Sir Edward Watkin's Bill for a railroad under the Parks is down for second reading, that an instruction will be moved to the Committee to which it will be referred to see that the new line be connected with the District Railroad. The Parks Railroad would be a

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boon to many; at the same time it is absurd that it should have a terminus close to a station of the District Railroad, and yet that the two should remain disconnected because Sir Edward and Mr. Forbes are rival railroad magnates.

An agitation has been commenced in Newcastle for the repeal of the carriage-tax, and several local members of both political parties have pledged themselves to oppose its renewal in Parliament. The total income derived from this tax only amounts to half-a-million, and the carriage-builders complain that they are crippled by it. Moreover, the people who really suffer are not the wealthier classes, but country parsons, doctors, and commercial travellers, to whom a trap of some kind is an absolute necessity. It is almost the only surviving tax upon labour, and there seems to be no valid reason against its abolition.

There is to be a Tory "demonstration" at Exeter next week, extending over three days. Lord Carnarvon, Sir Stafford Northcote, Mr. W. H. Smith, and Mr. Gibson will be the principal speakers.

The Liberals of East Gloucestershire have resolved to contest the division at the general election. The Tory supremacy in this constituency has not been challenged for half a century. One at least of the candidates will be a tenant farmer, which is a very wise decision.

Mr. Laing, M.P., has published an interesting article in this month's *Fortnightly*, in which he explains how he began as a Peelite, and has gradually drifted into views more in sympathy with those of Mr. Chamberlain than with any other politician of the day. On land, Mr. Laing is sound. "Property in land," he says, "and especially that portion of it which is derived from unearned increment, ought to bear a larger share of public burdens, both Imperial and local." On accumulations of personal estate he is not so sound. He would "levy a heavy succession duty on the passing of superfluous wealth by inheritance;" but "large accumulations of wealth are powerful and necessary elements in carrying out such operations on a large scale as are required by the conditions of modern civilisation," and he instances, as examples of these useful elements, the fortunes of Mr. Vanderbilt and of Mr. Jay Gould. Further on in his article, he points to our history to show that the instinct of the million has been a safer guide in all great questions than the prejudice of the privileged classes. Mr. Laing is himself a great financial magnate, and it surprises me that so acute a reasoner does not perceive that only the prejudices of the class to which he belongs obscure his judgment when he asks us to regard Mr. Vanderbilt and Mr. Jay Gould, each of whom is supposed to have a fortune of about 40 millions, as beneficent stars in the American firmament.

To Ireland, Mr. Laing would give Home Rule. Every day there are new conversions to this opinion. "The practical outcome," he justly says, "of the attempt to apply the maxims of English law and the principles of English political economy in the case of Ireland has proved itself to be a complete failure;" nor if "we continue for the next half century to enforce the same system at the point of the bayonet, should we be any nearer making it a success."

On the House of Commons Mr. Laing is instructive. He says:

"Under existing circumstances, 'freedom of debate,' 'rights of private members,' 'grievances before supply,' resolve themselves practically into rules under which the great and famous council of the nation may be blocked by a Warton, counted out by a Biggar, or forced to listen for weary hours to men who have neither sufficient brain power to condense nor sense enough to know when they are talking nonsense."

This want of power of condensation is really at the bottom of two-thirds of the time which is wasted during a Parliamentary session. A member gets up in a debate. Possibly he may be able to add a useful five minutes to it; this, however, does not content him. He wearily travels over what has been said and resaid a dozen times, urges arguments that have been already repeated *ad nauseam*, controverts others that have been replied to, and not unfrequently indulges in a retrospect of the whole question under discussion as though his auditors were savages to whom it was necessary to explain its very A B C. Then he complains that this oration is not fully reported in the newspapers. The man has no intention to obstruct; on the contrary, he is under the pleasing illusion that he is helping on legislation. There are many members of Parliament who have innumerable virtues, who are public-spirited, honest, and hard-working. They have but one fault, and this outweighs all their virtues. They are insufferable bores, and, by some curious law of nature, the greater bores they are, the less are they aware of the fact. If these members would kindly confine their speeches to five or ten minutes, they would be listened to, they would be reported, and they would confer an inestimable favour on their long-suffering fellow-members. Condensation ought to be the soul of Parliamentary oratory. Unfortunately, discursiveness too often takes its place.

I observe in a recent speech of Mr. Healy's, that he hinted that the Irish Party might vote against the Reform Bill, unless an assurance be given that in the subsequent Redistribution Bill the existing number of Irish members will not be reduced. This is hardly reasonable. Those who have advocated equal justice to England and Ireland have had a hard struggle to secure the recognition of this principle in the contemplated Franchise Bill. It is obvious that Government could give no pledge in regard to the Irish clauses of a Redistribution Bill, because were they to do so, any English member might get up and insist upon a pledge with respect to the particular borough which he represents.

Let us see what would be the result of such action on the part of the Irish members, were it successful in defeating the Franchise Bill. There would be a dissolution. The number of the Parnellite members in the next Parliament would be greater, but it might also be that the Conservatives instead of the Liberals would have a majority. The Conservatives would then bring in a Reform Bill of their own fashion. Not only would they not reduce

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the franchise in Ireland, but they would endeavour so to manipulate the Irish constituencies, as to ensure the return of a considerable number of Conservatives. Thus the Radical cause in the United Kingdom and the Irish cause in Ireland would alike suffer—the latter far more than it would gain by Mr. Parnell's following being increased this year instead of next year.

By no means is it certain, however, that a General Election will be avoided this year, even if the Franchise Bill passes the House of Commons. The Lords are the humble slaves of the Conservatives. Their veto is exercised whenever it is thought that it will benefit that party. May the Conservatives not say?—"If we force on a General Election by ordering the Lords to throw out the Franchise Bill, we may gain much, and we have nothing to lose. The Liberals, as usual, have alienated various vested interests; they have not been very successful in their foreign policy; the smaller Boroughs will think that they will get better terms from us than from them; the present county electors will not be over anxious to divide their cake; at all hazards, therefore, we must fight in order that we, not the Liberals, may bring in a Reform Bill. Ours would be a party measure. We would not give the agricultural labourers votes, we would create fancy franchises, and we would arrange the areas of the constituencies in our own favour." I do not say that the Conservatives would win at a General Election, for "the People *versus* the Peers" would be a strong cry, but they might, for all things are possible, and when a party is drowning it catches at straws.

It is amusing to read the comments of the press upon our notification to the Egyptian Government that we will have nothing to do with the defence of the Soudan. What are the facts? The attempt to subdue the Soudan was made against our advice, and failed. The Egyptians asked us to aid them in reconquering the Soudan directly with troops, or indirectly by maintaining order in Egypt proper, whilst they sent the blacks and the fellahs that they had crimped under an ex-slave dealer to reconquer it. We replied that we should do neither the one nor the other, but that, being in Egypt, we would warn the Mahdi to keep his hands off Egypt proper. This, we are now calmly told, involves us in an obligation to defend Egypt for ever against all her enemies, as though she were part of England; or, in other words, to maintain an army there for ever. I cannot help smiling at the persistent efforts of the locusts and bondholders to force us to look after their interests. We have not obliged Egypt to evacuate the Soudan, for she cannot hold the province, nor when the danger of an attack from the Madhi is averted, are we likely to alter our fixed policy because that danger for a moment existed. If when you are near a man in the water you throw him a plank, this does not involve a right on his part to insist upon your maintaining him for the rest of his existence. Still more amusing is the attitude of the correspondent of the *Times*. For weeks and months he has been representing Tewfik as a pernicious idiot. But now this writer sees that the only chance for the locusts and the bondholders is to make common cause with this puppet; so he is at once converted into an honest and intelligent Prince, and, to carry out this pious fraud, a conversation with him is sent home, in which he discourses like one of the Seven Sages of Greece.

I confess that I should have thought that, as the Egyptian Ministry insist upon resigning rather than following our advice, we might seize on the opportunity to withdraw, and leave khedives, pashas, eunuchs, notables, fellahs, and prophets to stew in their own juice. The last shred of the excuse that we are in Egypt with the assent and for the benefit of the Egyptians is thus torn away, whilst most assuredly we are not benefiting ourselves. Why, then, are we there? I have never read a practical answer to this practical question.

I have often called attention to the astounding bondholders' literature, which constitutes the staple of telegrams and letters from "our correspondents" in Egypt. Here is an instance. I take my quotations from a telegram in the *Times* of Saturday last:—

"The English in Egypt may be considered better observers than observers who are in London." "Englishmen of all parties agree that our national honour and interest demand the support of Tewfik." "The charges against him of weakness and unpopularity originate solely from the fact that he does not oppose English interests." "Ismail was more hated in Egypt than Bomba in Naples." "His popularity dated from the day on which he insulted Sir Charles Rivers Wilson." "No single English official could be found to recommend the withdrawal of our support." "The idea of leaving the selection of a Government to the Notables, consisting of sheikhs, native usurers, and all the classes of men who live on ill-gotten gains, extracted from the wretched fellaheen under Ismail's atrocious system of farming the taxes is the most repulsive proposal yet suggested." "All good legislation in past years has been directed to lessening the influence of these curses." "If Tewfik should abdicate, the sole remaining hope would be in a still more nominal ruler, whose age would exempt him from the charge of weakness." "The Khedive's eldest son is nine years old."

Let us examine these pearls of Anglo-Egyptian wisdom. Of course, the English officials deprecate the withdrawal of our support of Tewfik, for this support secures them their excessive salaries, though why they should be better judges of English honour than we at home is not so clear. We are so hated, that Tewfik is unpopular because he is under our influence; indeed, so strong is the national feeling that Ismail, who was loathed, became popular from the day that he insulted an Englishman; therefore, we ought to remain in Egypt. We are told that the Notables consisted of men who ruined the country by taxation and usury. As a matter of fact, Arabi's Notables legislated against over-taxation and usury. We are further told that subsequent legislation has been aimed against these two curses. As a matter of fact, taxation is higher, usury is ruining the fellahs, and the officials are rather more corrupt than they were. Finally, we are informed that if we decline to support Tewfik against the universal hatred of his subjects we must necessarily place his son on the throne and rule through this boy. Why this Hobson's choice?

Since publishing the last list of subscriptions to the Toy Fund, I have received from Effie and Mollie £2. 2s.

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SCRUTATOR.

"PRINCESS IDA."

I HAVE often wondered why so much is written in England upon the merits or demerits of the librettos of comic operas, and comparatively so little about their music. Respecting the series which owe their music to Sir Arthur Sullivan and their words to Mr. Gilbert, we hear too little of the former, and too much of the latter. Who knows or cares about the names of the librettists of Offenbach's operas? The task of a librettist is a humble one. He may perform it efficiently, just as a costumier may provide a fitting dress for an actress. But the libretto does not make the opera any more than the dress makes the actress. As a librettist I have always regarded Mr. Gilbert as worthy of such praise as this sort of work can call forth. He has essayed to write plays, but these have not been deemed masterpieces; indeed, he seems to lack every attribute which is needed in order to make a tolerable playwright. This, to a certain extent, mars his librettos. There is a singular poverty of ideas in them. With the world to turn topsy-turvy, he always harps on the same theme. This is the portrayal of girls who are either ignorant of the existence of the other sex, or who are banded together to ignore it. He does not even condescend to vary his theme by occasionally giving us men who know nothing, and who want to know nothing, of girls. A female man-hater, or a female determined to live "in maiden meditation fancy free," is the stock character in his librettos. She invariably asks the same question: What is a man? And invariably she replies to it herself by falling in love with the first man whom she sees.

Admitting, however, that the public wish to see this same story treated invariably in the same way, and every minor character doing precisely the reverse of what an ordinary human being would do under similar circumstances, there seems no reason why Mr. Gilbert should not write librettos for ever, as it must be admitted that he has a curious felicity in stringing together nonsense words which lend themselves to music, and that his songs and glees are often very happy.

The "Princess Ida" is an expansion of a musical burlesque which was written by Mr. Gilbert about fourteen years ago. It runs on the old, old lines. We have girls under a Princess and a lady of honour, living somewhere and hating men; we have men penetrating into this virginal retreat, with the usual consequences that, after the first flush of horror is over, they fall into their arms and marry them. We have a disagreeable father wondering why he is disagreeable, and we have three warriors in armour, who slip off their armour when called upon to fight. The play is, indeed, the French "Mousquetaires au Couvent," adapted to the Gilbertian morbid curiosity in regard to the masculine sex. The scenery is beautiful, the dresses are beautiful; the acting and the singing are excellent; the stage management is perfect, and the music so good that it is almost thrown away upon such trash.

The opera is likely, therefore, to succeed, and deserves success. The audience on the first night seemed to me to be a little tired at all absence of novelty in the plot and its treatment. They failed to understand why Mr. Grossmith, whose make-up and portrayal of the disagreeable man are admirable, should appear so rarely on the stage. They yawned over lengthy speeches and parables. They could hardly be expected to laugh very much at jokes like this: "His sting is present, but his tongue is passed;" but they shouted with applause when Mr. Lely explained "They (girls) are going to do without him (man), If they can," [Wink.] The best joke in the piece seemed to be this: "The crowing is done by an accomplished hen," and from this the quality of those which were inferior to it may be estimated.

But the music. It would have been the making of a worse libretto. Sir Arthur Sullivan should really write a grand opera. He has a thorough practical knowledge of every instrument in a band, and is able to produce effects by instrumental combinations which are as rare as they are harmonious; whilst the airs that he puts to Mr. Gilbert's strange words are pretty and catching. The finale of the first act struck me as too long, and the repetitions marred its effect, which was all the more to be regretted as the massing of instruments and singers was wonderfully managed, whilst, so far as I could perceive, nine distinct parts run through it. He might, too, with advantage, cut out the Princess's song, in the second act, "I built upon a rock." It is the right music in the wrong place.

Sir Arthur is at his best in that sort of church music which may be said to belong to the pre-operatic age. Miss Braham, the Princess, has a cultivated voice, and there is a repose in her acting which is refreshing. Why is Miss Brandram always given so small a part? She has a deep, pure contralto. She sang admirably "Come, mighty Must," in the first act. The music, however, is more fitted for an oratorio than an opera, and positively jars with the childish stupidity of the words. Of the ladies, Miss Bond pleased me the most. A song that she sings with Miss Brandram, and which has a pretty refrain, was the success of the evening, for she not only sang it well, but acted it admirably. Mr. Lely also scored, particularly in the song, "Oh, kiss me, kiss me, kiss me, kiss me," which I should fancy is destined to become a favourite. I should award, were I Paris, the apple to Miss Heathcote, who looked so pretty, that I trust she will not immediately leave the stage for the Peerage. *Enfin*, the first act is considerably too long, and the second act is not equal to the first. In this second act there is a fencing bout, which does not add to the hilarity of the audience, and there are speeches in it about the "subjunctive possibilities," "the might," "the could," "the should," and abstruse conundrums respecting the mode in which the world is henceforward to be peopled, which are somewhat wearisome, all the more as they are spoken and not sung, and, therefore, have not the advantage of Sir Arthur Sullivan's music to render them palatable.

One of the most amusing incidents of the evening was the outburst of indignation which greeted two or three bouquets that were thrown to Miss Braham. In America a popular actress often finds herself knee-deep in flowers.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE. — Every Evening, at 8, "CLAUDIAN." Preceded at 7 by "A CLERICAL ERROR."

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.—Augustus Harris, Lessee and Manager. Every day at 1.45.; Every evening at 7.45. CINDERELLA.

Here it would seem that the popular voice is against her being given a bouquet—why I do not know. Certainly, a man who arrives with a huge nosegay, puts it under his seat, and at a given moment rises to hurl it on the stage, looks a fool, and seems to be aware of the fact. But if this amuses him and pleases the actress who is the recipient of the floral tribute, it harms no one else, and is a very innocent form of folly.

THE PANTOMIMES.

The pantomimes have all improved this year, and it was high time, too. We have none of us forgotten the complete *fiasco* on the first night of last year's Drury Lane Christmas piece, and it required exemplary patience to endure that ghastly "Yellow Dwarf," pitchforked on to the stage of Her Majesty's by the ill-fated directorate of the Pandora. For years past there have been complaints on the part of the public concerning the annual stupidity of these shows. No one manager appeared to understand the art of amusing. The plan was to seek success by the aid of music-hall comiques and a cheque-book. The first were voted a bore by the children; the gorgeousness of the mounting and the processional splendour weighed as heavily on the middle-aged chest as dozens of mince-pies and tons of plum-pudding. It seemed as if the cry for reform would prove abortive. The children demanded big heads, comic masks, and far more of clown and harlequin; the older folks lamented the days of Flexmore and the Paynes; the swell of the period was not content with the masher of the music-hall. But the managers remained obstinate. They increased their processions, flourished their cheque-books, and pointed triumphantly to their overflow tickets. The fact is that it is the custom at Christmas time—and a very good custom too—to take the children to the pantomime. It is as necessary to take a box at Drury Lane or Her Majesty's, as to visit the Lowther Arcade or the Soho Bazaar, and, consequently, if the pantomimes were as dull as ditch-water, they must, as a matter of fact, be commercially successful. It would require a very clever manager to produce a pantomime so utterly bad that the public stayed away from it.

I was told before I went to Drury Lane, that I should find the pantomime extremely dull. It was nothing of the kind. On the contrary, for years past we have not seen a scheme of foolery of the kind so bright, so varied, or, in a certain sense, so well acted. It would be safe to recommend the public never to go near a pantomime, until it has been running for about a week. By that time the whole of the author's text is forgotten; new songs and new verses are added, and the comedians, who understand the art of amusing far better than authors or managers, have full liberty to do what they please, and in their own fashion. I purchased a book of the words of the Drury Lane pantomime, intending to follow it as well as I could. But I soon flung it away, for I found that scarcely a word of the text was delivered from the stage. The pantomime had been virtually re-written by the performers since the first night. The engagement of Miss Kate Vaughan to play Cinderella was a wise stroke of policy on the part of Mr. Harris. This graceful and charming young lady has seldom looked, acted, or danced so well. For nearly a quarter of a century I have seen all that burlesque and burlesque actresses could do for the English stage, and in my humble opinion refinement of fancy, delicacy of fun, and poetry of motion were never better expressed than by Miss Vaughan. All that she does is finished off with artistic touches, and she in this instance reveals an appreciation of humour and light-heartedness, for which she has not hitherto received credit. She seems as glad to get rid of the Gaiety and its associations as a child is to be sent down into the country after being cooped up in town. She is an ideal Cinderella, the very heroine we require for a nursery story. For it must not be supposed that Miss Vaughan can only dance and trip about. She acts the part quite as well as she dances it, and though her voice is not strong, I would rather hear her warbling than the strident notes of some of her more musical companions. But there are other good actors in the company. Mr. Harry Nicholls and Mr. Herbert Campbell now appear as clever comedians. They join in a duet called "I beg your pardon," sitting together on a box, and give it with inimitable humour; whilst a nagging duet of talk between the two envious sisters of Cinderella is full of humour—sound, natural, and true. But one of the best performances in the whole pantomime is the Baron's wife, by Miss M. A. Victor. This is true burlesque. The lady reminds one of Mrs. Frank Matthews, and she is just as good an actress. For years past Miss Victor has been the light and delight of the Grecian Theatre, and now she comes west to show us what comic acting ought to be. The Baron is well played, too, by Mr. Harry Parker, and if we get a little too much of Mr. Fred. Storey's spider-like legs, we are consoled by the buxomness of Miss Minnie Mario, who carefully conceals the "blur" of the music-halls and the dreadful mannerism of the cheap singing-room. Mr. Harris's great procession of nursery stories has, no doubt, cost a mint of money, but it is not very effective until the last moment, when Cinderella comes upon the stage in her coach harnessed to miniature ponies, and makes the children wild with delight. The man who, having a banking account, does not cram all the children of his acquaintance into a private-box to see "Cinderella," ought never to be made welcome in the nursery or schoolroom again.

Mr. Leader's pantomime at Her Majesty's is really almost as good as that at Drury Lane. Some may think it better. Here we find the best pantomime orchestra leader in all London—Mr. W. C. Levey, the old favourite of Drury Lane; the Vokes Family, with a new recruit, and plenty of good, old-fashioned pantomime business, lost to us since the death of the elder W. H. Payne. The subject of the pantomime is "Little Red Riding Hood," and though Miss Victoria Vokes is rather a robust representative of that heroine, she makes us forget she is "out of her teens" by her antics and her humour. Indeed, in this play, Miss Victoria Vokes goes in for downright acting of a melodramatic kind, and is as versatile as she is vivacious. I have never seen Mr. Fred Vokes give variety to any part he ever attempted on the stage. He is singularly active, but apparently wholly deficient in humour. His leg-flinging is accepted as fun, and that is quite enough. His legs are his fortune still. Luckily, he has for an associate an admirable pantomimist, one Mr. James Powers, who is at once the life and the soul of the entertainment whenever the Vokes family will "let him in" and give him a chance. I must honestly own that I like the decoration of this pantomime

far better than the other. It is more fanciful and artistic, and at Her Majesty's the children will be as delighted with the troops of chorus infants, who sing and act capitally, as are the elders with the ballet dancing of Mdlle. Sampietro, one of the best dancers brought to London for a considerable time. After mature consideration, I think that the three best things in Mr. Leader's pantomime are (*a*) the singing of the Jolly Fat Boys' Chorus; (*b*) the ballet dancing, headed by Mdlle. Sampietro; (*c*) the making of a pantomime pie by Mr. Vokes and Mr. Powers. It is difficult, on the whole, to decide truthfully which is the better of the two great pantomimes. So the best thing will be to see them both.

THE BARREL ORGAN.

Tune.—KNOX ET PRÆTEREA NIHIL!

(KING GAMA'S *Song in the "Princess Ida."*)

SCENE.—*Dromore. Leaders of the Local Orange Lodges discovered in Council.*

FIRST ORANGE LEADER.

COMMON sense we bar,
That is not our bent;
On the whole we are
Not intelligent.

Chorus of LEADERS.

No, no!
Not intelligent!

SECOND ORANGE LEADER.

But with spiteful heart,
Play we here anew
Our abusive part—
Insult is our cue!

Chorus of LEADERS.

Yes, yes!
Insult is our cue!
Bigots fierce and strong, ha! ha!
For the strife we burn;
Who is in the wrong, ha! ha!
We have no concern.
So we wreak our spite, ha! ha!
Little care we, then,
Who is in the right, ha! ha!
For we're Orangemen!

Chorus of their followers who have gathered round—

They are men of might, ha! ha!
Bigots, moved by spite, ha! ha!
Ready for the fight, ha! ha!
Ready for the fight!

One of the leaders advances.

Solo.—THE HON. COLONEL KNOX.

"If you give me your attention I will tell you what I am;
I'm a genuine Orange patriot! all other kinds are sham.
I adore my dear old country, and most viciously I try
To thwart the plan of statesmen who would peace to her supply;
I am full of true devotion to my Queen, and so I use
The most offensive epithets her Viceroy to abuse,
See how I love the Irish! Why, their massacre I plan,
Yet Liberal papers say I'm such an extremely dangerous man!
And I can't think why!

"I'm so loyally patriotic that I strive with all my might
My Monarch's chief advisers to humiliate and spite;
I so yearn to see my Ireland free, and Protestant, and great,
That I'd blast its hopes with bloodshed, and its people decimate.
No greater stickler for the Law was ever known than I,
So long as it allows me its provisions to defy,
Or assists me in developing some ultra-Orange plan;
Yet moderate critics say I'm such a very odious man!
And I can't think why!

"I am always for upholding Ulster's right to freely meet,
To walk with yellow banners, and the noisy drum to beat;
Aye, sweet Freedom is the birthright of us Orangemen so true:
But it is not meant for rebels like Parnell and his black crew.
So with pistol and shillelagh I would quickly smite them down,
If they dare to hold a meeting or perambulate a town;
Thus you see I try to make myself considerate as I can,
Yet everybody says I'm such a disingenuous man!
And I can't think why!

"I'm a firm progressing Christian, firm as Orangeman can be,
But you'll find no silly tolerance or charity in me;
I've an irritating manner, I've an often-practised sneer,
I've an ever-ready insult—for all I do not fear.
To any one who happens not to share my narrow view,
I can make myself offensive in a moment—and I do;
But though for these fine qualities I am stationed in the van,
Yet candid men all say I'm such a disagreeable man!
And I can't think why!

"I'm blind to every party sin and personal defect,
But ready any Land League fault most sternly to correct;
'Gainst Orangemen's besotted crimes I closely shut my eyes,
But mark the slips of Nationalists with most severe surprise.
And when their foul abuse of us I hear them trying at,
Why, I feel they ought to know *we* claim monopoly of that!
But although I've acted in this way since manhood I began,
Yet people will insist I'm such an undesirable man!
And I can't think why!

"I have had some education, and I use it to mislead
Those who know not how to reason, if they know the way to read;
I've been brought up in a station which gentility implies,
Yet I claim the crassest ignorance and coarseness as allies;
I am obstinate and reckless, and a patriot who would make
His land a howling wilderness for bigotry's black sake;
And in short I am a thorough patriotic partisan;
Yet folks will have it I am such an uncompassionate man!
And I can't think why!

"So come, my worthy farmers and poor peasants, look at me,
And try if you as spiteful and intolerant can't be;
Denounce the things in others *you* do without demur,
And make repeated efforts their passions fierce to stir.
Be prejudiced as I am, my spite and malice share,
And as becomes true patriots, for civil war prepare.
In short, I'd have you act upon my patriotic plan,
Though everybody says I'm such a bad, contentious man,
And I can't think why!"

Final chorus of ORANGE LEADERS.

Yes, with spiteful heart
Here we've played anew
Our abusive part—
Insult is our cue!
Yes! yes!
Insult is our cue! [*Left insulting, &c.*

NOTES FROM PARIS.

HERBERT SPENCER JUSTIFIED.

THE only daughter, aged ten, of a literary friend had been for some time promised leave to invite from twenty to thirty juveniles to a *matinée* in the week that has just expired. But she was, it was stipulated, herself to issue the invitations, and, with three big brothers, to devise the programme for the entertainment of her guests. What would amuse her would be likely to please them. The *salon* where the party was to be held was too small for a Christmas-tree, which, besides, was thought hackneyed, and more a thing for poor children to whom few sweets or toys are ever given, unless at this festive season. Rich children, it was observed, are surfeited with both, as well as with theatrical entertainments between Christmas and Twelfth-day. A Guignol show is more amusing in the Champs Elysées than it could be in a packed drawing-room, in which the manipulator of the puppets would be afraid to put words in their mouths which might shock fine company. What is there more tiresome than a "stuck-up" and respectably conducted set of puppets? After much discussion between the little girl and the big boys, it was voted that there should be no regular programme, but that things should be left *un peu à la grâce de Dieu.* If children of a good sort were brought together, they would be sure to amuse themselves. For this reason spoiled pets and conceited little things who were always boasting about their elegant frocks and dear playthings were not to be asked. It was calculated that about a third of those bidden would be unable to accept invitations, and that French juveniles who had classes to attend on the day fixed would not certainly be released from their educational tasks. The question then presented itself, "How are the invitations to be worded?" It was explained that the third person was more *égalitaire* and less familiar than the first. Cards for balls and soirées were shown to the youthful damsel; but it was suggested that she should not slavishly imitate them. She hit on this form:—"Lenna X. espère avoir le plaisir de recevoir ——, avec d'autres petits amis, le Samedi, 5 Janvier, à deux heures et demi. Les Papas et les Mamans qui veulent bien se déranger pour peu de chose seront les bienvenus."

Twenty-seven youthful friends were able to answer Yes. Contagious infantile diseases and *cours* prevented about ten from coming. The youthful hostess felt confident beforehand that she would do her duty as temporary mistress of the house, and with all desirable ease she set the ball rolling. But shyness, when her guests began to arrive, got the better of her, and it was necessary to help her until she got used to the situation. Nearly every race, except the Malay and African, was represented, and I am not sure there was not a touch of the tar-brush about the eyes and mouth of a little beauty from Brazil, whose father was sent by Dom Pedro to study cholera in Egypt. A girl of six, the daughter of a Roman father and a Burgundian mother, was a childish Beatrice Cenci, with an arch expression in her liquid eyes. A remarkable case of avatism was presented by a Provençale, whose great grandfather was the Swedish painter who was a Court limner at Versailles a hundred years ago. His Gothic flaxen hair and steel-blue eyes had come down to her through intermediate generations of very dark-haired Southerns.

The Queen of the *fête* was a Russian girl of sixteen, the Princess Helen M——, granddaughter on the paternal side of a famous Slavonic poet, and in many respects a remarkable young lady. It occurs to me that a sketch of such an original girl of the period would be read with interest. Princess Helen was too recalcitrant to school discipline to remain in any Swiss, German, French, or English *pension*, and so was brought up roving over Southern and Central Europe with a highly-accomplished mother, albeit of Kalmuck race. This lady had learned as a child Homer, Dante, Shakespeare, Milton, and the Bible. She broke her head, when she grew up, against all the new philosophies which have been discussed at Moscow since the death of the Czar Nicholas. One of her philosophers was Herbert Spencer, whose system she amalgamated, perhaps unknown to herself, with Rousseau's. We have no idea in Western Europe, where night is truly night, and winter is not brightened up with perpetual snow, frost, and aurora borealis, of the never-ending cerebration of an active feminine brain in Russia. This illustrious lady, in her *wanderjahr* in Southern Europe, had with her not only Helen, but her husband and three sons, a couple of servants, and a whole squadron of blood and Orloff horses, which the different members of the family took turns in grooming. She wished to see the world just as it is, and really to rough it in Wilhelm Meister fashion. A Nihilist, aspiring to propagate his gospel in factories and villages, could not have shown more tenacity in holding on to the programme that she wanted to carry out. She wished to make every sacrifice to her philosophical convictions, but somehow she found nothing but enjoyment. In summer the nomads bivouacked like gipsies in forests and other wild places. They had tents, and wheeled vehicles to transport their camp furniture, and heaps of books—which were their sole link with civilisation. In winter, they lay by in village inns. During all the four years, they never passed through a large town or slept in a fine hotel. Helen and her brothers became handy and enterprising. Their mother kept up their Russian, and taught them English, French, German, and Italian, which they speak fluently, and brushed up her rusty Latin and mathematics, to prepare the boys for Civil Service and military examinations at St. Petersburg. The sons and eldest daughter having grown up, she has re-entered the pale of civilisation, and resides in a villa near Paris, where she keeps fifteen horses, two of which are devoted to the service of Victor Hugo. She has translated his works into Russian, and for his pleasure, Shelley's and Swinburne's into French. Helen is mistress of the villa, and goes to market and a musical class unattended. With her "nomadic" experience she fears no man, and yet feels "awfully shy." Her expectations are most brilliant, as her maternal grandfather stands, in point of wealth, on a line with the Demidoffs. Before Alexander II. came to the throne he owned about 100,000 serfs. Whenever he had a shooting party at his Oural residence he used to

Hunting and Riding Dress for Ladies and Gentlemen at Ulster House, Conduit-street.

send about three thousand of them to beat the woods for game. The fair translator of Shelley and Swinburne was brought up according to the precepts laid down for a boy's education in "Émile." Although prospective heiress of great wealth, she had to dress in the coarse garb of a peasant's child, and to spend many hours a day in genuine and very fatiguing agricultural tasks and dairy business.

She used to be taken to those dangerous and exciting wolf-hunts in sledges in which the hunter is really the hunted. When too closely pressed by the wolves, he throws out a little pig, attached to a string to the sledge. The pig squeals; this attracts the wolves, who are galloping after the sledge, which goes like the wind, for the horses are frightened. This is the opportunity for the hunter, who from his seat fires at them as fast and often as he can. She also used to be taken to bivouac in a little wooden habitation constructed on the tops of pollarded trees, there to enjoy the fun of a wolf-siege. When the ravening denizens of the forest, attracted by the smell of food, gathered under the high-perched hut, they were peppered with heavy shot, and as they were making off, volleys of slugs were fired after them. This virile and original education formed a sprightly and original little woman, who seems to be made of spring steel and impressionable nerves, to wear her heart upon her sleeve, to be led in all things by instinct, and to be lighted by enthusiasm. To preserve her illusions, she avoids crowds, and cultivates poets and intellectual socialists, who will go to any length short of the dagger, poison, or dynamite to come by their ends. She is scarcely less fond of dogs than horses, and has in her collection a genuine "mops," such as the Beauties painted by Lely were wont to bear in their arms at the Court of Whitehall.

But how I wander from the children's party! As I have gone so far aside, I hope you will find the digression interesting. But to return to my *moutons*. The Princess Helen (she likes to be called Lily, and, when a child, bit her nurse for calling her by her real name), was in white cashmere, with a lace ruff at the neck. Her dark brown hair was arranged in a single, long, thick braid which descended below her waist, and was tied with a white satin bow. This snowy simplicity made its mark, and went well with fine dark eyes, full of life, good nature, and strong intellect and will. The figure was lithe, and moved with ease, showing conflicting qualities—modest diffidence and decision. There was a wild savour in it, which gave to her a piquant and a pungent charm. Kalmuck blood was distinctly traceable, but so corrected by Slav as almost to be a source of curious beauty. The address and bearing were ladylike. It was said of Rachel that she filled the stage directly she advanced from the wings. Likewise the moment the Russian girl entered the room, all the grown-up people felt she was somebody. Herbert Spencer would have felt justly proud had he seen the effect she produced. The little hostess did not dare dispose of so big a girl, and the mamma was embarrassed as to the manner in which she should deal with Mdlle. Helen, who came to apologise for the absence of a juvenile sister and to replace her. Youth in the hobbledehoy period does not like to consort with babes, and is ill at ease with adults. In a few minutes the young Princess found her own level, and was at the head of an oval ring of more than twenty children, teaching them all to play the animating game of *Le Furet*. They were all stirred-up, and, indeed, electrified, by her. Mdlle. Helen's "go" called forth glee. Other games were proposed and taught by her with unflagging zest for nearly an hour and a-half. The big boys stood round her admiring, perhaps, the plain white dress and ruff, and thinking her a "jolly one." I overheard some of her banter with them. A pair of youths were talking of the miseries of Sunday detention in Paris lyceums. She said, "And you let yourselves be detained! If I were kept in on Sunday I should soon find a window to go out at, and a wall to climb over."

M. Clémenceau's two daughters were of the party. They are both paragons of plastic beauty and native grace and refinement; Madeleine is of exquisite childish refinement, and the sweetest-tempered little being in existence. The wizard of the party ranks with Hermann as a conjurer, although an amateur. He is a M. Guerout, a *savant* electrician, and performed some charming and original tricks, and with a fairy wand, on the end of which he placed seeds, made flowers spring up in the most unexpected places. Two delicious little dots were the children of Dr. Herz, who organised the Electrical Exhibition in the Champs Elysées, and founded La Lumière Électrique. One of them was accused of having painted roses on her cheeks. With childish spontaneity she took out her handkerchief, well rubbed her face with it, and held it up to be looked at as a proof of innocence. Nor should I forget two Hungarian bairnies, whose great-grandfather, Esterhazy, boasted of having more shepherds than Coke, afterwards Earl of Leicester, had sheep. Towards the end they and some little Viennese wanted to dance the Farandole. But they alone knew how to go through it. I was struck on this occasion with cases of French want of "gumption." Among the mammas was a lady of old Legitimist family, which stood high at the little Court at Frohsdorf. She is gay-mannered, obliging, unaffected, and an admirable musician. A person who came to play quadrilles and waltzes had gone away early. She was asked to replace him, and wished to do so as well as she could. But she found that she only knew classical music by heart. Why in the world is it that a lady who has four children to push in the world, and who does not like to be a *non valeur* in society, should not have the small change of her musical classics? Who cares for her massive bullion, unless in her own family circle? A knowledge of Beethoven, Mozart, Weber, and the skill and culture needed to execute their works, are most desirable; but they should not incapacitate the hands to play a waltz, polka, or quadrille. In respect of music, French pedantry is terrible. A singer scorns in a drawing-room *en petit comité* to play an accompaniment to what he or she sings. I was brought up by a dear old lady who received her musical education—and a perfect one it was—from Warren and Sir John Stephenson. Warren taught Moore the piano, and used to say to him, "Tom, my boy, learn to accompany yourself in singing your songs. Nobody else

Minton's China.—A visit to Messrs. Mortlock's extensive collection in Oxford-street and Orchard-street will conclusively prove the superiority of taste and lowness of price for which this house has been so celebrated during the last century and a half.

can get well into the sentiment of them." Sir John Stephenson insisted upon his daughter, the Countess of Bective, who had a sweet voice and musical sensibility, following his example, and when she sang in small rooms, playing her own accompaniments; when the room was very large, she was accompanied, because in trying to fill it well, delicate shades would be lost. Well, at the juvenile gathering, there was another mamma who is one of the most delicious amateur singers in Paris. But she is of too good a family to go on the stage, or even to sing at concerts. As she is not very rich, she wants to make money as a teacher, and, without newspaper publicity, to acquire a name in American and Russian society. Her child was invited for her sake. A silvery-toned piano was at her disposal. But she had not brought her music, and she could not think of playing her own accompaniment. She got quite nervous with vexation. Her idea was that some master in the art in which she was deficient should have been paid to come for her benefit, and that everything should have been turned topsy-turvey to suit her. I could not help regretting that she was not educated according to the Herbert Spencer system.

The party broke up at seven. Mirth was unflagging. A Japanese giant was introduced before the conjuring began. His head touched the ceiling, and he was supposed to be a mendicant. The success attained in keeping the ball rolling shows that children, if left to themselves at a Christmas party, are sure to amuse each other.

SPORTING NOTES.

THE Stewards of the Jockey Club are not, as a rule, felicitous in their activities. Indeed, they rarely make any moves but false ones. The precedence adopted in the cases of Charles Archer and Thomas Brown does not speak well for the judicial qualities of the rulers of Newmarket. People who run their heads against walls are not usually regarded as wise, but what is to be said of those who first erect a wall and then deliberately knock against it? I fail entirely to comprehend why it should be necessary for the Stewards of the Jockey Club to gibbet trainers whose licences are refused by publishing their names in the "Racing Calendar," and it would serve them right if Messrs. Weatherby were to be proceeded against for libel. To refuse permission to a trainer to pursue his occupation on Newmarket Heath is practically to ruin him, for even if he removed elsewhere, horses trained by him would be disqualified from running at Newmarket. All right-thinking people will join with me in protesting most strongly against decisions which involve such momentous consequences to those affected by them being arrived at without a properly conducted public inquiry. At present the Stewards may grant or refuse their licences, just as caprice inclines them. They are guided by no fixed principles. If they have good grounds for disapproving of the proceedings of a trainer, he ought to be allowed to defend himself in a business-like way. The Stewards, moreover, in deciding such questions, ought not to be influenced by the snarlings of impoverished plungers or by the reckless diatribes of needy reporters. It has been stated over and over again by the sporting papers during the last fortnight that Archer's licence had been refused in consequence of the contradictory running of Boswell, Lowland Chief, and Highland Chief; and I am sure we have been sickened during the last eight months by the invectives which have been incessantly hurled at Lord Ellesmere's trainer. Highland Chief's running at Epsom was certainly inconsistent, at a superficial glance, with his ignominious exhibition at Newmarket a month earlier; but if these principles are to be applied, how about the running of St. Blaise? What explanation can be given for the difference between Doncaster at Newmarket and Doncaster at Epsom, or between Charibert in the Craven week and Charibert in the First Spring week, or between Dutch Oven at York and Dutch Oven at Doncaster? Some of the performances of Hackness and Don Juan were decidedly equivocal. I cannot remember that there was any outcry in these cases, all of which were far more remarkable than that of Highland Chief, who was obviously over-trained at Newmarket, while at Epsom he looked big and fresh. The Stewards, however, are hardly so fatuous as the press would appear to suppose, and I believe that it was Archer's exceedingly silly transactions at Liverpool with that mischievous and obnoxious person Walton which clenched the matter. I say silly, because if he wanted to back Boswell for a large stake, he would have done much better in every way if he had put himself into the hands of some recognised commissioner; and he should have known that Walton was not a person with whom it was prudent for any professional person to have dealings. Still, if Lord Ellesmere did not object, I cannot see why the Jockey Club should punish Archer with such ruthless severity. There is an enormous difference between a trainer in Archer's peculiar position betting with Walton and a jockey doing likewise. Archer has been too truculent in his demeanour, and he seems to have cultivated to a rare pitch of perfection the art of making himself obnoxious. Of course, moreover, there has been a good deal of jealousy, for it is no doubt provoking to many people that, instead of being a creeping worm, content to dabble in selling plates and overnight handicaps, so young a trainer should quickly develop into a soaring butterfly, and achieve success which almost put Mr. Swindell and Colonel Forester into the shade. Again, when hungry backers came to Archer in quest of information, they found him an unfathomable abyss of reserve and mystery, which naturally produced exasperation in their sordid souls.

The *Sporting Times*, in a lengthy article on this case, and also on the jockey question, which I recommend all my readers to peruse, says "there can be no question that a certain section of the press, whether influenced by private malice we know not, has thoroughly 'gone' for Archer, and the constant harping on the one string of the in-and-out running of certain of his horses was bound, in the long run, to attract the attention of the authorities. At the same time, his dealings with Walton were shown up with merciless

Antique and Decorative French, Italian, and English Furniture, and Old Tapestries, &c.—J. J. Duveen, 181, Oxford-street.

Sanitary Inspection.—Fee, 2 Guineas. Improvement works undertaken. The Sanitary Engineering Co., 115, Victoria-st., Westminster.

severity." Mr. Corlett adds that, after all, the only horse whose running cannot be accounted for is Boswell, and in this opinion I entirely concur. The Liverpool Cup was not a clever *coup*, and it is no wonder that the bread baked from that hasty making should have a bitter flavour. There are far too many people on the turf, both high and low, who, out of spite arising from various more or less discreditable causes, are perpetually putting spokes into wheels with the turning of which they have nothing to do, and thrusting fingers into pies with the baking of which they are not concerned in any legitimate way. But the Jockey Club certainly ought not to be influenced by any such malignant or interested interference. Lord Dudley once wrote, that if any branch of the Administration were so disgracefully jobbed as the reviews, it would speedily fall a victim to the indignation of the public. In the same way there could not be anything more thoroughly despicable and discreditable than the jobbing, pimping, venal censure and praise which are liberally dispensed by a large section of the sporting press. If Archer had chosen to conciliate the "section" of hostile reporters, he could very quickly have done so. There is not an owner, trainer, or breeder of any experience who does not feel a profound contempt for the majority of sporting writers, well knowing how easy it is to secure their unstinted applause, or to obtain a convenient blindness to ugly facts. There is not a month in the season but one is reminded, when looking over the sporting news, of that ancient and appropriate saw which forbids one man to look over the gate and permits another to abduct the steed from its pasture; and the past year has been particularly fertile in such fluctuations of moral sensibility on the part of the critics, whose opinions on all such subjects whirl round like weathercocks in a whirlwind. The Stewards of the Jockey Club do not appear to be capable of moderation in their judicial proceedings. It is either a thoroughly Draconian severity or a mawkish lenity. Archer's licence will no doubt be restored to him sooner or later, and it may be hoped that for the future he will restrain the unhealthy exuberance of his speculation. He is unquestionably one of the cleverest trainers of the day, but he wants a firm master, and, so far as concerns the controlling of his stud, Lord Ellesmere is mere curds-and-whey.

Brown's case is certainly very hard, for he has managed to get into trouble without having at the same time made money. Since the death of Mr. Graham, he has frequently been unfortunate in his employers; and the equivocal running of Primrose II. in the spring was not calculated to allay the suspicions which arose out of the Radmall scandal, although in both instances the trainer was no doubt far more of a victim than a gainer, as usually happens under such circumstances. I hope the Stewards will quickly see their way to coming to a favourable decision in his case.

The vigorous crusade which the authorities threaten against jockeys owning horses and betting has not been commenced too soon; but the Stewards do not go to the heart of the mischief. They ought to intimate their intention of warning-off any one who executes a commission for a jockey —except only the owner of the horse which he is riding in the race. To bet on behalf of a jockey ought *ipso facto* to cause a man to be despatched to join Radmall. The *Sporting Times* states that the Club are only waiting for the opportunity to warn off one of the very foremost jockeys of the day. I can confirm this, and the individual in question had a very narrow escape not long ago. There was evidence to justify the gravest suspicions, but there was wanting one link to complete the chain necessary for penal purposes. A "present" given to a jockey by an outsider is simply bread cast upon the waters, which is to be quickly found in the shape of "information" which nothing but a gross breach of faith can afford. Mr. Alexander has done well to agitate in this matter, for it undoubtedly is by far the gravest of the numerous "burning questions" of the day; but nothing but a truly infantile ingenuousness can expect that there will be a radical and a permanent improvement until the "professional backer" element is extinguished so far as concerns those perfectly well-known persons who are intimately mixed up with many "fashionable" jockeys. Nobody has ever heard of a jockey going himself into the ring and backing a horse for "hundreds" or "monkeys." The pest can be scotched easily if the authorities are in earnest.

The approaching sale of Lord Falmouth's stud has brought down a hailstorm of incoherent eulogies on his head, and we read of his admirable system, and his wonderful success, and a deal more inflated twaddle. It would be more in accordance with facts if people were to envy Lord Falmouth's wonderful luck; for he has won an enormous number of valuable stakes without ever having owned a really first-class horse, with the possible exception of Wheel of Fortune. Silvio was confessedly a stone behind Chamant, and when Pilgrimage was well she could any day have given 7 lb. to Jannette. Queen's Messenger was quite 5 lb. behind Cremorne; and Galliard, Atlantic, and Charibert were certainly not first-class horses. As to Lord Falmouth's personal character and turf policy, it would be impossible to say too much in praise of both.

The idea of converting Chester into a gate-money meeting seems to have deprived many sporting writers of their wits. I should have thought that such obsolete jargon as "free sport of free people" would by this time have been relegated to the world of discarded superstitions. The less the "people" concern themselves with this particular "sport," the better for those connected with them. No one who is not blinded by prejudice can deny the immense superiority of gate-money meetings in every respect. What is objectionable in such speculations is the common practice of devoting the whole of the profits to the owners, instead of dividing them (after paying a dividend of say 6 per cent., which ought, in these days, to satisfy the most rapacious) to increase the value of the stakes. Newmarket is now a *de facto* gate-money meeting, and although the revenues are enormous, the programmes continue to be indecently meagre. Chester has sunk so low that any change short of utter extinction must be an improvement, and I should think that the sooner "a gate" is established the better; but nothing will ever make this circus-like course popular with owners.

The Belgrave Laundry, 194 & 196, Ebury-street, Belgravia, A laundry for high-class families.

Minton's China.—Thomas Goode & Co., Artists and Designers in Porcelain, South Audley-street, Grosvenor-square.

MAMMON.

RAILROAD SHAREHOLDERS.

THESE interesting victims met last Thursday, under the presidency of Lord Brabourne, Sir Edward Watkin's Lord-of-all-work. Their grievance was that the State dares to interfere with the management of its means of communication. The Chairman opined that Mr. Childers had pretended that interference was necessary in order to benefit working-men. The idea of any Liberal Minister really seeking to benefit a working-man, except in order to get his vote, was, however, repugnant to common sense. Some shareholders might suppose that railroads were made for their Directors; others might be under the illusion that they were made for the public. All this was nonsense; they were made for shareholders, and their interests ought to be paramount. The next speaker was Sir Edmund Beckett, Q.C., who denied that railroads were monopolies, and urged the Shareholders' Association to direct their efforts to the abolition of the Railroad Commission. Then Lord Wemyss arose. He had come all the way from Scotland to attend the meeting. At this announcement there was great excitement. What had led his lordship to undertake this lengthy journey? He explained. He was a disinterested shareholder and a disinterested traveller. There ought to be a federation of associations to protect all property. Let all property-holders act energetically, and they would be saved from the nefarious attacks of Caucuses and Cabinets. Few clearly understood this gospel of property, or what it had to do with the object of the meeting, but as its apostle was a Peer, and had come from afar to preach it, all shouted "Hear, hear." Then, after a little trash from minor lights, the meeting dissolved.

If it pleases the shareholders under the auspices of Sir Edward Watkin to subscribe money in order to create an Association to protect themselves against the public, it harms no one else. The public have their Association. It is called the House of Commons, and we may fairly estimate that it will be able to hold its own against the opposition Association. It is only by legislation that Railroad Companies have been kept within any bounds. As it is, they violate the law whenever they please. The idea that the communications between town and town are to be a private matter, over which the community has no control, is not worthy of serious refutation. The complaint is that Railway Companies are not under sufficient control. They ought to be obliged to run sufficient trains for every locality through which they pass. Their fares should be, in most instances, reduced; in many cases the speed of the trains should be augmented; a great many of the carriages of the Southern and Western lines should be condemned as unfit for human beings; and in no case should existing railroads be allowed to oppose the making of any new railroad, on the ground that they possess the monopoly of any district. What a railroad can be under proper and intelligent management is proved by the Midland; what a railroad is under improper and un-intelligent management is proved by the South-Eastern.

Options.—Explanatory Pamphlet on Stock Exchange Options, post-free. John Abbott & Co., Stock and Share Brokers, 21 and 22, Palmerston Buildings, London, E.C.

LANCASHIRE WAGES.

The following letter is from a large employer of labour in Manchester. I am curious, however, to know whether the Lancashire manufacturers are making money. I am told that they are not, and if this be the case, it will soon not be a question of low wages, but of no employment.

Sir,—When an influential newspaper comments upon social questions of importance, it should exercise the greatest care as to the accuracy of its statements. A few weeks ago one of the leading newspapers of the metropolis published an editorial article upon the approaching strike of the Lancashire weavers. Most of the remarks were fair enough, but the article was interspersed with sentences which were not only entirely untrue, but were calculated to produce the most incorrect impressions as to the condition of the working-classes in Lancashire. Not content with doing this injustice, the editor refused to correct his mis-statements, although the most authentic figures were placed before him, proving not only that he was in the wrong, but that the very opposite to his assertions were the true state of the case.

The paragraphs ran as follows:—"The position of the men (*i.e.* the Lancashire operatives) is that wages are already at the lowest depth compatible with subsistence. That is hardly denied." "Everybody who hears of the wages at which they are labouring confesses the amount to be inadequate." "They, *i.e.* the workpeople, say virtually they will not toil for starvation wages." "By general consent the cotton trade is acknowledged to be in a state which yields the narrowest profits to masters and the scantiest wages to men."

Any one not connected with the cotton trade would conclude from these statements that the Lancashire cotton weavers are on the verge of starvation and are reduced to the lowest stage of existence. The weavers of Lancashire can earn from 15s. to 30s. a week, and largely consist of young women from 17 years of age and upwards. An industrious young woman weaving the simplest work can earn 20s. a week. What large industry is there in which female workers are better paid? Nothing can prove how well these Lancashire weavers are paid more clearly than the fact that domestic servants have for some years been exceedingly scarce in all parts of the county, although their wages have doubled themselves in the last twenty years; and I fearlessly assert that if female labour prefers the calico loom to domestic service at £16 to £20 a year and all but clothes provided for them, there can be none of the starvation wages described by this most injudicious editor. A newspaper which assumes to itself a first rank amongst newspapers, and has not the courage to repair injustice and correct error, to which all are liable, is, in my opinion, fit for little else than fire-lighting.—I am, yours respectfully,

A Lancashire Manufacturer.

THE GREAT GOD GUZZLE.

IT is told of the inhabitants of ancient Babylon that while Cyrus, the Persian, was dividing and diverting their fertilizing river and marching down its dry bed to sack their city, they were engaged in eating and drinking out of vessels of gold and vessels of silver. Even the mysterious handwriting on the wall did not arouse them to a sense of their danger, and the enemy spoiled them before they knew he was there. The inhabitants of our modern Babylon seem destined to imitate this example. Deceived, possibly, by the fact that Lord Derby is playing the part of Cyrus, they go on with their Company dinners while the Commission is steadily at work devising the means by which the flow of members and money is to be stopped. The great Belshazzar himself, Mr. W. H. Fowler, reads the writing on the wall, written by the friendly finger of the *Standard*, and, modelling himself on a greater exemplar, denies that it is authentic. Blinded with wine, and gorged with conger-eel, the Mercers and the Skinners and so forth seem inclined to submit to be amerced and skinned by the Commission without a struggle, relying on the thickness of their walls of Toryism and the depth of the river of ignorance.

But the ignorance is being dissipated. The details of the Babylonian budget are revealed to the curious gaze of the outside barbarians. It appears that Belshazzar Fowler

and Daniel Selborne the Mercer, and the rest of the Babylonian magnates, have a yearly income of no less than three-quarters of a million to dispose of. The hungry horde of barbarians will, perhaps, be surprised to hear that in the worship of their chief god, Bel or Beli, the Babylonians only fritter away one-tenth of this amount. Such is the abstemiousness of the diners, that they spend but £75,000 a year on "entertainments." A mere royalty of ten per cent., dedicated to Bacchus and Ceres, is, it must be confessed, nothing to such an income. But £200,000 of this income is trust property, which the Charity Commissioners will not allow to be wasted in riotous living. The percentage, therefore, of dinners to income is something over thirteen. But the real amount spent on entertainments is very much higher. The halls of the Companies exist only for the entertainment of the members, and they are valued at £75,000. A further sum of £70,000 is put down for "Improvements on English and Irish estates and decoration of halls." To apportion exactly the amount spent on the halls is impossible. It would be a moderate estimate to place it at £20,000. Then comes an item of £40,000 for "court and committee attendance fees and dinners." This too, is a judiciously-muddled item; the fees and the feeds being reckoned as one. We must, however, distinguish them. Let us put the dinners at £15,000—a low estimate. We then arrive at the truly grand total—probably much below the mark—of £185,000 devoted to the service of the Great God Guzzle. This is rather more than 33½ per cent. of the total corporate income. In other words, these great and good Companies, headed by the Mercers' Company, of which our great and good Chancellor was once the head, spend no less than a third of their income on the great and good purpose of guzzling and swilling. Guzzling Jack and Gorging Jimmy in the old song must surely have been free of a City Company, if not Past Masters. Who can wonder at the size to which Gog and Magog attained on a diet which must have been even more generous before public opinion insisted on some of the funds of the guilds being applied to charitable uses?

But the part actually so applied is miserably out of proportion to the part which is wasted. Mere management or mismanagement, including the committee dinners and fees, costs £100,000 a year—a preposterous sum. Another £105,000 is got rid of in pauperising the "poor" or "decayed" freemen under the name of "relief." How much more is spent in giving free education to the children of liverymen and their dependants and friends does not appear, but it is considerable. Say that it is only a tenth part of what is spent by the Companies altogether on education, and it comes to £10,500 a year. That is to say, including the guzzle-fund of £185,000 a year, no less than £325,000 a year is spent on the members and their friends in wilful, woeful waste. Yet these associations of licensed victuallers, these "chartered libertines," backed by that eminent hymnologist, lawyer citizen, and Mercer, the Lord Chancellor, tell us that they spend their money as beneficially as any one else could, and they actually stand astonished at their own moderation in not exercising their "legal right" to take their property and divide it amongst themselves. There is a calmness of assurance about this statement of their case which is truly seraphic. Of £550,000 of income which they can dispose of at pleasure, they spend a paltry £110,000 in education and "miscellaneous charitable objects." Very miscellaneous the charitable objects are. There are hundreds of thousands of Londoners ill-fed, ill-housed, starving mentally, morally, and physically at their doors; but to find fit objects for their money, they have to compass sea and land. They fritter away their money on lectureships in Bristol and Stroud, on grants to Royal Colleges of Music, grants to schools at Cromer and at Keighley, grants to Fisheries Exhibitions, and the rest of it. Of real solid work they do little or none, and what little they do has been begun quite recently, and under terror of the day of reckoning, which is now close before them. But even if they can give the best account of this one talent, where are the other four?

As to the assertion that the money of the Companies is their own private property, it is simply audacious. Whether the law would really enable the present members to plunder the bodies to which they belong, it is quite certain that Parliament would not and will not, as they themselves well know. None know better than themselves that their very existence is due to the fact that they are public bodies. If they had remained private societies they would have died long ago, when they ceased to be useful for the purposes for which they were formed. These chartered anachronisms still drag on a bloated and vicious existence, simply because in an evil day they were incorporated and turned into public bodies, endowed with public privileges, and with public duties to perform. They have ceased to perform the duties: let them cease to enjoy the privileges. They used to oversee and benefit the trades whose banner they bore. They used to be a *magna pars*, if not the *alter ego*, of the Corporation. They admit they have no connection, and they assert that they cannot be brought into any useful connection, with the trades. They deny that they are part of, or have any connection with, the Corporation of the City, in which they have their local habitation. Very well. Let them give up their names and their halls, their rights of election, their civic franchises, and the plate, the lands, the houses, the money which were given them as public bodies. They cannot, consistently, be at once public and private, part and no part of the City constitution. By their own showing, they have ceased to be of any use. They stand convicted of abuse. They have been weighed in the balance and found wanting. It is quite time that their kingdom was taken from them.

QUEER STORIES.

AN EPISCOPAL FIX.

A CERTAIN worthy Prelate, who was the Bishop of X., and gloried in the familiar patronymic of Smith, came up to London during Christmas week to meet his wife and daughter, who had been staying in the south of France. It was an act of devotion on his part, for he very rarely visited the Metropolis, and had not quitted his diocese for years. He was a quiet, mild, inoffensive old gentleman, of studious habits and retiring

disposition. The only fault which his enemies could find in him was a decided tendency to penuriousness, and this was probably the reason why, having to spend a night in town, he elected to seek a bed at the house of a clerical friend, instead of locating himself comfortably in the palatial hotel annexed to the railway terminus at which he alighted.

He had only discovered at the last moment that he must reach London the day before his wife's arrival in order to be in time to meet her the next morning, and, consequently, he had omitted to bespeak his friend's hospitality. He therefore took the precaution to leave his portmanteau at the cloak-room of the station, in case his unexpected visit might prove inopportune. He started off on foot, intending to avail himself of an economical 'bus, and as he walked along he passed the portals of a modest Turkish-bath establishment. Now a Turkish bath was a luxury which the Bishop occasionally permitted himself, and feeling grimy and fatigued after his journey, it occurred to him that he might do worse than invigorate himself in this fashion. He hesitated a moment as he glanced at the unpretentious exterior of the building, but it looked clean, and the price, as conspicuously exhibited, commended itself to his frugal mind. He reflected that his episcopal garb, being almost entirely concealed by a long great coat, would probably escape observation; besides which, he was hardly likely to meet any acquaintance in such an out-of-the-way locality. He therefore yielded to his inclination, and was shortly afterwards disporting himself with serene enjoyment in an atmosphere suggestive of an overheated oven.

When the Bishop returned to the outer room to resume his habiliments, he found that the individual who had occupied the opposite couch had disappeared, leaving him in sole possession of the small compartment. It may be explained that the apartment was partitioned off into half-a-dozen open recesses like miniature horse-boxes, with accommodation for two persons in each. There were three of these compartments on either side of the room, with a passage running down the centre. The Bishop was rather relieved to find that his companion had left him to himself, because he could enjoy without constraint a quiet siesta and a leisurely toilet. Attired in a light but eccentric costume of bathing towels, the Bishop reposed for half an hour or so on a couch with half-closed eyes, in a benign frame of mind, and then, with a great effort, he bestirred himself to dress.

When he came to look for his clothes, however, he discovered that the garments which lay huddled in a heap close to his hand did not belong to him. In his dreamy state the revelation dawned upon him imperceptibly, and only caused him mild vexation. He concluded he had come into the wrong compartment and had been reposing on the couch of some other bather. With some trepidation he issued forth into the passage, peering into the adjoining boxes, but without result. The upshot was that he was suddenly seized with a fearful misgiving, and peremptorily summoned the attendant.

"Some one has taken my clothes," he exclaimed, with mingled horror and indignation.

"Ain't these yours, sir?" said the lad, pointing to the heap beside which the Bishop had been reclining.

"No, sir; certainly not," returned the Bishop, sharply, eyeing with scorn a loud-checked trouser leg which dangled fantastically over the back of a chair.

"I seed you lyin' down by 'em this 'arf hour and more," said the lad, probably resenting the prelate's tone.

"I suppose I made a mistake. Where are my things? Send for the proprietor instantly!" exclaimed the Bishop, in a terrible fluster.

The lad retired with a grin, and the Bishop feverishly adjusted his turban and the towels which enveloped him, with a wild attempt at looking dignified. The proprietor, a rough-looking personage, bustled up presently, with an air of injured innocence.

"What's up, sir?" he inquired shortly.

"It is perfectly scandalous. My clothes have disappeared," cried the Bishop. "No," he added emphatically, as the proprietor indicated the heap before referred to. "Those are not mine. Certainly not. I am a—a clergyman."

"I noticed a clergyman pass out, Sir, when you were in the bath," interposed a bystander.

"Then my things have been stolen!" exclaimed the Bishop, as the truth flashed across him. "Some rascal has stolen them!"

"There ain't no thieves in my establishment," said the proprietor, looking perturbed, nevertheless.

"What am I to do?" cried the Bishop, his anger giving way to agonising perplexity. "I can't wear those things.

"Why not? A fair exchange is no robbery," said the proprietor, who apparently had some suspicion on his mind as to the *bona fides* of the Bishop's complaint.

"I am not accustomed to be addressed in that tone, Sir. I am the Bishop of X.," exclaimed the prelate, with all the dignity he could muster.

But, almost before the words were out of his mouth, he wished he had not spoken them. They not only failed to produce a desirable effect, but elicited grins of incredulity from the bystanders. The fact is, that a Bishop in a Turkish bath may easily be mistaken for a meaner mortal. His lordship's personal appearance was neither imposing nor aristocratic, and, divested of his shovel hat and apron, he looked exceedingly commonplace. He instinctively felt that it would be useless to stand upon his dignity, and regretted that he had revealed his identity to an unsympathetic audience. He became painfully conscious of the absurdity of the situation, and turned crimson with humiliation and confusion.

"I don't think that will quite do, Sir," said the proprietor, noticing these signs. "You had better look at them clothes again, and I fancy you'll find they are yours after all."

With this ironical speech the proprietor turned on his heel and walked off, glancing significantly at the bystanders, as much as to say that he had discomfited an unscrupulous impostor. The Bishop had not the heart to continue the discussion, but retired to his compartment, and sat down sadly on the couch, to reflect what he had better do. The obvious course appeared to be to send for the police and to despatch a message to his friend to come and identify him. But this involved creating a disturbance and exposing himself, for a time at all events, to further indignity. Besides, he did not relish the idea of being discovered by

his friend in a state of déshabille in a cheap Turkish bath under such ludicrous circumstances. On the whole, he preferred to adopt the alternative of dressing himself in the thief's clothes, and driving to his friend's house in a cab. His attire would, no doubt, excite surprise, but he would be spared the humiliation of remaining an object of ridicule and suspicion.

Nevertheless, the Bishop shuddered when he looked at the garments in which he proposed to array himself. They consisted of a suit of clothes of a loud pattern, very much the worse for wear, a round hat—familiarly known as a "billycock"—and a massive ulster great coat, of a strangely dissipated and rakish appearance. After an inward struggle, the Bishop swallowed his pride and his dignity at a gulp, and hastily proceeded to clothe himself with such articles as were absolutely necessary. Unfortunately, he could not dispense with the billycock hat, which was many sizes too small, and sat lightly on the crown of his head in a very ridiculous fashion. In like manner the stranger's boots cost him a bitter pang, for they were in an advanced state of decomposition, and looked really disreputable. But he could not help himself, and, though a glance at the mirror confirmed his worst apprehension with regard to his aspect, he set his teeth firmly, and resolved not to be daunted.

There was an audible titter as he passed along the passage towards the entrance, and the proprietor, who received him at the door, treated him with very scant civility. This was galling enough, but when he got outside into the street he was instantly pounced upon by an individual who patted him playfully on the shoulder and thrust an ominous-looking document into his hand.

"What is this?" inquired the Bishop, stiffly.

"You've only got to read it, and you'll find out all about it. Here's the original, if you want to see it," replied the man.

"But this—this is addressed to John Richards. You have evidently made a mistake," said the Bishop, glancing at the paper.

"Oh! no, I haven't—not this time. I watched you go in, matey. Considering I've been waiting here for you over three hours, you might stand a pint just to show you bear no malice," said the man, facetiously.

The Bishop hastily put the paper in his pocket and walked on, swelling with indignation, but prudently smothering his wrath. It was clear he was honestly mistaken for the owner of the clothes he was wearing, and it would be useless to argue the point.

Before he had proceeded many steps he came upon a cheap hatter's shop, the sight of which sent a ray of hope through his breast. He would buy a hat and likewise a presentable pair of boots, and, in short, purchase a fresh outfit, so as to arrive at his friend's house looking at least respectable. He accordingly walked into the shop and selected a sober, broad-brimmed hat that fitted him. There was nothing episcopal about it, but it was a great improvement on the obnoxious "billycock," which he freely bestowed on the shopman. But when he put his hand in his pocket to pay for his purchase, he realised, for the first time, the worst part of the mishap that had befallen him. His watch, and jewellery, and money had been carried off with his clothes by the thief, whose cast-off garments did not contain so much as a single penny piece.

"I am exceedingly sorry," said the Bishop, breaking into a profuse perspiration; "but I have no money. I have been robbed."

"Oh! indeed, sir," said the shopman, looking him up and down, unpleasantly.

"Yes; but I hope you will trust me with this hat. I pledge my honour you shall be paid," said the Bishop, earnestly.

"We don't take no pledges of that sort at this establishment," returned the man.

"When I tell you I am the Bishop of X——,"

"A bishop, eh?" interrupted the man, whisking the hat off the head of his would-be customer with remarkable celerity, and restoring it to its place in the window, "I know your sort. You look like a bishop, don't yer? You'd better take yourself off, young feller, or I shall have to send for the police."

For a moment the good Bishop became apoplectic, but he mastered his indignation. It was not surprising, considering his appearance, that the man should mistrust him, and his lordship therefore took up his discarded headgear and stepped silently into the street.

It was obvious that he must present himself at his friend's house as he was. He hesitated a moment whether to return to the station, and claim the portmanteau he had left there. But it contained nothing that would materially improve his outward attire, as he had only come to town for one night; and, besides, having learnt wisdom from bitter experience, he doubted whether it would be given up to him. The ticket was in the pocket of his clothes, and possibly by this time the thief had made use of it. He therefore hailed a cab, and directed the man to take him to his friend's address.

He naturally felt very awkward and embarrassed when he reached his destination. He was a sensitive old gentleman, and knowing but too well that he cut an extremely ridiculous figure, he dreaded the ordeal of facing his friend. At the same time, it was a relief to him that he had arrived at the end of his perplexities, for he would be able to borrow from his friend's wardrobe, and procure a fresh outfit befitting his rank before meeting his wife. He was obliged to tell the cabman to wait, as he had to borrow the money to pay him, and as he stood on the doorstep of his friend's house he was painfully conscious that the driver had misgivings about receiving his fare.

To his great disappointment, the neat maid-servant, who came to the door in answer to his knock, stated that her master was away from home.

"Will he be back soon?" inquired the Bishop, eagerly, with his heart in his mouth.

"Not for a day or two," returned the girl, eyeing the visitor with a puzzled glance.

"Dear, dear, me!" exclaimed the Bishop in consternation. "That is extremely unlucky. Is your mistress at home?" he added.

"Well, yes, she is. What name shall I say?" inquired the girl, showing no inclination to open the door very wide.

Vanity Fair ays:—"Mr. Benjamin is still the PRINCE OF ULSTER AND STALKING-COAT MAKERS." Ulster House, Conduit-street, W.

"Will you give my compliments to your mistress, and say the Bishop of X. would be glad to speak with her?" said his lordship, benignly.

"The—the Bishop of X.!" repeated the girl, open-mouthed.

"Yes, my good girl; yes," said the Bishop, blushing crimson at her unaffected astonishment.

He made a movement to enter the hall as he spoke, but before he could do so the door was slammed in his face. The Bishop raised his hand to the knocker with a furious gesture, but restrained himself by an effort. It was not the first time his appearance had caused mistrust, and, humiliating as the experience was, he reflected that the girl had only done her duty to her employers by making him wait on the doorstep instead of permitting him to enter the house. His patience was speedily rewarded, for a few moments later the door was again opened, and the servant reappeared, followed by a lady who was evidently his friend's wife. The Bishop made a polite bow, and took off his billycock hat.

"Mrs. ——, I presume," he said, mentioning her name.

"Yes. What is it, my man?" returned the lady, in a brisk, patronising tone.

"I haven't the pleasure of knowing you——," began the Bishop.

"No, you haven't," interrupted his friend's wife, with decision.

"But I know your husband. I am the Bishop of X.," said he, reddening slightly. "May I come in and speak to you?" he added, humbly.

"No. Certainly not! The Bishop of X., indeed!" scoffed his friend's wife.

"Of course, if you don't believe me——," interposed the Bishop, for the first time losing his temper.

"Come! No impertinence, my man," said the lady, catching him up sharply. "Shut the door, Maria; he is going to use bad language."

The unfortunate Bishop wiped the perspiration from his brow with the cuff of his coat, and gasped for breath. Things were gradually looking blacker than ever, for, as his friend was away, he did not know who else to apply to. To make matters worse, he was already in debt to the cabman, and had no means of paying him. The poor Bishop was seized with a kind of frenzied nervousness, which did not improve his reasoning powers. In fact, his agitation was so great that he could not, at the moment, recall to mind the address of a single acquaintance in town. The truth was, he knew scarcely anybody, though, had he been calmer, he might possibly have thought of more than one source from whence relief could be obtained. The only expedient, however, which occurred to him was to drive to a celebrated club of which he had been a country member for many years, though he had hardly ever entered its doors. He thought it possible that the hall-porter might remember him.

Here again, unfortunately, he was doomed to disappointment, for the hall-porter of his acquaintance had been dead half-a-dozen years. Driven by sheer desperation to rack his brains severely, the Bishop evolved two imaginary addresses of friends, and spent another hour or two in seeking them. Meanwhile, the cabman was getting surly and suspicious, and on being finally ordered to drive towards the City, he growled through the trap in the roof his fervent desire to see the colour of his fare's money. The Bishop took no notice of this impertinence, or affected not to do so. As a fact, he was fairly at his wits' end, and had only bidden the man to drive him eastward because he did not know what else to do. Absurd and ridiculous as the situation may appear, it was serious enough in all conscience. For a respectable, steady-going prelate to find himself drifting aimlessly about the metropolis in a cab which he could not discharge, friendless, hungry, overcome with fatigue and agitation, and attired in a cheap tailor's suit belonging to somebody else, which made him look like a provincial comedian down in his luck, was an ordeal of the most trying nature.

While the Bishop was being driven down Regent-street, revolving in his mind a scheme for obtaining a night's lodging by voluntarily handing himself over to the police to do what they liked with him, his attention was attracted by a familiar face and figure sauntering along in the full glare of a brilliantly-lighted shop window. The Bishop could scarcely believe his eyes, for there was a rector from his own diocese, minus his white tie, and with no sign of the clergyman about him, strolling up the street, swinging a cane, and staring in a decidedly unclerical manner at every young woman he met. The Bishop had from time to time received several hints that the conduct of this divine was not always as exemplary as it should be, and it now seemed to him that there was some ground for the accusation. The Bishop's cab happened to come to a standstill just by the kerb, in consequence of a block in the traffic, and simultaneously the volatile clergyman bestowed a most unmistakable wink on a passing servant girl. This was more than the Bishop could stand. His righteous indignation completely obliterated all self-consciousness, and on the spur of the moment he leapt from the cab and confronted the unconscious offender.

"Mr. Bands! what is the meaning of this?" he exclaimed, in his most portentous voice.

"Bless my soul! Is that you, my lord?" ejaculated Mr. Bands, falling back a step or two, and staring in amazement.

"I observe you have abandoned your clerical costume, Mr. Bands," said the Bishop, with cutting sarcasm.

"So has your lordship," said Mr. Bands, perfectly unabashed.

"Good—good gracious! I—I forgot," exclaimed the Bishop, suddenly growing confused, and glancing down at himself with dismay. "I—I see you are astonished, Mr. Bands."

"Well, my lord, I should be if I were not aware how misleading appearances often are," said Mr. Bands sententiously.

"I—I assure you, Mr. Bands, that this dress is—is purely accidental," said the Bishop eagerly; and he hurriedly related the misadventure that had befallen him.

"That is precisely my own case, my lord," responded Mr. Bands unblushingly.

The Bishop started, and looked very hard at Mr. Bands, but the latter bore the scrutiny without flinching. Perhaps the sudden recollection that Mr. Bands might prove the

friend in need rendered his lordship extra charitable. At all events, he merely observed :—

"It is excessively awkward. I have not a farthing of money; I can find none of my friends, and have no means of getting any other clothes than these I stand up in."

"You had better come with me, my lord," said Mr. Bands, cheerily. "My tailor lives close at hand, and on a word from me he will be only too glad to let you have everything you require."

"Let us go by all means," added the Bishop, with heartfelt thankfulness.

"I think, my lord," remarked Mr. Bands, meaningly, when they were seated side by side in the cab, "that as appearances are rather against both of us, we had better agree to say nothing about this meeting."

"Perhaps so," said the Bishop.

GIRLS' GOSSIP.

DEAREST AMY,—We have just come in after a round of calls which we have postponed from day to day, hoping for some intermission of the "liquid weather." That, however, has never come, and we Londoners have been unaware of the existence of a sun for a whole fortnight. We grope along through our gloomy days, only half alive, and that half living through hope of better things. Every one we met to-day was in low spirits. No voices rose above a dispirited murmur, and even Mrs. Campaigner's martial tones sounded like a drum with a hole in the parchment. Nearly every one had a cold or cough, or was just emerging from a state of stiff neck or sore throat or swollen face. Our meteorological condition is really—so far as appearances go—like that circle of Dante's "Inferno" in which a thick cloud sheds a ceaseless cold and heavy rain through the dark air.

Making calls under present circumstances is far from an enlivening pursuit. In the first place it needs an immense effort to dress carefully, one's energies being in such a stagnant condition that it is almost a matter of indifference even as to whether one looks nice or not. Then the rooms are so hot, with lamps early lighted and a succession of callers, that one gets almost stifled. Add to this, the absurd habit in which many people indulge of wearing their furs in their friends' drawing-rooms. The odours of hot sealskin are far from pleasant, while that of skunk (so fashionable a fur just now) is reminiscent of the Zoological Gardens. Why cannot people leave their furs in their carriages or in the charge of the servants?

We saw one or two pretty costumes, which I must describe for you, as I have not told you much about dress of late. One was of gendarme blue vigogne and velvet to match. The petticoat was of the latter material, and was made perfectly plain, with the exception of a very fluffy little frill of the velvet itself at the edge. This skirt was so beautifully cut that it made a rather dowdyish girl look quite stylish. The bodice and tunic, the latter short and much bunched, were made of vigogne, trimmed with brown marabout. A small shoulder-cape, edged with the marabout, was lined with quilted red satin. A gendarme blue felt bonnet exactly matched the dress in tint, and was trimmed with a red wing and a drapery of checked red and blue ribbon. Tan-coloured French kid gloves were worn with this quiet and pretty dress.

A foreign lady who was calling on the Blanks while we were there wore a dark red dress with a kid bodice. She entered the room without a shoulder-covering of any kind, having left her furs in her brougham. She looked quite distinguished among a crowd of people with their heavy mantles half on and half off them. Her dress fitted her most exquisitely. The kid bodice was embroidered down the front and back with brown, blue, and cerise silks after the Indian style. You remember that kid was in favour here about two years ago, but was found to be too trying for any but the very best figures.

We left at the same moment as Madame Une-Telle, and saw her servant fetch her cloak from the brougham, run with it up the steps, and place it carefully round her shoulders before she left the hall. It was of plain brown velvet, lined throughout with ermine. As all her appointments were in such good style, we fancy that ermine may be coming in again—for cloak-lining at least—after having been out of fashion for so long. Fancy the rare and royal ermine being superseded by the nimble and numerous squirrel. Truly, as Mr. V—— once said, "The vissitudes (economising a syllable) of life is awful." They is! They is!

My dear Amy, *do* you encourage chairbacks in your house? Perhaps you, in rural innocence, may be unaware that "chairback" is modern for antimacassar. I have suffered to-day at the hands of two of my hostesses who strew their rooms with these uncomfortable products of over-civilisation. On the summit of a *causeuse* on which I seated myself in one house was a small square starched thing, wrought in crewels and with a flaunty little bow sewn on with great irrelevance at each corner. Time after time did that wretched chairback insert itself between me and the back of the *causeuse*. Again and again did I smooth its wrinkles out and replace it with mathematical exactness on the top. More than once I observed my hostess's eye furtively glance at it with a gleam of compassion in the look. Perhaps she had worked it herself. Her sympathies, at least, were with it, not with me.

At another house there was a blue plush one, embroidered in chain-stitch, with rough gold thread that caught in everything. When I took a cup of tea, it—the chairback, not the tea—clutched my sleeve. When I laid the cup on a table, it fiendishly inserted itself under my arm, the prominent bumps of gold thread slyly scratching me through my sleeve. When I was bidding my adieux, some one said, "Allow me," and I found that it had stuck to my dress, and was accompanying me in my tour of the room.

If you want your home to be a happy one—the abode of love and peace and life-long friendships—banish chairbacks, or else, dear Amy, *tie them on*. I think it is Mr. Ashby Sterry who has written a delightful essay on the Innate Malevolence of Inanimate Objects. I commend to the gentleman's notice the study of chairbacks, so long known to a suffering world under the inexplicable title of antimacassars.

We overheard a conversation in the train the other day about the Bill that is to be introduced into Parliament next session to prevent grocers from selling spirits retail. Great indignation was expressed by one speaker, who remarked: "I suppose the next thing will be to prevent one's being able to get a glass of cherry brandy at the pastrycook's." The second "lady" remarked, in that wild shout in which conversation on the Metropolitan Railway has to be conducted: "My husband being a Blue Ribbonite, my only chance of having a little spirits in the house, in case of illness, is to get it from my grocer. He puts it down in the book as 'candles' or 'soap.' I don't know what I shall do if this ridiculous Bill should become law." "It never will, my dear," screamed the other. "There will be a revolution among the women of England first."

What a holy cause for the women of England to rise in! To guard and defend the supports of what is euphoniously called "female intemperance."

Do you not very much dislike the word "female"? A man is never called a "male." People would ask "a male what?" Yet the corresponding word is considered good enough for us. If the people who habitually use it were acquainted with Continental languages they would better understand how contrary to good taste it is to use the word. If I might be allowed to suggest a correction in the language of the Lords' report, I would propose that

Old Lace.—The finest collection in London at A. Blackborne & Co.'s, 35, South Audley-street, Grosvenor-square.

Libertys' Art Fabrics.—For Ladies' Winter Costumes and Toilets. Patterns post-free. East India House, Regent-street, W.

the words "female intemperance," a phrase that gives sex to a quality, and is therefore absurd, should be altered to "intemperance among women."

Some of the phrases in common use are very funny. Fancy a "mourning warehouse," a "mad house," a "female pill." To those who realise that an adjective qualifies the noun, the ideas suggested are very laughable.

Did you see that at a recent fancy ball the ladies all had the name of their characters written on their fans? How delightfully sensible! I have often wished that the people at costume balls could be labelled.

We saw some lovely gowns at Miss Kate Reily's the other day. In some of the dinner dresses the new rich and handsome brocades played a prominent part. One of these showed life-size tulips in natural colours, strewn on a ground of softest pearl-grey satin. This formed the bodice, train, and a wide panel on either side of the front; the petticoat consisted of pale blue satin, trimmed with a pretty little shell-like flounce at the edge, and a small quantity of lace. The union of the sky-blue with the pearl-tinted brocade and the vivid hues of the tulips made quite a dream of colour. This graceful dress was unmarred by the flippancy of frills and flutings, and was as simple as it was rich in appearance.

Another that presented the same characteristics was of blue brocade in a soft and tender shade, scattered over with dahlias of a golden brown. The low bodice and skirt were absolutely plain, but faultless in cut. The necessary relief, for throwing the tints of the brocade up, was supplied by a straight and narrow front breadth of white figured lace, frilled on over white silk, with small tassels of pearl hanging from it at intervals. The bodice was fitted into the neck with similar pearled lace, and the elbow sleeves consisted of the same. On a tall woman, dignified in movement and restrained in gesture, such a dress would be eminently poetic. A short, bouncing woman, one who jerks open her fan with a startling noise, rattling it instead of gently waving it; who uses every muscle in her body when she crosses the room, and shows every tooth in her head when she laughs—such a one would spoil it. Simplicity of attire suits not the shallow nature.

Lilla has just had a new riding-habit built by Redfern. It has the new arrangement for the pommel knee, which prevents the skirt from dragging, or catching over the pommel. There have been so many accidents in the hunting-field lately that Lilla has become a tiny bit nervous, though her favourite amusement is still following the hounds. She has become quite learned about devices in "safety stirrups," and so on; and if you are interested in such subjects, I will refer you to her.

Here are two ways of cooking truffles, so as to form an appetising dish of themselves. The first is called "Truffles à la Mauri" (the name of the little *danseuse* who has made such a hit in the new ballet at the Paris Opéra). When you have well washed and brushed your truffles, put them into a saucepan containing three glasses of good white wine and one glass of broth; add a few slices of bacon or ham, and pepper and salt. Cook them thirty or forty-five minutes, let them get quite cold in the liquid, dry them, and serve them on a napkin. The liquid in which you have cooked the truffles preserves their perfume, and will communicate it to any species of sauce you like to make. If you wish to add truffles to a dish of game or chicken, prepare them as follows:—After having cleaned them, cut them into slices, and put them in good gravy, with pepper and salt. When half cooked, add a glass of fine red wine, and thicken the sauce with a little flour. Then add the whole to the dish of game or meat.

Potage bisque is a truly delicious soup. This is the most approved way of making it. For eight people take twenty crawfish, and cook them with pepper, salt, cayenne, &c. When quite boiling remove the flesh from the tails and put it aside; pound the remainder in a mortar—heads, claws, and shells. Put this species of paste on the fire in a saucepan in which you have placed a glassful of the liquid in which the crawfish were boiled. When boiling add two pints of good broth and a little madeira; let the whole simmer for three-quarters of an hour, throw in the flesh of the tails and a piece of butter the size of a large walnut; then turn the contents with a wooden spoon till within three minutes of serving the potage bisque on the dinner-table.—Good bye, your loving cousin,

MADGE.

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DEAR VANITY,—I will begin my letter this week by singing the praises of a medicine which has the valuable property of curing what all the world is suffering from at this season more or less—namely, a cold in the head. Surely that complaint is one of the lesser evils that flesh is heir to; and I think the man who has discovered a sure remedy for this plague ought to be ranked among the benefactors of the human race. The other morning I awoke with that most uncomfortable of feelings, a general oppression, which is the certain precursor of a catarrh. At first black despair seized me; but luckily I remembered that, if taken in time, the mystic contents of a little green glass bottle might save me from the prospect of many days' discomfort to myself and others. I sped to the nearest chemist's, and found the longed-for remedy, and before night was cured. It is called GLYKALINE, a colourless, tasteless fluid, three drops of which, taken at intervals of an hour, will infallibly do away with the most obstinate of colds. All this sounds rather like an advertisement, so I beg you to understand that I have no personal or pecuniary interest in the sale of Glykaline, and only sing its praises with a wish to spread its healing properties around, and, by recommending it, confer a boon on the suffering human race.—Talon Rouge. (*Vanity Fair*, March 17, 1877.) Glykaline, prepared by LEATH & ROSS, 5, St. Paul's Churchyard, and 9, Vere-street, W. All Chemists, 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d.; by post, 1s. 3d. and 3s.

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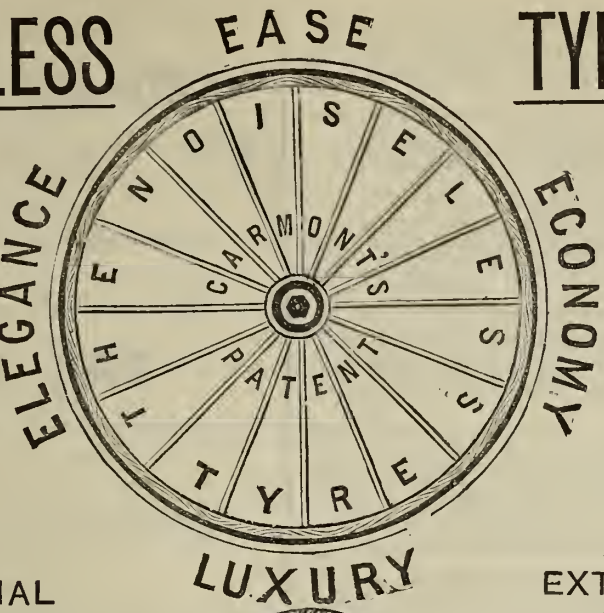

TESTIMONIAL

OFFICE OF HEALTH DEPARTMENT,
TOWN HALL, OLDHAM,
30TH MARCH, 1883.

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(Signed) J. MAULE SUTTON, M.D.
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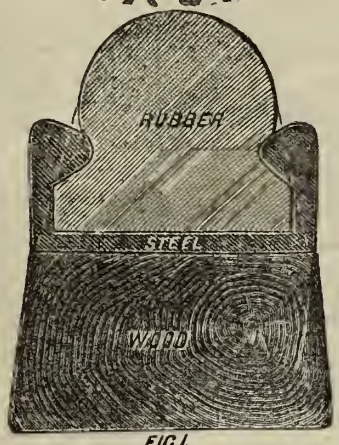

FIG. 1.

EXTRACTS.

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Your obedient servant,
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Executors, Administrators, and Trustees will find in this Company a ready and prompt medium for the realisation of Estates, and there are also many other classes of business of a kindred nature which may be undertaken by the Company. The Memorandum of Association has been framed in the most comprehensive terms to enable the Directors to deal with these as occasion offers.

The operations of this Company will be largely conducted through the agency of the best and most influential of those experts whose experience and wide range of practice will enable them to supply not only Business in the first instance, but also the judgment to deal with it afterwards.

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Persons now investing will have the advantage of participating, as from the date of allotment, in the profits derived from Contracts already made, and which the Directors believe to be very profitable.

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No contract has been entered into in connection with the formation of the Company; but, in the course of the business, the Company have of necessity already entered into many Contracts, the dates and names of the parties to which cannot for obvious reasons be set forth in the Prospectus, and all subscribers must therefore be deemed to have waived their right to the particulars mentioned in Section 38 of the Companies Act, 1867.

Prospectuses and Forms of Application for Shares may be obtained from the Bankers and Brokers, and at the Offices of the Company, No. 6, Poultry, London, E.C., where also the Articles of Association may be seen.

January, 1884.

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The Loan is secured on the Consolidated Fund of the Colony of New Zealand, which includes the revenue derived from the railways and from the sales and leases of public lands.

By the Act 40 and 41 Vic., ch. 59, the revenues of the Colony of New Zealand alone will be liable in respect of the Stock and the dividends thereon, and the Consolidated Fund of the United Kingdom and the Commissioners of her Majesty's Treasury will not be directly or indirectly liable or responsible for the payment of the Stock or of the Dividends thereon, or for any matter relating thereto.

Tenders may be for the whole or any part of the Stock, and must state what amount of money will be given for every £100 of the Stock. Tenders for other than even hundreds of Stock, or at a price including fractions of a shilling other than sixpence, will not be accepted. Tenders are to be delivered at the Chief Cashier's office, Bank of England, before 2 o'clock, on Friday, 11th January, 1884. Tenders at different prices must be on separate forms. The amount of Stock applied for must be written on the outside of the tender.

A deposit of 5 per cent. on the amount of Stock tendered for must be paid at the same office at the time of the delivery of the tender, and the deposit must not be enclosed in the tender. Where no allotment is made the deposit will be returned, and in case of partial allotment the balance of the deposit will be applied towards the first instalment.

The dates at which the further payments on account of the said Loan will be required, are as follows:

On Tuesday, the 22nd January, 1884, so much of the amount tendered and accepted as, when added to the deposit, will leave £75 (sterling) to be paid for each £100 of Stock;
On Monday, the 3rd March, 1884, £25 per cent.;
On Monday, the 7th April, 1884, £25 per cent.;
On Monday, the 5th May, 1884, £25 per cent.

The instalments may be paid in full on or after 22nd January, 1884, under discount at the rate of 3 per cent. per annum. In case of default in the payment of any instalment at its proper date, the deposit and instalments previously paid will be liable to forfeiture.

Scrip certificates to bearer, with a coupon for the half-year's interest due 1st May, 1884, will be issued in exchange for the provisional receipts.

The Stock will be inscribed in the Bank books on or after the 5th May, 1884, but scrip paid up in full, in anticipation, may be inscribed forthwith.

In the event of the receipt of tenders for a larger amount of Stock than that proposed to be issued at or above the minimum price, the tenders at the lowest price accepted will be subject to a pro rata diminution.

Applications must be upon the printed forms, which, together with a statement showing the condition and prospects of the Colony, may be obtained at the Chief Cashier's office, Bank of England; of Messrs. Mullens, Marshall, & Co., 4, Lombard-street; of Messrs. J. & A. Scrimgeour, 18, Old Broad-street; and at the office of the Agent-General of New Zealand, 7, Westminster-chambers, S.W., where also copies of the Act authorising the Loan may be seen.

4th January, 1884.

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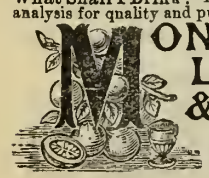

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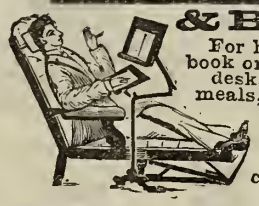

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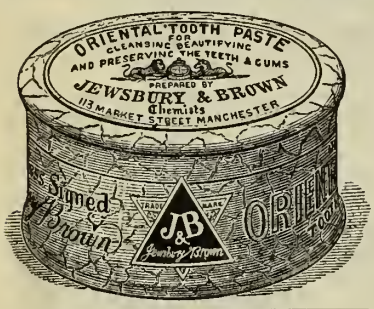

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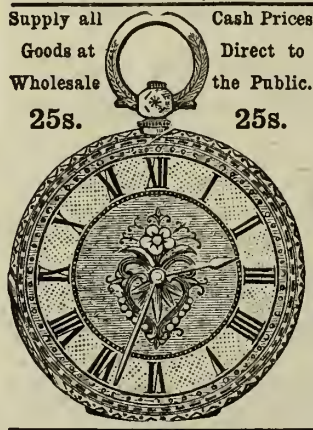

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1. The sum of £2. 2s. will be given every week for the best EPIGRAM, CONUNDRUM, LIPOGRAM, BOUTS-RIMÉS, or whatever the announced subject of the competition for the week may be.

2. The Puzzle Editor reserves the right, however, of dividing the above sum between two or more competitors, or of withholding the prize, should exceptional circumstances render such a course desirable.

3. The decision and award of the Puzzle Editor must be considered final and irrevocable, and, for obvious reasons, no appeal from his critical judgments can be entertained.

4. In every instance the Prize will be given in money, subject to no condition whatever, except the publication of the winner's real name and address in this journal.

5. Competitors will be allowed eight days for the composition and despatch of their efforts; but all such communications must, at the latest, be received at the TRUTH OFFICE by the first post on Friday morning in the week succeeding the publication of the subject for competition.

6. Not more than one Prize will be given in a Quarter to the same competitor.

7. ALL NEW CONTRIBUTORS ARE REQUIRED TO FORWARD WITH THEIR FIRST ANSWERS THEIR REAL NAMES AND ADDRESSES FOR REGISTRATION; such names and addresses will not be published except in the case of Prize-winners.

8. The *nom-de-plume* chosen by competitors should not exceed 12, and must under no circumstances consist of more than 14 letters.

9. COMPETITORS MUST ON NO ACCOUNT CHANGE THE NOMS-DE-PLUME THEY HAVE ONCE ASSUMED.

10. On the announcement of the Prize-winner's *nom-de-plume*, the successful competitor must write and make formal application for the Prize, stating the address to which the cheque must be sent. Any competitor failing to do so within three months of winning the Prize will forfeit all claim to the same.

11. No communication can be received on post-cards, by telegraph, or by hand. They must all be sent by the time named above, all post letters addressed—

PUZZLE EDITOR OF "TRUTH," CARTERET-STREET, QUEEN ANNE'S-GATE, S.W.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 254.—CHARADE IN THREE SYLLABLES.

NIAHS (James G. Shain, Esq., 47, Pembroke-place, Liverpool) £2 2 0

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 255.

The anagrams on "Christmas Comes but Once a Year" were, many of them, exceedingly neat and clever, I think; and their construction, I should imagine, must have taken their makers a considerable time. Let me say at once, however, that several of the "Specimens" inserted last week were really not anagrams at all. I find on scrutiny, that FLORIDA, for example, in what purports to be her anagram, uses an "s," "t," "h," "y," and two "e's," not in the original, and also omits two "c's" and an "a," "o," and "m," which are in it; faults which, of course, make the specimen altogether worthless. YOUNG YORAYX, also, in his first published specimen, uses an "a" too many, and an "e" too few; whilst GEE, in her second specimen, has an "u" not to be found in the original sentence, whilst out of the three "e's" in the latter she only brings in two. I need not allude to some others whose efforts failed to stand close scrutiny, but may point the moral of these remarks by reminding all would-be anagram makers that every complete anagram must contain all the letters, neither more nor less, which are to be found in the original word or words given for the purpose of the transformation. Another essential point in really good anagrams is that they should contain no word nor words identical with any in the original. It is much better, indeed if no important syllable of the latter be reproduced. Thus it is distinctly a fault in the otherwise good Anagrams sent by GOOSE, LAX SCRIPTA, &c., that the word "Christ," so appreciable a part of the word "Christmas" in the original, should appear in them. So, too, the use of the words "but," "comes," &c., in the Anagrams, detracts from their excellence. But after allowing for these failings, the competition, I repeat, was a very successful one, and has, I know, caused considerable interest. I could select many names for commendation, but will be content to mention only those I consider worthy of special commendation. These I consider to be ALMIONE, H. RICHMOND, KARNAC, A. J. S., PUZZLED ONE, ROGGEE SHURT, MALIGNANT, OLD SQUARE, J. E. ASHWORTH, TARBOX, OBSERVER, and VERT. A curiously apt reference to TRUTH's Toy Competition and Distribution is to be found in MARSHAL ELM's Anagram, which is, "Each can try to Amuse some Cribs." I have decided to divide the Prize equally between BIMBO and HODGUS BODGUS. It may interest competitors to know that the total number of possible permutations of the twenty-six letters in the sentence given for the Anagrams was over 19,448 trillions, after allowing for the fact that many letters were repeated. The correspondent (A WRANGLER) who has kindly taken the trouble to point out this fact has calculated that the exact number of these permutations is 19,448,855,185,503,744,000,000.

"TRUTH PUZZLE," No. 256.

As the "Specimens" in this competition have been made the subject of a further competition, I reserve the Prize award, in accordance with my usual rule in such cases.

"TRUTH" PUZZLES, No. 259.

A well-known and successful competitor (BOB RIDLEY) has suggested a form of puzzle which will be interesting, I think, to those who enjoy patient plodding rather than original composition. Acting on his hint, therefore, the prize will be this week given to the competitor who succeeds in

SELECTING AN ENGLISH WORD OF FOUR LETTERS WHICH IS TO BE FOUND BURIED IN THE LARGEST NUMBER OF LONGER WORDS, IT BEING A CONDITION OF BURIAL THAT THE FOUR LETTERS OF THE BURIED WORD SHALL OCCUR IN THEIR RIGHT ORDER, BUT NOT ALL TOGETHER IN ITS VERBAL TOMB.

Thus, suppose the word selected for burial were "Mist." A little thought or search will serve to show the competitor that this is "buried" in the word "*magistrate*," where the letters *m i s t* occur in their right order, but not all together. So, too, we find "mist" buried in "*mis*creant;" but, though it is in "chemist," that word would not count, as the four letters all come together in it. Our usual definition of English words will be taken. Any word found in an ordinary English dictionary may be reckoned, if otherwise eligible. As to inflected words, I think it will be fair to allow them to be used when, by means of the inflectional termination, the burial is completed. Thus, "mist," though not in the verb "mind," is in the inflectioned form of it, "*mindest*." But it is only when the inflection is really required, as in this instance, to complete the "burial," I repeat, that inflectional forms may be employed.

Each competitor must without fail append to the list of the words in which he or she claims to have found buried the four-lettered word chosen, the total number of such words. As I have said, any word can be selected, and I need scarcely add that much will depend on this step in this competition.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

E. R. G. and EBOR.—I have duly noted your letters.

SPHINX.—Your verse was "Too Late," I find.

OBSERVER.—You will see my remarks *re* FLORIDA, &c.

TARBOX.—Yes: in your stanzas (No. 3 last week's "Specimens") "for" in the last line of verse 1 should be "fort," and in line 7 of verse 2 "oven" should be "own," and I regret the misprint.

HUGO.—So, too, in your stanzas (No. 10). "No" in line 2 should be "ho," and in line 6 "ped" should be "sed."

J. W. THORPE.—I regret to say that your definition of "Son-in-law," though good in its way, was "too long" for publication. You scarcely hit upon the style of answer required.

GEE.—The fact was your lines were not all of the given metre. Lines 2, 3, and 8 had too many feet. They were otherwise good.

C. B. M.—I have now space to print the Enigma you sent me. Perhaps some of TRUTH's readers may be able to supply the answer to the following lines.

I sit lone on a rock while I'm raising the wind;
But, the storm once abated, I'm gentle and kind.
I have kings at my feet who await but my nod
To kneel down in the dust on the ground I have trod.
I'm seen in the world, but known only to few;
"The Gentile detests me, I'm pork to the Jew."
I never have passed but one night in the dark,
And that was with Noah alone in the Ark.
My weight is three pounds, and my length is a mile;
And when you have guessed me, you'll say, with a smile,
That my first and my last are the best of our Isle.

JAMES M.—Thanks for your compliments! As I have a little spare room this week, I also print the following Charade, which occurs in the "Ingoldsby Letters," and for which I am told no answer is generally known:—

My first is followed by my second;
But should my first my second see,
A dire mishap it would be reckoned,
And very vexed my first would be.
Were I but what my name implies,
And passed by chance across your portal,
You'd say, "Could I believe my eyes,
I never saw so queer a mortal."
For then my head would not be on,
My arms their shoulders would abandon;
My very body would be gone—
I shouldn't have a leg to stand on.

THE PUZZLE EDITOR.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 257. ASSORTED SPECIMENS—GOOD AND OTHERWISE.

DEFINITIONS OF A SON AND DAUGHTER IN LAW.

DEFINITIONS OF A SON-IN-LAW.

Hooked and eyed.—Sealing Wax.

An easy chair—(Bound to support and meant to be "sat upon").—Crystal Palace.

The fetter of the link.—Avon.

A subject for dual control.—Harold.

Shareholder of consolidated bonds in the marriage market.—Chloe.

A son-in-law, but not in-deed.—Darby.

The support of the brace.—G. E. N.

The line that cuts the family circle.—H. N.

A repealer of Government Duty.—Thekla.

A slave driver.—Juno.

1. An enemy that becomes a footstool. 2. Vox et præterea nihil. 3. A sun eclipsed.—Daphnis.

One who reigns but doesn't govern; a *Roi fainéant* under a *maire (mère) du palais*.—Œnone.

Stock exchange bargains, good, bad, and indifferent.—Tan Tun.

The wrong man in the right place.—Dustman.

1. The victim of the dual control. 2. Home-maker, heart-breaker.—Colin Clout.

1. A bow (beau) for her arrow. 2. Bagged game.—Jane Eyre.

A shoe that seems to suit, but often pinches.—Agneta.

A puzzle, in truth, difficult to solve.—Stephanie.

A son-in-law, and a cypher in fact.—St. M.

The Relieving Officer.—Tortu Foulque and Mark Tapley.

1. A capital fellow, and a fellow of capital. 2. Tin and position.—B. A. F.

The sprig that bore away the rose. (In continuation of the companion definition, viz., the thorn that bore the rose).—Bon Ridley.

The spark of the match.—Wild Thyme.

One who, having secured a pearl, needs a little pepper and vinegar to enable him to appreciate the oyster.—A Templar.

The acid of the family loving-cup.—Colchester.

One whose little peculiarities—who of us is perfect?—may be humoured before his marriage. Afterwards—well, a little gentle correction is sometimes timely; and who is more fitted to give it than his wife's fond mother?—Jarez.

A real gem.—Old Rip.

A relieving officer.—Norma.

1. A grandchild-monger. 2. Him!!!—Philip Greene.

A patch on the family.—Malcolm Greene.

The lucky one.—Mrs. Greene.

The slave of the ring.—M. K. W.

The scapegoat for two had tempers.—Dieppe.

A hell(e) trap.—Ivy Green.

The victim of a triple alliance.—Phileirene.

The striker of the match.—Inca.

A wife-heater.—Ohr.

A selfish brute.—Boyer.

The undesirable means to a desirable end.—Bleasby.

1. The "stick," without which the match can't be made. 2. The ringer of the marriage(able) belle. 3. A "duck" till caught, a "goose" after. 4. A well-"cooked" hare (heir).—Cæsar's Corner.

An alien, domesticated but not naturalised.—Hugo.

The stick of the match.—Puzzled One and Jowillie.

A necessary evil.—Nestor, Tortu Foulque, and Jowillie.

1. *Pulex irritans*. 2. Innocence abroad. 3. The yeast of the family loaf.—Thug.

1. A two-legged stool to be sat on. 2. The base viol (vile) to her first fiddle.—Wits.

A trouble to catch, and a trouble when caught.—Jowillie.

A Leaguer.—Eclipse.

1. The kindling spark to the brimstone of the match. 2. A whetstone.—Observer.

1. The ho'sun (beau son) who hoards the prize and "pays for his whistle." 2. The best setting for the family jewel. 3. The man who "takes miss" and plays the deuce.—Bertie.

1. The man for my money. 2. A thing no family should be without.—Mark Tapley.

1. A fish we never bait till after we have landed him. 2. A house-dog who barks more at relatives than strangers. 3. A dog who often loses a mother by snapping at her shadow.—Guinea Pig.

The peace-maker in the family.—Mum.

A disturbing element.—Lichen.

1. A latch-key brute. 2. An inhospitable person. 3. My good son. 4. An hospitable son.—Llewellyn.

A ma'd man (old saying, a man that's married is a man that's marred).—Parsonides.

The only man in our family who ever says "My mother," without meaning *me*.—Jefecew.

The cold shoulder-joint.—Indiana.

The solver of the question.—Wyvelhoe.

A human stinging-nettle.—Gee.

A crutch in old age.—Worm.

A conceited ass.—Ebor.

1. A united state bond. 2. A natural consequence of the fall—in love. 3. Mamma's dearest dear's dear.—Emerald.

1. A home rule leader of the "opposition." 2. An influential mutineer in her Majesty's household brigade. 3. The Young Pretender to the throne domestic. 4. A domestic import paying little or no duty to the maternal government. 5. A strenuous upholder of the Salic law.—Naiad.

One who is as obedient as my own dear husband.—A. M. S.

Chronic affections that may or may not cause much pain, but which, if they cannot be cured must be endured. When they cause much suffering, change of air is generally found to be the most beneficial treatment.—Mother Hubbard.

Rich, generous, and submissive.—Athalie.

1. The bean (bow) that (h) arrows the soul of her daughter. 2. A great miss take.

A lawful son, but an awful dun.—Malignant.

A thing that stays out late at night and loses its latch-keys, and when it does come home grumbles at its wife.—Derf. Senoj.

One who might have shown better taste by choosing some one more worthy of him; a disappointment.—Anonymous.

Mother-in-law: "If you try to separate me from my child you are knave and fool. If you fail, we are firmer friends, and your enemies. If you succeed, a bad daughter makes a bad wife. Shall I alter my will, or be your guardian angel?" Son-in-law: "Be our guardian angel—an exception to the rule, 'Like angel's visits, few and far between.' I love you so that I will never permit my wife to visit you alone."—J. McGrigor Allan.

DEFINITIONS OF A DAUGHTER-IN-LAW.

A bitter sweet.—Observer.

A pet chick come from a rival brood.—Bleasby.

The Atropos of mothers' apron strings. A total eclipse of the son.—Colin Clout.

An eclipse of the sun (son).—Parsonides, Mrs. Brown, Sara, Dora.

A trap to catch a "sun" beam.—Ohr.

Powder between lock and hammer.—Worm.

A Home Ruler in Opposition.—Her.

An *Eve*-il (evil).—Lucy.

1. A sister (or assister) in trial. 2. Arrival of a rival.—Sara.

A suspect under continual surveillance.—Phileirene.

The slave of the ring.—Inca.

My son's bade (sunshade)—not always wanted.—Ivy Green.

1. Une femme incomprise. 2. A rose between two thorns. 3. An apple of discord.—Dieppe.

The cloud that obscures the son.—Turbet.

A shadow on the son (sun).—Jane Eyre.

A lady help.—Rita.

Mother-in-Law, *loq*: "A conceited monopoliser, on whom my son has thrown himself away."—Provident.

The drag on the wheel of fortune.—Avon.

An ingrate.—Eclipse.

Mother-in-Law, *loq.*: "I can't tell you all her faults; but she is as unlike *me* as possible."—Harold.

One who thinks too much of herself, and fails to convince her mother-in-law that she is infallible.—Anonymous.

The Gentleman in black's "Bridal Gift.—Adversaire.

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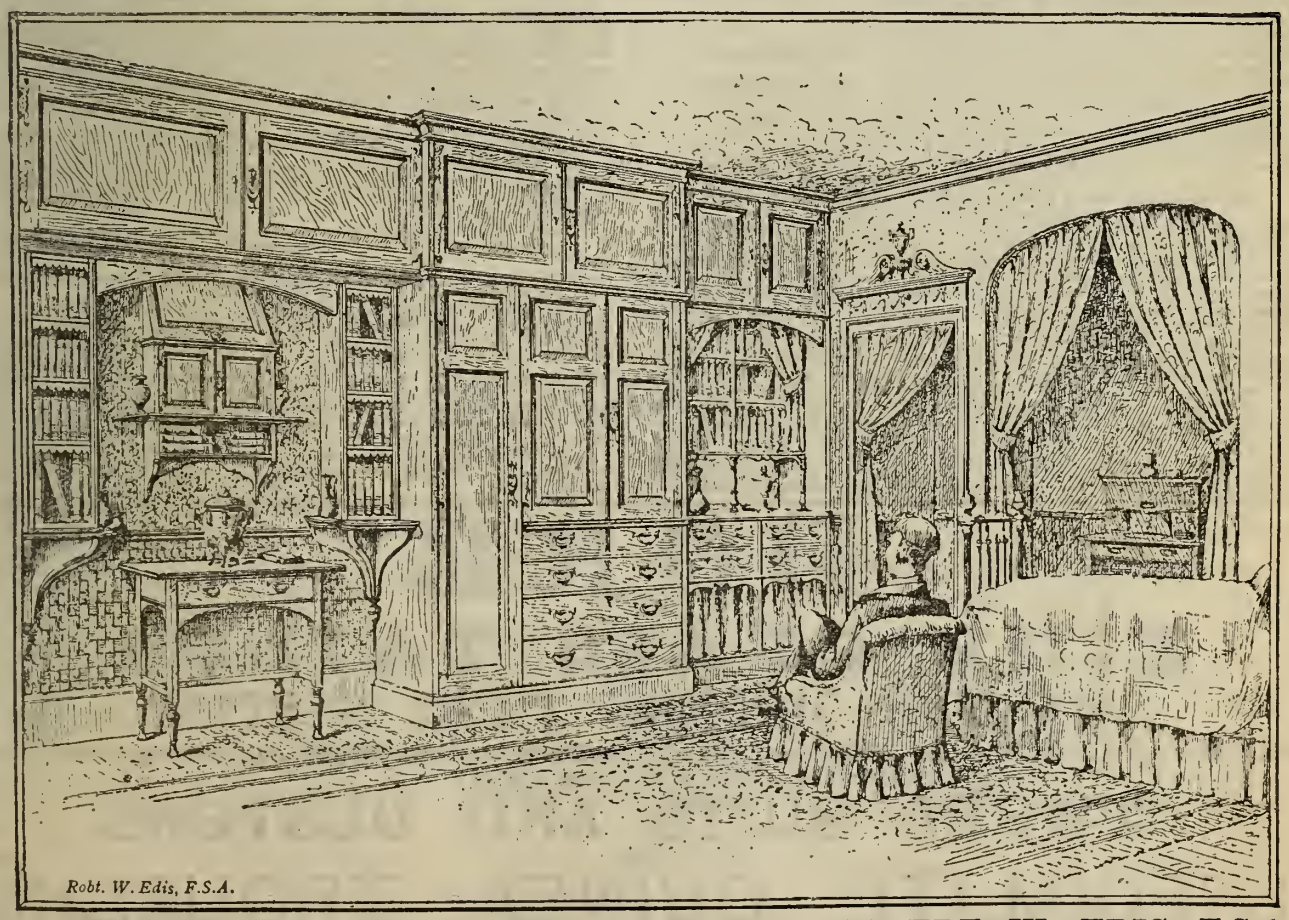

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Mr. Wilfrid Airy, C.E., of 6, Great George-street, Westminster, in the Summary of his Report on the properties and business states as follows:—

"All the four stations of the Company are admirably situated, and the communication with the water and the railways is excellent in every case. At all the Factories the machinery is in an effective working order, and that at Bordeaux and Brest it is new throughout, while at La Rochelle and Tonnay-Charente the principal machines are new. The total quantity of briquettes that can be turned out at the four stations together by the machines at present erected is about 36 tons per hour, and if the additional machines were erected at Brest and Bordeaux would be about 46 tons per hour; this would correspond to an aggregate maximum output of about 276,000 tons per annum. Merely on the basis of the existing contracts the future profits may be estimated at about 319,400 francs, or £12,776 per annum, and the Works have been designed to turn out three times the quantity of briquettes on which the above estimate has been based."

The new Company enter into possession as and from the 31st December, 1883, and will take the benefit of the existing valuable contracts for the supply of Coal Briquettes, extending from one to five years, with the Orleans Railway Company, the State Railways, the Midi Railway, and the Western Railways of France, whereby remunerative employment is secured for several years.

Besides the ordinary Trade Contracts, the following Agreement has been entered into:—

An Agreement dated the 5th day of November, 1883, between the Société Anonyme des Agglomérés de l'Océan, of the one part, and David Chadwick, on behalf of the Paul-Millouain Patent Fuel Company, Limited, of the other part.

Copies of Mr. Airy's Report and Summary of Report upon the properties may be seen, and all further particulars and forms of application for Shares may be obtained on application to Messrs. Chadwicks, Boardman & Co., 2, Moorgate-street, London, E.C., and 64, Cross-street, Manchester; and copies of the Agreement for the purchase, and of the Memorandum and Articles of Association, may be inspected at the Offices of the Solicitors, Messrs. Ingledew, Ince, & Vachell, Cardiff.

Cardiff, 7th January, 1884.

ABRIDGED PROSPECTUS. *The Vendors accept the whole of their Purchase Money in Shares.*

SPITZKOP (LYDENBURG) GOLD MINING COMPANY, Limited, Capital £200,000, in 200,000 Shares of £1 each.

Present Issue £180,000 in 180,000 Shares of £1 each, of which 135,000 Shares of £1 each are to be allotted to the vendors as full payment of the purchase money. The balance, £45,000, is offered for subscription, payable 2s. 6d. per Share on application, 2s. 6d. per Share on allotment, 5s. per Share in two months, 5s. per Share in four months, and 5s. per Share in six months after allotment.

DIRECTORS.

Morgan Lloyd, Esq., Q.C., M.P., 43, Cornwall-gardens, S.W.
Henry C. Byrde, Esq. (Deputy-Lieutenant and J.P. for County of Monmouth), Goytrey House, near Pontypool, Monmouthshire.
Sir Howard Elphinstone, Bart. (Deputy-Lieutenant and J.P. for the County of Sussex), 4, The Lawn, St. Leonard's-on-Sea.
* J. Otto Schuler, Esq., Diamond Merchant, 12, Hatton Garden, E.C., 190, Warston lane, Birmingham, and The Abbey, Herne-hill.
* S. Franck, Esq. (Messrs. Franck and Brother), 10, Rue Royale, Tours.
*These Directors being interested as Vendors will only join the Board after allotment.
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Bankers—London and Westminster Bank, Lothbury, London, E.C.
Secretary—Edward O'Dwyer, Esq.
Offices—326, Mansion House Chambers, 11, Queen Victoria-street, London, E.C.

This Company is formed for the purpose of purchasing the Spitzkop Farm or Estate, and the Mining Concession, for developing and working the gold mines and mineral deposits upon the said estate, which covers an area of more than 10 square miles, and is situate in the famous Lydenburg gold district, South African Republic; and for the purpose of hereafter disposing of portions thereof to subsidiary companies or to individuals.

It will be seen from the reports of Rowland J. Atcherley, Esq., Ph.D., F.C.S., London, Geologist and Mining Engineer, and of J. E. Glinister, Esq., formerly Government Gold Commissioner of this district, and from the report of W. B. Pascoe, Esq., a well-known Mining Engineer, who has recently examined the property, that the value of the property has already been proved by extensive prospecting, with results that seem to show that nothing but modern machinery is now required to make this property, which in fact may almost be called a going concern, among the most remunerative of goldfields. Dr. Rowland J. Atcherley, says:—"In the entire district of the Lydenburg Gold Fields, the farm 'Spitzkop' is pre-eminently known and recognised as a most valuable gold-producing property."

SPITZKOP (LYDENBURG) GOLD MINING COMPANY (Limited). Mr. Glinister also certifies that the rich quartz-bearing leaders on this property have been discovered and worked with great results, as is evidenced by the rich specimens found and the large quantities of gold-bearing quartz now on the surface ready for crushing, work upon which is only suspended for want of crushing machinery, and that the rotton reefs rich in fine gold are now being worked.

The value of the alluvial deposits, Mr. Pascoe reports that in one part, McLachland's Gulch, an outlay of £1,500 "would render available for hydraulicking a tract of land more than two miles long and seventy-five yards wide." The auriferous quartz, and especially the "rotton reefs," are depended upon to furnish material for supplying quartz mills, not only for this Company but it is expected for subsidiary companies also.

The certificates of assays of nine separate samples made by assayers to the Government Mint at Paris and London, showed the following results of gold per ton:—

69½ ounces; 2 $\frac{8}{10}$ ounces; 2 $\frac{8}{10}$ ounces; 9 ounces, 12 dwts.; 18 ounces; 3 ounces 17 dwts.; 3 ounces, 10 dwts.; 19 dwts., 7 grs.; 19 dwts., 7 grs.

The first object of this Company will be the erection of a quartz stamp mill, with all modern appliances to work the large quantity of ore referred to as being on the ground ready for immediate treatment and the reserves ready for extraction. Mr. Pascoe, who has recently examined the property, says, "it is safe to estimate that there are in sight at present 3,000 tons of quartz, worth at the lowest estimate 2½ ounces (£4. 15s.) per ton." It is believed, therefore, that from the mill alone, independent of the profits to be realised from sales of reefs to other companies, when opened, or from working and washing the alluvial deposits, large dividends can scarcely fail to be obtained.

Copies of the Prospectus and Reports and Forms of Application for Subscription can be obtained at the Offices of the Company, or from the Bankers, or Solicitor of the Company.

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• TRUTH •

"Cultores Veritatis Fraudis Inimici."—*Cicero.*

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ENTRE NOUS.

THE statements which have appeared in several journals during the last few days, that the Queen will go to Germany early in March, and that the *Osborne* will convey her from Portsmouth to Flushing, are entirely incorrect. The Queen will not leave England till the first week in April; and, instead of making the long stormy voyage to Flushing, her Majesty will cross from Portsmouth to Cherbourg.

Equally erroneous has been the information circulated concerning the Prince and Princess of Wales, who, we are told, "visit the Riviera in February, and do not return home until the end of April." The Prince proposes going to the Riviera early next month, but H.R.H. will not be absent from England for more than three weeks, and, as at present arranged, the Princess will not accompany him, but will remain at Sandringham with her daughters. The Prince and Princess will go to Darmstadt at Easter, in order to be present at the marriage of Prince Louis of Battenberg and Princess Victoria of Hesse, and they will probably stay in Paris for a week before returning home. Under no circumstances could their Royal Highnesses be absent from England throughout March, as there will be two Drawing-rooms and two Levées during that month.

I hear that the Queen has decided to close the rooms at Windsor Castle which were occupied by John Brown during the last few years of his life; and they are to be kept permanently shut up as a sort of tribute to the memory of "the Highlander." It is intended to place a large brass plate in his sitting-room, which will bear an inscription recording his virtues and deploring his loss.

About two years ago, the Queen erected a very pretty Swiss chalet in Ballochbuie Forest, near Balmoral. It has never yet been occupied by her Majesty, and she has only visited it once or twice in order to drink tea there. The Queen has sent orders to her head-forester at Balmoral to have the chalet taken to pieces, as she proposes to show it at the International Forestry Exhibition, which is to be held in Edinburgh. Her Majesty will also exhibit a number of specimens of Scotch firwood from Balmoral "policies," and from Ballochbuie Forest.

The Prince and Princess of Wales leave Sandringham this week. Next Monday their Royal Highnesses go to Crichel to visit Lord and Lady Alington, and on Monday week (the 28th) the Prince is going down to Somersetshire to visit Sir Philip and Lady Miles at Leigh Court. On Tuesday evening (the 29th) a concert, which has been got up by Lady Miles, is to be given in the Colston Hall, Bristol, and the Prince has promised to attend it with his host and hostess and the other guests at Leigh. Piercing cries are being raised at the inordinate rates which are to be charged for tickets, but, as the entertainment is given in aid of that excellent institution, the Bristol Hospital and Infirmary, the promoters are quite right to squeeze as much as possible out of their neighbours, most of whom would rather starve for a month afterwards, than miss "the Royal fête."

Mr. Alfred de Rothschild will give a small dance at Halton this evening to wind up the visit of the Prince of Wales.

The Princess of Wales will go to Osborne, on a short visit to the Queen, while the Prince is down in Somersetshire.

Princess Frederica of Hanover and Baron Ramingen have been staying at Osborne on a visit to the Queen. It is probable that the Princess will remove before long from Hampton Court to Kensington Palace. H.R.H. and her husband are going abroad again shortly for a few weeks.

Princess Louise and Lord Lorne will not go to Italy at present, as they had proposed, for the Queen desires them to remain in England. It is understood that Lord Lorne will be called up to the House of Lords by one of his father's minor titles shortly after the meeting of Parliament. The object of the Court politics appears to be his early appointment, either as Viceroy of India or as Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. It is sincerely to be hoped that they will prove unsuccessful.

The present Ministry do not even attempt to make a stand against Royal jobs. Any one who contraverts this assertion must forget the excellent berths which have been provided for the Dukes of Edinburgh and Connaught, much to the dissatisfaction of the legion of hardworking officers who were quietly put aside to make room for them. Royal personages who receive large allowances from the country most certainly ought not to be appointed to lucrative posts either in the army or navy; this is an opinion which is by no means confined to Radicals, and which is becoming very general in the constituencies, as many Members of Parliament are well aware, for it has been a subject for much "heckling" at many political meetings lately.

The Duke of Cambridge was the guest of the Duke and Duchess of Westminster at Eaton Hall for two days last week. The party invited to meet H.R.H. included Lord Waterford, Lord and Lady Dacre, Lord and Lady Grosvenor, and Colonel Ellis. There will be a large party at Eaton next week to meet the Duke and Duchess of Albany, who are to arrive on Wednesday evening, to stay till Monday, the 28th. The Royal visit to Liverpool is fixed for Saturday, the 26th.

According to the latest arrangements the Duke of Albany will not return to Wynyard Park on the evening of the 30th, but will spend the night in Durham. The old State apartments in the Castle are being overhauled and decorated for his accommodation.

The Dublin season may be said to commence on the 18th inst., when Mr. and Mrs. Trevelyan give a ball at the Chief Secretary's Lodge, at which Lord and Lady Spencer are to be present. It is Mr. Trevelyan's first entertainment to dancing society since he came to Ireland, circumstances having, until now, interfered with his giving the traditional Chief Secretary's ball that immediately precedes the Castle season.

Celtic society has long learned the knack of enjoying itself, whether the storm rages or the sun shines—whether Habeas Corpus Acts be suspended, or Coercion Bills are in active operation. Pleasant anticipations for the coming season are universally indulged in, notwithstanding the dire and threatening attitude of the Orange and landlord party, who are still determined upon offering a public insult to the representative of the Queen in the only safe way that is open to them. Seekers for truth with regard to the Irish Question should be grateful to this party for themselves exploding the fable of landlord-loyalty.

The officers of the Channel Fleet have enjoyed a very pleasant time during their stay at Gibraltar. Balls and concerts and other entertainments have been given almost every evening. The New Year's Ball, given at the Convent by the Governor and Lady Adye, was very brilliant, all the officers being in full uniform. The Duke of Edinburgh, who opened the ball with Lady Adye, stayed till after supper. Lord Henry Lennox was among the company, which also included a number of Spanish officers.

A letter from Nice says :—

The season here has not as yet been a very successful one. The hotels are not full, and there are a great many villas and apartments unlet. The Niçois are too greedy; people will not stand being obliged to take an apartment for six months when they only want it for two or three. There have been a good many receptions and dances. The best have been on the American flagship *Lancaster*, at Villefranche. Admiral and Mrs. Baldwin gave a reception and dance every Thursday afternoon, and they and the officers of the ship managed things admirably. Captain Potter is the handsomest man that was ever seen, and if the officers only fight as well they dance, we should have to look out for ourselves if we were at war with the United States. It was quite a pleasure to look at them dancing. The receptions have now come to an end, as the Admiral has left for Rome.

"Allen & Hanburys' 'Perfected' Cod Liver Oil is as nearly tasteless as Cod Liver Oil can be."—*Lancet.* "No nauseous eructations follow after it is swallowed."—*Medical Press.* In bottles at 1s. 4d., 2s. 6d., 4s. 9d., & 9s. Trade mark a Plough. Sold everywhere.

Count Redern, the late Chief Master of Ceremonies at the Court of Berlin, has left a fortune of nearly four millions sterling. It passes to his nephew.

Mr. Bonham, who has just been transferred from Calais to Boulogne as H.M. Consul, has inaugurated his advent in the latter town by a party, at which "Blue Beard" and "The White Cat" were performed—and very well performed—by his own children and their little friends.

The Duke and Duchess of Sutherland have been entertaining a succession of small parties at Trentham during the last three weeks. The Duchess returns in a few days to her villa at Torquay, to stay till after Easter.

Lord and Lady Dartmouth have lent Sandwell Hall, near Birmingham, formerly one of their family residences, for the purposes of a school for the education of the daughters of clergymen and gentlemen of limited means. A high-class education can thus be offered for 30 gs. a year, in consequence of the freedom from house-rent. The scheme is warmly supported by the Bishop of Lichfield.

Sir George and Lady Broke-Middleton received a large party last week at Shrublands Park, and on Tuesday they gave a most successful ball, which was attended by all the "Society" of this part of Suffolk. Dancing, which took place in the long gallery, was kept up till three o'clock.

The Mayor of Eastbourne set an example which might be followed with advantage, in inviting ladies as well as gentlemen to his inaugural banquet, and this festival was followed by a ball at the Pavilion in Devonshire Park, and by a second ball at the Mayor's private residence.

Lord and Lady Rosse have been entertaining a party of visitors, amongst whom were Lord and Lady Wicklow, Mr. C. Barrington, and the Hon. Mrs. Prittie. All the visitors from the Castle were present at the Birr subscription ball, which was an unusually pleasant social gathering.

The Duke of Portland returned to The Limes, Melton Mowbray, last week from Welbeck, and intends to stay there for the most part till the middle of March. Lady Cardigan has arrived at Ivy Lodge from Deene-park, where she has been entertaining a succession of visitors during the last six weeks. Lord and Lady Wilton are at Egerton Lodge.

Lady Camden and Colonel Green have left Bayham Abbey for Cannes, where they will reside at the Villa Clémentine till the end of April.

Lord and Lady Rosebery have not yet left Australia, as has been stated by my contemporaries. They start on the 17th of this month. They will take a P. & O. boat from Port Said to England, arriving here about the 5th of March.

The General Stock Exchange, Lim., 48, St. James's-st., corner of Piccadilly.—Capital £200,000, first issue of 10,000 A Shares.—Private special telephonic and telegraphic communication with the City and other business centres. Great convenience to West-End and Country Clients. Every class of Stock Exchange business transacted. Moderate commissions. Telephone No. 3722.

Lord and Lady Powerscourt returned to Powerscourt House last week from their residence in Brook-street. Since the birth of a son and heir, Lord Powerscourt has commenced a series of improvements on the demesne, which will make it one of the prettiest portions of the "garden of Ireland."

Last week Lord and Lady Ducie received a party at Tortworth Court, including Lord and Lady Wolseley.

Mr. Christopher Sykes received another large party at Brantingham last week. There will now be no more guests under his hospitable roof until Doncaster week.

During Christmas Lord and Lady Annaly have been staying at Woodlands, near Dublin, where Lady Inchiquin, has been visiting them. Lady Annaly goes to Cannes at the end of the month to join her daughter, Lady Cooke, who is spending the season there.

Lord and Lady Exeter, who have been receiving a succession of visitors at Burghley during the last fortnight, had a large party last week for the Stamford Ball, including the Duke and Duchess of Leeds, the Dowager Lady Lonsdale, the Ladies Lowther, Lord and Lady Galloway, Lord Yarborough, and Lord Calthorpe.

The fire at Canford Manor proved very disastrous, as, in addition to the destruction caused by the flames, a great deal of tapestry and costly furniture, many pictures, and several beautifully-carved roofs were hopelessly spoilt by smoke and water. The grand staircase, which was the great feature of the house, was entirely destroyed. It was designed by Sir Charles Barry. A large organ perished in the flames, and so did ten very fine paintings which hung on the walls of the staircase; and a cabinet which contained the finest collection of old Worcester china in the country. It will take many months to repair the damage. Lord and Lady Wimborne are going early next month to Biarritz for a few weeks.

The absurdities of heraldry are curiously exemplified by a hatchment now to be seen in Queen-street, Mayfair. Instead of being placed upright, it lies on its side, so that the widow's white grounded half is on the top of her defunct husband's coat, and as she bore a red lion, that creature is kicking his heels in the air in the most wonderful way.

Lord Portarlington writes from Nice to say that Mr. Dawson-Damer has never, to his knowledge, stated that he would only use Emo House as a shooting-lodge.

Education in England, France, and Germany.—"Intelligent youths over 13 years of age, ought to study from January till July of each year in France or Germany, to perfect colloquially the French and German languages, and acquire useful knowledge of foreign nations without neglecting English Studies and Examinations." Moderate inclusive terms. Pupils are accompanied abroad, and visited while they are there. Parents thus often assured as to sons' health, comfort, progress, &c. Pupils are everywhere satisfied, and are under careful supervision. Parents have no extra expense, nor any risk, trouble, or anxiety. Address, J. Haysman, Anglo-French College, Finchley-road, London. Pupils also received for either England, France, or Germany only. At the schools in France there are ten French pupils to one English. Progress has therefore always been very rapid and satisfactory.

The Buccleuch Hunt Ball took place last Wednesday in the Corn Exchange, Kelso, the room being extensively decorated with foxes' heads, brushes, whips, and so forth. The ducal family was represented by Lord Eskdale, and among the company were Lord and Lady Home, Lord and Lady Charles Scott, Sir G. W. and Lady Griffith, Sir John and Lady Marjoribanks, and Sir Edward Grey.

It is arranged that the Bicester Hunt Ball should take place on Tuesday, January the 29th.

Lord Cork is expected to return from America in the course of a few days. He will resume the Mastership of the Queen's hounds in about a fortnight.

The *World* repeats the announcement, which had previously appeared in the *Morning Post*, that the litigation between Lady Stamford and Lord Alington has been amicably terminated, and adds, "Geheimniss will continue to run in his lordship's name and under his management." The arrangements in respect to the future of Geheimniss have nothing whatever to do with the legal proceedings, as "Atlas" seems to suppose, for the mare was hired by Lord Alington, under certain conditions, for two seasons, and she would have continued to run in his colours even if the "action at law" had been fought out to the bitter end. If this had not been the case, Geheimniss would have left Kingsclere for Enville Hall six weeks ago with the remainder of Lady Stamford's racehorses.

The racing and breeding studs of the late Count Lagrange will be sold in Paris, without reserve, next week. There are fifteen brood mares, two sires, eighteen three-year-olds, thirteen two-year-olds, and sixteen foals. The "sensation" lot will be Archiduc, for whom several offers have been made to the Count's executors, but as his estate is being administered under judicial control, they have been unable to accept them. Baron Rothschild, the confederacy of which the Duc de Castries is the head, and Mr. Lefevre are particularly anxious to purchase this fine son of Consul and Abbess. Archiduc's numerous and valuable engagements in France remain valid, except in the case of the Grand Prix. The animals to be sold next week were the Count's exclusive property, and have nothing to do with Farfadet, Azur, and others belonging to the confederacy of which he was the guiding spirit.

Lord Ellesmere has been warmly criticised during the last year for having left the management of his racehorses so entirely in the hands of Charles Archer. It has astonished many people that apparently nothing done in his name could rouse him out of his apathy. I understand that, in the course of the investigations of the Stewards of the Jockey Club, it has become known that Archer has been training Lord Ellesmere's horses under a special arrangement. The owner was to be responsible only for the stake account, and paid nothing for training, while the whole management was to be left to the discretion of the trainer. The late Joseph Dawson trained Prince Charlie, Hester, Lord Gough, and many other horses on a somewhat similar understanding, and such bargains are common enough; but I confess it is decidedly surprising to hear of one who is a member of the Jockey Club and a very wealthy Peer

adopting such a plan, more especially when his trainer is a mere lad wholly without experience. Apart from all other considerations, it seems very wrong to have placed Archer in a position which was altogether so exceptional that it is no wonder that he should apparently have lost whatever prudence and common sense he may have started with.

Captain Heaton, Lord Ellesmere's manager at Worsley Hall, has just paid 50 gs. to a Calne dealer for a black-red game-cock. One of this bird's sons was claimed at the Birmingham Show of 1882 for 50 gs., and at the last show there, two of his grandsons were claimed for £200. He is the sire and grandsire of a great number of prize birds.

The shows of "the Highland Society," judging from the brief abstract of the accounts just issued, have not of late years been very successful. The sums paid to the judges for travelling and their hotel expenses excite—with, I think, good reason—the ire of the economists. At Glasgow, these bills amounted to £576. 8s. 7d., and at the show held in Stirling in 1881 the expenditure for the travelling and hotel expenses of the judges was £557. 10s. 3d.; the loss on that particular show being very nearly £1,000. It is evidently better to be a judge at these shows than a promoter of them.

Not within the last twenty years have the salmon fisheries of Scotland proved so successful as during 1883. They yielded to Billingsgate alone 5,198,400 lb. Ireland sent to London, 360,500 lb. But Irish salmon finds its chief market in the great provincial towns, several of which take from five to eight thousand boxes per annum, each box containing 150 lb. of fish. The total supply of salmon from all sources received at Billingsgate from January to Dec. 31, 1883, was 7,715,850 lb. The salmon streams of England only contributed 339,150 lb. of that quantity.

Mr. J. Beavor Webb, who is admitted by the majority of yachting men to be an authority on all matters relating to yachts and yachting, contends in a letter addressed to the *New York Herald* on English and American yachts, that the sail-area rule has not found favour with the majority of the owners of racing yachts in this country. What say the sail-area advocates to this?

The following suggestion, which I have received from a correspondent, on the vexed question of throwing instead of bowling at cricket, seems to me much to the point:—

To my mind the definition of "throwing" is obvious. Throwing is performed simply by bending the arm at the elbow, and suddenly straightening it at the moment of the delivery of the ball. If any of your readers will place himself in front of a mirror, he will find that he cannot possibly throw a ball without bending the elbow; and in order to discover or determine whether a ball be thrown, the observer should be in front and not behind the bowler. The hand and fore-arm during the process of bowling must describe a segment of a circle, and if the umpire be behind the bowler's back at the moment of the delivery of the ball, the bowler's fore-arm will have passed in front of the bowler's body and beyond the umpire's vision. To put a stop to the practice of throwing, the umpire entitled to "no ball" a bowler should be placed in front of the bowler, and not behind him.

The "spot-barred" handicap at the Aquarium was a great success in every way. I do not remember a time when billiard displays were more popular than they are just at present. In spite of his very heavy penalty, Roberts, the champion, who is in magnificent form, very nearly pulled the event off; as it was, he secured second prize, the principal guerdon going to the successful Brixton player, W. J. Peall.

So successful have recent tournaments in London been, that the champion and several of the leading "cueists" are arranging a provincial tour.

A strange sort of festivity took place on Friday, the 11th, at the Hospital St. Louis, in Paris. A comic opera, written and composed by the young surgeons attached to the establishment, was performed for the amusement of the patients. Fifty years ago Charles Fourier, the celebrated philosopher, who used to say man would only be perfect, had he a tail with an eye at the end, wrote:—"One day medical science will endeavour to overcome the sufferings of patients by amusing their minds. Hospitals will be filled with flowers, and music and plays will be performed there." And yet it was currently reported that Fourier was mad!

Several years ago, Mdlle. Dosne offered to the State the Thiers collection of original pictures and bronzes, on condition that a room in the Louvre Palace should contain them. After some demur, this was at last conceded. But it has now been discovered that scarcely any of the pictures are genuine, and that the Japanese and other bronzes alone are worthy of having a place in the Louvre—a fact of which Mdlle. Dosne, of course, refuses to take cognisance.

Some most important correspondence has been stolen from the house of a deceased statesman. It consists of confidential letters exchanged between the late Duc de Morny and Napoleon III. The fear of its publication is causing quite a flutter of excitement in Parisian circles.

Sir Stafford Northcote has promised to deliver an address, next Saturday evening, to the members of the Exeter Literary Society.

The lectures which have been delivered by Mr. Matthew Arnold during his stay in America will be published directly upon his return home; and I hear that in the autumn we may look for a volume in which will be recorded his "Impressions" of the United States and their inhabitants.

Mr. Wendell Holmes will probably come to England in the course of this year with the object of delivering a series of lectures. I should think that the author of "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" would be likely to draw large audiences.

The *Times* stated the other day that a "Life" of "George Eliot" had not yet appeared, and might never be forthcoming. As "George Eliot" has only been dead three years, few people will consider that there has been any undue delay in preparing her biography. I have reason to believe that her "Life and Correspondence," by her husband, Mr. Cross, will be published in the course of this year.

Mr. Charles Reade has nearly finished a new novel, which will appear week by week in a number of provincial newspapers.

A strong Committee is being formed to organise a testimonial and a benefit for Sir Julius Benedict, on his having reached the fiftieth year of his professional connection with music. He is deservedly popular, and he has done much to aid in the development—or, perhaps, it would be more correct to say, in the creation—of a taste for music in this country. He merits, therefore, a generous recognition of his labours.

Whether Miss Anderson is a great actress is a question open to discussion. No one, however, can deny that she is an exceedingly clever young lady. Her telegram to America, informing her fellow-citizens that, being wedded to her art, she does not intend to marry the Duke of Portland, could not have been surpassed had she been a daughter of Mr. Barnum. All the sons of her Majesty are now married, or, of course, the name of one of them would have replaced that of the Duke.

The "Winter Entertainments" which had been discontinued for several years at Scarborough, have been re-inaugurated under a strong committee. On Thursday last "Still Waters Run Deep" was successfully performed by an excellent amateur company.

Edmund and his musical critic appear to have differed most decisively in their respective opinions of the merits of "Princess Ida," and the readers of the *World* must have been both puzzled and diverted by the glaring contrast between the tone of "L. E." and that of "E. Y." According to the former—"Mr. Gilbert has rendered this piece as amusing as his immense talent, so many times proved, was safe to do. . . . . The opera itself was, from beginning to end, more or less applauded by a public *d'élite*." But his chief, on the next page, reports—"It was a desperately dull performance. . . . . There are not three-and-a-half jokes worth remembering throughout the three-and-a-half miserable hours."

I went to hear Mr. Child read Dickens' "Christmas Carol"—I mean recite, for he spoke the whole "in a suit of black clothes," as Artemus Ward would have said, and without book or note of any kind. St. George's Hall was very well filled, and the audience well riveted throughout. This is only Mr. Child's second season of "Recitals," and this (last week) was only his second recital this year; but there can be no doubt of his success, even without the large quantity of drawing-room furniture with which he surrounds himself on the stage. His manner is easy and unaffected, and he has great pathetic and comic power. The "Carol" was, no doubt, trying, and would bear a little curtailment, as it lacks variety for a single reading. I notice that the next recital is to be more mixed. Mr. Irving, some years ago, happened to hear Mr. Child read in a drawing-room, and at once invited him to call upon him, and then and there offered him an engagement at the Lyceum.

There will be several great art sales during the next few months. In addition to the Blenheim pictures and the Dent engravings, the famous Narford Hall collection of Limoges enamels and Italian majolica will be dispersed. This is one of the finest private collections in the world. It was principally formed by Sir Andrew Fountaine early in the last century.

The famous gallery of Count Festetics is to be sold next week at Amsterdam. The pictures have been removed to Holland from the Count's family seat in Hungary. This collection is particularly rich in works of the Dutch school, and it contains some splendid examples of Cuyp, Jan Steen, Teniers, Rembrandt, and Wouvermans.

I hear that the Queen has promised to lend "La Rixe," which is well known to be one of Meissonier's finest pictures, to the exhibition of his works which is to be opened in Paris after Easter. "La Rixe," which is at Buckingham Palace, belongs to the Queen's private collection, as distinguished from the pictures which are heirlooms, over which practically the Lord Steward and the Lord Chamberlain have the control.

The leading French painters have sent a petition to the Senate praying that measures may be taken to protect artists and the public from being victimised by the manufacturers of false canvases. No fewer than four cases of spurious productions, attributed to living masters, are now before the law courts.

Last week I inserted a correction which I had received respecting the purchase of the Oadby advowson by the Leicester Race Course Company. My correspondent pointed out that it had not been purchased by the Company, but by Mr. J. O. Beales, a parishioner of Oadby. But I am not informed that Mr. J. O. Beales is the secretary of the Company. The question, therefore, arises whether he bought it with his own money, for, as a rule, secretaries of Race Course Companies do not buy advowsons.

By the death of the Rev. L. Owen the valuable living of Winston (£1,150 per annum and a capital residence) becomes vacant. Mr. Owen was formerly the private tutor of the Bishop of Newcastle and Canon Basil Wilberforce, and when the late Bishop Wilberforce was translated to the See of Winchester in 1869, he offered Mr. Owen the living of Winston; but the presentation having lapsed beyond the legal period, the Crown had become the legal patron. Through the influence of the Duke of Argyll, however, to whose sons Mr. Owen had also acted as private tutor, Mr. Gladstone, then Prime Minister, recommended the Queen to waive her claim, and the rev. gentleman was duly installed.

The Rev. E. Peek has just presented a large and beautiful reredos to the fine old Priory Church at Malvern. It cost £900.

The new Oratory at Brompton is not to be opened until after Easter, and for lack of funds the somewhat pretentious dome is not to crown the barn-like building.

The health of Cardinal Manning is again causing great anxiety to his friends. His Eminence is not suffering from "general debility," but from an attack of his old enemy, suppressed gout.

I hear that Canon Mason's numerous engagements in Cornwall will prevent his removal to Barking till after Easter. He will be accompanied to London by Prebendary Carter, who, for the last six years, has been his fellow "missioner" in the diocese of Truro.

When Edmund wants to find opportunity to eulogise the Bishop of Durham he ought to allege some better evidence of "his marvellous influence over man" than his success in launching a scheme of church-building, for similar projects have been not only "launched," but carried out, in almost every diocese in the country. I hope Dr. Lightfoot is not going to repeat in Durham the Blomfield blunder in London of wasting tens of thousands on churches, in districts where the existing edifices are by no means crowded. Additional church accommodation is certainly not a practical specific for spiritual destitution in the great majority of cases.

Sir Henry Peek writes:—

Sir,—My attention has been drawn to a paragraph in your paper of the 3rd inst. with reference to the action brought against me by the Rector of St. Mary-at-Hill, in which there are so many erroneous statements that I am at a loss to understand from whence your information was obtained. The facts are these:—

At the rear of my premises there is a passage which leads from the street called St. Mary-at-Hill to the north door of the church. This passage has always been open to the Rector and parishioners from 6 a.m. to 11 p.m., but at the latter hour the gate at the street end has been locked. By this means security has been afforded to my premises as well as to the church.

In 1881 the Rector commenced an action to recover from me "damages for wrongfully entering the plaintiff's land by using a cellar below the surface of the same, and by passing over the said land," and other things specified. The action was tried before Mr. Justice Lopes in March last, who gave judgment in my favour, and directed the Rector to pay the costs of the action. Immediately afterwards notice of appeal was given, and the appeal set down for hearing; but, in the month of June, the vestry resolved that the appeal be withdrawn. Nevertheless, the Rector continued to prosecute the appeal, and it came into the list for hearing in the month of November, and on the 27th of that month, in default of an appearance on behalf of the Rector, was dismissed with costs.

I was not in town at the time execution was issued, but I am informed by my solicitors that this was done after the Rector's solicitor had intimated that the costs must be recovered in the usual way by issuing execution, unless I would allow the payment to stand over until after the trial of a certain action at the suit of the Attorney-General. This last-mentioned action has only recently been brought, with the object of preventing the misapplication of the charity moneys of St. Mary-at-Hill, including the payment of these very costs.

No particular time was chosen for the purpose, but my solicitors issued execution as soon as they received the intimation referred to above.

As the paragraph in question, with its inaccuracies, is calculated to place the matter in a false light, I have to request that you will make the necessary corrections in your next issue.—Yours faithfully, Henry W. Peek.

Eastcheap, *Jan.* 12.

My facts were obtained from the other side.

According to the *Standard*, a prisoner who on Friday last claimed relationship from the dock with Sir James Ingham, asking him if he did not "obtain his Junior Wranglership at Cambridge," was "obviously inaccurate in the suggestion, for neither Sir James nor any one else has ever done so, *that distinction being confined to students of Oxford.*" This out-Herods Herod indeed as an example of crass ignorance. Even the *Standard* should know that Wranglers are, and have always been, peculiar to Cambridge, and yet that organ goes out of its way to reverse the honour systems of the two Universities.

Soldiers in India can now be granted special leave between April and October by the general officer commanding their district. Formerly it was necessary to obtain the consent of the Commander-in-Chief—an instance of red-tapeism I am glad to see abolished.

There are rumours of a contemplated alteration in the rank and pay of lieutenants in the Royal Navy after twelve years' service. At the present time, lieutenants after eight years get a rise in rank equal to that in the Army from Captain to Major, and add to their uniforms what is known as the "Rope Yarn Stripe"; but the pay and duties remain the same. If a change is contemplated in pay and duties, surely this ought to be when the alteration is made in rank and uniform.

It is expected that the Hon. Captain Fremantle will succeed Sir Walter Hunt-Grubbe in the command of H.M.S. *Sultan.*

The Lord Chancellor actually intends to do something more for his ten thousand a year than an occasional appearance in the House of Lords. During the absence of some of the Lords Justices on circuit, he is going to preside in one of the Courts of Appeal.

It was certainly desirable that the old houses of Garden-court should be taken down, in order that they might be replaced with the new buildings, on which the Benchers have resolved to spend £20,000; but surely it was unnecessary to cover the Temple with unsightly placards announcing the impending sale of the building materials.

I hope that the Aston magistrates will make an example of the persons who have just been charged before them with the most brutal cruelty to a maid-servant. The poor girl had run away to the police-station, and the surgeon found her head with four scalp wounds, her thighs covered with long weals, her mouth and lips badly cut, all the tips of the fingers lacerated, and the wrists and arms cut and bruised. Altogether, the girl could hardly have been worse treated if she had been a black "servant" in Africa. There is probably a good deal more of this kind of cruelty in English interiors than the public ever hears of, and if the proposed "Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children" gets itself formed, I hope it will be able to extend its operations to girls in domestic service.

The Croydon Magistrates have lately recommended a very "short way" with usurers. London money-lenders, said the Chairman, are "nothing but London thieves," and they ought to be "shot or pole-axed." This is almost as severe a view of the deserts of these gentry as that which Dante took when he condemned them to pass their days in pools foul with the smell of fœtid exhalations. The case which provoked the Croydon Bench to deliver itself in this trenchant fashion was certainly a gross one. A man having borrowed £5, to be repaid in weekly instalments, fell into arrears after two instalments, when £13. 10s. was demanded, the rate of interest thus being 180 per cent. But, after all, petty money-lenders in the neighbourhood of the "Elephant and

Castle," are not the only usurers, and if all the tribe were to be pole-axed, the slaughterers would have some very high game.

Certain recent proceedings of the Incorporated Law Society afford an excellent instance of the old saying that one man may steal a horse while another may not look over the hedge. The Society prosecuted a Mr. Gennari for pretending to be a solicitor. It appeared that at the request of a dressmaker, a cousin of his, he had written a letter asking for payment of a debt of £4. 2s., saying that in default he had instructions to take out a summons in the County Court. Now, anybody, solicitor or not, has a perfect right to take out a summons, but it seems that the Society claims for solicitors a monopoly of the word "instructions," and contends, in point of fact, that one person may not ask another, as a favour, to write a letter in which any mention of a debt is made. Mr. De Rutzen, of course, saw through this transparent attempt to fortify solicitors' interests, and dismissed the charge. Surely the Incorporated Law Society might find sufficient scope for its energies in looking after its own black sheep, without wasting time and money over such futile and vexatious proceedings.

A most extraordinary miscarriage of justice appears to have taken place in the case of Morris Nicholson, who was sentenced in 1881 to seven years' penal servitude for manslaughter. Another man has confessed to the crime, and is actually anxious to give himself up, but the police—or, at all events, the Inspector at Hoxton Police-station—refused, the other day, to take the charge! An application was made last week by a solicitor to Mr. Hannay to order the man who had made the confession to be arrested and brought to the Court; but the magistrate said he did not like to interfere. The solicitor said he had applied in vain to the Home-Office, and Mr. Hannay, somewhat facetiously I fear, recommended him to apply to the Public Prosecutor. This is certainly one of the most singular combinations I ever heard of. A man is in penal servitude for a crime of which another man declares he is guilty, but no amount of prayers and entreaties can prevail upon the authorities to take number two into custody, and investigate the truth of his statement.

Distressed Monarchs always command my sympathy. Last week George Scott, "the King of the tramps," was charged with begging at Pickering. He had on four coats and two vests; attached to one coat were two rings and a thimble, denoting his Royal dignity, and on another were 78 buttons, indicating his age. In his possession was a very large and varied assortment of buttons, including some belonging to various police forces and those of most foreign countries, and also a wooden spoon, which appeared to be a souvenir of Durham Gaol. I am glad to see that this interesting individual was discharged with a caution, for I cannot help thinking that he sets a very good example to other crowned heads, by the simple and inexpensive nature of his regalia and robes of office.

Turner has been fined thirty shillings for saturating a cat with oil and setting it on fire. Silvester has been condemned to one month's imprisonment with hard labour for throwing a dog into a boiler. Are we to understand that it is a greater crime to torture a dog than a cat? The more I look into the doings of the Great Unpaid, the more convinced am I that many Justices of the Peace have yet to learn the meaning of the word "justice."

I am glad to see, however, that the recent decision in the Queen's Bench Division on cruelty to birds is having effect. At Birkenhead last week four of the bird-catching fraternity were charged with cruelty to linnets used as decoys, and three of them were fined twenty shillings and costs. The cruelty was of the same kind as in the case lately heard in the High Court. The decoys were fastened with wires or bands to the end of sticks, and so made to flutter, the result being that they were horribly lacerated. It is high time that the law was put in force against the gentry who make Sunday morning hideous in the fields and lanes about London.

Few people, I should imagine, are aware of the existence of an Act of Parliament known as the "Tippling Act of George II." By this statute it appears that a gentleman of bibulous propensities who runs up a long score at a tavern for casual drinks can avoid payment of the bill by pleading that the consumption of spirits is contrary to public policy, and ought to be discouraged by preventing inn-keepers from recovering debts so incurred. One Mr. Fricker, a member of the Kingston Corporation, who was sued last Friday in the County Court, resisted a claim by a publican on these grounds, and was successful in his defence so far as the charges in the bill related to spirits supplied, the judge holding that wines were not within the Act. The defendant, I observe, with somewhat unnecessary modesty, said that although he took advantage of the Tippling Act, he did not wish to be known as a tippler. Surely he does himself an injustice. *Palmam qui meruit ferat.*

Members of the Stock Exchange given to standing about in Throgmorton-street had better beware, now that cabdrivers have magisterial authority for no longer giving them any quarter. A cabman was summoned before Sir T. Owden, on Saturday, for causing an obstruction in that thoroughfare, and his excuse was that he was obliged to stop, so as not to run down a number of Stock Exchange men. But Sir Thomas "failed to see the necessity," and declared "that if he were a cabman he would drive through the gentlemen, and disperse them." I wonder what Sir Robert Carden thinks of his brother Alderman's advice.

Who is a young man, who, I hear, is going about London asking for money, and saying that he is a son of M. Kossuth, the ex-Hungarian Dictator? M. Kossuth has only two sons, both of whom are well known, and who reside in Italy. The "young man" is entirely unknown at the Hungarian Association, 66A, Great Russell-street. Those to whom he applies would do well to seek information respecting him at the offices of this Association, before parting with their money.

Harassing the water companies is very excellent sport, but it is difficult to see why the City should devote itself to it at this late hour of the day. The City does not boldly seek to obtain a Bill to enable it to buy up the companies,

or propose to set up a competing supply; but it brings in a Bill to limit the companies' charges and control their supply in certain particulars which would not very materially benefit the consumer. It has nobly done this, too, not on behalf of the City itself, but for the whole of London. As it has no authority whatever to speak for London, which municipally it disowns, and as Parliament will, in the absence of a great London Council, decline to deal with the question piecemeal, the Bill is quite certain to be thrown out. But it will no doubt effect its objects of advertising the Corporation's magnanimity to London, and filling the pockets of the City officers, and those of the legal friends and relations of influential Common Councillors.

THIS strikes me as a more probable derivation of "jerry" than the "jeri" of my last week's correspondent, for, if the latter were the correct one, the word not only ought to have been, but would have been, "jeri," and not "jerry."

146, Grove-street, Liverpool, *Jan.* 12, 1884.

SIR,—The derivation of the word "jerry" sent by your correspondent is ingenious; but, I venture to believe, incorrect. Your spelling of the word was right; the origin of the term being the name of two brothers who resided in Liverpool, and who built many of those rapidly-constructed, ill-built, and showy houses which form so large a portion of this city, which are inhabited chiefly by "ye lower middle classes"; and which, "for our sins," are still being provided for our lovers of appearance rather than of health to the inmates by enterprising Welshmen. The style of the firm, "Jerry Brothers, Builders and Contractors," caused the name to become generic for such builders and their work: first in this city, from whence the term spread.—Sincerely yours,

JOHN D. HAYWARD, M.D.

THERE were sixty-four applicants for the office of town clerk of Wakefield, which was filled up last week. The post is worth £500 a year.

A MAJORITY of the Gainsborough Board of Guardians have just been rendering themselves obnoxious and notorious by what one of their members describes as "their cruel intolerance and gross scurrility." The inmates of the workhouse decorated their chapel for Christmas; but the Board is apparently composed of persons of austere principles, for it was ordered that the decorations were to be "tooken down," a cross which was placed over the altar was forbidden, and the chaplain was reviled in a very scandalous manner.

I PUBLISH with pleasure the following disclaimer. The circumstances are these:—A lady advertised her furnished apartments. She received the following letter, purporting to come from Mr. H. W. Goodacre:—

(Copy.) Grandborough Cottage, Rugby. 7/12/83.

MADAM,—Seeing your advertisement in the *Daily News*, and wishing to make the *very intimate* acquaintance of *a cheerful young lady* in town, I wish to ask if that sort of thing would be agreeable to you; if so, send photo, state age, and say where I could meet you. I am a gentleman by birth and education, and should wish all that passes between us to be considered strictly private and confidential.—Yours truly, H. W. GOODACRE.

It would seem that Mr. Goodacre is a most respectable farmer, and takes a lively interest in the temperance cause. I trust that he will be successful in discovering the author of the letter.

DISCLAIMER.

SIR,—It has only just come to my knowledge that a letter appeared in your issue of Dec. 27, 1883, purporting to have been written by me, and signed with my name. I disclaim all knowledge of any such letter, and proclaim it to be a libel and forgery, and I offer a reward of £20 to any one who shall give me such information as shall lead to the detection and the conviction of the offender.—I am, Sir, yours respectfully,

Grandborough Cottage, Rugby, *Jan.* 12, 1881. HAMPDEN W. GOODACRE.

I INSERT the following letter. I believe that the late Mr. Holloway would not pay any of the firms which opposed his discharge on his insolvency:—

Draycott Mills, near Derby. *Jan.* 11, 1884.

SIR,—In TRUTH, January 3, of the late Thomas Holloway, you say "he made a noble use of his money," and you contrast him with Lord Overstone.

You may be right in your estimate of the latter, but the knowledge of the following facts may modify your ideas to some extent as to the former:—

My firm traded with Holloway from 1836 to 1839, when he became insolvent, being indebted to us upwards of £450 on balance, and this amount still remains uncovered in our books.

On seeing the statements of his great liberality in the public journals, we wrote to him calling his attention to the state of his affairs at the date of his insolvency, and suggesting that those who were then his creditors were entitled to his consideration. He replied that the persons referred to had no legal claim, and evaded the matter as referred to his honourable feeling.

So that this gentleman, who figures before the public as a great benefactor, was content to allow this blot to remain on his fame, when probably a few thousand pounds would have cleared him and raised him higher in public estimation than all his outlay on public buildings will do for him.—I am, yours respectfully,

J. H. TOWLE.

DURING a speech recently made at the annual dinner of the local fire brigade, at Chatham, Mr. A. Stigant, the Chairman of the Board of Health, expressed a strong opinion that in the event of a fire occurring in certain districts of that town, the best course for the brigade to pursue would be to let the houses burn, as nobody but the insurance companies would suffer, and a great public benefit must result from the destruction of such miserable habitations. It is not surprising that under these circumstances all the principal offices have given notice of their intention to cancel the policies at present in force in the neighbourhood, and to accept no new business with respect to any property, the burning down of which might be considered to give room for town improvements. Mr. Stigant will probably, for the future, remember that silence is golden.

A CORRESPONDENT from Panama writes:—

Ever since the cutting of the new Canal was commenced the effect has been most marked on the inhabitants of this country. From habits of great apathy, they seem to have acquired much of the enterprise of the illustrious engineer. Old mines have been reopened, and worked with more or less success, and it is confidently expected that the cutting will disclose new and very rich ones. Another industry, the pearl fishery, has been most energetically pushed, and with great success. A monster pearl was found the other day, which rivals in size most of the historic ones. It is named the "Lesseps," and takes its place amongst the largest known to the world. I believe it has been sent to London, to Benson's, the jeweller. Trade has received a wonderful impetus, and the country owes much to the enterprising Frenchman.

"If, by the potent satisfaction arising from feeling herself irreproachably turned out, she can add to her legitimate happiness, and say *mutatis mutandis*, like Pelham in Lord Lytton's novel, 'It will take much cleverer fellows than you to find fault with me or my horse either,' when she passes under the guns of her critical sisters. If, again, the energies of any poor man's daughter, anxious to burden the family exchequer as lightly as may be, can, speaking in a ribbonesque sense, make 'two blades of grass grow where one grew before;' if, further—and here is the most pressing order of the case—in days when so many capable, industrious, and alas! necessitous female hands are stretched out asking for wherewithal to employ them, a brief apprenticeship, like that above indicated, can enable them to do that well which is now done so ill—when even the mere cutting out of well-fitting clothes could be expanded into a lucrative employment for thousands who have brains and hands together, which employment would again, in itself, afford secondary yet ample work for the sewing fingers and the sewing machines that must perforce hang independence on the brains of others,"—[Extract from a Lady's Letter.] N.B.—A Descriptive Circular will be sent free to any address by the Scientific Dress-cutting Association, 272, Regent-circus, Oxford-street, London, W.

THERE is to be a great meeting of Devonshire agriculturists at Exeter to-morrow, when speeches will be delivered by Lord Carnarvon, Sir Stafford Northcote, and Mr. W. H. Smith.

I UNDERSTAND that Mr. Coote, of St. Ives, will be the Liberal candidate for Cambridgeshire in the room of Sir Henry Brand.

THE return of the Ipswich election expenses is as satisfactory as that at the York election. The total of Mr. West's expenses is £631. 2s. 7d. At the General Election, the expenses of Messrs. Collings and West came to £1,284, or more than double the present figures, and those of the Conservatives to £1,579. The expense of "conveyance" alone at the General Election was, on the Conservative side, £267, and, on the Liberal, £96—the first alone being more than half the whole cost of Mr. West's election. There is something to show, at any rate, for the labours bestowed on this subject last session.

SEVERAL of the leading shipowners of Liverpool, not being satisfied with the facilities afforded at Aden for coaling their ships, lately entered into negotiations with the India Office for a lease of the island of Perim. Lord Kimberley granted them a concession, by the terms of which they, as the Perim Coal Company, are virtually invested with sovereign rights over the harbour of Perim island and the adjacent shore for a period of thirty years. The arrangement was made without the consent, or even the knowledge, of the Government of India. One morning towards the end of last year the local agent appointed by the new company called on the British Resident at Aden, and asked for aid in obtaining coolies and supplies. General Blair at first thought the whole affair was a hoax, but subsequently telegraphed to Simla for instructions. His telegram conveyed to Lord Ripon the first information which he received of the matter.

THE proposal—now, unfortunately, an accomplished fact—to establish a coal depot at Perim is not new. It has, up till now, been steadily and successfully resisted by the Government of India. Perim, in itself, is not a place of any strategical value. Its harbour, though an excellent one, is unfortified. The island does not block the entrance to the Red Sea, which is eleven miles broad at its narrowest point. It is ninety miles from the fortress of Aden, with which it is not connected by cable. The small military force maintained at the place is isolated. According to previous arrangements, in the event of war, the garrison was to be withdrawn to Aden, and the place temporarily evacuated. The whole state of the case is now altered. Coal is the sinew of naval war. It will be impossible to abandon 50,000 tons of coal to the first enemy's cruiser which may make a dash at the island. Either the coal, therefore, must be burnt on the declaration of war, in which case the Company will claim compensation, or the harbour must be immediately fortified. Whichever plan is adopted, there will be a bill to pay. Where is the money to come from? I understand Lord Ripon has sent home a very strong despatch, repudiating all responsibility for the proceeding, and especially protesting against India being called upon to spend a single rupee in fortifying Perim for the benefit of an English coal company.

MR. MUNDELLA made some very timely remarks at Glasgow on Saturday, on the relation between social and political reform. Every one is saying just now that social issues are the questions of the day, and a good many excellent people are asking why we Radicals attach so much importance to political reforms instead of listening exclusively to the "bitter cries" of social abuses? The answer is, that political reform is a "condition precedent" (as the logicians would say) of social reform. Mr. Gladstone's first Administration produced an extraordinary crop of social reforms, but that (as Mr. Mundella pointed out) was because of the force and volume of the popular movement generated by the Reform Bill. And so in the present case the power of corporations, the power of vested interests, the power of obstructive interests are so great in the House of Commons, that we want an additional force of the people behind us to make any real solution of social problems possible.

LORD BROOKE's invective, like that of most of the ruck of his party, decidedly "wants finish." When he can find nothing better to say against the Ministry, except that Mr. Gladstone is "a humbug," he ought to remember that his political idol once assured Lord Halifax that "petulance is not sarcasm, and insolence is not invective"; and I have never yet heard anybody dispute the soundness of the dictum. Lord Brooke was, no doubt, applauded by the amiable Bœotians to whom he was speaking; but in these days, when a man talks offensive drivel to an assembly of provincial addlebrains, he should remember that if he commits himself, the reporters will certainly carry his folly all over the country. East Somerset has not been happy in its representatives since the days of the late Sir William Miles; but I should think that even the most practical of Squire-Western-like Tories would prefer the decent dulness of its late members to the flippant vulgarity of Lord Brooke, who is a young man who has become what Lord Beaconsfield calls "a personage" in certain sections of society, entirely in consequence of his having married a charming lady with a very large fortune. It is fortunate that Lord Brooke restrained the exuberance of his invective at the meeting over which Lord Bath presided, or there might have been an unpleasant difference of opinion, which would not have tended to consolidate the Tory interests in East Somerset.

As we know from Lord Ronald Gower's "Reminiscences," Lord Beaconsfield had a way of forgetting about Sir Richard Cross. Perhaps, therefore, it is only fair that Sir Richard should forget about Lord Beaconsfield; but really he was presuming too far on the shortness of political memories in talking to the good people of Hull about "the happy state of Ireland when the Conservatives left

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office." For did not Lord Beaconsfield write a certain letter to his Lord-Lieutenant, in which he declared that "a danger, in its ultimate results scarcely less disastrous than pestilence and famine, was distracting that country"? But perhaps Sir Richard was joking (the supposition is far-fetched, I admit), and was thinking of the song about "that Happy Land" in the Drury-lane pantomime.

There was one other thing, however, worth noticing in Sir Richard Cross's speeches at Hull, and that was the suggestion he threw out as to the line which Conservative obstruction would take in the coming session. The Government, he said, would have to answer a great many questions, and "if they could not answer these questions and go on with their legislation at the same time, then the questions must be answered first, and the legislation must go on afterwards." It has been pretty generally understood already that the inquisitiveness of members of the Opposition is due to a desire to postpone legislation; but Sir Richard Cross's friends will hardly thank him for letting the cat out of the bag.

The Tories of Boston are exceedingly indignant at Mr. Bedford having been nominated to the Commission of the Peace for that town, and are memorialising the Lord Chancellor on the subject. Mr. Bedford has been an Alderman of the borough for nine years, and has been its Mayor. The real reason why the Tories are incensed against him is that he strongly condemned the bribery and perjury which were at one time rife, and that he is a sound Radical.

I understand that Mr. Healy has not alluded to the Redistribution Bill in any speech, but that in November, at Drogheda, he said:—

> It would be the height of folly for the Irish party to support a Franchise Bill, even if Ireland were in it, unless they had a guarantee from the Government that if the House of Lords struck Ireland out of the Bill, it would be dropped altogether.

This is only fair and reasonable, and it is to be presumed that Ministers will recognise that the reduction of the franchise in Ireland is a cardinal point in the Bill.

The Duke of Buccleuch or his agents have been taking some very questionable steps to aid the return of Lord Eskdale for Dumfriesshire at the next election. A circular has been issued to all the Buccleuch tenants in the county asking them if Lord Eskdale can depend upon their votes when required. This sort of thing savours very strongly of intimidation, for it is not to be supposed that any tenant who ventured to express his hostility to his lordship's candidature would be treated exactly in the same manner as staunch supporters of the Tory cause. Liberals, therefore, are reduced to the choice of incurring their landlords' ill-will, of violating their principles, or of telling a lie. I can only hope that the Duke himself is ignorant of this manœuvre.

Mr. Gladstone advises the farmers of Hawarden to have dairy and fruit farms, and to sell eggs; and he thinks that if all farmers did this they would thrive. It takes a good deal of time to lay down a farm in grass, and thus to make it a great milk-producing establishment; moreover, I doubt whether, if many followed this advice, we should not have too much milk. With regard to fruit-trees, it would seem that jam is already a drug in the market. Eggs a farmer can produce at once. But I should have thought that the suggestion to do so would be better if addressed to cottagers. In many parts of France, the peasants have small plots. They work at a neighbouring farm, and cultivate their plots in the evenings, and—but this would hardly meet with approval in England—on Sundays. Their principal gain, however, is derived from eggs. Cocks and hens give little trouble. A landowner, wishing to benefit the cottagers on his estate, could not do better than give them cocks and hens. But having done this, he would have to devise a scheme to buy the eggs at a fair price.

Lord Pembroke, I see, is opening coffee-houses in every village on his estate. This is an example which all landowners would do well to follow. What villagers want is a place for an occasional gossip. This the public-house alone at present provides. If they had a coffee-house they would probably go there. But tea, coffee, and eatables must be good, and the prices must be reasonable. As it is, coffee in these houses is almost invariably execrable.

A tenant on Lord Radnor's London estate sends me a circular which he has received from the estate agents. It states that he must produce his covenant for insurance against fire at the next audit, and concludes thus:—

> We take this opportunity of adding that Lord Radnor would prefer that the insurance should be with the Alliance British and Foreign Life and Fire Insurance Company, of which Mr. Radford [the agent of the estate] has lately been appointed an agent, and who will afford you every facility in his power for making any change you may desire in favour of that office, without extra cost or trouble to the insured.

This is an instance of the sort of vexatious interference and touting which characterise ground landlords in their relations with their tenants. Any one who induces another to insure obtains a commission from the insuring company. In this case, does Lord Radnor, or his agent, or do his lawyers, get the commission?

Almost every day one reads how this landlord has "kindly" returned 20 per cent. of the half-yearly rents to his tenants, and how another has remitted 10 per cent. Practical people in the country know very well that these abatements, on which so much ignorant eulogy is lavished, are forced upon the landlords, for if they insisted on extorting the full amounts due, they would lose their tenants and find their farms thrown upon their hands.

The immediate attention of Parliament will be called when it meets to the flagitious proceedings of certain ill-conditioned land-owners, who are forcing their tenants to give up their privileges under the Agricultural Holdings Act. Considering that this Act was heartily approved by the Duke of Richmond, and that it has been "loyally accepted" by Lord Coventry, and other Tory landlords who really understand what farming is, it is difficult to understand how any owner can be so muddle-headed as to suppose that he would be permitted to defy Parliament. The trustees of a large estate in Cheshire have actually had the effrontery to send agreements round to their tenants under which they are deprived of all the com-

pensation benefits of the Act. One farmer who refused to be cheated in this fashion at once received notice to quit; and he leaves, after having spent £300 on his holding, for which he will receive no compensation. The other tenants had the choice of signing the agreement or of ejectment.

Picked up at St. James's Hall.

When landed gentry often swore,
"*By* George!" was then by no means rare;
But now they use this oath no more,
For lately 'tis "*At* George" they swear.

I do not think that Mr. George's scheme will hold water. It is true, in the abstract, that the land belongs to the entire nation, for the fact of being born in England involves a right to occupy some portion of it, be it but standing room; and it is equally true that, if the nation re-acquired all the land, it might be let at a price that would render all taxation unnecessary. But England is not precisely a prairie, on which savages wander in pursuit of game. We have allowed people to acquire property in land. They have a legal title to what they own. We cannot, therefore, deprive them of it without compensation. Such a scheme would attack the rights, not only of great territorial magnates, but of artisans, for there are many of them in our provincial towns who have purchased freeholds with their savings and built their little houses on them. What we ought to do is to make a distinction between occupying owners and non-occupying owners. The latter should be heavily taxed, the former ought only to pay the land-tax which has been filched from the nation. Any one who holds waste land should be forced to let it at a reasonable rent for useful purposes, or he ought to be deprived of it, because the proprietary rights that exist in land do not mean that the proprietor is the absolute owner of the land, but the owner of the beneficial use of it; and he obviously only can be said to own it on condition that this use shall be beneficial. No one, moreover—as is the case in London and in other great cities—should be allowed to let building land lie idle, in order that he may profit by its rise in price through others building near it, or through an increase in the urban population. The fact that this can be done, and that such land almost escapes taxation, is a national disgrace.

Mr. George is, I believe, a perfectly honest man, and he thoroughly believes in his "remedy." His crusade through the country will be a useful one, because it will show landowners that we Radicals, who wish to "regulate" them, are their best friends, for, as the vast majority of the country is convinced that our system of land tenure must be altered, the landowner will perceive that the choice lies between "regulation" and extinction. He will not love us, but he will consider us the lesser of two evils.

It is an extraordinary thing that whenever a measure of reform is carried by a Liberal Government, all the Conservative papers about the country set themselves at once to disseminate falsehoods about its working and effect. Mr. Chamberlain has had to give the "lie direct" to one of these falsehoods about the new Bankruptcy Act. It was stated with an air of authority that the initiatory fees under the new Act were three times those under the old Act. It turns out that they are identically the same, the very words which prescribe them being copied from the old rules.

I doubt the expediency of Mr. Stevenson's plan for Wednesdays in the House of Commons. He proposes to ballot for precedence of private members' Bills on that day. This would lead to too much lobbying and "log-rolling." A and B would have a Bill down for different Wednesdays. Naturally, A would only vote for B, if B would vote for A. His second proposal, that the length of speeches should be curtailed on Wednesdays, and that there should always be a division, is more practical. At present, Wednesdays are almost invariably wasted. If a Bill is of a controversial character, it is talked out. Is this Bill going to be talked out? members ask. When they are told that this will be its fate, they go away, and leave the stream of eloquence to flow on until a quarter to six.

The Board of Trade has announced that Government will not oppose the appointment of a Select Committee to inquire into the condition of the Thames in the vicinity of Twickenham and Richmond, and to consider the best mode of dealing with the annual decrease of the water which is now taking place. To assert that science cannot discover a remedy for such a state of things is only worthy of Conservators who regard the term "Conservator" as synonymous with that of "Conservative." These gentlemen cannot be allowed to oppose a *non possumus* to all improvements. They require to be educated, and this education they will receive from a Parliamentary Committee. The appointment of the Conservators was a makeshift, and if they do not properly understand their duties they will have to give place to better men.

Arabi writes to a friend in England:—

Egypt has nothing to hope from the Turks, who have destroyed her in the past. England has taken all the responsibility on her shoulders for Egypt's future, and Egyptians will look to her accordingly. I shall wait patiently until I can be of use to Egypt. I think the Soudan should be given up to the Mahdi, who would probably hold it as a vassal.

Why Arabi and his friends at Ceylon should still be hindered from returning to Egypt is not very clear. Three of their former colleagues and associates are at the present moment holding portfolios in the Nubar Cabinet at Cairo. Mustapha Fehmy was Mahmoud Sami's Minister of Foreign Affairs, and the author of the protest against the Joint Note. Mahmoud el Felaki and Abderrahman Ruchdi both served with Arabi under Ragheb, and were present at the Ramleh Council, in which Tewfik ordered armed resistance to the English.

Lady Herbert of Lea wishes me to say that she has received 5s. from "Pix," and £2 from "Reform Club," for the Westminster Soup Kitchen.

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SCRUTATOR.

LOTTA.

"MUSETTE," the piece in which Lotta made her first appearance before an English audience, was a very bad one, and Lotta herself had comparatively little to do; still, admitting all this, it struck me that there was an organised cabal in the theatre, carrying out their orders to crush the actress most conscientiously. On Saturday last, however, she had her revenge, for she scored a genuine success. It is absurd to suppose that a girl can make a million dollars on the stage in America, and be the greatest "draw" in every city of the Union, without possessing a considerable degree of talent. This Lotta most undoubtedly has. Any attempt to imitate her fails, because her oddity is natural, and such as never was seen before. In "The Old Curiosity Shop" she plays Little Nell and the Marchioness. In the former, she acts, and in the latter she is simply Lotta. Her acting was very creditable, and she managed to give true pathos to the character; but when she was herself in the Marchioness, she was so queer, that even those who came in some doubt of her capacity to amuse were fairly vanquished, and laughed heartily. "She may be funny," I see some of the critics say, "but she is not the Marchioness." This is precisely what she is. None of the characters of Dickens is true to life; they are all exaggerations. As a general rule, when they are transferred to the stage, they disappoint, because the artificiality stands revealed. One is carried away by the skill of the writer when one reads the novel in which they figure, and one imagines that such beings might exist. When, however, one sees them in flesh and blood, one perceives how impossible it is that they could ever have really lived. Lotta's triumph consists in making one forget that the Marchioness is unreal. Because there is a Lotta, one feels that there might have been a Marchioness, and that it is the most ordinary thing in the world for maids-of-all-work in lawyers' families to live upon air, to gobble up food like wild beasts when it is given them, to perch themselves on the backs of chairs, to move about in spasmodic twitches, to long for cards, to break out into strange dances, and to betake themselves, *en toute honneur*, to the bedrooms of the lawyers' clerks when they are ill in order to nurse them, and finally to marry them. In America, Lotta's advent in a town is looked forward to as a sort of pantomime. She is the pet of all American children; here, not only should children be taken to see her, but all those should go who have not outlived their capacity for honest, genuine fun.

The adaptation is not particularly well done. This is, perhaps, not the fault of the adapter. It is almost impossible to compress a novel of Dickens into a three-act play. But it is undoubtedly a mistake that Lotta should not appear in the last scene, which is devoted to settling accounts with Quilp. Now Quilp is fairly enough acted; but the public care very little whether he lives or dies—and, indeed, they would be quite satisfied to know, from reading the novel, that he does the latter. If I remember rightly, too, the part of little Nell was more elaborated in the American version, and she had a death-scene, which has disappeared in the English version. Modesty is all very well—and as it is the rarest of qualities in theatrical stars, it is to be commended in the little American lady; but she should remember that the play is merely a framework for her, and that those who go to the Opéra Comique go solely to see her. She cannot, therefore, be too much on the stage.

"A MINT OF MONEY."

The popularity of Mr. Toole is purely personal. This amusing actor has become part and parcel of our dramatic constitution. He succeeded Wright at the Adelphi, the droll of his day, and has ever since been associated with favourites—with Webster, with Paul Bedford, with Buckstone, with Irving. It matters not one jot to us whether others like him when he travels abroad; we do, and that is quite enough. When Mr. Toole went to America, they did not appreciate him, affected not to understand him, and thought him too English, just as we consider many of our cousins too American. The slight upon "our Johnnie" was immaterial, for when he returned to us we took to him all the more and liked him all the better. Public opinion, indeed, was never quite satisfied until Toole had a theatre of his own, where he could make us laugh and play the fool in his own fashion. As to the new play in which this funny little gentleman appears, that, to the majority, is immaterial. They want to see him, to look at him, to hear him. They rejoice in the electricity that seems to come out of him, and are glad to be infected by his rich flow of animal spirits. Mr. Arthur Law has not provided the popular comedian with a very good play, but it will suffice, and in a few days will be "worked-up," as it is called, into something far more amusing than it is at present. Mr. Law, as a dramatist, is scarcely out of leading strings. His nursery has been at the Gallery of Illustration, and his head nurse Mr. Corney Grain. He has yet to learn that the delicate fare of the German Reed's entertainment is not strong enough for the lusty appetites of the patrons of Toole's Theatre, and he will have to learn to paint with a bolder brush. After the rollicking humour of a Burnand, and the quaint, yet educated, wit of a Byron, Mr. Law's jokes seem thin and feeble; but he will improve as he gains experience and gradually feels his feet. Mr. Toole in this play is a proprietor of oil-wells, abnormally rich; and he wears, as usual, very extraordinary garments; and, strange to say, his own dark hair peeps under a very obvious lemon-coloured wig. I hope this is not one of the wigs so extensively advertised by a witty pamphleteer; because, if so, it is like Beau Brummel's cravat—"one of our failures." Still, bad wig or good wig, Mr. Toole, in a very "down-the-road" suit of dittos, is plunged into the midst of an enchanting Agapemone. Mrs. Flutterby has six daughters named after the days in the week, and all these maidens are anxious to marry the susceptible Mr. Toole. He would certainly have been hooked by one of them, had not a Medusa like spiritualist come across his path, who quite demoralises poor Mr. Toole. Miss Erskine is the fascinating boa-constrictor, and

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Mr. Toole, amidst roars of laughter, compares himself to the timid and trembling rabbit. But this is not all. Miss Erskine has a sherry-soddened brother, with a red nose, and these two barefaced impostors take possession of the luckless comedian. Mr. Shelton, the carroty Irishman, is content to drink Mr. Toole's sherry, and to smoke his cigars, but the unblushing Miss Erskine determines to marry him off hand, to such a thorough pulp has she reduced her squeezed orange. Suddenly, in a fit of desperation, Mr. Toole locks the drunken brother up in the coal-cellar, unknown to the servants, and when it is discovered that they have shot four tons of Wallsend into the dungeon, "and want to know what to do with the rest," Mr. Toole has a comic fit, and on one of his squirms the curtain descends on the second act. The third act is devoted to comic cross-purposes. The drunken Irishman has, of course, escaped from the coal-cellar; but Mr. Toole, thinking he has murdered him, rushes away from justice. Disguising himself in his victim's coat—the most transparent disguise ever recorded in dramatic history—Mr. Toole gets up a tree, and there hears his character discussed by Mrs. Flutterby and her six sweet darlings. He does not like what they say about him at all, but as an innocent girl allied to this sisterhood speaks well of him, he determines to marry her, and endow her with the contemplation of his wig and the comfort of his oil-wells. The acting, such as it is, is fair enough. Mr. John Billington and Miss Emily Thorne are popular in these farcical plays, and Mr. Shelton as well as Miss Erskine could scarcely have been better. Mr. Shelton, a new actor to me, would be inimitable as Captain Costigan. Mr. E. D. Ward is always far better in character parts than as the breaker of female hearts in frock-coat and well-cut trousers. He has a trick of opening his mouth as if he were catching flies, which is ugly, to say the least of it. The Flutterby young ladies are skittish according to the approved stage pattern, but only one can be regarded as an actress. This young lady is Miss Marie Linden, who, if I mistake not, will make her mark some day in something better than a farcical comedy.

"LOW WATER."

Mr. Pinero's apologies always come a little too late. He writes, rehearses, produces, and virtually endorses a new play, and when it is hissed off the stage he appeals to the papers to say that it is all a mistake, that he did not mean it, and that he was not a free agent in the matter. If I had been Mr. Pinero, and knew that some mightier force than I had determined to publicly perform a play that was mine, if I had seen advertisements published, bearing my name, that made false statements, and programmes issued that I could not endorse, I should have applied to a Judge for an injunction against the mysterious power that was dragging me into notoriety; or I should have rushed upon the stage to explain my wrongs; or, if shut out from the stage-door, I should have harangued the audience from a place in the auditorium. At any rate, I should have discounted the hissing before it came. To make a lame excuse after the play is over and has been condemned, looks as if the author were quite ready to risk the play as it stood, and to pocket the success if it came.

By this time, many people must have noticed how often this obstinate dramatist fails when he is left to his own devices; and I am forced to the conviction that he had far better submit his work for the future to practical stage managers like Mr. Hare or Mr. Bancroft, and abide by their experience and tuition. It is asserted that the actor who writes plays is the best possible judge of stage effect. If so, Mr. Pinero is an exception who proves the rule. Mr. Hare and Mr. Bancroft have managed to keep Pinero pretty straight; but, when free and unfettered to carry out his heretical doctrines at the Court Theatre, Toole's Theatre, or the Globe, he invariably comes to grief. And the best of the joke is, "Low Water" is not at all a bad play when relieved of its Pineroisms. It would have done very well for Mr. Hare's theatre, where Pinero is always welcome; but it has mysteriously fallen into the hands of a scratch company that cannot possibly do justice to any one scene in it; and two of the best characters are entrusted to an actress and an actor who are of quite second-class merit. One of the critics tells me that in the whole course of his reading he has never come across a story anything like the one used in "Low Water." If this be the case, his reading has not extended as far as "David Copperfield" or "The Vicar of Wakefield." A handsome young man, superior in station to the humble family by whom he is made welcome, elopes with and seduces the darling of the household. The secret is kept with great difficulty from the agonised father, and a high-minded woman welcomes back the fallen angel. It is the oldest story that ever appeared in fiction, and Mr. Pinero's Steerforth, strange to say, has a confidential man-servant of the true Dickens type. Mr. Hare, had this play been presented to him, would have lopped off Mr. Pinero's ill-timed witticisms as easily as the Prime Minister hacks down a beech-tree at Hawarden, and he would have given to Mrs. Kendal, in the female part called "The Major," one of the best characters that ever fell to the lot of this accomplished actress. Mrs. Kendal is made for "The Major"; the alternate brusqueness and tenderness of the woman would have suited her admirably; and when the repentant girl comes back, and begs for mercy at the knees of the hard sister, "there would not," to use the stereotyped phrase, "have been a dry eye in the house." If Mr. Hare himself did not take the old father—a fine bit of original character—he might have called Mr. David James to his assistance, who would thus have had an excellent opportunity of putting his whole strength into a part worthy of his talent. I am obliged to make these remarks, because these wonderful authors are so astonished when their plays fail. Mr. Pinero's play has failed for the following reasons:—1, because he has given one of the two parts, on which the success of the play depends, to Miss Compton — who stalks about the stage like a Life Guardsman with a bad cold caught on sentry duty, but has no further notion of acting

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a complex creation—and the other to a Mr. J. F. Young, who does not even faintly understand the point of the character with which he is entrusted; 2, because nobody has been at hand to instruct the author in the very first principles of stage effect, or to tell him how puerile are the majority of his situations. Worse stage management I have seldom seen. No stage-manager who understood his business would have allowed the whole of the first act to be played in darkness, and the second act to have commenced without a light on the stage; or have countenanced the author's plan of capping every sentimental scene with a sorry joke. No human being but Mr. Pinero would have conceived that vulgar picnic in some fashionable chambers in the Albany, or would have permitted a "gentleman's gentleman" to dry his eyes on the tray-cloth on which he is serving his master's jelly, and end by borrowing a young lady's handkerchief to wipe his servile nose. He fancies, no doubt, all this is Robertsonian, but it is as much like Robertson as it is like Shakespeare. He may reply that he is not responsible for such folly. If so, I do not understand his contention. Does he seriously mean that Mr. Hollingshead, or Mr. Shine, the manager, took his play and wrote in these farcical absurdities, or peppered his manuscript over with the ghastly jokes that provoked an audience to madness? This amiable young gentleman is either a supreme egotist or the most unfortunate creature in existence. He is for ever inventing stories and characters that some one else has invented before him, or else being charged with the paternity of phantom plays. Besides, presumably the play has been bought by somebody or loaned to somebody, or some arrangement has been made by lessor and lessee. Mr. Pinero must have thought his play good enough for the market or he would not have offered it for sale.

I have come to the conclusion that Mr. Pinero is somewhat overrated as a man of original genius, and would do well to put himself for the future into experienced hands. Like all dramatists with scanty powers of invention, he falls back upon the daily life of seedy actors and actresses to interest a public that does not care a snap of the fingers about the "seamy side" of the actor's profession. Who wants to know that the coal provider from the little shop round the corner comes up into their parlours with dirty boots, and empties a half-hundred of Wallsend into their box-ottomans, or that they are perpetually frying onions on the sitting-room fire? Who wants to hear the wretched "shop" appertaining to behind-the-scenes life? All this is very cheap and common — quite unworthy of a writer who claims the position of the leading dramatist of the day.

By the way, who told Mr. Pinero, the actor, that Ash Wednesday was the actor's holiday "by Act of Parliament"? It is nothing of the kind. The theatres in London are closed on Ash Wednesday by an arbitrary rule of the Lord Chamberlain, to which managers have to accede, or they are refused a licence. No Act of Parliament says one word about closing theatres on Ash Wednesday. A stroke of the Lord Chamberlain's pen would remove the Ash Wednesday absurdity as it removed the "Passion Week" restriction, and actors would thereby be deprived of their forced holiday, but enabled to earn their bread, which is very much more to the purpose.

One word more on a minor matter. Who persuaded Mr. Pinero that a boy could be drowned at Marlborough? The school bathing-place is as safe as a swimming-bath. Marlborough is in the middle of the Wiltshire downs. It boasts a river, certainly—the Kennett—but it would puzzle a schoolboy to drown in it unless he were two feet nothing. Where a lad cannot jump across the stream, he can ford it without wetting his knees.

The best thing in "Low Water" is the performance of Mr. Carton, a son of the late Mr. Crichett, the oculist. Better in its way no one would wish to see. I should like to see the play again, in spite of its faults; but it ought to be acted at the St. James's Theatre, with a good deal of it left out, and with what remains considerably changed.

"THE PIPER OF HAMELIN."

English opera seems to have taken root—not the old-fashioned "Beggars' Opera" business, a mere apology for the introduction of ballads—but a regular Italo-German performance, which, whilst being quite un-Wagnerian, is also as far removed from the older forms of opera with aria, scena, and occasional chorus. Nessler goes in for chorus, scena, and occasional aria. However, the ever-popular aria, although occasional, is not put in with the extreme stinginess of Wagner, and I must add of late days, since he has got Wagner-bitten, of Verdi himself. But I have no wish to cheapen Nessler by comparison with any of the acknowledged leaders of the musical art. He has made his own reputation. He is not in the first rank, but he is deservedly popular. He does not bother himself with modern art theories about the dignity of the musical drama, but adopts whatever suits him, runs smoothly and melodiously, and is not without occasional bursts, which make one think that he is going to develop into something grand, when he stops out of breath apparently with his own exertion.

"The Piper" has some effective part writing, and the sestet at the close of the first act legitimately won the applause of a very well filled house. The old story of the Piper who danced away with the rats, and then danced off with the children because he could not get paid, has, it appears, elements of enduring interest. Children and rats on the stage cannot fail to draw. The rats and mice came down the walls, ran over the floor, and looked quite as real as the children—which is saying a good deal for the rats—for the children jumped, and skipped, and danced so naturally that the audience felt and applauded the realism of the nursery, which always seems equally fresh and equally acceptable on the stage, whatever it may be off.

I can't say that there was any one thing which made an overpowering impression on me. Perhaps the tippling duet between the town clerk and his "boosy" companion in the cellar was one of the most effective hits. I did not at all relish the encores, which were not in a single case won.

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There is a more or less successful attempt at quaintness and novelty about the Piper's music, which was very adequately done justice to by James Sauvage; and Madame Hersee had an excellent singing part—so good for singing purposes that I somehow wondered it was not more actually effective. Still, nothing was dull, and the attention of the audience was well sustained. The opera, though in five acts, is within reasonable limits—over at about a quarter past eleven, no mean advantage to people who have to catch trains.

McGuckin was as good as ever, and is certainly developing the qualities of an accomplished buffo, which is a great compliment to pay to a gentleman who is equally strong in the sentimental hero business. He can sing, too, which is a comfort. But as to singing generally, the English Opera Company is fairly strong. Miss Armstrong is, of course, excellent, and is graced with mature power; and Madame Hersee, although with her old tendency to sing occasionally sharp, cannot fail to please with her accomplished vocalisation. I remember her looking like a child of sixteen at Brighton, and singing the "Carnaval de Venise" at the Town Hall. She would not like me to mention how many years ago that was. As to singing sharp or flat, all singers do one or the other, or both, occasionally. Catalani was so abominable in this respect, and knew it so well, that she used to fee the fiddlers in the orchestra to follow her by playing out of tune up or down to her voice. In this way they and she got credit for being right, and all the others had to—what is vulgarly called—"lump it." Such chronic infirmity can only be pardoned in consummate ability. Madame Hersee only forces her voice sharp in excited moments, and she gets true as she advances in her part. I wish I could say the same for some of her companions. The scenery was not striking, but adequate. After all, it is better to spend money on good singers and rehearsals than on extra drop-scenes and the electric light.

The Opera Company offer an ambitious programme: "Faust," "Trovatore," and the usual stock. Miss Julia Gaylord is among the *prime donne* this week, and with Carrodus as leader, and with Betjemann and Julian Edwards to conduct, the orchestra is well cared for. Mdlle. Catherine Devrient is very pretty, and so I hope her singing will improve. She has an incisive voice, but lacks sustained power and control. Her eyes, were they fixed a little more frequently on the audience, or her lover, or the ceiling, and not quite so often on the prompter's box, would be more effective; but she pleased, for indeed a thing of beauty is a joy for ever. Considering that last week was Mdlle. Devrient's first appearance on any stage, it is wonderful that she acted and sang throughout so effectively.

The piercing wind blew, as usual, freely over the stalls and eddied about the boxes. The gods in the top gallery were alone comfortable — packed tight, and apparently roasted, thus reversing the usual ideas of top and bottom, for in the pit—I mean the stalls—we were more than celestially cool.

THE appreciation accorded by the highest circles during the last half century to the Original Oriental Tooth Paste proves the efficacy of this refined toilet luxury. It is compounded of rare and fragrant herbs in an especial manner known only to the sole proprietors and manufacturers, JEWSBURY & BROWN, Chemists, of Manchester. Its use keeps the teeth and gums in a state of preservation and soundness to old age, while its rare aromatic properties render the breath exceedingly pleasant. Perfect in all Climates.

MR. LONG AND HIS CRITICS.

It is a pity Mr. Long did not adhere to his original intention, and call his large picture, now exhibiting in Bond-street, "The Unknown God"—a much finer title than "Anno Domini." However, there it is, and a very impressive picture it is, too, full of subject, or rather subjects. The traditional group of Mary with the Child seated on the ass and Joseph trudging along by their side, is well balanced by the well-known image of the Egyptian goddess, also bearing a child on her knees, who is figuring prominently in the long procession, as it winds from temple to temple. Another child on the knees of another mother is also full of pathetic interest. It is a dying child, whom they are trying to revive by holding up little blue idols before its closing eyes. The vendor, on seeing the approach of the unknown Holy Family, offers them a little blue porcelain god for sale, just the sort of thing strangers might be supposed to fancy. The crowd is admirably studied. The temples rise impressively in the background, with the well-known features of the Pyramids and the Nile in the distance. Exception has been taken to the delicate and pale complexion of the Virgin, and, indeed, she looks like a modern European more than an ancient Eastern — but Mr. Long is not only right, but subtly and philosophically right. M. Renan was much struck on his voyage to Smyrna with a Palestinian group, the children and the mother being almost as fair as English or French people; and the fair type is by no means uncommon in the neighbourhood of Jerusalem. There is truth of history and poetry, too, in this European-looking Virgin. She is the type of all that belongs to the modern world of the West—of nothing which belongs to the ancient world of the East. Christianity was an Eastern religion, but it conquered the West. Its capital was Rome, not Jerusalem; its conquest was Europe, not Asia. All that characterises the Christian religion is not of the bondwoman of the East, but of the free woman of the West. The pale-faced Virgin stands for the ideal woman of modern Europe. The worship of woman in the old chivalry was but the secular reflection of Virgin-worship—even the modern reverence paid to the sex has much the same origin. It is, therefore, a true, as well as a poetical, instinct which a little exaggerates and emphasises the European character of the Virgin in this picture "Anno Domini"; for she and her babe belong to the new world entirely, and the "Anno Domini" marks the separation between the past and the present, just as reverence for the sex and for Christianity divides us off in social sentiment and religion from a world in which woman was a chattel and religion a provincial sect.

"When we consider that a successful modiste is accustomed to charge, for making a single dress, more than three times the cost of the SCIENTIFIC DRESS-CUTTING ASSOCIATION'S full course of lessons and appliances, the wonder is, not that they have a daily-increasing number of pupils, but that they have not applications from many more than they can fairly attend to; they will all come in time; and, as this System becomes more widely known, the proportion of well-dressed women will perceptibly increase until an ugly dress will be a remarkable exception. Meanwhile, as ever, some who might have readily availed themselves of a lucrative opening (it is intended to appoint a *limited* number of agents, not more than one in any one town or country district), will regret their hesitation and procrastination, when they observe the greater success of others, who are quick-witted to see a possible advantage, and prompt to seize an opportunity."—[Extract from a Lady's Letter.] N.B.—A Descriptive Circular will be sent free to any address by the Scientific Dress-cutting Association, 272, Regent-circus, Oxford-street, London, W.

THE BARREL ORGAN.

Tune.—Jam Satis.

"Mr. Gladstone, in the course of his remarks to his tenantry, said he had implicit faith in the illimitable capacity of the human stomach; and that he was certain the appetite of man would soon revive, and a good time come again for the British farmer. With a view to meeting this imminent revival he laid especial stress on the enormous advantages British farmers possess for the production of Jam," &c., &c.—*Weekly Paper.*

THERE'S a sweet little word—it is spelled with three letters—
Which Britons are destined with joy to repeat;
Which Farmers will shout as they throw off their fetters,
And Countrymen chorus whenever they meet;
Which Princes and Peasants will cheerily utter,
And which not a mortal will venture to damn
(Except it be those who are dealers in butter):
The sweet little word—can't you guess it?—is Jam!
Yes, Jam! Jam! Cheap British Jam!
Let's joyfully welcome the Era of Jam!

It is true that our outlook is not very cheerful,
That markets are glutted and prices are low;
That Commerce is ailing, and Enterprise fearful;
That Labour's inclined o'er the ocean to go.
In short, it is true that our fate most perversely
Has managed with ills our existence to cram,
Yet still we may hope—nay, to put it more tersely—
A future of joy lies before us in—Jam!
Yes, Jam! Jam! Cheap British Jam!
The hope of Old England is centred in Jam!

For what need we care (Mr. Gladstone has said it)
Though husbandry fails any profits to pay?
Though England has lost agricultural credit?
Though arable farming has long had its day?
What matter? Whilst man still a stomach possesses,
And appetite prompts him this stomach to cram,
The yeoman may heal his bucolic distresses
By growing and making unlimited Jam!
Yes, Jam! Jam! Cheap British Jam!
There's hope for us all in profusion of Jam!

Then no more let us hear of those much be-puff'd nostrums
For healing the people, which A., B., and C.
Have so glibly advanced from competitive rostrums,
Since they were at best but mere fiddle-de-dee.
Reform is a farce; Manhood-Suffrage a snare, too;
And Redistribution a palpable sham;
For all the sad ills that our flesh is an heir to,
The one panacea is limitless Jam!
Yes, Jam! Jam! Cheap British Jam!
The be-all and end-all of living is Jam!

The people no more—for their pledges prohibit 'em—
Can drink England out of her troubles and debts;
But now 'tis by eating preserves quite *ad libitum*
That we're to affect Mr. Childers' assets—
A fact which, we think, might without hesitation
Be used as a peg for a neat epigram,
Which should tell how preserves are the land's preservation,
And our Box of Pandora—a pot full of Jam!
Yes; Jam! Jam! Cheap British Jam!
Our hope must in future be wrapped up in Jam!

Then, seeing that this is so pressing a question,
'Tis clear that we cannot too earnestly try
To each of us strengthen at once that digestion
On which we are destined ere long to rely.
Come trouble, come debt, or a foreign invasion,
Each man who with pride cries "A Briton I am!"
Should see he is ready, at Gladstone's persuasion,
To daily devour his due quota of Jam!
Yes, Jam! Jam! Cheap British Jam!
To help on Old England by eating Cheap Jam!

NOTES FROM PARIS.

AND so the Princess Frederick Charles of Prussia has at length revolted against the swash-buckler tyranny of her illustrious husband! We are here delighted at the public washing of family linen at Dissau and Berlin. The Red Prince, as florid English journalists are wont to call him, is a good military workman, but otherwise no credit to his House or country. He is not a monogamist, and the memory of his heart is a short one. Nor does he like refined and cultured women. The fräulein who serves in an underground beer-shop has the most chance of being "distinguished" by him. Perhaps it is because she does not think the worse of him when the numerous drinks he mixes stultify his brain, and make his irascible temper violent. As the Americans say, he soaks his liquor, and doesn't want to share it with anybody. In his most genial moods, the Prince Frederick Charles is ready to tell disagreeable truths. His "sincerity in wine"—or beer, or schnapps—is appalling, as he possesses and uses the vocabulary of the first Prussian King of his race. That close-handed and despotic Monarch used to call his wife (a sister of our George I.) a sow. When Prince Frederick Charles was in France, he used nightly to have a *kermesse* in the château in which he was quartered. I shall never forget an oral account received from an old lady of the state in which he left a country house of hers near Montargis, and of the uses to which he had turned the choice furniture in her drawing-room. He condescended to play some practical jokes on her when he was her tenant: they were heavy, and not good-natured. Prince Frederick Charles is the double first cousin of the Crown Prince, who was as scrupulous in respecting the lares and penates in French houses which he had requisitioned for his use, as the other was the reverse. Fritz did all that in him lay to mitigate the inevitable severity of war when he was at Les Ombrages. Prince George of Saxony, at Margency and St. Prix, showed himself a kind and high-minded gentleman, and left a good name behind him. He occupied the château of Baron Davilliers, the famous collector of bric-à-brac and art curios. An inventory of the furniture was made by the Prince's order, and his military secretary was told to see that every object which might be easily taken away was locked up. Nothing was missing when the Baron returned to live in his house. At St. Prix some officers of Queen Elizabeth's regiment removed to a cottage where they were quartered, a piano from a neighbouring château. But the Prince, to whom the fact was reported by the Mayor of the Commune, sent word to his subordinates that they were to use the instrument as if it were their own, to return it when they were going away, and, when it was in its place, to get it tuned. They carefully obeyed. In

Vanity Fair says:—"Mr. Benjamin is still the Prince of Ulster and Stalking-Coat Makers." Ulster House, Conduit-street, W.

Rimmel's New Year Novelties.—Perfumed Cards and Sachets, Scent-cases, Fans, &c. 96, Strand; 128, Regent-st.; 24, Cornhill.

the Denmark campaign, the Red Prince was true to his nature. As it was no part of his military duty to set a good example, he gave the rein to his propensities. The carousals at his quarters resembled those of our Anglo-Saxon ancestors during the Heptarchy.

Princess Frederick Charles is of the same family as the Empress Catherine II. of Russia. As all her daughters are married and established out of Prussia, she does not see why she should any longer put up with the rough tantrums and drill-sergeant tyranny of her illustrious husband. The Duchess of Connaught is the youngest of her three daughters. Her only son is a Lieutenant in the Foot Guards, and therefore no longer under his father's guardianship.

SPORTING NOTES.

I DO not observe a single new stake in the Calendar which contains the nominations for the events which closed on the first Tuesday in January. The cupidity of the Stewards of the Jockey Club appears to be insatiable, for, not content with their manifold sources of profit on the Heath itself, they are evidently resolved to make the owners pay as much as possible of the money which they pretend to add to most of their stakes. An entrance of £5 has become quite a common feature in the Newmarket conditions, and although, I should think, the revenue must now be the largest of any meeting in the country except Ascot, yet, when one comes to look into the programmes in a businesslike fashion, they are altogether despicable. If any one has preserved the daily cards of the last October Meetings he will find, on investigating them carefully, and after comparing them with the records of the volume of races past, that although on some days such sums as £1,000 and £1,500 were ostensibly given in the aggregate, yet when the balance was struck against entrances, forfeits, and profits of selling races, the Club usually gained, and on even the most extravagant day they did not really give as many shillings as they advertised pounds. The absence of Lord Ellesmere's entries makes a notable difference in the aspect of several of the minor stakes. It seems to me that it would be far more rational to postpone the closing of such events as the Trial Stakes until within a week of the meeting. In some matters the Stewards are strangely reluctant to deviate from the old routine. While in one department the most reckless changes are hurriedly ordered, in another the Stewards alter nothing, and will let nothing be altered. To get as much money as possible out of their meetings appears to be the pole-star of their administration. The Port Stakes did not fill, and there are only 29 entries for the Criterion, against 46 last year and 45 in 1882. Lord Falmouth has only engaged one of his two-year-olds—Tressilian, who is by Silvio—Lilian, and, therefore, brother to the good-looking Lillibullero. "Mr. Manton" is the most liberal subscriber, not only to this, but to most of the other stakes. This entry includes St. Honorat, who is brother to Thebais, and Lord Molyneux, who is brother to Sefton. There are only 21 subscriptions to next year's Grand Duke Michael Stakes, against 28 for 1884 and 26 for last year. We learn from the particulars furnished in the entry for the Triennial Produce Stakes (in which Lord Falmouth's name does not appear, for the first time for many years), that Lord Bradford's Adversity (dam of Chippendale) is in foal to Springfield; while of Mr. Chaplin's cracks, Adelaide (dam of Peregrine and of Sir John Willoughby's filly), Hazledean (dam of Kermesse), and Stray Shot (dam of Shotover), have all been sent to Hermit; and so also have Lord Hartington's Chaplet (sister to Rosicrucian) and Mr. Manton's Devotion (dam of Thebais) and Lady Masham (dam of Peter). Lord Hartington has sent Belphœbe to Isonomy, and Mr. Manton's Pilgrimage and Lady Sefton (dam of Sefton) have also visited him; and so have Lord Falmouth's Jannette and Spinaway (dame of Busybody); while he sent Wheel of Fortune to Springfield and Cantinière (dam of Dutch Oven) to Galopin.

The Ascot Cup, value £1,000, is still the great race of the Calendar, with £200 for second and £100 for third. The entry is a very good one, but it is rather disappointing that Frontin should not have been engaged. I hear that Duke of Richmond turns out to be deficient in stamina, so the lamentations with which the Duke of Westminster was overwhelmed at Goodwood in consequence of his omission from the great races were premature. Of the older cracks, Tristan, Quicklime, Thebais, and Corrie Roy are entered. Of last season's celebrities we find St. Blaise, Ossian, Blue Grass, Ladislas, Hauteur, and Keir. The three-year-olds include St. Simon, Wild Thyme, and Juventus. Mr. Chaplin has a sealed nomination both for this race and for the Alexandra Plate. I expect it is Anchorite, who, I am told, will astonish us all one day. There ought this year to be a good field for the Cup, which, somehow or other, does not usually excite the amount of competition which might reasonably be expected for such a prize. The fact is that, as a rule, there is something likely to start which is regarded as a certainty, and which owners do not care to oppose. For example, what an egregious blunder was committed by Lord Bradford and by Mr. Lefevre when they withdrew Retreat and Tristan in Foxhall's year, when Faugh-a-Ballagh most certainly ought to have won, and two days before Retreat had given him 33 lb. and an easy beating. A horse which has been Gulliver in Lilliput one season very often degenerates into Gulliver in Brobdingnag by the middle of the next. For instance, there was Shotover last year, and Foxhall the year before; and, indeed, there is hardly a season but furnishes similar examples. Achievement was a very striking instance of deterioration. The entry for the Alexandra Plate is almost a copy of that for the Cup, of course, omitting the three-year-olds, and leaving out Quicklime and Thebais. There are 109 entries for the Rous Memorial (1885), including St. Blaise, Fra Diavolo (the best two-year-old in France last season), Busybody, Harvester, Lillibullero, Reprieve, Ossian, Royal Fern, Blue Grass, Chislehurst, St. Simon, Hamako, and Duke of Richmond. Mr. Manton has entered Clairvaux for a couple of T.Y.C. stakes, and Paul (the three-year-old

I certainly recommend Mr. & Mrs. Hart, 15, Stockbridge-terrace, Pimlico, S.W., as the most just and liberal purchasers of Cast-off Clothes, Jewellery, and every description of property. They punctually keep appointments, and remit P.O.O. for articles per return.

brother to Peter) is in the All-Aged Stakes at the Houghton Meeting. Mr. Chaplin evidently has sanguine hopes of the future of his colt by Hermit—Departure's dam, for he is entered in the Epsom Cup, as also are St. Simon, Duke of Richmond, Tristan, Thebais, Keir, and St. Blaise. The prospects of all these weight-for-age races are altogether more promising than they have been for several seasons. The Prince of Wales, who last year nominated Iroquois for the Stockbridge Cup, has now named Geheimniss, and probably he again has the winner to run for him. This is a truly remarkable race, for although there is not a shilling of added money, and the winner actually has to pay £10 "towards expenses," it obtains a greater number of entries than any similar event. This success is, of course, mainly due to the assiduous canvassing which goes on at Stockbridge every year; and Lord March would do well to take the hint, for a little more activity with the Red-book would greatly benefit some of the old-fashioned stakes in the Goodwood programme.

There is no foundation whatever for the report that the Stewards of the Jockey Club contemplate the pardon of Radmall. It is far more likely that one or two other owners of the same calibre will shortly be despatched to join him in his exile. In the event of Walton returning from America for another season, after his Moscow-like campaign of last autumn, I hear that the Stewards of the Jockey Club will take the earliest opportunity of catching him under Clauses 1 and 4 of Rule 49, which he has unquestionably infringed over and over again. The secret springs which guided Walton in one or two of his most successful *coups* are now well-known to the Newmarket authorities, and a far more sensational, and I do not hesitate to add a far more justifiable, warning-off decree than that issued against Charles Archer will probably astonish the silly simpletons who are always eulogising "fashionable" jockeys, before they are many months older. In regard to the betting of jockeys, the only really practical method of putting a stop to this evil will be for the Stewards to take the advice which was offered them in last week's Truth. The remedies proposed at present are Laputan, and remind one of Addison's mountebank, who, when people asked for a remedy for the plague, offered them pills which were very good against earthquakes.

"Pavo," who is always in extremes of ecstasy or invective, has made a violent attack on George Frederick, which, however, matters the less to Mr. Hume Webster, inasmuch as the horse's subscription is nearly full. I certainly could not recommend any one to pay 100 gs. for George Frederick, but it is ridiculously unfair to denounce him as "a coach-horse," seeing that the only fault which the most hypercritical could detect in him is his heavy shoulders; and it should not be forgotten that this defect did not prevent him from winning the Derby in a canter, and that the gradients at Epsom make it the very worst course in all England for a horse with heavy shoulders. George Frederick, it must be remembered, has not been favoured with a great number of crack mares, and it cannot at least be disputed that he sired Frontin, who beat St. Blaise in the Grand Prix, and Farfadet in the French Derby, and who on this form was the best three-year-old of last season. How "Pavo" can write such exasperating balderdash as that "many good judges in France unhesitatingly award the *pas* to Farfadet when ridden by an equally good jockey," I cannot understand. The "good judges" must be idiots, or else they are blinded by prejudice. If superior jockeyship won Frontin the French Derby, at least he "lost" Farfadet a fortnight later in the Grand Prix, and they have only met on those two occasions. Beau Brummel was the most highly-tried English three-year-old of last season; but although he did manage to beat Macheath in the Hopeful, after a helter-skelter sort of finish, yet he never was sound after his disastrous race with Royal Angus at Stockbridge in 1882. Fritz, brother to Beau Brummel, is being backed by some eager idiots for the Derby, but it will be time enough to boast of him when he has done something to justify eulogy. Mr. H. Webster has very wisely got rid of Claremont (a 2,000 gs. yearling), whose failure, both on the turf and at the stud, was complete and ignominious. Hilarious takes his place, and he is a very well-bred horse, and good-looking. But I prefer Beaudesert to either of his companions, and at 25 gs. he is worth the patronage of any one whose mares would suit the blood. As breeders are now making their arrangements, I may take this opportunity of most strongly recommending Retreat (30 gs.), and Muncaster (20 gs.).

MAMMON.

EGYPT.

THE locusts, the bondholders, and all those who draw a salary from Egypt, or hope to make money, one way or another, out of its unhappy people, are in a state of wild exultation. Events, they feel, have worked for them; the cholera was a godsend; the disaster in the Soudan they recognise as a crowning mercy. I trust that their happiness will be shortlived; and, what is more, I am inclined to think that this is likely.

They have come to the conclusion that we have pledged ourselves to defend Egypt against the Mahdi, and that as the Egyptians are determined not to love, honour, and obey us, our occupation of the country must become a Protectorate.

Let us look at the facts. Why did we first interfere in Egypt? Avowedly because the bondholders wished us to look after their interests. Why did we dethrone Ismail? Not because he was a bad ruler, but avowedly because he acted upon the opinion that Egypt could not pay such heavy sums as we wished to exact for the bondholders. Why did we fall out with the Notables and Arabi? Avowedly because they claimed the right to vote the Egyptian Budget, and wished to reduce the salaries of European *employés*. Why did we send a fleet and an army to Egypt? Ostensibly to secure the safety of the Suez Canal, which we said was menaced by a herd of adventurers, who, we insisted, were tyrannising over the Egyptian people.

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Well, we conquered Arabi and reinstated Tewfik on the Khedival throne. Now, indeed, shouted locusts and bondholders, the game is in our own hands. We knew well enough that the entire nation was with Arabi. We know how a foreign intervention is loathed. The English Government will soon discover that if English moral influence is to exist in Egypt, English physical influence must remain paramount. When Mr. Gladstone announced that our army would shortly be withdrawn, they laughed at the idea. Circumstances, they said, will be too strong for him. Our salaries, our usuries, and our various gains are safe.

What is the real condition of things now? It is worth considering, for bondholders are powerful in the Press, and their literature is misleading. If distorting facts and drawing false conclusions can delude the public mind, no effort will be spared to delude it.

The only reason why we should have interfered more in Egypt than in Japan is that near to the former country there happens to be a canal connecting the Mediterranean with the Red Sea, and it would be injurious to our commerce were it destroyed. This canal is separated from the valley of the Nile and from the Delta by a desert. If, therefore, we feel that we have a mission to defend it, we ought to garrison Port Said and Ismailia. In this case it matters little to us whether there be a Prophet or a Khedive in Egypt. We should hold the Canal precisely as we hold Gibraltar, without occupying our minds with the Government that exists in Madrid. That our Government did not perceive this is an instance of blindness such as history can hardly equal. But I go a step further. I absolutely deny that it is necessary to garrison Port Said or Ismailia. No one dreams of destroying the Canal. In times of peace it is obvious that it will be managed like any other commercial concern. Its owners will not drive away customers, but endeavour to attract them. If we have to complain of anything, we must complain to M. de Lesseps. If ever we are at war with any great Mediterranean State, we are in a perfectly safe position already. We could close the Canal, because we are masters in the Red Sea, and this we should do, for, as a matter of fact, our military authorities have laid down that it would be impossible to send troops, or to convoy merchant ships, through the Mediterranean.

We may therefore dismiss all thought of the Canal from our minds. It served a purpose when the locusts were trying to get us to look after their interests in Egypt, but I observe that it is now never even alluded to as a ground for our remaining in the country. We are there; every attempt to form an Egyptian Government under our auspices has failed, owing to the creditable hatred of the Egyptians to a foreign yoke; and therefore we must either give up all hope of forming such a Government, or convert the Egyptian Ministers into absolute puppets, and support these puppets with an army. The question is whether we shall draw back or go forward.

Why, let me ask, in the name of common sense, and all those principles which Liberals profess, should we remain in Egypt one day against the wishes of the Egyptians? Our plea for interfering was that they wanted us: how can this tally with our plea for remaining because they do not want us? What is it to us whether they are well or ill governed? Why are we to deprive a nation of Mahometans of their independence, because we have taken it into our heads that our rule would be more beneficial to them than their own? Such a doctrine would justify any State falling on its weaker neighbours. It is a monstrous one, and it only shows how powerful the locusts and the bondholders are, that any one should even conceive that we ought to act on it.

"Yes," the answer is, "but will the Egyptians be left to settle their own affairs if we withdraw? Will not France assume our place?" Here, again, we must go back to facts. When we interfered, we called upon all European nations, ourselves amongst the number, to sign a declaration that any Power interfering in Egypt should derive no benefit from its interference. This was called the *Protocole de désintéressement.* We proclaimed aloud that we would establish no Protectorate. In the words of Mr. Gladstone, we would not even remain to see whether any liberal institutions that we might establish would strike root. We would set Tewfik on his legs, give him a fair start, and then withdraw. Thus we were to give a great moral lesson to Europe.

Well, we have been there nearly two years. We put Tewfik on his rickety legs; we practically nominated his Ministers; we sent Mr. Clifford Lloyd, Sir Evelyn Baring, and others to advise him, and at the end of last session it was held that he had had his fair start. It was agreed that we were to withdraw almost immediately, and, indeed, that we should already have withdrawn, had it not been for the cholera. What has happened since? The Egyptian Ministers were corrupt, and remain corrupt. The Egyptians hated us, and still hate us. The fellahs were harassed by the tax-collectors and by armies, and they are still harassed by them. Nothing has changed in Egypt proper. But, against our advice, the Khedive sent an expedition to crush the Soudanese. The expedition—as I sincerely trust will be the case with all such expeditions—was vanquished. On this the Egyptian Government called upon us to re-conquer the Soudan for it. Naturally, we declined, and we also declined to act as policemen in Cairo and Alexandria, whilst the Egyptian policemen, and any negro who could be crimped, were sent off to the Soudan in a wild and helpless endeavour to recover that province. We, however, informed the Egyptian Government that, being in the country, we would hinder the Mahdi from invading it. I am sorry that we went even as far as this. We have, however, done so, and we must abide the consequences.

The first result has been the resignation of the Ministry. Our intention, it is to be presumed, was to make Egypt in some sort of way constitutional—that is to say, to secure for it a responsible Ministry. It is, it must be admitted, a curious mode of carrying this scheme out, to encourage the Khedive to accept the resignation of his Ministers when they venture to differ from him. These Ministers were appointed at our recommendation. Not long ago all the English press lauded them to the skies. Their resignation proves that it is impossible to find a

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dozen men of note in Egypt ready to ruin themselves in popular estimation by consenting to act as our dummies.

Nubar has been appointed Prime Minister. Twenty-two years ago he was a humble Armenian interpreter, earning something less than £100 per annum. Ismail took a fancy to him, and paid his debts. Shortly afterwards he became a Minister, and was concerned in negotiating loans. Commissions stuck to his itching palm. His experiments in administration and in borrowing resulted in a great profit to himself and utter ruin to the country of his adoption. His fortune is colossal, and only a year ago he was negotiating a marriage for his daughter with a Royal Prince in reduced circumstances. Why, except on the principle of set a thief to catch a thief, this most successful marauder should be appointed by our influence Prime Minister, it is hard to say. He is, however, the man of the bondholders and locusts, and, of course, he is puffed in the journals in which the interests of these worthies are defended. One of Nubar's colleagues is a Maltese renegade; he is thus described by the *Times* correspondent—"An amiable functionary, partly of British extraction."

As we have undertaken to defend Egypt proper against the Mahdi, it is clear that we cannot leave the country until any probability of his attacking it has disappeared. The announcement of our decision will probably lead him to direct his attentions elsewhere. We ought, as soon as possible, to enter into communication with him. The tendency of prophets is to go up like rockets and to come down like sticks. Possibly he will sink into insignificance. If he is an able man he will organise the Soudan into a well-governed State. I see that it is urged that we should hinder him from acquiring Souakim. This would be a mistake: first, because it is no business of ours to whom Souakim belongs; secondly, because the possession of a seaport is the first step towards civilisation. It brings a State into communication with other States. It is asserted that Souakim would be used by the Mahdi for the purposes of the slave trade. This is nonsense. The Red Sea is narrow. The slaves are conveyed across it in large open boats. These boats lie anywhere along the coast, and cross to Arabia in a night. The possession of a harbour would make no difference.

But although we may have to remain in Egypt for a few months, this should make no alteration in our policy. We ought to interfere as little as possible with the domestic Government. We must not seize any pretext for converting our temporary occupation into a permanent Protectorate. Our aim, object, and intention ought to be to leave the country. If, as I have said, we are of opinion that the Canal wants guarding, then let us leave a few soldiers at Port Said and at Ismailia, and have a ship or two at the former place. This is a reasonable policy. But why should we remain in Egypt? Naturally the locusts and the bondholders wish us to. What, however, have we to gain? Egypt is a heavily mortgaged estate, requiring much expenditure to make it pay even expenses. It is not worth taking as a gift. We have enough and too many "native populations" under our rule already. A protectorate of Egypt, moreover, would possibly involve us in many difficulties. We should have Englishmen pushing their way down South, and then calling upon us to annex the countries into which they have penetrated. If it be true that there is a great Mahometan uprising in Africa, why should we put ourselves in a position to direct or to suppress it? Where are our troops? We have difficulty enough in obtaining sufficient soldiers to protect our present Empire. We are told that we might send troops from India to Egypt. But who is to pay for the transport and the maintenance of these troops? We should be positive losers by annexing Egypt, and there is no more reason why we should annex it in order to secure our communications with India, than that we should annex Spain in order to ensure our communications with the Canal. A Protectorate would be even more costly than annexation, for it would be more likely to bring us into trouble. The idea of having a Khedive with English Ministers and with a small English army to keep him on his Throne, and ruling Egypt through Egyptians who would either be hostile to us, or who would be loathed by their countrymen on account of their subserviency, is the very bathos of practical statesmanship. No; we must face the situation: either we must annex a country, where almost every man hates us—which would cost more than it would bring in; which would involve us in still further annexations, and thus bring us into permanent conflict with the Mahometans of Central Africa; which would cost us (and rightly cost us) the friendship of France; and which would justify every future violation of faith by any of the Continental Powers—or we must, as soon as possible, withdraw, bag and baggage. That any independent man should entertain a doubt which of these two alternatives we ought to choose, convinces me that there are a vast number of persons in Great Britain utterly unable to understand our true interests when the issue is purposely obscured by those who look alone to their own interests. Putting aside all questions of international morality, putting aside our pledges, putting aside the vague trash and drivel which would have us interfere to act the part of a beneficent Providence to every nation which we regard as ill-governed, and which is applicable to the Chinese as well as to the Egyptians, I assert that we ought to evacuate Egypt on the practical ground of expediency. If the Khedive likes to hire an English soldier of fortune to command his soldiers, or one of Mr. Forster's Irish Satraps who is out of employment to be an Under Secretary of State, by all means let him; but let it, at the same time, be clearly understood that we, as a nation, have nothing to do with these appointments, and that we assume no responsibility on account of them.

I ask for no better sample of the nonsense which we are asked to swallow, than the recent telegrams which have been sent home from Cairo by "special correspondents." The *Times* correspondent, the other day, favoured us with a conversation with the Khedive, in which Tewfik was made to avow his love and confidence in us. The *Standard* correspondent, on the same day, telegraphed that Tewfik had told him that he utterly distrusted us. The very same day, the Paris correspondent of the *Daily News* telegraphed that an ex-Italian stable-boy, now a trusted official of the Khedive, had arrived in Paris to implore M. Ferry to interfere against us. What does all this mean? That the one single man in Egypt on whom we rely, and

for whom we have fought, fears us and hates us. At one moment he is ready to throw himself into our arms, at another moment he seeks aid to free himself from our embrace. I do not wonder at the poor wretch. He has been educated in a harem; he is a weak, vacillating creature; he is surrounded by designing knaves; he has occasionally a qualm of conscience at being used as a puppet against the aspirations and the independence of his countrymen; and sometimes he dreads to rebel against us, sometimes he thinks he may do so in safety. And this is the man whom we are told we are bound to maintain upon a Throne.

Anent the recent Ministerial changes, a friend writes to me:—"It is merely the repetition of an old story. Tewfik has now betrayed Sheriff in precisely the same way as he has treated successively Rias, Mahmoud Sami, and Ragheb, and as he will eventually overturn Nubar, unless Nubar outwits him. Up to the very last moment, Tewfik assured his late Ministers of his cordial participation in their views, solemnly protested his determination to stand or fall with them, and sent Tonino Bey, his *conseiller intime*, to Paris to sue for French aid. Sheriff and his friends regarded their proposed resignation as a dramatic incident in the plot, but to their surprise Tewfik sent for Nubar, whom, perhaps, he hates and distrusts more than any other man in Egypt, and begged him to form a Cabinet. Nubar is unpopular as an Armenian, a Christian, and the author of the policy of loans, by which he has enriched himself. Tewfik probably hopes to make peace with his subjects by sacrificing him, and making a merit of appointing a Mahometan in his place."

My own conviction is that the Conservatives are perfectly well aware of the absurdity and of the folly of endeavouring to establish ourselves in Egypt; but that both those who call themselves Conservatives, and those who, calling themselves Liberals, are Conservatives in heart, wish to embark us in a risky African policy in order to divert our attention from reforms at home. It is impossible otherwise to account for the utter nonsense they talk and write. This apparently was the plan of Lord Beaconsfield when he hurried us into hostilities in Afghanistan and South Africa, and nearly dragged us into a war to maintain the vile rule of the Sultan over Turkey. True Liberals, therefore, must be on their guard, and the Ministry must not allow itself to be humbugged, either by financialists interested in making us their jackals, or by Conservatives interested in making us their dupes. The majority of the electors never were very warm adherents to the policy of intervention in Egypt. Most of those who were in favour of it are now convinced that the policy was a mistaken one, and they desire that we should, as soon as possible, revert, in our relations with Egypt, to the position which we occupied before we sent out wiseacres to show the Egyptians how to manage their finances. The beginning of meddling, like the beginning of strife, is as the letting out of waters. If we have made a false step, our best plan is to retrace it, and not to flounder in a river because we have wetted our feet in it.

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QUEER STORIES.

MESSENT'S DOUBLE.

JOHN RAYNOR, a young solicitor in very fair practice, had known Rupert Messent rather well for a good many years as a Club acquaintance. Intimacy, or even sincere friendship, between the two young men was quite out of the question, owing to the complete dissimilarity of their tastes and dispositions. Messent had run through a fine fortune, which he had inherited from his father, and for years had subsisted mainly on his debts. At least, he had no visible source of income, though he gambled recklessly on the turf, the Stock Exchange, and at cards. But he was one of those men who never seem to burn their fingers or to seriously damage their reputation, though his mode of life was no secret to any one. The fact was he was a man of extremely fascinating manners and appearance, excelling in all bodily exercises, clever, well read, accustomed to move freely in the best society, and not the sort of person to be ignored or cold-shouldered.

Raynor, on the other hand, was steady-going and methodical, not wanting in shrewdness and worldly wisdom, but with very narrow interests and sympathies. He devoted himself to his profession with the single-minded purpose of one day becoming an eminent family solicitor. This respectable ambition prompted him to lose no opportunity of cultivating acquaintances of good social status. He always had an eye to business, and he used his club as a means of quietly increasing his connection. He was probably attracted to Messent, in the first instance, by observing the deference with which he was treated by older men than himself. When he got to know him and realised his position, he still looked upon him as a possible client. With his handsome face and figure, his geniality, and his accomplishments, he might aspire to marry an heiress. Raynor often suggested this to him, with the hope of securing professional employment for himself, if Messent should take his advice. The latter, however, seemed little inclined to do so; or, at all events, he professed to laugh at the notion. But he contracted the habit of conversing with Raynor about his affairs—his debts and his embarrassments—and they usually had a chat when they met at the club. One evening he strolled into the smoking-room and joined Raynor on the sofa.

"Well, Raynor, I've done it, and you're responsible," he remarked, when they had exchanged greetings.

"Done what?" inquired Raynor.

"I'm engaged to be married to Miss Clayport," said Messent, extracting a miniature cigarette from a dainty silver case, and lighting it.

"What! The daughter of old Clayport, the contractor!" exclaimed Raynor.

"I believe he is a contractor. He is very rich, any way," said Messent, puffing serenely.

"My dear fellow! He is worth millions—five or six millions, they say—and his daughter is his only child," ejaculated Raynor, startled out of his usual calmness.

"He is an old brick!" said Messent, rousing himself to make a faint show of enthusiasm. "I told him of my debts,

and so on. He says they are a fleabite. I own I never looked at them in that light before."

"My dear Messent! Pray allow me to congratulate you," cried Raynor, shaking him warmly by the hand.

"Thanks," said Messent, shortly. "Miss Clayport," he added, after a pause, as though speaking from a strong sense of duty, "Miss Clayport is a very charming girl!"

"So I have always understood," said Raynor, though as a matter of fact he had never heard of her before in his life, except by name.

He proceeded to touch lightly on the subject of the settlements to be executed upon the marriage, with the view of impressing Messent with the necessity of placing himself under his professional care and direction. Messent answered his questions in an off-hand manner, which plainly showed that he had not troubled his head, at present, on the subject, and he seemed so distrait and absent-minded that Raynor at length said, almost angrily—

"You look as glum as an undertaker, Messent. No one would imagine you had just been made the happiest of men."

"The fact is," said Messent slowly, as he lighted another cigarette, "I had rather an upset just before I came here. I saw my ghost."

"Your ghost!" laughed Raynor.

"Well, I suppose I ought to say my double, as he was certainly flesh and blood. But he was so like me, that I could almost have sworn it was myself."

Raynor stared at his friend in amazement. Messent was the last man in the world whom one would have suspected of having delicate nerves, yet he was evidently disturbed by what he was relating.

"I don't think anything of that," said Raynor, a little contemptuously. "There have been lots of instances of men as alike as two peas. What does it matter?"

"I suppose it doesn't matter, but it gives a man a queer sensation to come face to face with another the very counterpart of himself," said Messent, throwing away the end of his cigarette on the carpet, in defiance of the club rules, and thrusting his hands in his trousers pockets. "Of course, he wasn't dressed like me, but his features and complexion seemed precisely the same as mine."

"Did you meet this inconvenient person in the street? Why didn't you insist on his giving an account of himself?" asked Raynor, laughing. "I'm not sure that it isn't a case of infringement of copyright."

"I met him close here, in Bond-street. I was so taken aback that I never thought to speak to him," said Messent, who treated the matter quite seriously. "I wish I had," he added, rising to his feet, and shaking himself. "If I had exchanged half a-dozen words with him I should not have come away impressed with an uncomfortable idea of having seen an evil omen."

"Evil fiddlesticks!" said Raynor, with great scorn.

An intimate friend of Messent's came up at that moment and carried him off, thus putting an end to the conversation. Raynor immediately dismissed the incident they had just been discussing from his practical mind, which was a great deal exercised about his friend's marriage. If Messent married old Clayport's heiress, he might become a valuable client, and there was, of course, the possibility that through his friend's introduction he might obtain the business of the wealthy contractor himself. The endless vista of six-and-eightpences which this wealthy connection opened up to his imagination caused his interest in Messent to increase a hundredfold, and he mentally congratulated himself upon his foresight in having secured his confidence.

In spite of himself, however, he was fated to be reminded of Messent's story of his double, for, a few days afterwards, he was walking down Long Acre, in the direction of his offices in Lincoln's-Inn-fields, when he saw, as he thought, Messent walking on the pavement opposite. If he had not suddenly recollected Messent's own warning, he would have rushed across to him without a moment's hesitation. But, with characteristic caution, he looked the individual up and down before committing himself, and then he saw he had been misled by a remarkable likeness. At a second glance, he perceived that the stranger looked older than Messent, and, judging from his attire, he was in a different station of life altogether. There was no room for doubt that this was the man Messent had met the other day, but Raynor, though struck by the resemblance, did not think it was anything to rave about.

However, he wrote and told Messent he had come across his duplicate. It was his policy to keep himself *en évidence* at this interesting juncture of his friend's affairs, and therefore he took the trouble to send a few lines. In the course of the following week he received a reply, in which Messent said that he had since made the acquaintance of the individual in question, and he invited him to come up to his rooms on an evening which he named to meet the stranger. Raynor took no interest whatever in his friend's double, and thought Messent was making an unnecessary and foolish fuss about an accidental likeness. But he deemed it prudent to accept the invitation, and at the appointed time presented himself at his friend's chambers.

Messent had an expensive first-floor in Bond-street, furnished with a good deal of taste and luxury. His man ushered Raynor into the sitting-room, which was untenanted, and then handed him a letter, saying that his master had been obliged to go out. Inside the envelope was a brief note from Miss Clayport to her *fiancé*, stating that at the last moment a friend had sent her tickets for a much sought-after entertainment, and requesting him to accompany her. On the back of this Messent had scrawled a few lines apologising to Raynor for his enforced absence, and explaining that Miss Clayport's letter had only just arrived. He asked Raynor to be good enough to wait and receive the guest he was to meet, if only for the purpose of accounting for the absence of the host. He added that he would be very pleased to find them both at his rooms on his return.

Raynor thought he might as well wait, especially as Messent wished him to. He seated himself comfortably in his friend's best easy-chair, selected a choice cigar from the box on the table, and sat keenly scrutinising the apartment, and especially the invitation cards on the mantelboard, until the other guest arrived. The new-comer was announced as Mr. Fabian, and the man who showed him in stared at him open-mouthed, evidently amazed—as, indeed, he could not fail to be — at the visitor's likeness to his master.

Raynor introduced himself and apologised for Messent's absence as requested. He repeated his friend's invitation,

and Mr. Fabian, with some hesitation, consented to remain. He did not seem overjoyed at the prospect of a *tête-à-tête* with Raynor, though the latter exerted himself to be agreeable. In fact, Mr. Fabian seemed a little out of temper at the trick his host had played him. But he was apparently as much struck as Messent himself at the resemblance between them, and the desire to become acquainted with one another seemed mutual. Raynor was able to satisfy Mr. Fabian's curiosity regarding Messent by describing his parentage and antecedents, and their conversation elicited the singular fact that Messent and his double had been born in the same month and year. Raynor became quite interested in these comparisons, but upon better acquaintance with Mr. Fabian he noticed many little points of difference between the outward appearance of him and Messent. It is true their features were very much alike, and the colour of their eyes looked the same. Even their hair and moustaches and whiskers were the same dark tint, though Mr. Fabian's face was more covered and he was much less carefully combed and trimmed. But for all this, Raynor flattered himself he should never himself have been deceived. Mr. Fabian's features were not so refined as Messent's; his face, too, was lined and careworn, and had an expression of habitual dejection.

It was quite clear, however, that Mr. Fabian had not led so pleasant and easy-going a life as Messent. He seemed at very low water, his clothes being old and shabby, and his linen none of the cleanest. On seeing him in the street, Raynor had concluded, chiefly from his dress, that he was not Messent's equal in the social scale. He now saw reason to alter his opinion, for though Mr. Fabian's manners were rough and unpolished, he was unmistakably a gentleman. Finding his companion was inclined to be reticent about himself, Raynor could not refrain from putting him a few leading questions, as he thought, adroitly. But he began to suspect he had given offence by his curiosity when Mr. Fabian abruptly arose from his chair, threw his half-finished cigar into the grate, and took his departure with scant ceremony.

Messent's man made an excuse to come into the room where Raynor was when Mr. Fabian had gone, and expressed his astonishment at the extraordinary likeness. Raynor rather pooh-poohed it, feeling irritated at Mr. Fabian's abrupt exit. He remained until he had finished his cigar, and then, finding it was still early, adjourned to the club for the rest of the evening, leaving word for Messent where he was in case he felt inclined to come round.

Messent called upon him the next day at his office, chiefly to ask questions about Mr. Fabian, but partly on business also. He wanted to know what form a marriage settlement usually took, and so on—giving Raynor an opportunity of impressing him with his professional acumen. Raynor dwelt as much as possible on this part of the interview; but Messent seemed much more interested about Mr. Fabian. He eagerly listened to what little information Raynor had gathered concerning him, and seemed as keen as ever about following up the acquaintance. He announced his intention of calling upon him, and mentioned his address, which Raynor had not previously known. It was in some suburb the other side of the water—Wandsworth or Battersea.

After this Raynor saw nothing more of Messent for a few weeks. He kept a look out for him at the club, but a newly engaged man can never be depended upon at his old haunts. The next he heard of him was, oddly enough, through this very Mr. Fabian, who called one day with Messent's card. Raynor gathered that a sort of intimacy had sprung up between Messent and Fabian, for they had apparently seen a good deal of each other. Messent had evidently said a good word for his friend, for Mr. Fabian's manner at his second meeting with Raynor was much more genial.

"I have called to consult you on a matter of business," said Mr. Fabian, after chatting a few minutes about Messent. "I did not tell our friend what the subject was, though he knows it is connected with my departure."

"Where to?" inquired Raynor.

"Venezuela."

"What! For good?" exclaimed Raynor.

"One place is as good as another," said Mr. Fabian, bitterly. "Let me tell you in confidence how I am situated."

It was a commonplace story, which need not be repeated in detail. Suffice it to say that Fabian was not his real name. He was the son of a wealthy Liverpool merchant, who had disinherited him in consequence of his marriage with a woman of doubtful antecedents. Mr. Fabian was not very communicative about himself, and Raynor imagined that his relatives had more cause for displeasure than he cared to admit. He confessed he had been subsisting chiefly on charity for some years past, owing, as he declared, to his inability to earn a living. The present position was that the only relief he could obtain was a sum of money on condition of his leaving the country for good.

"Messent advises me," he said, discontentedly, "and he has given me a letter to a man over there, so I may as well try my luck."

"What did you want with me?" inquired Raynor.

"I want you to look after my wife and children," said Fabian. "I mean to pay them an allowance for a month or two, while I am making a home for them."

It crossed Raynor's mind that his client contemplated deserting his family; but Fabian, apparently divining his suspicion, hastened to say, "This is Messent's idea. I was for taking my wife with me; and I'm not sure it wouldn't be better."

"Of course, it is a matter for arrangement," said Raynor, deciding to speak to Messent before undertaking the business.

Mr. Fabian forebore to press him, and said he would again think the matter over. Meanwhile, Raynor made a point of seeing Messent, who soon succeeded in overcoming his scruples. Messent seemed convinced of Fabian's *bona fides* and integrity, and showed symptoms of irritation at Raynor's hesitation. The result was that when next Mr. Fabian called, Raynor readily undertook the trust.

Raynor had his doubts whether the money would be forthcoming, but, rather to his surprise, a considerable sum was placed in his hands to distribute in weekly pay-

Minton's China.—Thomas Goode & Co., Artists and Designers in Porcelain, South Audley-street, Grosvenor-square.

ments. Before he sailed Mr. Fabian authorised Raynor, in case his wife should grow impatient, to take a passage for her and her children by a later steamer. Raynor was a little mystified by this direction, but it at least showed that his client had no desire to desert his belongings.

Messent, who seemed completely infatuated with Fabian, went down to Southampton to see him off, and wanted Raynor to go too. But the latter pleaded his professional engagements, and from that time he commenced to make weekly remittances to Mrs. Fabian. The lady acknowledged them two or three times without comment, and then, rather to Raynor's surprise, requested to be informed of her husband's address. Raynor wrote to her with a direction at Venezuela which would find him, and the next morning, on reaching his office, he was informed that Mrs. Fabian awaited him. She was a vulgar-looking, overdressed young woman, with golden hair of a very artificial aspect. She appeared in a great state of excitement, and accosted Raynor fiercely.

"Where is my husband?" she cried.

"Did you not get my letter?" inquired Raynor, who carefully cultivated professional composure.

"Yes. What is the name of the place? I can't read it! Where is it?" demanded Mrs. Fabian, in a breath, producing the letter.

Raynor told her quietly what the place was, and where.

"Oh, then, he has deserted me!" cried Mrs. Fabian, violently. "I suspected what he was up to, when he pretended he was obliged to keep in hiding from the bailiffs. So he has left the country, has he?"

"There is no question of desertion," said Raynor, anxiously, as the lady showed an inclination to demonstrate her indignation very forcibly. "If you and your children wish to follow him, you can. I will engage your passage to-morrow by the next steamer."

"Oh! I'll follow him right enough," said Mrs. Fabian, after a stare of astonishment. "Catch me letting him get beyond my reach. I'll follow him, and if I don't like it I'll soon bring him back. Why, you've got a letter from him," she added, suddenly pointing to one he had just opened, and held in his hand.

"It is nothing of the kind," returned Raynor.

It happened to be a letter from Messent, stating that he had arranged to get married at a very early date, which he named, and asking Raynor to put himself into communication at once with Mr. Clayport's solicitors about the settlements.

"It's my husband's writing, I'll swear," cried the woman, suspiciously.

"Very odd, your saying that," said Raynor, good-humouredly. "It is the writing of a friend of your husband's, who, strangely enough, bears a most extraordinary resemblance ——"

Raynor stopped short in his sentence, and never finished it. Like a revelation, the suspicion suddenly flashed across his mind that the likeness between these two men was not accidental. A moment's reflection revealed to him the humiliating truth that he had been made the tool of an unscrupulous and designing man. The woman seated by his side was Messent's wife, and in order to get her out of the way and secure himself from future annoyance, he had sought by subterfuge to procure Raynor's *bonâ-fide* testimony to the existence of a double. The depth and cunning of the conspiracy Raynor could not help admiring, even while he was tingling with vexation and resentment.

"I don't fancy my husband has gone to what's-its-name, after all," said the woman, who sat watching him.

Raynor threw Messent's letter to her across the table with a vicious gesture.

GIRLS' GOSSIP.

DEAREST AMY,—I have just heard from some cousins who live in the North of Ireland, where Mr. Oscar Wilde has lately been lecturing on "The House Beautiful." They are amused to discover that the impression left upon the practical northern mind by his discourse of coal-scuttles, doors, mantelpieces, wall-papers, and dados, is that the gentleman is travelling and lecturing in the interests of some large furniture warehouse. Is it not funny? Mrs. Riddell may well ask, "What is fame?"

I have just read—no, that is not the word—hopped, skipped, and jumped, through her story, "A Struggle for Fame." It is really a sort of treatise on publishers and their various ways. As to story, there is scarcely any, and the only likeable character in the book is the shadowy Mr. Lacere. The heroine is disagreeable, and a number of persons are brought into the book who have nothing whatever to do with the story. Some one told me that the characters are all real people; but, as I do not know who the originals are, I do not see that that improves matters much, or makes the book more interesting to an ignorant public.

I have also, of late, peeped into a book called "The Abbey Mill," which is intensely, though unconsciously, amusing. There is one Duke in it, and a Lady Something. There are presentations at Court, and much of what the French newspapers call "Le High-Life." Well, dear, the heroine *dresses for luncheon* on one occasion. One would think that that would be a wholly unnecessary performance, but as *the* Duke is to be a guest at the meal, one benevolently excuses her for touching herself up a bit. But what do you think she wears? A black and silver dress, with a spray of frosted flowers "set in diamonds and rubies" in her hair.

There, Amy! How should you like to live with that young woman? If she gets herself up so extensively for so early a meal, what would she *not* wear at dinner or at a dance? The most lively imagination must falter, and fail to follow in such a dazzling flight.

There are rude persons who call parsons "old women." Fortunately there are many good and sensible men among our clergymen, but if all clerics were like one of whom we heard yesterday, it would be very rude to old women to give them that name. Lilla is Low Church, and during a conversation with her clergyman, she remarked that she had caught a bad cold in church on the previous Sunday. "Impossible, madam, impossible," was his reply; "No devout worshipper ever caught cold in a sacred edifice. Have you so little faith as to imagine that such a thing could be permitted by a just Providence?" Lilla replied that it was not a matter of faith, but one of fact; that she had been sitting in a strong draught during the service, and had been suffering ever since. Thereupon the godly man waxed wroth, forgot the apostle's injunction, "Be courteous," and almost told Lilla she was fibbing.

Harry is enchanted, for he never liked Lilla's Presbyterian leanings. She declares that she never could have imagined her spiritual counsellor could be such a fool, and that she will at once give up her sitting in his church.

A clergyman of the same narrow-minded, bigoted order once remarked to some school-children, in my hearing, that

Hunting and Riding Dress for Ladies and Gentlemen at Ulster House, Conduit-street.

Old Lace.—The finest collection in London at A. Blackborne & Co.'s, 35, South Audley-street, Grosvenor-square.

they ought to imitate the example of the birds, which, after every drop they drank, held up their heads to thank God. I remonstrated afterwards with him, reminding him that the gesture in question was owing to the formation of the birds' necks, and not to their sentiment of gratitude. He was rather angry with me, I think, and said that it was, in any case, a good lesson for the children. But that can never be a sound lesson which is founded on a fallacy—can it?

Miss Janet Baird's wedding with Major George Chalmer was a very quiet one, owing to the recent death of her mother. Her wedding-gown was quite lovely. The bodice and train were made of white brocaded velvet over a satin petticoat, the diagonal scarf which trimmed the latter being edged with chenille fringe. This scarf was looped up with white velvet ribbons and ostrich feathers. Her head and neck glittered with diamonds.

Three little girls were bridesmaids. They wore white plush frocks, trimmed with white fur and white satin polonaises, with very large "Granny" bonnets, also white. These made them look top-heavy from a back view. We noticed a pretty costume in grey brocaded velvet, well carried out, on one of the guests. As the bride is in mourning, her travelling dress was grey, with hat and muff to match.

The marriage of Lord Feversham's daughter, Lady Hermione Duncombe, is to take place on Thursday, the 17th, at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge. The bridegroom is the Marquis of Kildare, eldest son of the Duke of Leinster.

I noticed a pretty mode of utilising a wedding veil at the Prince's "Cinderella," on Wednesday last. It was draped very gracefully over a full skirt of white tulle, on which the pattern of the Honiton lace showed very effectively. The bodice worn with the skirt was made of white stamped velvet. Another pretty dress of white tulle was wreathed round the bodice with a thick garland of drooping snowdrops. A second garland of similar blossoms trimmed the skirt, and small bunches of the flowers nestled here and there among the folds of the tulle.

A very pretty gown was made of pink tulle with chenille spots, and masses of scarlet poppies round the bodice and down one side of the skirt. A black dress had sweet little clusters of "crushed strawberry" marabout feathers on the shoulders and dotted about the skirt.

There were heaps of tulle dresses; and certainly nothing is more suitable for dancing in than tulle, so light is it and airy-looking. But I must tell you about one or two dresses of more sophisticated fabrics. One of these was made of cream-coloured satin, with bodice and drapery of terra-cotta satin. This precisely suited the style of the tall, fair lady who wore it.

A dress that no one could help noticing for its air of uniqueness (I fear I have invented that word!) was made of pink silk scattered over with flowers in the Pompadour style, and much trimmed with lace. From the shoulder, where it was fastened with a mother-o'-pearl crescent, depended a scarf of the silk, which fell below the waist and mingled with the drapery of the skirt.

These Cinderellas have been an immense success, and a goodly sum is expected to result from them to the benefit of the Chelsea Hospital for Women.

I must tell you of two lovely songs, with so much feeling in them that you will be charmed. The composer is a lady—Miss Phœbe Otway; and the names of the songs are "The night has a thousand eyes," and "Frühlingsruhe," the latter being a setting of Uhland's beautiful, fanciful lines about his last resting-place. There are English words as well, but the German are much more "singable." It is a soft, flowing melody, with an accompaniment of chords in the treble, and many sustained notes, suited to a contralto like yours. The range is from C to E flat.

Our old friend Mr. Dunwich has sent us a lovely box of flowers, all of which have bloomed in the open air. There are forget-me-nots, veronica, summer roses and Christmas roses (fancy these blooming in company!), laurustinus, chrysanthemums, violets, primroses, calceolaria, polyanthus, stock, wallflower, anemones, gladiolus, and cyclamen. The heads of the latter were sheltered at night, he tells us, but the roots are in the open soil. Think of these flowers of all four seasons being gathered at the same time! I wonder if Nature is pleased, or if she is anxious about her foolish children discounting their future prospects by their premature appearance.

We went to the private view of Mr. Alfred Hunt's drawings at the Fine Art Society in New Bond-street on Saturday last. In some of them he seems to have looked at nature through a prism, or to have added an *issimo* to every one of her tints, but others are true poems. "A Sea-fret over Dunstanborough" is one of these, and another is "On the Coast of Yorkshire." "Whitby—Evening" is one of the prismatic ones. Gorgeous hues of red and yellow cover the face of the cliff. One almost feels the glow of them on one's face as one stands opposite the canvas. These brilliant tones intensify the coolness and darkness of the blue-grey sea, from which the sun has gone, as well as from the brown sails of the little boats running inshore. There are two drawings of Loch Maree, one in a morning mist (107), and another in what a tailor would call a costume of "heather-mixtures." We preferred the *déshabille*, the dressing-gown, *i.e.*, the morning mist. "At the End of the Reef" is another of those pictures, with souls in them, that are so delightful to live with.

There was such a crowd that we could not see the drawings as well as we should have liked. There were some smart dresses One made of red velvet was striking. Another of raven's-wing blue suited the tall blonde who wore it. A young woman who had evidently been tarred with the æsthetic brush, as her hair was so untidy, wore a revolting mixture of brown, red, and black. There are persons who cannot look at pictures without screwing up their eyes, wrinkling their foreheads, and otherwise making forbidding faces. It is very painful to turn from the examination of a beautiful canvas and confront a human countenance all out of drawing. Such people ought to be admitted only before breakfast, so as to be well out of the way of sensitive souls.

As you cannot come up to see the Grosvenor Gallery "Sir Joshuas," I must try next week to give you some idea of what the beauties of his day were like—Elizabeth Gunning, Mrs. Nesbitt, Mrs. Siddons—as they appear on his canvas. We Londoners can enjoy a rare treat now, with this magnificent collection at the Grosvenor and the Old Masters at the Royal Academy.

A pretty winter-dress was worn the other day by a lady Lily met at one of Madame Edmond Adam's Thursdays. The dress was of very dark green satin, enriched with large violet velvet pansies; the second skirt, skilfully draped, was of moss-coloured velveteen. The bodice, of plain dark green satin, trimmed with the moss-coloured velveteen, opened on a kind of stomacher embroidered with violet pansies. When the lady went out she put on a dark green velvet cloak, lined with quilted violet satin; the bonnet was of violet velvet, decorated with two tiny green love-birds. Her sister, who accompanied her, wore a costume of dark orange gros de Gênes; the skirt was cut at the bottom into rounded vandykes, thrown out by a still darker velvet flounce. A velvet polonaise of the same hue was fringed with chenille; the small capote was made entirely of passementerie, covered with jet, and surmounted by a tuft of orange and canary-coloured velvet, pinked at the edges. I need scarcely tell you that this latter costume was worn by a decided brunette.

The other night, Lily, ill-pleased with a dress just sent home, which she was to wear on Tuesday (the subscription night) at the Théâtre Français, had a brilliant idea. She

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possesses a handsome black silk dress, covered with jet, but fitting badly about the waist and chest; so she cut the long sleeves so as they should merely reach the elbow, with an edging of black lace; and taking two yards of cream-coloured surah, arranged it in front so as to form a sort of *blouse* waistcoat, tacking on each side of the waist, in front, a black velvet string which, tied together, shaped the bodice. The whole, contrived with a frill and bow of lace at the throat, really had a most coquettish effect, and the expense was infinitesimal.

Here is a new fashion of closing a note sent by a servant's hand. The envelope is crossed by a ribbon; on the knot securing it, and also on the other parts of the ribbon, you drop sealing-wax, on which you impress some fancy motto. You write the direction after the operation is performed, so that the ribbon should not cover any of the words.

In this weather—rather too mild to keep venison a long while—the best plan, if you want to reserve some for a dinner at a particular date some way a-head, is to decide on having what the French call "Filet de cerf à la Condé." I know sportsmen will be horrified, but anything is better than having to send away venison from table because it is too high. Therefore, make up your mind to lard your meat and to pickle it. Then you place it in a huge earthenware dish, on slices of bacon, with a quart of good brandy, some thyme, laurel-leaf, a few cloves, onions, and carrots in slices. Let the whole cook gently for five hours. Serve the fillet with its gravy, to which you will have added a spoonful of mustard. If you wish to be quite French, you may enliven the aspect of your dish by forming round it a sort of wreath of gherkins.

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DEAR VANITY,—I will begin my letter this week by singing the praises of a medicine which has the valuable property of curing what all the world is suffering from at this season more or less—namely, a cold in the head. Surely that complaint is one of the lesser evils that flesh is heir to; and I think the man who has discovered a sure remedy for this plague ought to be ranked among the benefactors of the human race. The other morning I awoke with that most uncomfortable of feelings, a general oppression, which is the certain precursor of a catarrh. At first black despair seized me; but luckily I remembered that, if taken in time, the mystic contents of a little green glass bottle might save me from the prospect of many days' discomfort to myself and others. I sped to the nearest chemist's, and found the longed-for remedy, and before night was cured. It is called GLYKALINE, a colourless, tasteless fluid, three drops of which, taken at intervals of an hour, will infallibly do away with the most obstinate of colds. All this sounds rather like an advertisement, so I beg you to understand that I have no personal or pecuniary interest in the sale of Glykaline, and only sing its praises with a wish to spread its healing properties around, and, by recommending it, confer a boon on the suffering human race.—Talon Rouge. (*Vanity Fair*, March 17, 1877.) Glykaline, prepared by LEATH & ROSS, 5, St. Paul's Churchyard, and 9, Vere-street, W. All Chemists, 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d.; by post, 1s. 3d. and 3s.

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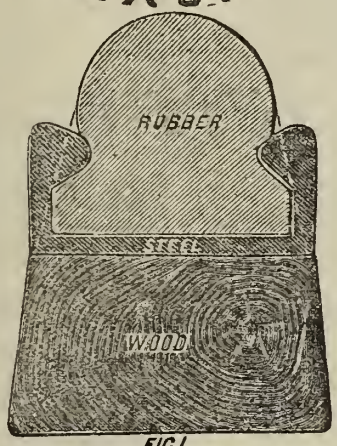

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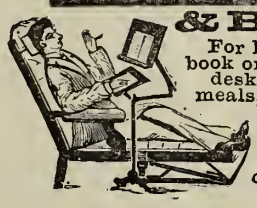

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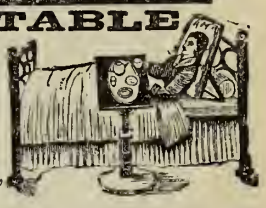

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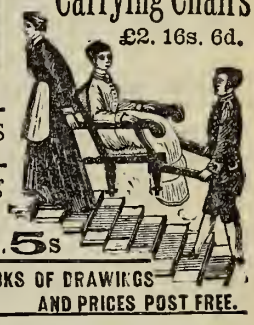

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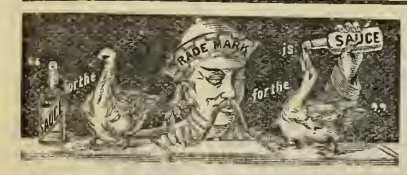

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The Union Steamship Co. of New Zealand, Limited, intend during May or June 1884, to despatch the

s.s. *TARAWERA*, 2,003 Tons, 1,750 I.H.P.,

or other of their Steamers, on a Special Excursion from Auckland, New Zealand, to Fiji, Samoa, Tonga, and other Islands of the South Pacific.

May and June being the winter months and the most pleasant time of the year to visit the South Sea Islands, the Company have fixed the period of the Excursion accordingly, and as very few opportunities offer of visiting these beautiful and interesting Islands every effort will be made to ensure the success of the trip.

For further particulars apply to Union Steamship Co., of New Zealand, Limited, 18, Walbrook, London, E.C.

THE OCEAN STEAM YACHTING COMPANY (Limited) intend despatching from SOUTHAMPTON their screw steam yacht *CEYLON*, 2,200 tons register, on PLEASURE CRUISES as follows:—

March, for a two months' cruise to the Mediterranean;
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June, for a six weeks' cruise to the Northern Latitudes;
August, for a fortnight's cruise round the United Kingdom;
September, for a one month's cruise to the Atlantic Islands;
December (if sufficient inducement offers), for a winter's cruise in the West Indies.

The *Ceylon* sailed on the 3rd. inst. on her two months' cruise, and will call off Nice (Ville Franche) about Jan. 20, from which place berths still vacant may be engaged. Fare from Nice for remainder of cruise, 80 guineas. Apply at 11, Abchurch-lane, London, E.C.; 7, Pall-mall, S.W.; or on board the ship.

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COBDENS' QUININE and PHOSPHORUS PILLS give strength, energy, and vigorous vitality, are infallible in all nervous diseases, and a specific for Neuralgia. 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., and 11s. (great saving), Post-free. Sussex Drug Company, Limited, Brighton.

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The Lincoln and Midland Counties Drug Co.
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THE HULL, BARNSLEY, and WEST RIDING JUNCTION RAILWAY and DOCK COMPANY. Incorporated 43 & 44 Vic., cap. 199, 26th August, 1880.—ISSUE of £3,000,000 FOUR PER CENT. PERPETUAL PREFERENCE STOCK, 1884. Price of Issue £85 for every £100 of stock. Dividend contingent on the profits of each year, and to commence to accrue on the 1st of January, 1887. Authorised by the special general meetings of the proprietors, held on the 24th February, 1883, and on the 25th August, 1883, in accordance with the provisions of the Hull, Barnsley, and West Riding Junction Railway and Dock (New Works) Act, 1882, and the Hull, Barnsley, and West Riding Junction Railway and Dock (Various Powers) Act, 1883. Subscriptions are invited for the balance unallotted of the above stock, on the following terms and conditions:

1. The price is £85 for every £100 of stock, and no sums less than £10, or that is not a multiple of £10 will be allotted.

2. The deposit on allotment is £20 per £100, and must be paid to the bankers named on the allotment letter on or before the 31st January, 1884. If not so paid, the allotment will thereupon become cancelled.

3. The balance is payable in the instalments, and on the dates of payment subjoined, viz.:

£15	per £100	on the	1st July, 1884.
£15	,,	,,	1st January, 1885.
£15	,,	,,	1st July, 1885.
£20	,,	,,	1st January, 1886.

4. Subscribers will have the option of paying the above-named instalments in advance on the day fixed for the payment of the deposit, or any one of the days fixed for the payment of the first or any subsequent instalment; and interest at the rate of £5 per cent. per annum will be allowed by way of rebate for the time the payment in advance is made.

5. If an instalment remains unpaid after the due date, interest at the rate of £6 per cent. per annum will be charged upon the arrears.

6. In the event of any instalment and the interest due thereon remaining unpaid for more than 30 days after the due date the directors reserve to themselves the right to declare all previous payments forfeited, and to dispose of the stock at their discretion for the benefit of the Company.

7. No sum less than £10, or that is not a multiple of £10, will be transferred, and stock transferred is to be held by the transferee subject to the conditions of the original allotment; and no stock will be transferred until any instalment of which notice has been given is paid.

8. Twenty-one days' notice of the first and subsequent instalments will be sent by post to the registered proprietors of the stock.

The rapidly-approaching completion of the Company's works, authorised by their Act of 1880, renders it very desirable that the extension of the Company's system to Huddersfield and Halifax, the construction of the new fish dock, and the completion of the central passenger station in Hull, as authorised by the Company's Acts of 1881 and 1883 respectively, should be proceeded with without delay.

It has been resolved to enter upon a contract with Messrs. Lucas & Aird for the construction of the entire works, on arbitration terms and prices, with a view to the strictest economy. This arrangement has been accepted by that firm, and it is believed the works can be completed in three years from their commencement.

The trade of Hull, upon which the prosperity of the Company's undertaking must always largely depend, continues steadily to increase. The tonnage upon which dock dues were paid in 1882 was 2,425,372 tons, against 2,217,219 tons in the previous year, showing an increase of 208,153 tons. The estimated tonnage to the close of this year is 2,525,000, showing a further increase of about 100,000 tons over 1882, and a total increase over 1881 of more than 300,000 tons.

The extension of the Company's system to Huddersfield and Halifax will be of incalculable advantage in preserving and fostering the trade of the port with the West Riding and the Midland districts.

The construction of the fish dock, urgently called for by a large section of the trade, will largely increase the volume of that trade, and put a highly remunerative traffic on the railway.

The Company's Act of 1882, authorising the extension of their system to Huddersfield and Halifax, was promoted at the request of a deputation, composed of members of the corporations and chambers of commerce of Huddersfield and Halifax, and the merchants and manufacturers of those towns and the surrounding districts.

It is no exaggeration to say that the deputation, in seeking to obtain further railway facilities, truthfully represented the views, not only of the respective corporations to which they belonged, but those also of a manufacturing and industrial population approaching 400,000 in number.

The Corporations of Huddersfield and Halifax were desirous of contributing each the sum of £50,000 to the capital required, and their desire in this respect (although not acceded to by Parliament) was in each case unanimously supported by the ratepayers in public meeting assembled.

The objects sought to be obtained by the Company's Act of 1882 were:

1. The establishment of good local connection between Halifax and Huddersfield.

2. To obtain improved communication between those towns and the Midland districts, the West of England, and the port of Hull.

3. To open up new sources of coal supply, for household and manufacturing purposes, to the towns of Huddersfield and Halifax and the surrounding districts.

That portion of the line which lies between Cudworth and Huddersfield passes through an important section of the Flockton coalfield, and, in addition, will open out the South Yorkshire coalfield to the Huddersfield merchants and manufacturers, who are in a great measure forced to seek their supplies by means of carting at a heavy cost. The Railway facilities hitherto given to the towns of Huddersfield and Halifax have been lamentable in the extreme, not only as regards local traffic with each other, but with regard also to their connection with the Midland districts, and with London.

This state of affairs will be entirely remedied by the construction of the proposed line, together with the Joint Midland and Hull and Barnsley Station at Cudworth.

The Hull and Barnsley Railway Company have made an agreement with the Midland Railway Company whereby the use of the line is accorded to the latter Company on equitable terms, and the Hull and Barnsley Company have received an intimation in writing, that the Midland Railway Company, in entering into that agreement in 1882 for running powers over this line, did so with the full intention, which they still retain, of exercising those running powers between Cudworth, Huddersfield, and Halifax, upon completion of the Railway.

The relations between the Hull and Barnsley Railway Company and the Midland Railway Company continue to be of a friendly character, and hold out the strongest assurance that the traffic of both Companies between Cudworth, Huddersfield and Halifax will be worked harmoniously and economically, and that the whole trade of the district will be thoroughly developed.

It is impossible to conceive any announcement of greater importance than the above, to all who have the welfare at heart of the commercial and industrial classes in the West Riding of Yorkshire, or who are interested in the continued and increasing prosperity of the Midland Railway Company.

There can be little doubt that the co-operation of the two companies working over this line will alone secure the payment of the reasonable dividend of £4 per cent., but it should be borne in mind that when the dividend on this stock commences to accrue it will be secured as a first charge (after payment of debenture interest) upon the profits of the entire property of the Hull and Barnsley Railway Company, which will consist, when their authorised works are completed, of 97 miles of railway and a dock estate of about 400 acres in extent, supplied with two docks of 46 acres and 14 acres of water space respectively.

The price of £85 per £100, at which this stock is issued, renders it a very desirable investment, having regard to the prospect of its ultimate value, and the present value of English railway preference stocks.

A bill has been deposited in Parliament by the merchants and others of Halifax for the construction of the necessary short connecting link between that town and Holmfield, on the Great Northern Railway, and it is hoped that arrangements will be made, whereby, if this proposed line be also sanctioned, the Hull and Barnsley Company (and through them the Midland Railway Company) will have the use of it on terms to be agreed, thus securing the long-needed route to Scotland and the North through Huddersfield and Halifax.

An epitome of some of the principal evidence given before the committees of Parliament, together with explanatory maps and forms of application, may be obtained from the Bankers of the Company, Messrs. Smith, Payne, & Smiths, London; Messrs. Samuel Smith, Bros., & Co., Hull, also from the following brokers—Messrs. Capel & Co., 5, Throgmorton-street, London; Messrs. Mullens, Marshall, & Co., Lombard-street, London; Messrs. Moore & Son, Huddersfield; Mr. J. H. Thackrah, Halifax; and from the Secretary, at the offices of the Company in Hull.

—By order. J. DANIELL, Secretary.

Hull, 11th January, 1884.

CLOSING OF THE LISTS.

THE NORTH CORNWALL RAILWAY COMPANY.—NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the LISTS OF APPLICATION for SHARES WILL BE CLOSED on MONDAY, 21ST INSTANT, for London, and on TUESDAY, 22ND INST., at 12 o'clock, for the Country.—By Order.

With Guarantees by the London and South-Western Railway Company, as stated in the Prospectus.

Construction of a New Railway, extending the system of the London and South-Western Railway direct to Launceston, Camelford, Wadebridge, the Port of Padstow, and Bodmin, opening up an entirely new district, 400 square miles in extent, to railway communication, and giving a new route on an unbroken gauge to the Midland Counties and the North of England (*viâ* Templecombe) by the Midland Railway, and connecting the district with Plymouth, Devonport, and the whole of South Devon (*viâ* Launceston) by the Great Western Railway.

The arrangements made provide for the payment of interest at 4 per cent. per annum on the capital paid up during the construction of each section of the railway.

The line will be worked, stocked, and maintained in perpetuity by the London and South-Western Railway Company on very favourable terms, who in addition allow a rebate upon their own traffic up to £12,000 per annum, as stated in the Prospectus.

ISSUE of £150,000, being the FIRST PORTION to be issued of the SHARE CAPITAL of

THE NORTH CORNWALL RAILWAY COMPANY, of which a considerable portion has already been applied for.

DIRECTORS.

CHAIRMAN—JOHN TREMAYNE, Esq., Heligan, Cornwall.

DEPUTY-CHAIRMAN—The Right Honourable the Earl of WHARNCLIFFE, Director of the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Railway Company.

Arthur Mills, Esq., Director of the London and South-Western Railway Company, nominated by that Company and others (see Prospectus).

BANKERS.

Messrs. Williams, Deacon, & Co., Birchin-lane, London, E.C.

Messrs. Robins, Foster, & Co., the East Cornwall Bank, Liskeard.

Secretary and Offices—Edward Bellamy, Esq., 57, Moorgate-street, London, E.C.

ABRIDGED PROSPECTUS.

The Directors of the North Cornwall Railway Company are prepared to receive applications at par for £150,000 in 15,000 Shares of £10 each (part of £550,000), of which a considerable portion has already been applied for, payable as follows:—10s. per share on application, 30s. per share upon allotment, £2 per share on 1st March, 1884; the balance in calls not exceeding £2 per share, at intervals of not less than two months.

The line, which is about 49 miles in length, is of a most important character. The Railway is virtually an extension of the London and South-Western Railway, with whom extremely favourable traffic arrangements have been made. (Course of line see full prospectus.)

In addition to cattle, sheep, horses, wool, artificial manures, corn, dairy produce, it will have some exceptionally remunerative sources of revenue, including important fish traffic and shell sand from Padstow, china clay, manganese, tin and copper, early vegetables (an important traffic), and general merchandise, and a considerable tonnage of coal will also be carried over the line. Important Slate district—25,000 tons per annum expected from one Company (see full prospectus). The passenger and tourist traffic at present is very considerable, and will be largely increased by the new line (see full prospectus).

Proposed extension to Liskeard and to Looe. Future extension to Truro, Falmouth, and Penzance. South-Western Company practically contribute £187,575 to cost of construction (see full prospectus).

A contract for the works of the entire line has been entered into by Messrs. Curry, Reeve, & Co., and they will at once proceed with the construction of the first section from Halwill to Launceston.

For the security of the holders of the capital raised for the construction of the first section, the Company have specially assigned £3,000 of the rebate payable by the London and South-Western Railway Company to John Tremayne, Esq., and the Earl of Wharncliffe, as trustees.

The traffic is estimated to yield 5½ per cent. per annum, on share capital (see full prospectus), irrespective altogether of the rebate from the London and South-Western Company, which would, however, always be available if required to make up the dividend as a minimum to 4½ per cent. per annum on the share capital now for subscription.

Possible purchase by South-Western Railway Company (see full prospectus).

Looking, therefore, to the general advantages of this railway, and the important alliance concluded with the London and South-Western Railway Company, the directors submit this undertaking as a sound and desirable investment, which specially commends itself to the attention of those seeking a solid home security.

Full prospectuses and forms of application for shares may be had of the bankers and at the Company's offices.

Australia, New Zealand, China, Old Mexico, and the Western States of America.

THE ATCHISON, TOPEKA, AND SANTA FÉ RAILROAD COMPANY,

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S. N. TOWNSHEND, Agent.

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☞ Mr. Begg will be happy to answer any inquiries about the country either personally or by letter.

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"The reader who, desirous to know more of the man, may take up these lively biographical reminiscences, will assuredly not be disappointed. The character and temperament of the writer come out well in his quaint and vigorous style."—*Athenæum.*

"This autobiography is a most fascinating work, full of interesting and curious experiences in the most varied countries and conditions of life."—*Contemporary Review.*

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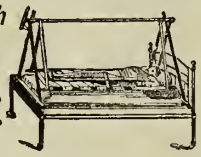

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OUR PUZZLES.

RULES.

1. The sum of £2. 2s. will be given every week for the best EPIGRAM, CONUNDRUM, LIPOGRAM, BOUTS-RIMÉS, or whatever the announced ubject of the competition for the week may be.

2. The Puzzle Editor reserves the right, however, of dividing the above sum between two or more competitors, or of withholding the prize, shonld exceptional circumstances render such a course desirable.

3. The decision and award of the Puzzle Editor must be oonsidered final and irrevocable, and, for obvious reasons, no appeal from his critical judgments can be entertained.

4. In every instance the Prize will be given in money, subject to no oondition whatever, except the publication of the winner's real name and address in this journal.

5. Competitors will be allowed eight days for the composition and despatch of their efforts; but all such communications must, at the latest, be received at the TRUTH OFFICE by the first post on Friday morning in the week succeeding the publication of the subject for competition.

6. Not more than one Prize will be given in a Quarter to the same competitor.

7. ALL NEW CONTRIBUTORS ARE REQUIRED TO FORWARD WITH THEIR FIRST ANSWERS THEIR REAL NAMES AND ADDRESSES FOR REGISTRATION; such names and addresses will not be published except in the case of Prize-winners.

8. The *nom-de-plume* chosen by competitors shonld not exceed 12, and must under no circumstances consist of more than 14 letters.

9. COMPETITORS MUST ON NO ACCOUNT CHANGE THE NOMS-DE-PLUME THEY HAVE ONCE ASSUMED.

10. On the announcement of the Prize-winner's *nom-de-plume*, the successful competitor must write and make formal application for the Prize, stating the address to which the cheque must be sent. Any competitor failing to do so within three months of winning the Prize will forfeit all claim to the same.

11. No communication oan be received on post-cards, by telegraph, or by hand. They must all be sent by the time named above, all post letters addressed—

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SNOW-COVERED HOUSE.—Miss FIELD, 45, Brook-street, W.	1	1	0

PRIZES FOR MISCELLANEOUS TOYS.

MODEL OF FARM-YARD.—Mrs. HOBSON, Pownall Hall, Wilmslow, Cheshire	1	1	0
MODEL OF FINDING OF MOSES.—Miss GERALDINE FRANKS, 29, Victoria-road, Clapham-common, S.W.	1	1	0
WORKING MODEL OF FOOTBALL PLAYER.—BRIAN BORU (M. HAROLD SIMMONS, Esq., Imperial Hotel, Torquay)	1	1	0

EXTRA PRIZES.

BABY DOLL.—Miss DAISY CHAPMAN, 1, Winford-gardens, West Kensington-park, W.	0	10	6
MODEL OF COW.—Mrs. SALT, 7, Hammersmith-terrace, Hammersmith, W.	0	10	6
Total of Special Prizes	£16	16	0

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 255.—ANAGRAM ON "CHRISTMAS COMES BUT ONCE A YEAR."

BIMBO (FRANK B. MILLINGTON, Esq., 141, St. James's-road, Bermondsey, S.)	£1	1	0
HODGUS BODGUS* (No application received. See Rule 10.)	1	1	0

* In printing this competitor's Anagram an "s" was inadvertently added to the word "occasion." In his copy, however, to which I referred for the purpose of checking his accuracy, the singular form is duly used, and the proper total of 26 letters not exceeded.—THE P. E.

"TRUTH" PUZZLES, No. 257.

The definitions of a "Son-" or "Daughter-in-Law" were necessarily, perhaps, hardly as happy as a whole as those of a Mother-in-Law received and printed some weeks since. There were several, however, in the more recent competition which were very good, and the epigrammatic brevity, to which there were but very few exceptions, was a point to be commended. As competitors were at liberty to give a definition of a "Son-in-Law or Daughter-in-Law," I was prepared to award the prize to whichever chanced to be the better one. The majority of competitors, as might have been expected, elected to define a "Son-in-Law," and the prize, as a matter of fact, goes to the author of one of the majority in question. The successful individual in question is ŒNONA, whose definition is appended.

PRIZE DEFINITION OF A SON-IN-LAW.—One who reigns but does not govern; a *Roi fainéant* under a *maire (mère) du palais.*

I would at the same time specially commend SEALING WAX, CRYSTAL PALACE, HAROLD, ŒNONE, DUSTMAN, DAPHNIS (No. 3). COLIN CLOUT (No. 1), ST. M, TOATU FOULQUA, MARK TAPLAY, WILD THYME, A TEMPLAR, NORMA, DIAPPA, INCA, BLEASBY, CÆSAR'S COANAR, NAIAD, OBSEAVEA, JOWILLIE, THUG, NASTOA, BEATIA, GUINEA PIG, JAFACEW, PARSONIDES, MRS. BROWN, SARA, DORA, TUAEET, and JANE EYRE.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 260.

Valentine's Day, it is true, is not now celebrated with any great spirit. The Christmas Card has taken the place almost entirely of the fanciful arrangement of paper lace and artificial flowers which used to circulate so extensively on the anniversary of the martyrdom of the good old Bishop. But in spite of this exhibition of the fickleness of fashion, it will be still possible, I think, to turn St. Valentine's Day to account in these columns by making it serve as the subject for a competition. Let us then anticipate the coming feast day by offering a prize of £2. 2s. for

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

CONSTANT READER OF TRUTH.—On receiving address, any information I can give on the point you refer to shall be sent.

BIMBO.—Your ineligibility for winning a prize extends over a period of six weeks from the date of your success.

LLEWELLYN.—The "a" was not required.

EILEEN.—I am most happy to add you to our list of competitors, and wish you all success.

WITS.—I publish the correct versions to-day, in accordance with your wish. Thanks for your good wishes.

A. HUDSON.—The solutions had to be in the very day your letter was received. The Two Guineas will be given as one prize unless two competitors happen to "tie."

HILDA.—Your Phonetic Verse was much too late for the competition.

*** Some competitor, using two sheets of ordinary glazed note-paper for the solutions of the Phonetic Verses, has omitted to append a *nom-de-plume*, or, in fact, a name of any sort. I am, therefore, unable to acknowledge them with the rest.

*** Another competitor, who sends in the solntions of the Phonetic Verses on single leaves of ruled sermon or copy-book paper, appends no name of any kind, so that identification is impossible.

DORA.—Thanks for your letter, but the addition of the "s" in "occasions" was a misprint, as explained above, for which the printer and I were answerable, and not "Hodgus Bodgus."

EAOMDAER.—I have duly registered your name.

W. A. P., OBIOLE, TITO, ANTONIO, ROGGER SHUAT, and JIMAIKOKI.—I willingly make the correction yon wish, and may repeat that all competitors will be placed on an equal footing in relation to the misprints which crept in in spite of all my care.

TONO.—I am obliged to you for your letter.

SKADADDLE.—Your definition of a son-in-law, "One to be to my daughter all that her father is to me," was, unfortunately, "too late" for pnblication.

T. O. ROBERTS, A. M. H., NOKOMIS, ST. IVIAN, DAY MONOPOLE, SARIDUS, IVY GAREN, GWYNFRYN, SCAMPY WEA, MRS. POYSER, BRIGHTON, and IL SIEN.—I have duly attended to the various reqnests contained in your letters. I thank you for writing to me.

HUBAA.—You will have seen that I share your disapproval of the repetition in anagrams of important words or syllables occurring in the original sentence. Thanks for yonr change of *nom de plume.*

EVA YORKE.—Your *nom-de-plume*, &c., arrived in good time.

LAONITA.—Your definition of a son-in-law, as "one who acts as relieving officer to his mother-in-law by providing for her daughter," was too late to be included in the published list of specimens, I am sorry to tell you.

SARAH BARNUM.—I will take good care that the misprints in Puzzle, No. 258, are in all cases allowed for, an assurance many competitors will be glad to receive.

WILKIA.—Your "phonetic verse" did not reach me in time to be printed. In future, please send all answers to puzzles so that they reach me on or before the morning of the second Friday after the publication of said puzzles. Thus, the answer to this week's puzzle shonld be received by me not later than Friday, Jan. 25.

NOTTINGHAM.—I have received and added the omitted stanzas to yonr answer.

THE PUZZLE EDITOR.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 258. ASSORTED SPECIMENS—GOOD AND OTHERWISE.

SOLUTION OF PHONETIC STANZAS, PUBLISHED ON JANUARY 3rd.

*** As it is manifestly impossible to publish even a title of the very numerous solutions received, I have decided to print for the information of competitors and others the interpretation of Specimens No. 1 to 13, sent in by the authors of the original "Phonetic Stanzas." As I have mentioned already, and as the following lines will show, there were in the "Specimens" as originally published, certain changes of letters, &c., which naturally confused "competitors" in seeking to interpret the verses. All competitors will be placed on a similar footing, however, in regard to these misprints, it being the fairest way, I think, to consider that they were correctly interpreted by every one. At the end of the "Specimens," a list of those who have sent in interpretations of the stanzas is appended. The task of going through such a number of answers will be, I need scarcely say, a most laborious and protracted one.—THE P. E.

1. A sailor once in smart array,
To call and see true Sally meant,
Who dwelt about a mile away.
He to that place a notice sent,
"Her suitor would," he told her true,
"Appear at one before her door."
A stony road, and roughish too,
He passed along—his toes were sore.

He limps, then sits to take a rest;
Then sped along, then sat again;
He thus delayed, for time was prest,
He hastened on, but all in vain;
When, sighing and in sore distress,
He staggered to his Sally's cot,
A neighbour thus did him address,
"Wait after three thy lass would not."
ALMIONE.

2. A skin-girt, rude barbarian,
Meet leader in Germanic horde,
To Marseilles by Parthenia ran,
And for her sake forswore his sword.
Pygmalion made a statue fair,
To life at Zeus's fiat grown;
Ceasing for mortal's lot to care,
She promptly turned again to stone.

As Clayton, in "The Millionaire,"
In coat so neat and make-up smart,
Appears at night, a man might swear,
"It's H.R.H. in Clayton's part!"
No time in Oxford-street, you know,
Was play so classic seen in style;
Success ensues—full house—and so
Toole's parody may raise a smile.
OLD SQUARE.

3. A quiet haunt each mermaid knows,
In seas where children all grow tails;
There youngsters played, or sat in rows,
Secure 'gainst eels or burly whales.
To see these maidens' yellow hair,
I'll wait alone by silent bays;
To think I see some faces fair,
Might be my comfort nights and days.

Away! for Yule-tide season calls,
New needs our human hearts pursue;
Wake up, my lasses, meet at balls,
Champagne and ice I'll find for you.
Hail holidays! red berries hail!
Ring Christmas bells with might and main!
Be known for giving beef or ale,
Or wand'ring souls would well complain.
TAEBOX.

4. When Cœur-de-Lion, by great grace,
Made sail to reach the Holy Land,
A valiant Knight of Percy's race
Set forth to swell the noble band.
"Religion calls! Adieu, sweetheart!"
He said, "This arm is strong to slay;
In Christian cause I'll bear all smart.
For me, dear Lady, daily pray."

And drearily long sad years sped
To Oswald Percy's tender dame,
Till rumour whispered, "Thy Knight's dead!
But still he lives in rolls of Fame."
"Mine own dear Knight lies cold and dead.
I follow him," his lady sighed;
A-down she laid her weary head,
Then, smiling wistfully, she died.
OBSERVER.

5. "She creeps in beauty, like a night
Of airy climes and starry skies,
And many points of dark and bright
Meet in her aspect and her eyes.
One extra shade, one fewer ray,
Would lessen far the staid effect——."
So far I heard a lad essay,
Who Byron could not recollect.

"Oh! stay, my stripling, or still worse
You may from classic phrase depart;
You shouldn't try to spout in verse,
Before you learn it off by heart."
The youth at this elaborate
And cold repulse began to pine,
And answer made, "You silly pate!
Your interference I decline."
BOB RIDLEY.

6. To seize the moment e'er it flies,
And make it ours (the wise man cries),
Is but to use the present day
To help and comfort while we may.
The Christian act, the kindly deed,
The ready help in case of need;
The cheerful word if wisely spoken,
The smile of love—love's only token.

Departing seasons flying past,
We know not which may be our last,
Let us at once arise and try
Some other's bitter tears to dry.
To kindle smiles, and raise a load
Which burden'd some on life's short road.
Better than wealth is love so pure,
Lasting, supporting, sweet, and sure.
MAGELLAN.

7. A pantomime is, is—well I
Describe it can't. A tale you'll see
You heard dear ma tell, after cry,
When but an ailing child, oh, me!
Aladdin, Sindbad, Bluebeard, or
Some other heroes of that day,
In gorgeous guise appearing, for
Some hours amuse you with a play.

Succeeding next a fairy scene,
Surpassing all you can divine,
Your eyes will meet—the fairy queen
In her surprising glory shine.
To finish all a rattling go
Of funny scenes so smart you see.
You'll laugh terrifically, so
I'll take a box for Davy wee.
GUINEA PIG.

8. All hail to thee, fair eighty-four,
Welcome, Time's newest youngest child,
We know not what's for us in store,
Rest, peaceful days, or sorrows wild.
But we'll advance, though rough our way,
Boldly to meet whate'er betide,
Strong in our trust that hope's bright ray
Through hours of night will be our guide.

When musing on the waning year,
With its many cares and its pain,
Its joys and delights too appear
Like the sunshine after the rain.
So, be our portion what it may,
We 'll take heart, it will not be long,
For after the night comes the day,
And after the tear flows the song.
SKEDADDLE.

9. I sit beside a grassy knoll;
Keen northern winds are sweeping by;
Bare branches of the beeches tall
Aspiring throw their arms on high;
I'm not alone—here by my side—
A lass I'd gladly call my bride,
Engrosses me, in her bright eye,
I lose the cloud that's in the sky.

I fall adoring on my knee,
And urge my cause with tears and sighs;
Till softened by my constancy,
She turns and prays me straight to rise;
No longer can I feel the blast,
My cares upon its wings I cast,
Enraptured I emboldened start,
And draw the maiden to my heart.
IVY GREEN.

10. Meeting a friend not lately seen,
"I hope your father's well," said Joe.
Cried Edward, "Why, where have you been?
We lost him all eight weeks ago."
Forgetting all, when next they met,
"Eh! how's your father?" Joseph said.
Dry Edward answered, in a pet,
"Thank you; my father is still dead."
HUGO.

11. Now is the talk of Drury Lane;
'Twas, not long since, of Drury Lowe!
Gay pantomime's commenced his reign,
Gay mirth and frolic overflow.
Clown, columbine, and pantaloon
Elicit peals o' laughter clear;
But all is over far too soon—
The curtain's down, we disappear.
MALIGNANT.

12. Two brothers made a bet one night
Great Whiteley's power should be tried,
And asked that he would kindly write
To tell if he'd at once provide
A well-made coffin second-hand,
To be dispatched the self-same day,
And asked reply to their demand
Should wired be without delay.

Poor Mister Whiteley saw the hit
The knowing ones at him had made,
Nor did he care for them one bit,
But in reply at once he said,
"The article you do demand,
I often find a sale for it,
And though it is not now in hand,
I send another—a misfit."
INVERBROOM.

13. The winter's day draws near its close,
The ice is hard, alas! it snows;
Hush'd are all songsters, on bare bough,
And faded lie the flow'r wreaths now;
But bright and warm are fires within,
Great sports at fair Yule-tide begin;
Time-honoured mistletoe is seen,
Mince-pies and Turkeys, too, I ween.
CÆSAR'S CORNER.

Answers have been received from the following:—Tento, Miss Amy White, Aberhondda, Outis, Haco, Almione, Puzzled One, Kaboodle, Gwynfryn, Snipet, Ghemini, H. R. Whitcombe, Scheshe, Carmen, Don 2us, Saint, S. B. B., Master Tommy, Qeimz, W. A. P., E. Y. W., Nottingham, Mr. Jo., Whitehaven, Blind as a Bat, Khiva, G. B. B., Cwm Twrch, Carina, Wulfruna, Cymru, Sara, Simla, Lector, Queen Bee, Eleen, Tinker, Skriker, Crystal Palace, Mounie, Ænone, Anti Jingo, Ivan, E. W. B., Cricket-a-wee, M. A. T., Wild Rose, Kottabos, Iolanthe, Ursula, Stella, Inverbroom, Satara, Epsilon, Hero, C. C., Sepoyenne, Evermore, Suivez Raison, Wyvelhoe, Rimo, Ubique, A. R. B., Colin Clout, Guelder Rose, Avis, Tito, Lyceum, Titania, Nell Flinders, G. Blay, P. Audrey Hope, Elma, Ate, E. Alex. Heclis, Zebedee, May Fairy, Dogberry, Cant-ab-Carlos, Hippogriff, Betty Pringle, Novice, X. C. X., A. B. H. F., Mater Ecila, Cysulphide, Vernon de Montgomery, Meg Merriles, Ludicar, Reverent Maid, W. E. MacCarthy, Erin, Mermaid, Roses, Guinea Pig, Ginger, Choo, Old Square, Lamson, Iceberg, Una Garnock, Northampton, Green Lizard, River, E. B., Sarah Barnum, Amma, Two 'Addle 'Eads, G. H., Dry Monopole, Aurelia, C'est Tout, Eva Yorke, Rigolo, Strawberry, Orchardlea, Sal Sapit Omnia, Old Bee, A Robin Hood, Old Square, Brer Tyrone, Eromdraeb, Nellog, W. Val English, Kompoot, Madge B., Observer, Magellan, Hela, Janet, Sartor, B. H., White Rose, Dieppe, Ioma, Crum, Two Bisques, Nur, Dora, Elaine, Rotey, Fly-by-Night, You and I, Oriole, Bunny, Kursaal, Aurora, Prima Donna, Oriel, Larissa, H. Wardroper, Paf, Skedaddle, W. J. Tiller, Bananse, Humpty Dumpty, Wennyss, Gee, Nocturne, Psyche, The Wabe, Mdme. Stars, Brighton, Rum, Cowboy, Matidi, Tricotrin, Tabey, Sabidus, Beads, Scotia, Daphnis, Squills, Othello, Detha, Inca, Humpty Dumpty (2), Pauillac, St. Tiran, Mrs. Poyser, E. Lander, Silly Suffolk, Caidmuir, Mrs. G. Farie, Emilie, T. O. Roberts, The Gowans, Ruperts, Thekla, Stephsnotis, Bins, Edna Cheake, Smiler, Gretchen, Chronicler, Vampire, Malignant, Jimbikoki, Roggee Shurt, Tudor, Roxburgh, Scampy Wee, Ina, Bleasby, Kinkim, Hilda, Tore, Plumepierre, Danger Signal, Ione, Ivy Green, Polidere, De Maupin, F. S., Svonok, Nokomis, Gondibert, St. Michael's, Parsonides, Sphinx, Jowillie, Carnac, Yolande, Bertha, Osga, Skedaddle, Gridiron, Lady Margaret, F. E. F. N. D., Juno, Moon Daisy, Diera, Gamma Phi, Bronze Puss.

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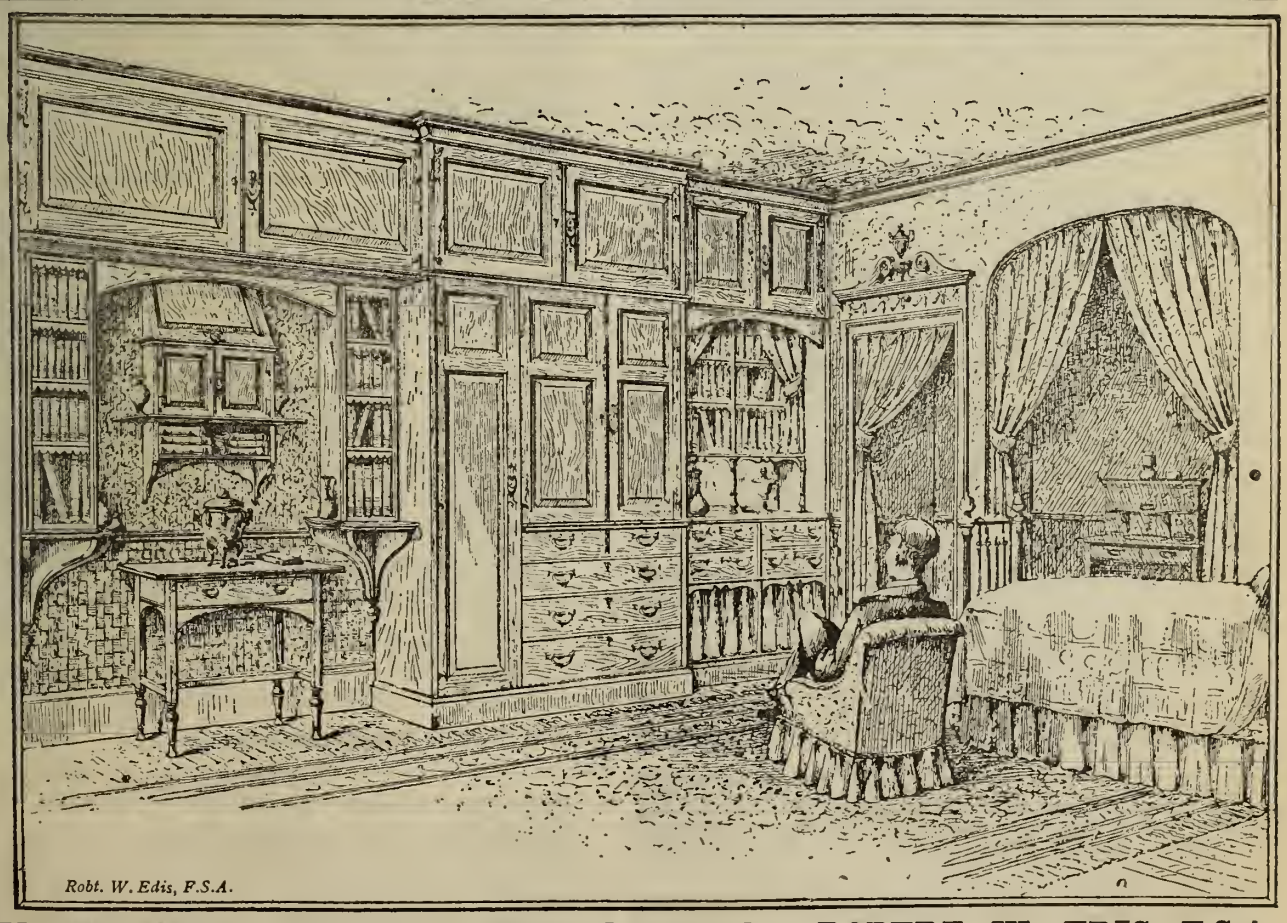

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And the balance (viz., 44,000 Shares) are now offered for Subscription.

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ABRIDGED PROSPECTUS.

This Company has been formed for the purpose of purchasing, developing, and working Gold, Silver, and other Mines in the Republic of Mexico, and acquiring and working mining and other rights in that country.

The Company propose in the first instance to purchase from the Yedras Mining Company of New York the "Yedras Silver Mine, Mill, and Plant," and a large tract of land surrounding the mine.

Las Yedras is in the northern part of the State of Sinaloa, about 80 miles north of the city of Culiacan, the capital of the State, and in the heart of the great Sierra Madre Mineral Belt—a region embracing many of the most famous mines of Mexico.

The mining ground consists of four claims or pertenencias, so placed as to form a quadrangle 5,234 feet long and 950 feet wide, through which the Yedras vein passes longitudinally. These four claims are the San Marcos, or original discovery claim, the San Manuel, San Augustine, and Moctezuma. These claims cover all that part of the Yedras vein which is known to possess available wealth, and are the only claims in the neighbourhood.

Besides the mineral pertenencias proper, the purchase includes the ranche called Valgame Dios. This tract of land surrounds and embraces the mineral pertenencias, and covers an area the extent of which is not precisely known, but is believed to be not less than 8,000 acres. Like many Mexican ranches, it has never been measured or surveyed, but the boundaries are established by "mojoneras," or officially fixed monuments and well-known natural objects. The value of this tract to the mining enterprise arises from the fact that the forests with which it is partly covered afford abundant timber for all purposes of construction, mining, and fuel. The purchase also includes a 40-stamp mill, with machinery and plant, now in course of construction, on which the vendors have expended nearly £40,000.

The present managers have gauged the stream, which flows through the property, at the dry season, and report a sufficient supply for all the demands of the establishment.

The present owners of the mine have been in possession since 1880, and their grantors were in undisputed possession for several years previously. Titles are all of official record at Culiacan.

The above statements relating to the property are made on the authority of the Hon. Clarence King, who has also made the report which will be found in the schedule hereto, and marked A.

In June, 1883, the Directors engaged the well-known mining engineer and metallurgist, J. H. Clemes, Esq., to examine and report upon the Yedras Mine, and to measure and estimate the value of the ore reserves. Mr. Clemes has had large experience in the management of mines in Mexico, and is thoroughly conversant with all questions affecting their value.

Mr. Clemes' report on the mine, dated Hermosillo, 7th July, 1883, will be found in the schedule hereto, and marked B.

It will be seen from the above-mentioned reports that the reserves of ore already developed are estimated after careful personal inspection and analysis, made independently and at different dates, by two experienced mining engineers and metallurgists, to give a net profit in London of £230,000 in the one instance, and £218,000 in the other. The cash payment is therefore considerably less than the estimated yield of that portion of the mine which is already developed and capable of speedy realisation, without taking into account the undeveloped portions of the mine and the value of the mill and metallurgical establishment.

It is expected that the mill and metallurgical establishment will be completed and the production of bullion commenced within three months from this date.

A further and more detailed report subsequently received from Mr. Clemes, accompanied by maps, plans, and sections, can be seen at the offices of the Company.

The Company is promoted by the vendors, who have fixed the purchase-money for the whole of the property at the sum of £280,325; £175,000, part thereof, payable in cash, and £105,000 in fully paid-up ordinary shares, and £325 in founders' shares. The net profits of each year are to be applicable in the first place to the payment of a dividend at the rate of 10 per cent. per annum on the capital paid up on the ordinary shares, and three-fourths of the surplus will be applicable in like manner, the remaining one-fourth belonging to the holders of the founders' shares. The property will be acquired by the Company as from the 1st July, 1883.

Prospectuses and Forms of Application for Shares can be obtained at the Offices of the Company, or from the Bankers, Solicitors or Brokers.

London, 10th January, 1884.

THE SCHEDULE ABOVE REFERRED TO.

(A.) EXTRACTS FROM THE REPORT OF THE HON. CLARENCE KING.

I have had the management of the Yedras Mine during the last three years. The following statements are made from my own observations, which cover all workings down to within fifty feet of the level of the lower tunnel, and from the supplementary examinations of my assistant Manager.

The Yedras Vein is an unmistakable example of that class of mineral deposits known as "True Fissure Veins," a class distinguished above all others for definition from the enclosing rocks and for continuity in depth. The ore-bearing part of the vein, so far as developed, is characterised by great regularity of silver tenure and freedom from sudden variations in dimensions.

The axis of this ore "chimney" "pitches" to the South-East, deviating at an angle of about 45 deg. from the dip-line.

Between forty and fifty thousand tons of ore are already developed, having a gross value of about £500,000.

I estimate a net profit in London on the ore now developed of about £230,000, clear of all charges.

It is proposed to hand-sort the ore and raise it from its natural average of from $56 to $60 per ton to $70 or $75 per ton; after which the profit per ton would be about $36.

The mill will be able to treat about 60 tons per day, and should, allowing for the inevitable stoppages and repairs, reduce about 18,000 tons per annum, realising a profit at the mine of about $648,000, or a net profit in London of about £100,000.

From the general geological characteristics of the lode, the development already made in the main bonanza, and the fact, as proved by the San Marcos body, that the ore deposition was not confined to one channel or chimney, I feel warranted in expressing the belief that the Yedras will be a mine of long life and abundant yield.

London, February, 1883. (Signed) CLARENCE KING.

(B.) EXTRACTS FROM THE REPORT OF MR. J. H. CLEMES.

HERMOSILLO, 7th July, 1883.

I yesterday telegraphed you:—"Yedras reserves, including forty feet below Santa Margarita, forty-four thousand tons, plus two thousand estimated partially developed. This does not include anything in San Marcos. Total net value, one million three hundred thousand dollars. Gross value, fifty-four dollars per ton. Gross value, after hand assorting, seventy-two dollars per ton. Net profit per ton, twenty-eight dollars fifty. Profit per ton, after sorting out waste, thirty-seven dollars fifty. Throwing sorting out of the question, and with the labour supply once organised, yearly profits estimated at five hundred thousand dollars, allowing for mill stoppages, &c. All values are expressed in Mexican dollars, exchange forty-two pence per dollar. The foregoing is subject to modification in detailed report, which I will hand you on my arrival in England twenty days from date."

Tons.	RECAPITULATION.	Mexican Dols.
12,240	Above Sta. Herlinda at $46	563,040
26,472	Between levels 6 and 8 at $58	1,535,376
3,583	Below level 8 at $55	197,065
42,295		
1,559	Dumps, &c., at $60	93,540
43,854 Tons.	Gross	$2,389,021
	Less reduction, loss 15 per cent.	358,353
		$2,030,668
	Less working costs as above	783,701
	Net value	$1,246,987
	(or at 42d. per dollar = £218,219)	

Less fully developed reserves to be specified in Report I estimate at 2,000 tons, or say $60,000 net.

Yedras Mill.—A 40-stamp dry mill of the latest and most approved type. The reduction plant proper consists of mechanical roasting furnaces, to be followed by all the appliances necessary for the use of the lixiviation process. I may say in general of the mill plant that it is the finest I have ever seen, and probably the finest in the world.

What may be definitely said in general of the future of the Mine is that the vein is a true fissure of remarkable regularity, and that the ore chute is of abnormal length.—Yours respectfully (Signed) J. H. CLEMES.

Printed by CHARLES WYMAN, at the Printing Office of Wyman & Sons, Great Queen Street, and Published at 10, Bolt Court, Fleet Street, E.C., in the Parish of St. Dunstan's-in-the-West, in the City of London. Cheques and Post-Office Orders to be made payable to REGINALD E. BOOKER, "Truth" Buildings, Carteret Street, Queen Anne's Gate, S.W.

• TRUTH •

"Cultores Veritatis Fraudis Inimici."—*Cicero.*

No. 369. Vol. XV. Thursday, January 24, 1884. Price Sixpence.

NOTICE.—*The Fourteenth Half-Yearly Volume of* Truth *was completed with the number published on Dec. 27th, 1883. The* Publisher *of* Truth *will be happy to forward an Index to Vol. XIV., free of charge, to any address on application being made to him at* 10, *Bolt-court, Fleet-street, E.C. Cases for binding* Truth *in half-yearly volumes are issued at* 2*s.* 6*d. each.*

ENTRE NOUS.

TWO Drawing-rooms will be held at Buckingham Palace during the first fortnight in March. There will be no Court this year, so the Queen will receive the Diplomatic Corps at the first Drawing room. These functions will nominally be held by the Queen herself; but it is probable that her Majesty will content herself with receiving the Diplomatic Body and a few of the "*entrée*" people, and the bulk of the company will make their curtsies to the Princess of Wales. There will also be two Drawing-rooms during the second week in May.

A contemporary, in commenting on a statement which had appeared in these columns, thought fit to describe it as "ridiculously premature." The fact is that in official jargon everything is "premature" which has not been officially signed and sealed, and forwarded to the *Gazette;* but everybody surely knows very well that all such matters are very decisively "settled" weeks before they are formally divulged to the newspapers.

The *Times*, in endorsing the statement in Truth that the Queen will proceed to the Continent early in April in the *Osborne*, states that her Majesty will use this yacht because the *Victoria and Albert* "will not be out of the dockyard hands in time." This reads as if it had been expected that the principal yacht would be ready for service, which is rather absurd, considering that the first portion of her refit will not be completed for at least six months to come, and her embellishing and re-gilding is not to be commenced till the spring of next year. As a matter of fact, the *Victoria and Albert* will not be ready for the Queen's use for nearly eighteen months. The *Osborne* has been "lent" every summer for several years past to the Prince and Princess of Wales, and the monogram and plume and feathers of H.R.H. are displayed on her and on her boats. The Queen has sent special orders to Portsmouth that these are to be erased, and that the Royal arms and her Majesty's own monogram are to replace them.

The only one of the Royal yachts which really does regular work is the *Alberta*, which is always used to convey the Court to Osborne and back. The Queen has not used the *Victoria and Albert* for ten weeks in the aggregate during twenty years, and the *Osborne* has nothing to do except during the three weeks when she is occupied by the Prince and Princess of Wales. Under the circumstances, the cost of these vessels seems rather startling to a practical man. According to a Parliamentary Return issued last session, the average annual expenditure during ten years has been £34,656! The original cost of the *Victoria and Albert* was £136,000; of the *Osborne*, £105,900; and of the *Alberta*, £27,000.

A Tory contemporary relieves its usual sleepy dulness by an outburst of wrath, to which it has been excited by my account of the contents of the Queen's new book, which account, by the way, will be found to be strictly accurate when the work appears; and it will probably be in the hands of the public at a much earlier date than had originally been intended by her Majesty. My contemporary is particularly enraged because I stated that the book "will be in reality a sort of tribute to the memory of John Brown," which is described as "a covert sneer at the Queen" and "a pandering to Republicanism." There is no trait that I admire more in the Queen's character than her regard for the humble dependants about her; if this be a "pandering to Republicanism," my Tory contemporary should blame her Majesty, not me.

My contemporary would have done better, however, to stop here, instead of going on to print such egregious balderdash as that J. B. was "specially recommended to the Queen by the Prince Consort on his dying bed," &c. It is quite evident that the writer knows nothing whatever about either John Brown or the Prince Consort. "The Highlander" was simply an ordinary upper servant when the Prince died, who had risen from a very menial post through tact, honesty, and intelligence, all of which Brown showed in a very marked degree to the last day of his life, although, of course, he had his failings, like everybody else. He was no more to the Prince Consort than fifty other persons in the same position; and the assertion that H.R.H. recommended Brown on his death-bed (or even mentioned his name) is a preposterous invention. It is no exaggeration, moreover, to assert that, with all his good qualities, Prince Albert was quite incapable of conceiving a real regard for any servant whatever, with the one solitary exception of Löhlein, his valet, who had been with him since boyhood, and who is still in the Queen's service, and lives in an excellent house at Windsor. To Löhlein

even Brown gave the *pas* to the last. Prince Albert, like most other Germans of "exalted rank," looked with ineffable disdain on those beneath him; and it is not easy for any one who had any knowledge of H.R.H. to conceive him as being happy in any place where the rules of precedence were not strictly observed. Heaven itself would scarcely be acceptable to a German Prince if he were doomed to inhabit the same regions as his sometime domestics; and I apprehend that such personages regard the assurance "In my Father's house are many mansions" as a sort of guarantee that no such grievous huddling together of patricians and plebeians is to be anticipated. The silly twaddlings of my contemporary are not "facts," but the "fancies" of an imagination distempered by a servility grafted on intense ignorance.

The Prince of Wales goes down to Leigh Court next Monday to stay till Friday. H.R.H. will arrive at Bristol from London by the "Zulu" express at 5.36, and he is to be met at the station by the Mayor and by Sir Philip Miles, with whom he will drive to Leigh Court, where there is to be a small party to meet him. The Prince has declined the public reception which was being arranged; but the city is to be illuminated on Tuesday night, when he will come in from Leigh in order to attend Lady Miles's concert in Colston Hall.

His Royal Highness's visit to Mr. Alfred de Rothschild at Halton was a great success. Very large bags were obtained on the two days set apart for shooting, and on Thursday the party went out hunting, and had capital sport. A great dinner was given at Halton on Wednesday, after which there was music and a conjuring exhibition. On Thursday evening a dance was given, at which everything, as might be expected, was perfection—lights, floor, music, supper, wines, and flowers. The party included the Prince of Saxe-Coburg, Lord Granville, the Duchess of Manchester, Gladys Lady Lonsdale, Baroness A. de Rothschild, Lord Hartington, Lord and Lady Charles Beresford, Lady Mandeville, Lord and Lady Brooke, and Sir Henry James.

The Prince of Wales intends to go to Yarmouth early next summer for a few days, during the annual training of the P.W.O. Norfolk Artillery Militia. The precise date of the muster of the Regiment has not yet been fixed.

The *World* is mistaken in stating that the marriage of Princess Victoria of Hesse has been "definitely fixed" for April 15. The only thing that is "definitely fixed" about the ceremony is that it will take place during Easter week, but the precise day will not be settled for a couple of months to come, as the convenience of a great number of personages has to be consulted. Edmund need not announce that "in all probability" the German Crown Prince and Princess will attend, for they are quite certain to do so if they are alive and well, and they will be accompanied by several members of their family. On the other hand, the Duke and Duchess of Albany are *not* expected to be present. It is not likely that the Emperor will come to Darmstadt, but in all probability he will have an interview with the Queen during her stay in Germany, and her Majesty will also have a meeting with her brother-in-law, the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, who will very likely attend the Darmstadt wedding.

The scandal of the separation of Prince and Princess Frederick Charles, and of the circumstances which led to it, is temporarily forgotten at Berlin in the excitement caused by a report that a sentinel at the Alte Schloss has seen at midnight the figure of the White Lady, whose appearance is the invariable prelude to a speedy death in the Hohenzollern family.

I hear from Gibraltar that the Duke of Edinburgh and the officers of the *Minotaur* gave a very successful afternoon dance on the 9th. At sunset, the upper deck was suddenly illuminated with the electric light. The weather was unpleasantly boisterous, but every precaution had been taken to ensure the comfort of the guests. The decorations of plants, flowers, and arms were much admired. A number of boys distributed innumerable bunches of violets throughout the afternoon. The Chief Justice and Lady Hancock gave a capital ball at the Arengo Palace on the 8th. It was a beautiful moonlight night, and the terraces and gardens, which were lighted with coloured lamps, were thronged by the guests. The Duke of Edinburgh arrived early, and everybody was there. The Officers of the 49th gave a ball at the Armoury on the 10th, and on the following evening there was a benefit performance at the theatre, which was densely crowded, as it was announced that the Duke of Edinburgh would play the violin obbligato to Gounod's "Ave Maria."

Mr. Trevelyan's first ball at the Chief Secretary's Lodge, on Friday night, passed off very pleasantly. Society mustered in great strength, and there was the usual predominance of pretty faces and pretty frocks in the ball-room. Dancing was kept up with great spirit until a late hour. Lord and Lady Spencer were present, accompanied by the Ladies Howard, the Hon. L. Agar-Ellis, and a large household party. Lady Spencer wore a handsome trained costume, with a brilliant display of diamonds; Mrs. Trevelyan's toilet was of soft French grey; Miss Ellis looked well in black.

During the household "flitting" from the Viceregal Lodge to the Castle next week, Lord and Lady Spencer will pay a short visit to the country, being the guests of Lord Lismore. A large party of visitors is expected at Dublin Castle for the Levée week, when the usual balls, dinners, and dances will be given.

Mrs. E. Guinness's concert, at her residence, in St. Stephen's-green, on Thursday, was the first of a series of entertainments, including dinners and dances. Even the seductions of the conservatories and the dimly-lighted boudoirs did not withdraw the select assemblage from the music-room—a tribute not always paid in society to the power of music.

The General Stock Exchange, Lim., 48, St. James's-st., corner of Piccadilly.—Capital £200,000, first issue of 10,000 A Shares.—Private special telephonic and telegraphic communication with the City and other business centres. Great convenience to West-End and Country Clients. Every class of Stock Exchange business transacted. Moderate commissions. Telephone No. 3722.

Mr. and Mrs. Blake start for New York to-morrow week, on their way to Nassau. They have left Ireland, where they have been staying since their return from Italy, and are paying a farewell visit to the Duke and Duchess of St. Albans, at Bestwood. The inhabitants of the Bahamas are very fortunate in their new Governor, who will not only be thoroughly efficient as an official, but he will be a most valuable addition to the society of the islands, which may also be congratulated on the acquisition of Mrs. Blake, who is well known both in England and Ireland for her varied accomplishments and her social charms. Of course, she inherits a fine stock of *savoir vivre* from her father, Mr. Bernal-Osborne.

A marriage is announced between Captain Streatfield, Grenadier Guards, A.D.C. to the Marquis of Lansdowne, and Lady Florence Anson, eldest daughter of the Earl and Countess of Lichfield. Lady Florence Anson is at present in Canada with her aunt, Lady Lansdowne. Lady Lichfield's second daughter is coming out this year. She will be, from all I hear, one of the prettiest *débutantes* of the season.

It was a well-meaning mistake on the part of Lord Kildare to give the bridesmaids at his marriage last week watches, for almost every girl has a watch, and does not want a second. The watches, too, could hardly have kept very good time, for one of the bridesmaids only arrived for the ceremony when it was over. As a bridesmaid, this did not much signify; but it will be awkward if she does so when herself a bride.

The marriage of Mdlle. Croizette with the wealthy banker, M. Stern, a nephew of the Rothschilds, was celebrated on the 16th at the Hôtel de Ville. There was no religious ceremony, each of the contracting parties remaining faithful to his or her religious belief, whatever that may have been.

Caroline, Duchess of Montrose, has gone to Paris, *en route* for Cannes, where she will reside at her new villa till the middle of March.

The Fancy Dress Ball for children at the Mansion House, which is now an annual affair, was in every respect successful. There are two points, however, which I would suggest to the Lord Mayor of the future, as worth his consideration. Would it not be better to put on the cards of invitation "Fancy Dress for Children," instead of leaving it optional? Thus the very few who did not come in fancy dress last Wednesday night would have been compelled to do so, and the general effect of a very pretty scene have been more complete. My other suggestion is that the servants who take charge of the guests' coats and hats should not be permitted to solicit payment from the departing guests. It is surely *infra dig.* for the Lord Mayor's servants to exhibit a small saucer with shillings and sixpences in it as a hint to his Lordship's guests to pay them for taking charge of their wraps.

The announcement at the Children's Fancy Dress Ball of "Mr. and Mrs. —— and triplets," caused a little amusement. A very pretty trio the "triplets" were, however. It was wittily observed by a well-known Mayfair clergyman that one of the girls had been called Kate, the next Dupli*cate*, and the next Tripli*cate*. One other rather neat remark of the same divine was apropos of a young gentleman who arrived in a complete suit of armour. "I thought," said he, "that children in arms were not admitted."

The Bolingbroke Fancy Costume Ball is to be repeated for the third time at the Royal Albert Hall on the 20th February, and there is every prospect that there will be as good a balance to hand over to the Rev. Canon Clarke, the trustee of the Bolingbroke House Pay Hospital, as there was last year, when £262 were realised. Mr. J. S. Wood Woodville, Upper Tooting, and Mr. T. Simpson, West House, Clapham Common, are the hon. secretaries, from whom every information may be obtained.

The Wimborne ball was held in the Corn Exchange last Thursday, and was very successful, parties coming in from most of the neighbouring houses, and there was a good attendance from Bournemouth. Lord Alington and his eldest daughter were present as representatives of Crichel.

The Duke of Rutland has returned to Belvoir Castle for the remainder of the hunting season. He is now in excellent health, and was twice out with his hounds last week. There is a small family party staying at Belvoir.

Lord and Lady Zetland entertained a large party at Aske Hall last week, including Lord and Lady Londonderry and several members of their family, Lady Howe and Lady Curzon, Lord and Lady Aveland and the Misses Drummond-Willoughby, and Mr. Christopher Sykes. On Thursday, Lord Zetland's pack had a lawn meet at the Hall, and in the evening a county ball was given by Lady Zetland, to which all the society of the neighbourhood were invited. Dancing commenced at ten, and was kept up briskly till past three.

The Duke and Duchess of Wellington have been receiving a succession of visitors at Strathfieldsaye during the last fortnight.

There were great rejoicings last week at Feltercairn, Kincardineshire, to celebrate the coming of age of the Hon. Charles Trefusis, who now comes into the large estate which his mother, the late Lady Clinton, inherited from her father, Sir John Stuart-Forbes.

Lord Carnarvon has recently made some extensive investments in Australia. He has purchased a considerable property in Melbourne, and also a large estate in the neighbourhood of Sydney. His Lordship proposes to set aside these properties, and the greater portion of their returns, for the use of his younger son when he comes of age. Lord Porchester is amply provided for, as he is not only heir to his father's settled estates, but at the death of his grandmother, Lady Chesterfield, he comes into the Bretby and Gedling properties, the rental of which exceeds £30,000 a year.

Riding Habits.—Specialty of John Redfern & Sons. Ladies' Tailors by Appointment to H.R.H. the Princess of Wales, 26, Conduit-street, London, W. Also at Cowes and Paris.

The actual amount of the purchase-money paid for Osmaston Manor was £206,500, which included the furniture and contents of the mansion, excepting the pictures. Messrs. Lumley had first negotiated a sale to Sir Samuel Wilson; when this went off on a matter of detail, they sold it, within twelve hours, to Sir Andrew Walker.

I hear that an International Agricultural Exhibition is to be held at Amsterdam next August, and that valuable prizes will be offered for every description of live stock. Our farmers might acquire much useful knowledge by a short trip to the great farming districts of Holland.

The Worcester Hunt Ball last Tuesday took place, as usual, in the Shire Hall, and drew a brilliant assembly of nearly four hundred from all parts of the county. About fifty gentlemen appeared in the Hunt uniform. The hall was most elaborately decorated in every part. Supper was served at midnight, in the dining-room and drawing-room of the Judge's house. Dancing was kept up till four o'clock.

The Kildare Hunt Ball is fixed for the 6th of February. It has been postponed from the original date owing to the death of a son of the Master of the Kildare Hounds.

Lord and Lady Jersey will have a large party at Middleton next week for the Bicester Hunt Ball on Tuesday.

Lord Haldon has consented to act as Master of the South Devon Hunt during next season; but, as he will not be in this country all the winter, Mr. Ley and Mr. Bradshaw are to be associated with him in the mastership. The committee have come to an understanding with Sir Lydston Newman.

The members of the Bedale Hunt had a very stormy meeting last week, when they assembled together for the purpose of deciding on the steps which were to be adopted in consequence of the resignation of Major Dent. Mr. G. E. Lascelles, who presided, recommended that an offer which had been received from Major Garrett (late 16th Lancers) should be accepted, *i.e.* to hunt three days a week for a clear subscription of £1,600, and to bring his brother officer Captain Wild to act as huntsman. A regular row ensued, and in the end a large majority declined to entertain any proposal involving the appointment of an amateur huntsman. Major Garrett will give his decision in the course of the week. Sir F. Milbank, M.P., then proceeded to refute, with great warmth, an accusation that there are now no foxes in his coverts at Thorp Perrow. In the course of the very animated debate which ensued, Sir Frederick declared that "the one great thing wanted in this country is civility from the Master," on which a member retorted that "civility is not so important as foxes," and then Major Dent joined in the fray, and declared that Sir Frederick had accused him "of being anything but a gentleman, and of using bad language to his keepers." Altogether the proceedings were not calculated to enhance the *éclat* of the Hunt, and next time the members meet, they will be more prudent if they exclude reporters.

There are already no fewer than eight counties which will want Masters at the close of the season, in addition to the Old Berkshire, the members of which met at Faringdon last week, Lord Barrington in the chair. After passing resolutions of condolence with Lady Craven and her family, it was announced that Sir William Throckmorton has refused to accept the Mastership, and it was decided to appoint a committee of five to take the necessary steps to secure an eligible successor to Lord Craven. Lady Craven has very liberally placed the hounds, horses, and the Ashdown kennels at the disposal of the Hunt till May 1. The Shropshire, Albrighton, Glendale, South Devon, Carnarvonshire, Taunton Vale, and last, but by no means least, the Bicester, are all looking out for Masters; and in several cases, owing to lack of funds and other disheartening circumstances, there will probably be great difficulty in obtaining successors to the gentlemen who are giving up.

I hear that Baron Alphonse de Rothschild has offered 5,000 gs. for Archiduc; but, owing to the peculiar condition under which Count Lagrange's stud is being sold, it is necessary that every horse should be put up to auction. It is probable that either the Baron or the Duc de Castries will become his purchaser.

Lord Ellesmere contradicts the report that Charles Archer trained his horses under a special arrangement, to which I alluded last week. He states that he "entered his horses as he thought fit, ran them when and where he pleased, and paid the usual training charges for them." Under these circumstances it is really most extraordinary that Lord Ellesmere should have given Archer such unprecedented licence, and it is certainly a great pity for all concerned that he was not aroused from his apathy before the race for the Liverpool Autumn Cup This is an opinion which has been very generally expressed by the members of the Jockey Club.

I hear that it is not correct that the arrangements in respect to the future of Geheimniss have nothing whatever to do with the recent "legal proceedings," if by this is meant that the mare continues to run in Lord Alington's name, under the original agreement with Lady Stamford. Geheimniss is now held by Lord Alington under a new agreement, which was included in the general settlement of the action. Under the first agreement she was leased (but not to Lord Alington alone) for her "racing career;" under the second agreement she is leased to Lord Alington alone until the 1st day of November, 1884. Lady Stamford behaved very handsomely in the matter, and this has been fully acknowledged by the other side. She voluntarily proposed during the course of the discussion respecting terms for settlement, to lease the horse for a further term, as an evidence of the perfect good feeling with which she entered into the compromise.

The famous Clydesdale sire, Prince Albert Victor of Wales, which has been for some time at the Queen's Shaw Farm, near Windsor Castle, has been sold to Baron von Homeyer, of Ranzin, Pomerania. The horse has already left for Hamburg, on his way to his new quarters.

I WENT on Saturday to see the elephant. He is a well-proportioned beast, but he can only be called white by those who are in the habit of calling black white. The only difference between him and other elephants is that he has a cream-coloured patch with spots on his trunk, and one or two others on his chest, and that the tips of his ears are of the same hue, and look like a sort of lacework. I have no reason to doubt that he is a holy animal; but, alas! his presence in the flesh among us dispels one more illusion—the sacred white elephants which the Siamese worship are, so far as colour is concerned, pious frauds. In Mexico there is a race of Indians with light patches on their skins. These mottled savages go by the name of Pintos. "Toung Taloung" is a Pinto; he looks like an elephant with a slight touch of leprosy. With a coating of whitewash, however, and with a few priests in gorgeous Eastern raiments to minister to him, I should think that he is likely to prove remunerative as a show beast.

IN his billiard match with North last week, W. J. Peall scored 1,000 points in sixty-four minutes—the fastest time on record. The previous best was seventy minutes, by W. Cook.

THE question—which is to be raised in a police court—as to the legality of baccarat being played in a proprietary club, will involve some interesting issues. The Park Club is to be prosecuted because play is excessive there, and because the proprietor derives a profit from it. But is there a distinction in the law between play and excessive play? If so, what is excessive play? What, too, constitutes profit from play? "Cards" form an item of profit in the balance-sheet of all clubs, whether proprietary or otherwise. Can it be held that such a profit is legal when small, illegal when large? The truth is that the police authorities are in a difficulty, owing to our law practically allowing rich people to gamble, and treating this as a crime in poor people.

MISS ROSE HORAN, who, it would seem, was recently accused and acquitted in New York, on the charge of having stolen valuable diamonds from her mistress, has brought an action to recover £20,000 damages for alleged false imprisonment.

I EXTRACT the following outpourings of Rose from the *New York World*:—

Miss Horan spoke very highly of Lady Mandeville as a wife and mother, but as a noble mistress she was not so lovable. When Lady Mandeville happened to be out at a late entertainment, she always wanted to sleep in the morning. This was rendered almost impossible because of the noise her children made at their games in the nursery.

"On one occasion," said Miss Horan, "after Lady Mandeville had given strict orders to keep the children quiet, I told her that I was going to leave her employ, as the little ones persisted in making so much noise. Her Ladyship entreated me to remain, and I did so. One night Lady Mandeville returned home between 12 and 1 o'clock. She called her maid Catherine and asked if her bath was ready, and upon receiving a reply in the negative, discharged Catherine on the spot. From that time forward I acted as Lady Mandeville's maid."

Miss Horan was enthusiastic on the love existing between Lord Mandeville and his wife. When Lord Mandeville would leave in the morning, he would return three or four times to kiss his wife good-bye again and again. Lady Mandeville was equally demonstrative in her affection.

THE Baroness Burdett-Coutts, and Mr. Burdett-Coutts, M P., with Admiral and Mrs. Gordon and suite, are now staying at the GROSVENOR HOTEL, Southsea.

THERE is no truth whatever in the report that the See of Chester has been offered to Canon Liddon. Nothing would induce him to undertake the charge of that particular diocese.

IT was stated in TRUTH several weeks ago that the valuable rectory of Bingham was to be offered to the Rev. Henry White, the popular Chaplain of the Savoy. After some consideration Mr. White has gratefully declined Lord Carnarvon's very flattering offer, much to the joy of his congregation. Nine years ago Mr. White refused the great living of Halifax, which was offered to him by Lord Beaconsfield, when it became vacant by the death of Archdeacon Musgrave.

THE Bishop of Ripon is still apparently determined not to resign his See, and his friends are advocating the formation of a new See of Wakefield to relieve the diocese of Ripon. Surely this is a most unsatisfactory method of solving the difficulty. No amount of argument can evade the plain issue that Dr. Bickersteth ought either to perform his duties or to resign. He is manifestly incapable of the former, and his retention of office is therefore nothing short of a scandal. The advocates of the new bishopric would do well to remember that bishops are made for Sees, not Sees for bishops.

THE Bristol people are really in earnest in their desire to get back their independent Bishop. The Bill, which is to be introduced next session, will be supported both by Mr. Gladstone and by Sir Stafford Northcote. Nearly £15,000 has already been promised, including subscriptions of £1,000 each, from Sir Greville Smyth, Sir Antony Gibbs, Miles, Cape, & Co., Daniel & Sons, the Society of Merchants, Mr. Cruger Miles, Mr. G. W. Edwards, and two anonymous donors. I really cannot see anything to applaud in Bishop Ellicott's promise to relinquish £500 a year of his episcopal income for the new see. Considering that his income is £5,000, and that he will be relieved of by far the heavest portion of his diocese, it seems to me that he might very well give up at least a thousand a year, especially as the Bishop of Bristol will have to find his own house, for the old Palace was burnt in the Reform riots of 1832, and the episcopal residence at Stapleton is no longer church property.

THE Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's have a far larger annual income than is possessed by any similar body in the country. When the Church revenues were redistributed, fifty years ago, Bishop Copleston (then Dean of St. Paul's) managed to secure a very ample provision for the Cathedral. Under these circumstances, it is rather unsatisfactory that one can never enter it without finding numerous boxes placed in conspicuous positions, and labelled at one time, "For the Great Bell," and at another, "For Decorations." The authorities really ought not to be perpetually begging in this lugubrious fashion. If the Cathedral requires extra funds, it would be much better to establish an offertory; but the regular income ought to be amply sufficient.

LIBERTYS' Japanese, Arabian, Chinese, and Indian Furniture and Decoration. A new Sketch-book post-free. Chesham House, Regent-st., W.

During the last few years eighty churches have been built in the Diocese of York at a cost of £285,000. The Bishop of Rochester proposed, not long ago, to build ten churches in his diocese at a cost of £50,000, and he has already obtained £42,000. During the episcopate of Bishop Baring, £700,000 was spent in building new churches and enlarging and restoring old ones in the diocese of Durham. At the meeting the other day, Dr. Lightfoot promised to subscribe £3,000 towards the £75,000 now asked for, Lord Durham £3,500 (under conditions), Sir Walter and Lady James £3,000, Lord Londonderry £2,000, and the Dean and Chapter of Durham £1,000, in addition to which the Dean himself gives £300, and the Archdeacon £500. The subscriptions promised at the close of the proceedings amounted to £24,000.

Some of the more rabid of the temperance people appear to have become quite mad, and are doing much harm to the cause which they advocate. The "minister" of a large town in Midlothian recently preached a sermon in which he maintained that no publican or other person dealing in alcohol was fit to be admitted to the "membership" of a Christian congregation, and that with the consent of the kirk session (*i.e.*, vestry) an applicant belonging to the abhorred trade had just been refused admission to their church. This, in Scotland, is equivalent to a refusal of the Holy Communion in England. A great row has been the result of this intolerance, and several members of the kirk session have signified their dissent from the minister's views. The aggrieved persons have appealed to the Presbytery, and the case will probably be brought before the General Assembly.

The Bishop of Rochester delivered an admirable address on temperance in Edinburgh the other day. Dr. Thorold is a practical man, and, like Dr. Vaughan, he denounces the abuse of alcohol, but does not clamour against those who use it in moderation. It is a pity that the majority of temperance orators should injure a good cause by their extravagances.

I see that the Mormon Legislature has decided that in future men are to be responsible for the slanderous utterances of their wives. I tremble to think of the consequences which might result to many people if such were the rule in England; and where a man must be responsible for the remarks of a couple of dozen ladies instead of one, safety, it is obvious, will be practically impossible.

It is but right, since Messrs. Macmillan & Co. have made arrangements to publish for the future, as they say, "Lord Tennyson's Works," that they should associate themselves with Mr. Francis Galton's offer to give £500 in prizes for "Extracts from the Family Records of Competitors." It will be interesting if they induce their noble poet to compete for Mr. Galton's prizes. By-the-by, this gentleman might follow up his present idea by giving another £500 for particulars of the "Skeletons in Family Cupboards." These, I take it, would prove more attractive reading than mere "Family Records"—and as, probably, in most cases the "Skeletons" would be the competitors, the chances are their statements would owe more to fact than those having reference to "Records."

To judge from the recent correspondence in the press anent "soldiers' unclaimed balances; what becomes of them?" &c., one would imagine that the War Office clerks appropriated them to their own use. It may be as well, therefore, to state that the money unclaimed by soldiers' relatives is devoted to the maintenance of a fund, the object of which is to give assistance to the widows and children of soldiers dying in the army. It would be interesting to know, however, where the money raised by fines for drunkenness goes to. The amount received by the Pall-Mall authorities on this account must be considerable. Formerly the fund derived from this source was absorbed in the payment for good-conduct badges on a man retiring, which amounted to £1 per badge. In the Conservative *régime* of 1874-80 a change was made, first by Lord Cranbrook, who reduced the payments for badges to 10s., and secondly by Colonel Stanley, who abolished the badge money altogether. Since then, the amounts received from soldiers' fines have increased. What has become of the money? The Army Estimates throw no light on the matter.

A minute was recently passed round the various branches of the War Office to the effect that on attaining the age of sixty, all clerks, provided they had forty years' service, would be expected to retire. This decision has been received with anything but favour by the principal and senior clerks. It is not pleasant to be compelled to give up £900 a-year for performing two or three hours' actual work per diem. But in objecting to what they call this arbitrary decision, these clerks are singularly inconsistent. When compelling officers to retire at forty and fifty-five, to make way for the juniors, and for "the good of the service," these gentlemen forget that "What is sauce for the military goose is sauce for the civil gander."

A friend of mine, an officer, tells me that when a private in his corps was tried the other day for selling his medals, and was asked by the President of the Court-martial what excuse he had to make for such a disgraceful proceeding, the man answered: "Disgrace, sir! I have grown to think the medals almost a disgrace; having been chaffed so much by my friends about my picnic to Egypt. I was tired of the subject, and, as I supposed the medals were my own, I sold them for half-a-crown." This was a very sensible private.

Now that the police are to be made recruiters, and as such to receive a fee for every recruit they pass into the army, it becomes a question whether it will not pay a policeman better to allow a prisoner to enlist instead of taking him to the lock-up. As a prisoner he will be worth nothing to his captor—nay, he would occasion him much future trouble, and possibly annoyance—whereas, as a recruit, he would be worth at least 5s. to him, money down.

Wood's Hotel (within Furnival's Inn, Holborn, E.C.) has been considerably modernised and improved Families and Gentlemen will find in this Hotel *home comforts.*

The paucity of candidates for commissions in the Militia and Volunteers is, it is no secret, the cause of many a *mauvais quart d'heure* in certain private rooms in the big building in Pall-mall. The reason for the reluctance of eligible men to come forward for her Majesty's commission in the Auxiliary Forces is not far to seek. Want of encouragement and a fair recognition of services rendered is the primary cause of the present attenuated condition of the commissioned ranks of the Militia and Volunteers. "Foster and encourage" should be the watchwords of the Horse Guards people. If a good example were set in this direction, and some half-score deserving Militia and Volunteer officers who have done good work were promptly awarded the C.B., the effect would be immediate and certain.

The Channel Squadron, which is expected to return from the Mediterranean in May, will probably go to the Baltic for a summer cruise. Its commander, the Duke of Edinburgh, has, I see, been playing solos on the fiddle at various charity concerts in the Mediterranean ports If he would only do this in Baltic ports, and devote the proceeds to the fund being collected for the building of an English church at Copenhagen, this edifice would soon be erected and endowed. "I cannot play the fiddle," said Themistocles, "but I can build a city." If his Royal Highness can play the fiddle, he can do more than the Greek—although he may not be able to command a fleet. *Ne sutor!*

On account of transport service the Indian Government has to pay very heavily for the troopships *Serapis*, *Jumna*, *Crocodile*, *Euphrates*, and *Malabar* alone, but when to this is added the further charges for Indian coast work, the expense becomes still more formidable. The repairs on the *Cesarewitch* cost every year about 50,000 rupees, and so ill-adapted is she for the work of carrying troops, upon which she is employed, that in taking a regiment from Bombay to Kurrachee she had to be towed by another steamer.

The P. and O. Company and the British India Steam Navigation Company have each a fleet of steamers proceeding regularly and frequently from port to port all around the Indian Peninsula. Would it not be more economical to occasionally employ the services of some of these when required, than to spend 50,000 rupees annually on the repairs of a steamer which is unable to move troops without being towed?

It is understood that the *Bacchante*, which is now refitting at Portsmouth, will be sent in April to replace the *Boadicea* as flagship at the Cape of Good Hope. The *Triumph*, which is being prepared for commission at the same yard, will probably relieve the *Northampton* on the North American station.

The command of H.M.S. *Achilles* will be vacant next week, as Captain Morant has been appointed Commodore at Hong Kong. Captain Fremantle will probably succeed him.

The tailors of Philadelphia are trying to start a movement in favour of knee-breeches. Is this the result of Mr. Oscar Wilde's invasion of America? If so, it is odd that this gentleman himself should have come back in the every-day trouser. It is urged in favour of the change, that "the young men of the present day look like waiters when they are in evening dress." The argument is unanswerable, but it cuts both ways. The waiters of the present day (no doubt intentionally) look like young men in evening dress, and possibly they will continue to do so, even if the young men who are not waiters take to knee-breeches. One "artist," who has contributed to the discussion, thinks that, "if we go back to the knee-breeches of our ancestors, we must first get their shapely legs." The fact probably is, that our ancestors gave up knee-breeches because the majority of them felt rather diffident about their shapely legs. For a similar reason, the majority of their descendants will continue to wear trousers.

Mr. C. White Mortimer, British Vice-Consul at Los Angeles, California, writes to urge all those in want of either money or health at once to betake themselves to that favoured town. He says:—

It will, I think, be a kindness to many of your readers to give some account of a climate that, for consumptives, is superior to that of Southern Europe. I have wintered in Nice, Mentone, and Southern Italy, and consequently am in a position to form an opinion on the comparative climatic advantages of Southern Europe and Southern California.

The distinguishing features of the climate of Southern California are, first, its equableness; the difference in the mean temperature in January and July is only 16 deg., the mean temperature in January being 54 deg. and in July 70 deg.

The hottest days in summer are so tempered by the ocean breezes, that there is never any oppressive or enervating heat; sunstroke is quite unknown. Flowers and delicate plants flourish in the open air all the year round. During the winter months here, as at Nice, there is a sudden change of temperature at sunset—not, however, so marked as at Nice. The second distinguishing feature of the climate is its dryness; from May to November no rain falls, and as the average rainfall from November to May is only sixteen inches, of which the most part falls at night, invalids can count on at least 340 clear, bright, pleasant days in the year. Los Angeles is a very pleasant city to live in; it is beautifully situated on the slope of a range of hills commanding a view of the ocean, distant about sixteen miles. The population of the city when I came here, about twenty months ago, was about 16,000; it is now 24,000, and continues to increase in the same ratio. Representatives from every country in Europe are to be found amongst its inhabitants; the United Kingdom, Germany, and France have from 3,000 to 5,000 each. Newspapers in four different languages are published here. As to the cost of living: good board and lodging can be obtained at the best hotel—the Rico House—for from £8 to £10 per month, including all extras, except wine. Accommodation at the boarding and lodging-houses costs from £4 to £8 per month. House-rent is very high; a frame cottage of six rooms rents for £6 per month. Domestic servants are paid from £5 to £6 per month, and are difficult to get at those figures. Clothing is very expensive, and of inferior quality. All other necessaries of life are very cheap. This State is a paradise for men who are able and willing to do manual labour. Mechanics receive from 12s. to £1 per day, and, owing to the large amount of building now going on here, are in demand at those figures. The supply of professional men, clerks, bookkeepers, &c., is greatly in excess of the demand. The men who are wanted here are the labouring classes, and men who have capital to the amount of £1,000 and upwards.

There are many occupations here which men in delicate health, who have some means, can engage in; bee-keeping, raising poultry, the culture of the orange and the vine—these and many other similar occupations, are enormously profitable. Thousands of acres of land are annually being planted in grapes in this section of the country, and, notwithstanding the enormously increased supply, the demand continues to keep pace with it, and prices are still more than remunerative; the Phylloxera is unknown in Southern California, and will not probably make its appearance, care being now taken not to impoverish the land by planting the vines too close together. As to the profit in grape-farming, the following prices, which may be relied upon, will speak for themselves. Cost of land, from £20 to £40 per acre. Cost of grape-cuttings, planting same, and cultivation for first year, per acre £4; cost of cultivation for second year, per acre £3. To these amounts must be added the taxes and interest on the amount invested. The third year's crop, after deducting working expenses, will net the producer about £3 per acre; thereafter the yield annually increases

until the seventh or eighth year, when the maximum is reached. At present prices for grapes (£4 per ton), vineyards in full bearing net the owner from £20 to £40, and in some cases as high as £50 per acre per annum. The working expenses when the producer hires all his help do not exceed £3 per acre per annum; large vineyards would not average so much. Vineyards in full bearing can be purchased for about £120 per acre. The profit on oranges is much larger; they do not, however, make the producer any return for six or seven years. The profit not being immediate, persons planting orange orchards or vineyards must have some capital, in addition to the amount invested in the land and working expenses. Farm lands in this country have increased in value from 50 per cent. to 100 per cent. in the last two years, owing to the large influx of emigrants in that time.

As to the best way of getting here. The quickest route is to New York, thence by rail over the Southern Pacific; time, sixteen days from Liverpool. The cheapest route is to New Orleans, thence by rail through Texas, New Mexico, and Arizona. For those who do not like journeying by rail, the best route is from Southampton to Aspinwall, thence across the Isthmus of Panama, thence to San Francisco; time, six weeks.

The trials to which the majority of mistresses are subject at the hands of the present race of domestic servants is a common source of complaint. Whether others of this afflicted class, however, will be found of sufficient courage to follow the example of one Mrs. Turner, who, on Tuesday, sought the assistance of the learned Judge at the Bloomsbury County Court, is doubtful. This lady recently engaged a girl named Snow as nurse in her family upon the usual conditions as to notice; but after discharging her duties for one day, the girl abruptly quitted the situation without assigning any cause, and as damages for this breach of the agreement, a sum amounting to a month's wages was demanded. During the proceedings it was stated from the bench that no person had previously ventured to assert the right in so public a manner. It is clear that a contract which might be enforced against one party is binding on the other, and judgment was in consequence given for the amount claimed.

I should like to understand the point of Lord Justice Lindley's remark at the Winchester Assizes—namely, that it is anomalous for a man who evades the law himself to call it into action for his own protection. One Kennard had been imprisoned for refusing to vaccinate his child. In prison, he received what he alleged to be illegal treatment; so he brought an action against the prison authorities, and this called forth the Lord Justice's remark. If this principle is tested by stretching it, a man who gets three days' hard labour for a drunken freak would be found to have no remedy though the jailer chose to detain him for twenty years, and flog him twice a week.

Mr. Alderman Isaacs announced one day last week that he had received a letter from a cabman, thanking him for the course he had taken of late in punishing masters instead of servants for working horses in an unfit condition. The cabman very truly pointed out that if he refused to take a horse out with a sore back, the master could easily find another man to do it. Mr. Alderman Isaacs is apparently the first magistrate to whom this sensible view has occurred. A few more Isaacs would almost save the Corporation.

The Salford Guardians last week granted outdoor relief to a woman over seventy years of age, whose husband had left her chargeable to the parish. The couple had been married five-and-forty years. The parish, however, could not reach the man, for the simple reason that the woman now described as his wife was a deceased wife's sister. How much longer is the law to be made ridiculous by such anomalies as this?

The ways of Bumbledom are inscrutable. An old woman, on Friday last, asked the Birmingham magistrates for help under the following circumstances. She had been in the workhouse eight months, when, on Thursday, she went out to see her daughter. The daughter being very ill, the old woman stopped with her all night. On the following morning she applied to the relieving officer for an order for re-admission, which was refused. The old woman asked where she was to go. The relieving officer, with the native humour of his class, replied that she could go where she liked, excepting to the workhouse. Could their worships assist her? Their worships were sorry they could do nothing—perhaps the guardians might; and so on. How many more authorities will this poor old pauper have to invoke before she is re-admitted to the paradise which Bumble guards so carefully?

I have been much amused to note the extravagant eulogies which have been passed upon the House of Lords collectively and individually at the City dinners of late. The Lord Mayor gave the cue at the Wire Drawers' banquet a week or two ago, and an Alderman has hardly ever opened his mouth in public since without enlarging on the wonderful virtues of a House "containing all that is great in art, intellect, science, and wealth." The meaning of this is, of course, perfectly obvious. It is that one abuse may be trusted to befriend another abuse, and that the House of Lords, with its ridiculous pretensions to represent the people of England, may naturally be relied on to show some fellow-feeling for the Corporation, with its similar pretensions to represent the people of London.

The Common Council annually votes a sum of money which is devoted to providing a Christmas dinner for the poor widows of City freemen. Tickets are issued for these dinners, and at a meeting of the Council last week it appeared that one widow had become possessed of 23 of these tickets, another of 14, another of 12, and another of 11. This sort of thing can only be ascribed to bungling of the most flagrant character; but probably it is a pretty fair specimen of the way in which City charities are mismanaged.

The London School Board stands self-convicted of most extraordinary carelessness as regards the distribution of prize and reward cards. They have issued these cards wholesale to the teachers, without any inquiry whatever; and as each teacher's chance of promotion depended largely upon the number of these cards obtained by their pupils, the Board literally put a premium on dishonesty. This idiotic system has been going on for seven years and a-half, and I am not at all surprised that it has been discovered that no fewer than 800 teachers have been guilty of obtaining these cards by false pretences. Under these circumstances, the Board has decided to dismiss one teacher, severely censure several others, and say no more about it. Popular respect for the business capacities of the School

Phillips' China and Glass.—Simply the largest Stock in London of Common and Best Services, Ornaments, and Duplex Lamps.—W. P. & G. Phillips, 175, 177, and 179, Oxford-street, W.

Board is certainly not likely to be enhanced by these revelations. In fact, it is difficult to see the use of a School Management Committee if such practices can be carried on under its very eyes.

Why has the plan of having an official inquest in every case of fire, whether life is lost or not, been abandoned? The Fire Brigade Report to the Metropolitan Board of Works shows that fires are increasing. The number last year was 2,630, or 218 more than the year before, and 446 more than the average of the last ten years. In 44 cases "the water arrangements were unsatisfactory," owing to short supplies of water, absent turncocks, and so on. A verdict of wilful default or culpable negligence in some of these cases, followed by a prosecution or action for damages, might have had a good effect on the "rulers of the waters."

The overhead-electric-wire question is an instance of the way our *laissez-faire* system allows a public nuisance to grow until its very size can be used as an argument against dealing with it. For years and years the telegraph wires have been multiplying over London, principally under irresponsible agreements between the owners of the wires and the owners or occupiers of house property, without a thought for the interest of the public in the streets. The prospect of a further crop of lines for telephone purposes is the last straw, and now one or two lethargic bodies have woke up to the gravity of the evil. All the chief London thoroughfares ought to be provided, as one or two are, with subways, roomy enough to contain the gas and water mains, the telegraph, telephone, and electric-lighting wires, pneumatic-tubes, and all similar appliances. At present, no sooner is a roadway relaid at great expense with wood or asphalte, than the gas or water company takes possession, and hacks it up, not only stopping the traffic, but leaving behind holes and patches which are a source of positive danger.

A few days ago a guard in the service of the Great Western Railway discovered a purse on the floor of a compartment, while travelling between Bristol and London. It contained over £30, but there was nothing in it to afford any clue to the owner. The guard took possession of it, made inquiries as to the previous occupant of the compartment, and presently it turned out to be the property of a well-known resident in a small town on the line. This individual received back his property with every manifestation of delight, and proceeded to reward the guard with a present of three-halfpence!

It would be well if the attention of the President of the Board of Trade were called to the fact that 2 per cent. of the Metropolitan Railway Company's dividend was earned by the management and sale of land and houses. It was never intended that railways should convert themselves into gigantic Land Companies. The sooner Sir Edward Watkin and his colleagues can be forced to give up land-jobbing speculations, and devote themselves to earning their dividends by proper railway management, the better for those working-classes whom he has taken under his especial patronage. It is abominable that Sir Edward and his minions should be keeping land out of the market until its value is enhanced, when every available inch is wanted to give the poor decent habitations.

"Vanity Fair" hears that the Queen approves of the proposed railway across the Parks "because the late Prince Albert favoured it." I don't know that it matters a fico whether the Queen is or is not in favour of the scheme, as the Parks are public property, and belong to the nation. With regard to Prince Albert's approval, I feel quite assured that there would have been a pertinacious opposition on his part, unless, indeed, he had been mollified with a "swinging" compensation. Prince Albert was like Lord Marney, who, although "there was nobody so violent against railroads," yet "never opposed them after the compensation was settled, and gave up all his opposition when they agreed to his terms."

The story of the Great Western and South-Western extensions to Windsor entirely confirm this view of the Prince's principle in such matters. I suspect that the Deeside Railway would long ago have penetrated to Braemar if the Prince had lived—that is, if the directors were prepared to pay well for their extension.

Two most interesting letters, written by Lord Palmerston in 1857 to the late Lord Llanover, which it seems to me it would be well to print and hang up in every room in the Office of Works, are published in *Vanity Fair*. They refer to the Parks, and are very commendable for that unsleepy vigilance and robust common-sense for which Lord Palmerston was distinguished:—

> You seem to think the grass is a thing to be looked at by people who are to be confined to gravel walks. I regard it as a thing to be walked upon, freely and without restraint, by the people, old and young, for whose enjoyment the Parks are maintained . . . . When I see the grass worn by foot traffic I look on it as a proof that the Park has answered its purpose, and has done its duty by the health, amusement, and enjoyment of the people. . . . . I entirely disapprove of the restrictions which you are imposing upon the free enjoyment of the Green Park and Hyde Park by the public . . . . which materially interfere with the enjoyment and free recreation of the people, and I most positively forbid the prosecution of any such scheme.

This is the language of a popular Minister, and is altogether admirable.

There is nothing like "pegging away" at an abuse, though it appears to take a good deal of pegging before one can get anything "fixed up" about it. More than a year ago I called attention to the disgraceful cruelty shown to the animals carried from Ireland to England *viâ* Cork and Bristol. That cruelty still continues. An eye-witness tells me that on a recent voyage of one of these boats a lot of cattle were packed so tight that they could not turn round. The passage lasted from 5 a.m. one day to 10 p.m. the next. During the whole of this time, not a drop of water was given the poor beasts. Some food was, indeed, proffered them by throwing hay upon their backs, but none of it was eaten, for their frantic struggles to get it simply resulted in its being crushed down beneath their feet. They were a miserably thin lot, and some of them were certainly diseased. The reason given for their

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Vanity Fair says:—"Mr. Benjamin is still the Prince of Ulster and Stalking-Coat Makers." Ulster House, Conduit-street, W.

poverty-stricken condition and their cruel treatment was that they were "only going over to be made into paupers' soup."

On the same vessel most ghastly noises were heard to proceed from below, which, on inquiry, were found to emanate from some pigs. They were so closely packed that, to prevent their lying down, men were on the watch day and night flogging them up with long sticks, as, if any of them had lain down, they would have been at once crushed to death by their neighbours. The captain of the vessel said that he had seen as many as half-a-dozen one on top of the other, the undermost ones being stifled beneath the load. Who is responsible for this disgraceful cruelty I don't know. If the captain has not power to prevent overcrowding, he ought to be given it. In any case, the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals should give their attention to the matter.

Although 99,562 quarters of American killed beef reached Glasgow in the course of last year, not one of the local butchers will confess to having had such a thing on his premises. As, however, a shrewd Scotchman writes me, "the scarcity of tripe, which is a favourite supper dish in the second city of the empire, lets the cat out of the bag."

A famous prize pig which was slaughtered the other day weighed 39 score. The carcass had actually lost 16 lb. in weight by evaporation after thirty-six hours' exposure.

The Queen received the other day a present of a side of lamb, which had been forwarded to Osborne by a farmer in the Isle of Man. It was a remarkable animal in one respect, being the offspring of a Shropshire ewe, that had a lamb last February, which it had reared; and then this one was born early in October.

A correspondent recently made a suggestion in the *Morning Post*, that an establishment should be started in London for attempting the "cure of incurable lunatics," which has, at all events, the merit of novelty. The writer proposes to allow any medical practitioner who imagines that he possesses an infallible remedy for madness, to exercise his skill on the inmates of this institution. But on whom is the responsibility to be thrown of deciding whether a lunatic is to be placed in this establishment or not?

I have received the following anent the late Mr. Holloway:—

Draycott Mills, near Derby, *Jan.* 21, 1884.

Sir,—In reference to your remarks, prefacing the introduction of my letter respecting the late Mr. Holloway, in your number of Jan. 17, my firm never, at any time, opposed the settlement of his affairs; and I am not aware that any opposition was offered by any one. Nor was any opposition made to his removal of his schedule from the file of the Court of Insolvent Debtors, so that his reluctance to consider his old creditors cannot be defended on that plea.—I am, yours respectfully, J. H. Towle.

A correspondent writes:—

As "W. F. W.," who wrote to the *Times* on Saturday last, exposing a long-firm swindle, omitted to give the name of the firm in question, I now hasten to do so, in the hope of saving other credulous young men their guineas. The person or persons in question "trade" under the name of Messrs. Newman & Co., at 15, Francis-street, Russell-square. Their *modus operandi* is this:—They find out the circumstances of some starving barrister or other needy gentleman, and write him a letter purporting to come from some Lady Bountiful (in this case it was from the Honourable Mrs. Stuart, of Glen Stuart), and recommending him to apply to them, if he would like to acquire a lucrative position. If he does so, he is mulcted in a fee of one guinea for registration, and hears no more about it. The swindle is a clever one, and Messrs. Newman are accomplished rascals. They don't give references, "because the firm has been so long established." The head of the firm is always away, but "a member of the firm" is at all times ready to receive guineas. The firm has been in existence for four years.

Doubtless, many a young man has already been swindled, but I should hope this exposure will put an end to this particular system of fraud, even if the Public Prosecutor should once more consider the matter not within his province.

I have also received the following letter on the same subject:—

8, Gray's Inn-square, *Jan.* 20, 1884.

Sir,—It may interest you to know that there has been, at all events, one other victim to the system of fraud exposed by the enclosed cutting.

A friend of mine had a nearly identical letter from the Hon. Mrs. Stuart early in November, except that it gave the address "Funchal, Madeira," after December 30th! And as my friend knew that she had many friends trying to find her a berth as a companion, she thought that the hon. lady might be really interesting herself for her, and consequently called on Messrs. Newman, of Francis-street, Tottenham-Court-road, and paid them a guinea.

She has not heard of anything likely to suit her since, except two highly-improbable offers, one of which required a knowledge of Greek fluently, and the other Spanish and Italian!

Knowing your anxiety to expose fraud, I send you this information in case it may confirm any news of the same firm you may obtain from other sources.—Yours faithfully, H. Wilson.

Sir George Wombwell has just placed a large stone tablet over the principal entrance to Shandy Hall, at Coxwold, in the North Riding. It bears the following inscription:—

Here dwelt Laurence Sterne, for many years incumbent of Coxwold. Here he wrote "Tristram Shandy" and the "Sentimental Journey." Died in London in 1768, aged 55 years.

Shandy Hall has been converted into cottages, but it retains all its old features, and is practically precisely the same as when Sterne lived there.

I learn with regret, but not with surprise, that the tenants on Lord Fitzwilliam's extensive property in the North Riding of Yorkshire are being "requested" to sign a document, under which they give up their privileges under Section 33 of the Agricultural Holdings Act, and agree that half a year's notice shall still be sufficient to terminate a tenancy.

Landlords who are so stupidly tampering with the very mild provisions of the Act of last session may be surprised to learn that last week at Harleston, that stout Conservative, Mr. C. S. Read, following the excellent lead given by the Duke of Richmond at Chichester, expressed his opinion that the Act "is a most important measure, and one of which he, as a practical agriculturist, very much approved."

It would seem that one of the Earl of Radnor's younger sons is a Director in the Insurance Company in which his lordship informs his tenants that they must insure. Where is this to end? We shall next have Peers getting their younger sons into the business houses of grocers and tailors, on the understanding that tenants will be forced to deal with these firms.

Iron Wine Bins.—The original makers. Medal and Five Awards Sydney Exhibition, 1880. Farrow & Jackson, 16, Great Tower-street; 8, Haymarket, London. Illustrated Price Lists post free.

This ought to be stopped :—

It may interest you to hear that we have not to go anything like so far as the Shetland Isles, or any part of Scotland, to find illustrations of the truck system. I could take you to a colliery in the county of Durham where almost every man is in debt to the son-in-law of the manager, and where the wages are regularly stopped to pay "the shop." The shop is kept by the manager's son-in-law, of course. It is close to the colliery, and deals in what the Lancashire folks call "aw maks," that is, everything eatable, or drinkable, or wearable. I went to this particular colliery to make inquiries into the matter a little over two years ago, and I found workmen and shopkeepers equally indignant at this iniquitous system of "grinding the faces of the poor." Some of the houses in the colliery village were as bare and desolate as any that I have seen in the East of London. The explanation given to me by the women was almost invariably the same. "We got into debt at the shop, and my man has received no money for many a week." Prices for all goods were stated to be excessive. The reply to my question why the miners and their wives did not deal at other shops was that, in that case, they "would not long be wanted at the colliery." Now, the owner of this colliery is one of the best-known men in Parliament, and has more than once had the facts brought under his notice.

The Hampshire farmers have shown the way to the tenant-farmers of the country, in selecting one of their number, Mr. George Judd, as the Liberal candidate for North Hants, at the next election. He is a real farmer, and not a half-and-half specimen, with a wish to become a county magistrate and be reckoned among the county landlords.

Sir Francis Sandford has been appointed to be a paid Charity Commissioner, salary £1,200. I want to know whether, in addition to this emolument, Sir Francis is to receive a retiring pension of £1,200 from the Education Department. It seems to me that this commissionership ought not to have been bestowed upon a gentleman who has just resigned an important office after forty years' service.

Why, if Ministers are so anxious to go at once to business, do they not suppress the Address on the Queen's Speech? It is a direct invitation to speechifying. They bitterly complain that the debate on it nowadays lasts a fortnight. My only surprise is that it does not last longer. As a rule, Ministers themselves occupy a good deal of time, and this keeps the ball rolling. If they had the sense to wait until every one had talked himself out, and then to leave Mr. Gladstone to reply for all of them, the end would come very much sooner.

Another way would be to vote the Address, paragraph by paragraph. This would prevent vague, loose talking. Let any one give himself the trouble to glance over the speeches on one single day of the Address Debate, and he will perceive that the speakers roam over every conceivable subject. At one moment he will find a discussion going on about the Reform Bill, at another about Egypt, at another about agriculture, at another about Asia, at another about Southern Africa. Anything more utterly unpractical cannot be conceived.

From the recent speeches of the Conservative leaders, I suppose that we may take it that, although Parliament was elected specifically to give the franchise to the dwellers in counties who are without it, the Conservative majority in the Lords is to be used in order to precipitate a General Election, because the party believes that it would win a few seats. I do not blame the leaders. Naturally, they use the weapons they have at their command. I blame the Radicals. Never should they allow a House of hereditary legislators—most of whom are strictly party men, deriving profit from the triumph of their party—to have it in their power to force a Liberal Minister to dissolve Parliament whenever they think this may be to their advantage.

Lord Claud Hamilton, I observe, has announced that the Orangemen will shed their blood rather than assent to Home Rule. If Parliament ever decides in favour of Home Rule, these pestilential disturbers of the public peace, who imagine that they have a vested right in the government of Ireland, will not have a chance of shedding their blood. They will be dealt with in a less heroic fashion. Their Rossmores, their Claud Hamiltons, and the rest of them, will, if they do not obey the law, be placed in cells, where a diet of oatmeal and a plank bed will convince them of the folly of knocking their heads against stone walls.

I am afraid that those who accept the assertions of the *Times* correspondent in Egypt as gospel, and believe that our Government is accepting the responsibility of ruling the country, because Mr. Clifford Lloyd and one or two other Englishmen have been appointed to offices by the Khedive, are destined to find themselves in a fool's paradise. We have promised to defend Egypt proper against the Mahdi, and as a matter of charity we are prepared to do our best to make some arrangement by which the Egyptian garrison may be able to get out of the Soudan. There our obligations cease. Mr. Gladstone has pledged himself to Europe and to Parliament to withdraw as soon as possible, *i.e.*, so soon as Tewfik has been placed on his legs and given a fair start. Probably the withdrawal will take place within a few months.

"Nubar," observes this correspondent, "is practically an Englishman." What "practically" means I do not know. He is, in fact, an Armenian, who has acquired an enormous fortune by stealing a good deal of the money paid by Englishmen and Frenchmen for Egyptian bonds, and of late years he has lived much in Paris. M. Barrère, the French Consul-General, had far more to do with his appointment than Sir Evelyn Baring. Barrère married his niece, an Armenian lady given to political intrigue. Nubar and Gambetta were the official witnesses to the marriage.

When Lord Dufferin was in Egypt he candidly confessed that nothing had done more harm than the multiplication of European *employés* with a view to satisfy the exigencies of international jealousies. Nubar's first act has been to appoint an Englishman Under-Secretary, and then, to maintain the balance of power in the matter of the flesh-pots, to appoint two Frenchmen to one department. The Englishman was only appointed in order to justify these two other appointments. His next step was to send about 1,500 Egyptian *employés* about their business. The man is simply the nominee of the bondholders, and looks

The Langham Hotel, Portland Place, W., redecorated throughout combines every modern improvement and luxury. Accommodates more than five hundred guests.

to their interests and to the interests of France. We certainly are fooled to the top of our bent by "Special Correspondents," almost all of whom are inventing facts to induce us to assume a Protectorate over the country.

When Nubar was in Paris a few months ago, he told an English diplomatist that if he took office it would not be as the nominee of England, on whose policy no one could rely, but that he should do his best to cultivate an *entente cordiale* with France. "Thus," he observed, "neither I nor Egypt will be dependent upon England, but I shall always be able to hold my own against England by playing on the other string of my bow."

The *Times* the other day observed that I was nearly alone in my opinion in regard to what our Egyptian policy ought to be. I doubt this; but assuming it to be true, unless I am mistaken, a householder of Sodom, named Lot, was alone in his opinion as to the expediency of clearing bag and baggage out of that town; and yet those who disagreed with him must have regretted their folly, when fire and brimstone were falling about their heads.

Will any one assert that we were wise to interfere in Egypt at all? It has cost us several millions, and what have we got by it? Were we wise, after having interfered avowedly for the bondholders, to take sides with the Khedive against the Egyptian nation, when the former wished to vote their Budget, and to put some check upon the devouring European locusts, who were drawing salaries for doing worse than nothing? How, then, can it possibly be said that we should be wise now to meddle still more, and to convert this foolish and costly occupation from a temporary to a permanent one? Will any one tell me what we are likely to gain by this violation of our pledges and of our principles? The only answer is the vague trash which, when Lord Beaconsfield was in power, went by the name of "Jingoism," and against which the nation emphatically protested at the last General Election.

I hear that the Egyptian Government has been given *carte blanche* to arrest Mr. Wilfred Blunt should he seek to create any political diversion, on his passing through Egypt, in favour of Arabi.

It would be well if the confidence of our Government in General Gordon were extended to all matters relating to Egypt. General Gordon believes in the honesty of Arabi, and does not hide his belief under a bushel. He subscribed to the fund raised for the purposes of the defence of the Nationalists. Only a few days before he left England, I hear on good authority that he spoke thus:—

"Arabi will, I think, eventually come back to Egypt. I knew him well during the eighteen months he was in command of the Garrison at Massowah. He is a man of good ability (Egyptians are, as a rule, quite as capable as Turks and Circassians), and he was unquestionably honest. He would make a good and popular Egyptian Minister, and he had, and has, a majority of the Egyptian people with him."

There can be no objection to General Gordon being sent out to the Soudan, to see whether any means can be suggested to withdraw the Egyptian garrisons, and this step in no way compromises us. General Gordon has always persistently refused to serve under Tewfik. When he heard of the accession of the "young and amiable" Prince four years ago he resigned his command in the Soudan, and addressed three letters to Tewfik, Riaz, and Nubar, the contents of which their recipients have not probably forgotten. He told Tewfik that his attempt to govern by duplicity was doomed to failure, and he reminded Riaz that he remembered that Minister "sitting on the edge of a sofa, with his toes turned in, giving Ismail the worst possible advice, and counteracting all such counsel as might be likely to save him." Before sending this letter, he telegraphed to Riaz:—"Mene, mene, tekel, upharsin!"

If General Gordon's mission is to be successful, his authority should be extended beyond the limits of the Soudan down the whole length of the Red Sea. It is on the coast, not inland, that the only effective blows can be dealt at the slave trade. Suakim and Massowah are too closely watched for the dealers to carry on their business; but from Berbera, Zaylah, and Tajurrah slaves from the interior are regularly exported. At Asab Bay, the Italian settlement, and at Obokh, where the French Government have tried to form a colony, the trade is more than connived at—to the disgrace of the local authorities. Since there has been no English war-vessel at Aden the traffic in slaves has largely developed, and dhows freighted with cargoes of boys and girls leave these places every week for ports in Arabia and the Persian Gulf.

In 1873 we permitted the Khedive Ismail to seize Berbera, and occupy it with Egyptian troops, on purpose to prevent the export of slaves. The Egyptian Governor, however, who is a notorious scoundrel, so far from suppressing the slave trade, thrives by encouraging it. He has acquired a large fortune by taxing the caravans which reach the coast from the interior. The Gallas country supplies some of the most marketable slaves. At Harar, the capital, there is a Turkish Pasha as Resident Governor who is supposed to have a special mission from the Sultan to provide for the harems of Constantinople. This is a monstrous state of affairs. Our endeavours to exterminate slavery may or may not be founded on sound policy, but it is sheer hypocrisy for us to make all the public professions we do, and yet allow the infamous traffic to be carried on under the very eyes of the British Resident at Aden.

A gentleman signing himself "An Old Tory" writes:—

It is evident that we are in dire need of two men to represent this great country on the banks of the Nile; one an experienced diplomat, the other a tried soldier. There are available at this time two men who, I am sure you will admit, fulfil amply the two requisites. The first, the late Governor-General of Canada, the Marquis of Lorne; the other that gallant soldier, the Duke of Connaught, both of whom have the great desideratum of being most closely allied to our beloved Sovereign. Who can doubt if these were selected for the honourable and onerous task of governing Egypt and reconquering the Soudan, we might find that blue blood would far outdo the muddy liquor that struggles through the veins of a Baring or a Gordon?

Surely my correspondent must have addressed this letter by mistake to me. It must have been intended for one of my Conservative contemporaries.

The *Spectator*, in its article on the necessity of "our making it clearly understood to everybody that we shall

Screens, with tea-cup shelf on each fold, from 21s. A large variety of screens in Japanese leather paper, needlework, stained glass, and hand-painted in all sizes and styles.—C. Hindley & Sons, 290 to 294, Oxford-street London.

stay in Egypt as long as we like," falls into one or two curious blunders. We are told that Sir Evelyn Baring should have prevented the departure of Hicks Pasha from Cairo, and that we must remember that the Egyptians are Asiatics. Sir Evelyn Baring came to Egypt fully nine months after the organisation of Colonel Hicks' expedition, and Egypt is in Africa, not in Asia. It would be well if Mr. Broadley were to publish in one volume a short and clear explanation of all our transactions in Egypt from the purchase of the Suez Canal Shares until now, for he knows them well. His style—as shown in his "How I defended Arabi," of which I understand a cheap edition is about to be issued—is lucid and pleasing, and it is really desirable that the English public should no longer be humbugged, as they are now every day, in regard to facts.

AN interesting item in connection with French civilisation in Indo-China is revealed by the correspondent of the *France*. The Governor of Cochin China, in order to induce the King of Cambodia to sign the convention with France recently officially published, has authorised his Majesty to establish throughout his domains the game known as "*Le jeu des 36 bêtes*." It is estimated that King Norodom will reap about 300,000 francs a-year from this source. The game formerly existed in Cochin China, but was suppressed by the French as an "immoral swindle."

SCRUTATOR.

THE PRINCE'S THEATRE.

THIS theatre is well situated, it has excellent entrances, the arrangements inside are good, and the house is pretty. Whether we have not by this time enough theatres is another question. Probably others will still be built, and the law of the survival of the fittest will come into operation.

But why has Mr. Bruce opened his theatre with the "Palace of Truth?" This is one of the pieces of Mr. Gilbert's that were so lauded when they were first produced, but which experience has shown to have been very much over-lauded. Clever they no doubt are, but it is cleverness which might amuse for half an hour. Each has for its theme one particular phase of topsy-turvydomism. In the "Palace" every one says openly what he thinks. This would be laughable in a short afterpiece, but is thin for a three-act comedy. Mr. Bruce's company is a good one, but the play actually suffers from this, for the efforts of the actors and actresses to invest a *jeu d'esprit* with a serious character render its shortcomings all the more apparent. Mr. Kyrle Bellew would do well not to pose so much. A young man who throws himself into fascinating attitudes, and who does the "pretty" on the stage, may find favour with housemaids, but is not a *persona grata* to the general public. Miss Lingard is too "intense." The best performance is that of Miss Sophie Eyre.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE. — Every Evening, at 8, "CLAUDIAN." Preceded at 7 by "A CLERICAL ERROR."

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.—Augustus Harris, Lessee and Manager. Every day at 1.45.; Every evening at 7.45. CINDERELLA.

BOY BRIGANDS.

Captain Marryat, Basil Hall, and other worthies who have written for boys are all very well. I never heard of any serious escapade resulting from a perusal of "Masterman Ready," or even "Midshipman Easy." "Robinson Crusoe," which no boy can really appreciate until he probably thinks himself too old to read it, never, so far as I am aware, incited any one to rob, murder, or even run away. But now in every small stationer's shop I find myself face to face with nasty, coarsely printed illustrated periodicals addressed to boys, apparently with the sole view of making them criminals. Then I take up my newspaper and read the moral—or rather the immoral of it. Boys caught with pistols and crowbars; boys stopping, insulting, perhaps robbing, young girls; boys garrotting old gentlemen, frightening and pilfering old ladies, shoplifting, and decamping with edibles or clothes, or anything they can get their hands on.

I have sometimes stopped behind a couple of chubby ruffians in embryo. We have looked in at the shop window together. "Look 'ere, Jim!" says one. "'Ere's a poirate!" Jim looks. He gloats upon the delicious spectacle. I look. Sure enough there is the famous Black Cadger of California—only sixteen years old—on board an American smack. A girl of twelve is fainting in his arms; a full-grown man, supposed to be her papa, is being garrotted by three other young ruffians, with a view, no doubt, of being pitched into the sea. How did papa get there? What induced Seraphina to go aboard? What are they all about? What will happen to papa, whose thick gold chain dangles from his waistcoat? What to Seraphina, whose equally alluring golden hair streams over the Black Cadger's manly shoulder? What, indeed!

"I say you—you've got a halfpenny? I've got another—done!" and they go in and purchase the "Black Cadger of California," and, presently, I see them seated on an old beer-barrel round the corner, gloating over this truly enchanting and perfidious romance.

Or perhaps it is "Jack Spring-heel," who scales town-houses, sneaks behind chimneys, springs in and out of bedroom attics, and surprises servant girls, counselling them to rob and abscond under pain of immediate strangulation; or it is "Billy Boroo, the Slasher of Hangman's-heath," who, with his band of indomitable bravos—all wearing masks, of course, and all under twenty—waylays horsemen, stops coaches, carries off high-born females, deserting them in woods, and, after drinking hard at a wayside public, decamps with the barmaid, leaving mine host tied to his own bed-post, and the till empty.

It is difficult to estimate the inconceivable folly of young boys in their excited moments. It is, perhaps, impossible to protect the little fools against the insidious wiles of the literary ghouls who are always ready to batten upon their disgrace. Perhaps the wisest thing to do, if the police cannot seize these publications, is to face the cause of their success, and endeavour to arm the boys and their parents against their penny-a-lining corrupters. I am personally in favour of much more stringent police regulation in these matters, but I am quite aware that the public instinct is against it. Indeed, it is difficult to draw the line between legitimate and illegitimate romance, between a novel of crime and the crime of a novel, just as it is difficult to

draw the line between photographs which may and which may not be offered publicly for sale. To ask a magistrate to read through "Billy," or the "Black Cadger," or to tax his memory whether in some picture-gallery there may not be some nude figure by Titian or Rubens, much admired in Murray, of which the photograph complained of is a more or less true version—this we all feel would be hard on the magistrate. Still, when our daily papers tell us, week by week, of Boy Burglars on the Thames or at Kilburn, and Boy Brigands at New York in regularly organised bands, something ought to be done to protect these poor little scamps from their tempters and from themselves. To the public they do ridiculously little harm, except in so far as they go into training for adult burglars.

Half-a-dozen urchins were caught a short time ago drifting down the Thames to Greenwich in an open boat. They were going to Australia. They had on board powder and shot, a revolver, some biscuits, and a copy of the *Boy's World*. When brought before Mr. Lushington the parents of the boys were in attendance, and said that they were comfortably off, and had nothing to complain of at home, and Mr. Lushington dismissed the crew, advising them not to be so foolish again.

And the causes of this mania? Idleness, want of proper occupation, still more want of proper amusement, and lastly, acting upon both, bad piratical and burglarious literature. I notice the boy burglar is never a country boy. Boys in the country can find plenty of healthy recreation. It is always the town boy, early corrupted in the streets, and taught to smoke and drink and gamble and strut. He seeks a field for his activities. If his schooling be neglected he reads burglarious literature; if his home be dull, he consorts with the black sheep out of doors, and learns their ways; conceives the delight of running away, and takes into his counsel the younger girls of a disreputable sisterhood, who encourage him for their own purposes in any wild scheme which seems likely to bring immediate cash.

The antidote to all these baneful influences must lie with school, the home, the trade, or such honest occupation as will leave little room or inclination for more imaginative and disastrous vagaries. It by no means always happens that the Boy Brigand (I speak not now of the professional, the early and carefully trained) belongs to the lowest ranks of the people. The lowest don't read or imagine themselves Dick Turpins or Jack Sheppards; they have no taste for fair ladies in evening dress, covered with jewels; they are well aware that such are not now to be found on Hampstead Heath in sedan chairs; and they do not put to sea in open boats, with nothing but gunpowder and a biscuit on board. No! the boy burglar has usually some taste, education, imagination; he only wants a sphere — excitement, perhaps work, certainly pleasure. George Sand used to say, she could think of no crime to which sufficient boredom might not drive her.

Parents and guardians, then, can do much to direct superfluous energies and cultivate neglected tastes. And, above all, as Ward Beecher said the other day, in great garish cities like London and New York, contrive, as much as possible, to keep your boys off the streets at night.

But something can be done by an appeal to the boys themselves. There is little to hope from police protection. The police exist to detect, not to prevent, crime. Parents can do little apart from the willing co-operation of their boys. But, of all apparently unruly little animals, boys are the most impressionable (as their very aberrations show); and, in nine cases out of ten, a boy will adopt any occupation or amusement that is put before him. There is often a fund of good sense at the bottom of the most harum-scarum boys.

A wise schoolmaster of my acquaintance found a few months back that several of his boys had banded themselves together, got out of the window at night, and set off to rob an orchard. There were a couple of ringleaders, and the others followed like sheep. They could have got the apples quite as well by day—and, indeed, it happened to be an apple county, and the boys daily were allowed quite as many as they could eat. But the orchard some way off—the moonlight—the middle of the night—the secrecy—the romance—this was too delightful. Well, and what did the master do? He summoned the whole school; he addressed all the boys gravely and kindly; pointed out the breach of discipline, the mischief of misleading little boys by such an example, and then warmed up on the subject of theft, and finished by calling on the ringleaders to declare themselves. There was a pause. All the boys had got thoroughly alarmed; the whole school seemed to feel the disgrace of thieving. Suddenly, two of the bigger boys stepped out of the ranks, and one said, "Please, Sir, we did it, and it ain't the others' fault, though they went with us." The master said merely, "Boys, I am satisfied with your statement; you have done wrong; you are ashamed of it;" and he dismissed the school, never alluding to the matter again. "And what came of it?" I asked of the boy who was my informant. "Came of it!" said he. "Why, we did not steal any more apples, that's all; we never thought of it in *that* light—thieving, you know—till the master spoke to us; we only thought of it as a good lark!" That master knew boy nature; he won it, and he ruled better by a few words in season than by much caning. Boys are hard to drive, but very easy to lead—infinitely easier than girls.

On the whole, the magistrates are very sensible when boys are brought before them; it is for the boys to lay their kindly counsel to heart. If the boy's imagination, instead of realising scenes of imaginary crime, were as vividly fixed on the pitiful figure he is certain to cut when caught—as caught he is sure to be—there would be few boy burglars. I for my part advise these unprofitable little urchins to peruse diligently those cases in the police reports headed "Capture of boys with revolvers," or "A juvenile Jack Sheppard," or "Attempt at housebreaking by boys;" I am persuaded that no more sobering literature could be recommended to the ardent toffee-eating students of the "Black Cadger of California" and of "Billy Boroo, the Highwayman of Hangman's-heath."

Minton's China.—A visit to Messrs. Goode's Depôt in South Audley-street will at once show the immense superiority of their collection, both as regards taste, extent, and lowness of price.

I certainly recommend Mr. & Mrs. Hart, 15, Stockbridge-terrace, Pimlico, S.W., as the most just and liberal purchasers of Cast-off Clothes, Jewellery, and every description of property. They punctually keep appointments, and remit P.O.O. for articles per return.

THE BARREL ORGAN.

Tune.—The Chameleonic Elephant.

OFT has it been our lot to note
How vague are facts which travellers quote;
How those who round the world have been,
When they report the things they've seen,
Give versions which the papers take,
And still more contradictory make.
Whilst readers, as we are aware,
Will by their several journals swear,
Each sticking to his print's decision
Without correction or revision.

Two Londoners of such a cast,
As o'er the Underground they passed,
Fell by the way to friendly chat;
Spoke now of this, anon of that,
'Till talk of jam to Jumbo led,
And thence to his successor sped,
As they discussed their paper's view
Of Toung Taloung's size, shape, and hue.

"A stranger animal," cries one,
"Sure never lived beneath the sun;
A trunk—my paper states—much patched;
A pair of fearful tusks, well matched;
Ears, both festooned, a temper kind,
And such a bristly tail behind!
And then its tint—a wondrous sight—
Who ever saw so fine a white?"

"Hold, there!" the second quick replies,
"*My* paper your last fact denies.
Toung 's pink, like all of sacred stock,
As mentioned by the traveller, Bock,
Who often has such creatures viewed,
Whilst they the jungle roam for food."

"*My* paper (cries the first) is right,
And I repeat, Sir, Toung is white!
A 'special' has the beast surveyed,
In its tarpaulin close arrayed!"

"He 's pink. He 's pink, Sir, I assure ye!"
"Pink!" shouts the other, in a fury,
"D'ye think my special's lost his eyes?"
"'Twere no great loss," the second cries;
"For if they're always so obtuse,
They can but be of little use!"

So high at last the squabble rose—
From words they almost came to blows,
When luckily got in a third,
To whom their point the pair referred,
And begged that he, to set them right,
Would say if Toung were pink or white?

"Sirs," cried the umpire, chosen thus,
"Be not, I beg, so clamorous;
Try this unseemly warmth to smother—
The creature's neither one nor t'other!
I read the matter up last night,
And Sir John Bowring's words can cite—
See here, I have them written down—
The sacred elephant is brown!
You stare; but, listen, men alive,
Sir John saw one in fifty-five—
His statement's good enough, I think."

"I'll lay my life the thing is pink!"
Cries Number Two.

Shouts One, with spite,
"And I'll be sworn the creature's white!"

"Come, then," says Three, "to end all doubt,
I'd like to thresh this matter out.
Let's ask, I vote, one witness more,—
That gentleman there by the door.
He'll back me up, as you will see;
Nay, if he doesn't side with me,
And say he's 'brown,' why, when I meet him,
I'll tell you what, you two! I'll eat him!"

So, all assenting to the course,
The umpire, seeking to endorse
The statement he himself had made,
The stranger's kind assistance prayed.
Now he, the stranger ('twas, in sooth,
By chance, the Editor of Truth
Returning from the private view),
Said: "As to this Toung Taloung's hue,
You fail to quite agree, I think?"

"Yes, I maintain," cried One, "it's pink!"

"And I contend, with all my might,"
Said Two, "the sacred brute is white!"

"Whilst I," said Three, with furious frown,
"Am certain 'tis a reddish brown!"

"Well, I," the arbiter returned,
"Have by assiduous reading learned
This Elephant, just come to town,
Not only 's pink and white and brown,
But drab and grey and cindery blue,
And black and buff and piebald too!
Each print, in fact, picks out its colour—
Brighter it may be, may be duller;
Whilst Barnum for its hue selects
What he to pay him best expects.
But now I know that none is right—
Black, drab, grey, blue, pink, brown, nor white;
Doubt, in my breast, at last has ceas'd,
For I have *seen* the holy beast!
Yes, seen him, and I beg to state
His colour is an ashy slate!
Almost identical, I find,
With others of his ponderous kind!"

All stare, but try to still look wise.
"Slate?" stammers Pink; "What! slate?" White cries.
"Slate?" murmurs Brown, his voice much shaken,
"How we and Barnum are mistaken!"

"Yes," said our Editor, "your quarrel
Suggests this very obvious moral,
When men ——"
But here the engine slowed,
And stopped, forthwith, at Edgware-road;
On which, the trio quickly rising,
Made their escape with haste surprising,
For they, like Toung, had changed their hue,
And all were looking VERY BLUE!

NOTES FROM PARIS.

A NEW VIEW OF PHILIP II.

HAVING lived a good deal among those who make history, and seen how they are overrated and misjudged, I have small faith in the opinions of historians, or in the legends that grow up about historical personages. From our childhood we have learnt to regard Philip the Second as a monster. The name of "Demon of the South" has clung to him. He has been the villain of many novels and dramas, and credited with being the murderer of his son Carlos. The legendary Philip was a sombre tyrant. The real one was a sentimental German, homely in his tastes and loving Nature unaffectedly. We find him all this in the correspondence of his, which M. Gachard, the King of the Belgians' archivist, found in the Royal Archives at Turin, when searching there for other docu-

Hunting and Riding Dress for Ladies and Gentlemen at Ulster House, Conduit-street.

ments. Philip's letters had the dust of centuries upon them, and lay piled up in a dark room, neglected and forgotten. On a Throne he was a round stone in a square hole. His true vocation was that of a gentleman farmer—or perhaps a landscape gardener. If his destiny had been guided by his special capabilities, he would have led a harmless life in the country, and left behind him an amiable reputation. It was the idea that he was the Lord's anointed, and answerable to Heaven for the souls of millions, that rendered him a curse to the States he governed. Being very German, he was painstaking and laborious, so that his authority was no vain show. I can imagine the author of the letters which M. Gachard brings to light revelling in the sylvan scenery of Windsor. These letters were addressed to his daughters, Isabella and Catherine (children of Elizabeth of France), when they were little girls. On being married to the Duke of Savoy, Catherine filled a box with them, and took them with her as precious relics of her childhood to Piedmont. The correspondence ceased when she was thirteen and a half and her sister fifteen. Both Infantas were reared in the closest intimacy with their father, and used to play in the leading-string age at being his Secretaries. They sanded and folded the instructions which he wrote to his Viceroys, and, very probably, the Royal orders for the secular arm to receive heretics from the hands of the Inquisition. Not an allusion to the historical events of the time is to be found in the correspondence discovered at Turin. Philip's style in writing to his children is free, chatty, and simple. He was separated from them for two years when he went to Lisbon to organise the Portuguese administration, and see to the preparations that were being made to invade England. The two daughters were to have gone with him. But at Badajos he learned that there was yellow fever at Belem, and so he sent them back to Madrid. However, to be able to talk about them, he brought with him their old nurse, who was half-crippled, so deaf that he had to roar into her ear, and so cross and obstinate that he preferred letting her have her own way when his opinions did not fit in with hers. She had no other occupation than to write to the Infantas, and, under pretext of attending to the King's health and comfort, scold him, and order him about. "Nurse" was always complaining of her rheumatic pains, of being in a strange country, and of not seeing bull-fights often enough. Don Philip endured her worrying temper, because, when she talked of the absent children, her heart seemed to lie at the root of her tongue. At Belem, he was thought to be absorbed in the weighty cares of State involved in the suppression of a revolt and in his scheme for subjugating England. What most troubled him was an attack of small-pox with which Isabella was laid up. He sent minute instructions for her treatment, and his delight in hearing that she would not be marked is expressed in a joyful letter. But as the Infanta's eyes might be weak, he refrains from letting his pen run on, for he knows that if he covered twenty pages she would read them all. Catherine is asked to chronicle the sayings and doings of her brother and little sister Maria, to report what flowers are in bloom in her and the other children's gardens, and to enclose some of them in her letters. She is charged to tell the Infant that Philip has bought a picture-book for him and a treatise on the arts of drawing and painting, which all are to study. A pen-and-ink sketch of a house done by the Infant Philip shows progress. Portraits he has received of the children are the cause of a fit of home-sickness. He would have liked to have had them (the juveniles) under his eye when the changes he notes were going on. Each day a love-gift—a flower, a precious chaplet, an Indian curiosity, an object of Chinese porcelain—is forwarded to one or other of the Infantas. They send him a basket of peaches, which are "all bruised and damaged" when they arrive. Don Philip is deeply concerned, "because," he writes, "coming from the tree before your window, in your little garden, I should have liked to see them as they appeared to you." At Cintra he went to look for violets, but did not find any. The sight of wild flowers which he associated with the Infantas would have made him happy. He remembers them culling violets in a park. The flora of Portugal does not please him; it is too showy, and the scents that arise from it are often luscious and heavy. An old valet-de-chambre asked Philip to give his compliments to his daughters. The Monarch forgot, and writes a second letter to convey the message. "Be sure," he says, "you notice it, for Morata (the valet) is touchy and testy, and he would be nettled if he thought I was not sensible to his kind wishes." Philip also longed at Belem for the song-birds of his Spanish parks. If he could hear them in Portugal, it would to some extent console him for the absence of his children. "Summer," he says, "has come round again, and I have not once heard the nightingale during the whole long spring."

How different from the stagey Philip of the playwright! I wonder whether Shakespeare knew what the true Philip was like. During the Armada scare and the excitements caused by Burleigh's discoveries of "Catholic plots," the King of Spain was a universal bogey, and must have been in every mouth. Shakespeare must have heard about him from Court people, and may have derived, directly or indirectly, from the Queen a true idea of him. She had reason to know that he had a soft side. Macbeth, perhaps, was evolved from the anecdotes which the poet would have heard about the husband of Bloody Mary. "The Demon of the South" such as he unconsciously painted himself might have improvised those lines beginning with "My life is in the sere and yellow leaf." The fatality of circumstances which placed this at heart gentle lover of nature on a throne for which he was unfit, would have been full of tragical suggestion to a man of Shakespeare's intellect and poetic fancy. Their combination with the fatality of education, and the tyrannical power on the mind in those days of religious dogma, might have been expressed in the hags round the caldron. Abstractions in allegorical forms would not have done for an acting play: witchcraft had become fashionable with James. The influences that turned an amiable man into a monster could therefore be best, for stage purposes, expressed in the weird sisters. Shakespeare watched, you may be sure, the Kings and Queens and other notable personages of his day with an eye to professional business, and moulded them into good acting forms. Lady

Antique and Decorative French, Italian, and English Furniture, and Old Tapestries, &c.—J. J. Duveen, 181, Oxford-street.

Macbeth has many qualities for which Catherine de Médicis was remarkable. That French Queen was bold, politic, ambitious, cynical, quick of resource, capable of smearing the sleeping grooms with blood, and allowed an astrologer to direct her.

The shady old park of Épinay will no longer be open to whispering lovers, nor visible from the windows of the houses built round it. Queen Christina when last here decided that it should be enclosed by a high wall. King Alphonso is its nominal proprietor, and may soon occupy it. The wall does not improve the grounds, and must render the air unwholesomely stagnant. His Majesty the King-Father is in poor health, and suffers from asthma and rheumatism. This is not to be wondered at. His château stands at the foot of the hill in a drained marsh, and his park is surrounded by deep, sluggish ditches.

The culinary tournament in the hall of the Masonic lodge was not everything the journalists describe it. Reporters are now so amiable that they are happy to make swans out of the veriest geese. But the show-dishes had an artistic side which was not to be disdained at an advertisement exhibition. The monumental cakes, fantastic *pâtés poulards*, on which there were pictures done in finely-cut truffles, were nice to look at and good to eat. But I should be sorry if my cook were bitten with a rage for imitating them. The curse of modern cookery (to those who pay for it) is its intricacy. I defy any novice who wants to penetrate the mysteries of the culinary craft, not to be disheartened on reading no matter what *livre de cuisine*. Those who are masters and mistresses in the art naturally want to recoup themselves for the money and time they have spent in learning it, and in the end they succeed. To the *eye* their dinners are better, but not to the palate, or to the stomach. Old diners-out are appreciative of simplicity, and eat of more than half the dishes set before them *du bout des dents*. The late Baron James Rothschild came, after a long experience, to the conclusion that fine gastronomic art was a deception. He fell back upon a head of cabbage, well tied up and boiled gently for seven or eight hours in a *pot au feu*. The vegetable so prepared, with a slice of roast beef or mutton, was what he generally dined upon at home. I know nothing better than cabbage boiled in beef broth *à la Rothschild*.

SPORTING NOTES.

EVEN the Panglosses of the sporting newspapers appear to have sunk into a state of depression; and to read some of the lugubrious jeremiads which have been published during the last three weeks, one would suppose that Goodwood Downs and Newmarket Heath were about to be ploughed up, and that Ascot was to be laid out in building-lots. Everybody knows, of course, that there is a very great falling-off in the number of entries for many stakes, and especially for the Spring Handicaps, but it does not require much perspicacity to discover a simple and satisfactory explanation for the decline in popularity of these last events. The diminished lustre of the spring handicaps is coincident with the decay—or rather the utter extinction—of winter betting. The paramount and absorbing object of nine owners out of ten of those who "go in for" handicaps is the winning of a large stake—or rather standing to win a considerable amount—without any commensurate outlay. At one time, and not so many years ago, this could be accomplished on five out of six of the spring handicaps; but now the City and Suburban is really the only handicap in the early part of the year over which there is extensive speculation, and accordingly the Epsom event fairly holds its own, although only £200 is added; while at Lincoln, where £1,000 is given, the entry has gradually diminished every year. The apprehension of managers of race meetings is a plant of remarkably slow growth, or it would long ago have been discovered that it is a foolish waste of money to add a large sum to any handicap whatever, as the great majority of betting owners never take any heed of the amount of the stake in such cases. The Lincoln handicap (March 26) has sixty-eight entries, including Buchanan, the winner in 1881, and Knight of Burghley, who won last year. "Mr. Manton," in addition to Buchanan, enters Thebais, Energy, Keir, and Macbeth; and Lord Ellesmere has Lowland Chief (who ran badly last year), Abbotsford (who has been going to achieve something wonderful for a long time), and Brayley, a colt about whom there was a deal of mysterious whispering last season. The whole of these are also in the City and Suburban (April 23), which has obtained 79 entries. Mr. Jardine enters Acrostic in both races. This is the colt by See Saw—Lady Alice Hawthorne, for which he paid 1,400 gs. at the sale of Mr. F. Gretton's stud, but so far he has not won sixpence. Bendigo is also in both races, and I should think that if all is well he will try his luck at Lincoln, where the company is not likely to be of high class; whereas the Epsom race will probably take a good deal of winning. Fulmen (who is now in Hopper's stable) is also in both races, and there is no doubt that he will win a good stake some time this season; but "the public" will be so eager to help Mr. Naylor in backing him, that it will require dexterous manœuvring to bring off anything of a *coup* with him. Don Juan's name does not appear, and I hear that it is doubtful whether he will ever run again; but Master of Arts, who so grievously disappointed his supporters in the Cambridgeshire, is in both races. Hackness is engaged only at Epsom, and no doubt she will again be a public fancy. I notice that Laocoon and Nesscliff are entered at Lincoln. They passed out of Lord Bradford's possession some time ago, and are now in Brown's stable. It would surprise me to see a good race won by anything which had been weeded by Colonel Forester and Wadlow. Laocoon "went to pieces" after the Derby, and there must have been some radical infirmity, or he would never have left Stanton. Nesscliff has proved a most disappointing beast, but, if judiciously placed, he ought to win a T.Y.C. handicap. Prince's name also appears, and this distance will just suit him. Organist, who won the Chester Cup ten years ago, is entered; and another notable name is Mr.

Novel use of Mr. Barnum's "White Elephant."—We learn that Messrs. Pears', of Pears' Soap celebrity, are making overtures to Mr. Barnum to paint Pears' Soap in red letters on his "White Elephant" as an advertisement.

Chaplin's Anchorite, who is said to be smart. As a two-year-old he was never fit, and last season he only ran once, in a T.Y.C. scramble at Derby, when there were over twenty starters, and, according to the "Calendar," he was left at the post. Wandering Nun is engaged both at Lincoln and in the City and Suburban, and in the latter event Lord Bradford has entered Quicklime; while in the Metropolitan he is represented by Limestone, who has never as yet shown himself to be a stayer. The Cambridgeshire impostor, Medicus, and Vibration are in both races, and at Epsom their stable companion, Blue Grass, is engaged. This colt is sure to distinguish himself before long. Last year there was very little between him and Ossian. There is nothing from Kingsclere at Lincoln, but the City and Suburban entry is strong, including St. Blaise, Geheimniss, Whipper-in, and Reprieve. It is rather remarkable that not a single first-class three-year-old has been entered, although so many of them have no "classic" engagements. There will, no doubt, be some vagrant betting on the Lincoln race—at least, as soon as the weights appear; but early backers have lately been all astray in this handicap, in which it usually turns out in the end that the horses which are carrying the bulk of the investments of the ingenuous public are so backward, that they might as well be in their respective stalls. Again, there is always the danger of a good horse being "chopped" at Lincoln. The "going" at Lincoln is always wretchedly bad. Certain it is that year after year horses are beaten ignominously at Lincoln, who on subsequent form ought to have won by many lengths. Thunder is a conspicuous example, and only last year there was Lowland Chief. It is not often in these days of degeneracy that the Chester Cup is patronised by a Derby winner; but St. Blaise has been entered as the nomination of the Duke of Westminster, and the only other notable names are Limestone, Cameliard, and Shrewsbury. Mr. Jardine's horse is also in the Metropolitan, along with Faugh-a-Ballagh, Hackness, and that arrant humbug, Royal Angus, who, by the way, is also in the City and Suburban.

The Middle Park stud has come to a woeful end; but I don't suppose that the catastrophe has surprised any one who has watched the equivocal transactions for which its period of decadence will be remembered. The story of the sales at Middle Park is full of instruction to those breeders who are in the habit of buying in and of employing bogus bidders. Scottish Chief, who was sold for 350 gs. to go to France, cost Mr. Gee some 6,000 gs. at the sale of Mr. Merry's breeding stud at Hurstbourne Park in 1873, and when Mr. Gee "gave up," Mr. W. Blenkiron paid 8,000 gs. for him, so far as I remember. His reputation was very great in the days of Marie Stuart, but he failed to sustain it, and he cannot be looked upon as having proved a successful sire, for great things were expected of him when he went to the stud, as well they might be, for, as a racer, he was in the first class. As a two-year-old Scottish Chief won the New Stakes on the afternoon of Buckstone's sensational victory in the Ascot Cup. He also won the Chesterfield Stakes, but in the July he was beaten by Cambuscan, and in the Molecomb by Fille de l'Air. Scottish Chief entirely disappointed Mr. Merry and Matthew Dawson in the Derby, but he made amends a fortnight later by beating Lord Clifden in the Ascot Cup, and this was another great day for the yellow and black, as Liddington won the New Stakes literally in a walk. The prices at which the Middle Park mares were sold were astounding. Handicraft, sister to Kingcraft, went for 185 gs. She was sent last season to Isonomy, but is not in foal. Hilda, who would have fetched 1,000 gs. not long ago, realised only 150 gs. These two were bought by Mr. Morgan, whose colours are never seen now at Newmarket. Tabor, by Adventurer, was bought very cheap at 150 gs. for the new stud at Leybourne Grange; her ultimate destination will be America. Victoria, by Thunderbolt, was also absurdly cheap at 120 gs. Pinnacle, by Adventurer, out of a daughter of Manganese, was sold to Mr. Weatherby for 350 gs., and is no doubt bought for the foreign market. A few years ago she would have fetched four times this amount, but the late "Parson" King's strains have been under an eclipse of recent years. Perhaps Mr. Vyner's Juventus may restore the old prestige of the Launde blood. Since Apology's Ascot Cup, I cannot remember anything better than Napsbury, who was hardly third-rate.

How the wrangle concerning the proposed enclosure of the Roodee is to end is not yet apparent, and I do not know that it very much signifies, inasmuch as nothing will ever resuscitate Chester. "Pavo" appears to have utterly lost his wits, and one would imagine that his future prosperity depended on the rejection of the proposal of the Town Council. He raves against "filthy lucre," and "sordid objects," and "acts of vandalism;" but I should like to know why he denounces an enclosure of one race-course so vehemently when he never mentions the managers of another of the same description, except to magnify them or to eulogise all their arrangements. It is all vastly fine for people to rant about "free and open meetings," but the superiority of the enclosed meetings is beyond dispute, putting aside a few of the principal gatherings, if only the managers will be content with reasonable profits. "Free and open meetings" are very pretty in theory, but if the majority of racing people could be consulted, I feel convinced that most thumbs would be turned downwards, and the lions allowed to have their way of the Christians.

MAMMON.

A MILITARY COMPANY.

On the 13th day of December, 1883, the Memorandum and Articles of Association of a Company were registered of so astounding a character that they are worthy of further publicity. The Company is called "L'Association Universelle." Its capital is £10,000,000. Its object "the acquisition of gains by every lawful means." The founder of the Company is Louis Bourget, and he has signed, with Aubrey Beauclerk Lennox St. John, on behalf of the Company, an agreement which entitles him for his services in founding the Company to 3 per cent. of its capital and 10 per cent. of its profits. This will give him a capital sum of £300,000, and, assuming that the Company earns 5 per cent. on its capital,

an annual income of £50,000. The Memorandum of Association is signed by James Harris, Major-General; W. W. Knollys, Colonel; Kendal Coghill, Captain; Robert Bird Thompson, Captain; John Walrond Clarke, Captain; W. G. N. Burney, Major; John Joscelyn Coghill, Baronet; Robert Fauntleroy, Justice of the Peace; and Robert B. Hunter, of Winnipeg, Manitoba. These gentlemen take between them £1,800 worth of shares. They elect the Directors, and if they elect themselves, no qualification is required. They also elect a Governor-General. "The office of Governor-General is to be for life. Each Governor-General to have the exclusive right to select and appoint his successor." The election of "all future Directors is to be made by the Directors themselves." "The remuneration of the Directors is to be 2 per cent. upon the net profits of the Company, with the addition of fixed payments for their attendance or services, to be determined by the Directors themselves. The remuneration of the Governor-General shall be determined by the Directors." The powers of these Directors are extensive. They may "from time to time without any further authority prescribe, make, revoke, vary, or alter such regulations as they in their sole discretion shall think fit for the Company . . . . from time to time vote the passing of any special resolution or special resolutions by the members of the Company not previously sanctioned or recommended by a resolution of the Directors, having for their object the alteration or revocation of, or addition to, all or any of the said regulations of the Company, or of the Articles of Association of the Company for the time being in force: from time to time, make, vary, or alter such rules for the control and guidance, or use of the Directors among themselves as they may in their sole discretion think fit." Moreover, they may, "either with or without any view to gain, return, profit, or consideration, apply the funds and assets of the Company, or any part thereof, in or towards any object or purpose, of what nature or description soever, without restriction or limit, in such a manner as they shall from time to time in their sole and uncontrolled discretion determine," and "exercise all rights of ownership and disposition in respect to every description of property belonging to the Company;" and, "to the entire exclusion of all control and interference by the members of the Company, exercise the absolute sole election and determination of the programme, principles, purposes, mode, manner, time, and extent upon, in, and to which, the business of the Company shall be undertaken."

In order that poor as well as rich may become "members" of this Association, its capital is divided into ten million shares of £1 each. That one Louis Bourget should found a Company which is to give him £300,000 down, and an income of £50,000 per annum, is, perhaps, not surprising. He may possibly hope to float a few hundred shares, and thus pocket a ten pound note. The wonder to me is that he can get Baronets, Generals, Colonels, Majors, Captains, and Justices of the Peace to allow their names to be aired in connection with it. How much, I should be glad to know, of the £1,800 which stands as subscribed to their names has been really paid by them? Do they imagine that any one out of a lunatic asylum would entrust them with the irresponsible powers which are given to them in the Articles of Association? If they really fancy that fools will be found to take the shares of such a Company as this, they surely must be aware that these fools will never have read the Articles of Association, and therefore that the money will be obtained under false pretences. I am not aware whether they have yet decided which of them is to be the Governor-General, but if they will accept a suggestion from me, I would advise this office to be bestowed upon their colleague of Manitoba. It will, perhaps, be advantageous to this dignitary that he should reside at a very considerable distance from the Mansion House.

TRANSATLANTIC RAILROADS.

I have frequently pointed out that those who bought Grand Trunk securities at the level to which speculators had forced them would lose their money. A syndicate, or a group of speculators, buy a stock largely, having made an arrangement with a bank to enable them to take up a considerable portion of their purchases. These manœuvres in themselves send up the stock. Fools then rush in, and carry the price still higher. The speculators, on this, put out all sorts of rumours in order to create a favourable impression, and seek to sell their stock at a profit. Sometimes they succeed, sometimes they do not. Grand Trunk securities have been manipulated in this fashion.

The line is not a paying one. Dividends are occasionally earned by borrowing money for some "improvement," and throwing repairs and maintenance on the borrowed capital. According to reasonable probability, there is not the remotest prospect of any dividend ever being paid out of earnings on the Ordinary Stock, and I greatly doubt whether, except once or twice in a year of exceptional activity, any dividend has ever yet been honestly earned, or ever will be, even on the first Preference Stock. When the Great Western of Canada was absorbed, and a fixed dividend guaranteed upon it, every one, except the silly fish who were to be caught, were well aware that the arrangement was a bad one for the Grand Trunk. Probably the best thing that the stockholders of this railroad could do would be to turn out Sir Henry Tyler and his colleagues, and place its affairs in the hands of men in whom more financial confidence is felt.

I should greatly prefer to own stock in the Canada Pacific Railroad than in the Grand Trunk. The former is built cheaply, and so soon as the country through which it runs is settled up, its cost will almost be met by the sales of the land that it owns. But large amounts of the stock are held by a syndicate who took it at 45. At this price it would be worth buying; at present prices it is too high.

When, about three years ago, Mr. Vanderbilt sold fifty millions' worth of the shares of the New York Central to an English syndicate, common sense ought to have told the English investing public that if he, with his knowledge of America and of this particular railroad, elected to sell, an Englishman would not be wise to buy. Not so thought the British investor, and the syndicate sold the

OPTIONS.—Explanatory Pamphlet on Stock Exchange Options, post-free. JOHN ABBOTT & Co., Stock and Share Brokers, and 22, Palmerston Buildings, London, E.C.

MINTON'S CHINA.—THOMAS GOODE & Co., Artists and Designers in Porcelain, South Audley-street, Grosvenor-square.

stock which they had purchased at a profit. The stock, which three years ago was quoted at 155, is now at 113. That utterly rotten "security," the Erie shares were three years ago at 53; they are now at 26. So it is with the shares of almost any American Railroad. The fall averages about 35 per cent. Americans have suffered, but Englishmen have also suffered. For this they have to thank themselves. If they choose to play the game of hazard with Americans, they will find to their cost that it is an expensive one. We are now told that the tide will turn. Possibly it will, and if a man can afford to buy the shares of sound American Railroads and shut them up in a box for a year or two it is by no means unlikely that he will make money. If he cannot do this, and merely buys or sells for the account, he is pretty certain to lose.

THE NIZAM RAILROAD LOAN.

The public has not subscribed for this loan. It was issued at 100, and was syndicated at 96. The syndicate has, therefore, the whole of the loan on its hands. I am inclined to think that the public has been right. The Indian Government has declined to endorse the guarantee of the Nizam. At a price, money might be lent on the security of a native Indian Government, but this price—taking all risks into consideration—ought to be more than 5 per cent. Great complaints are made of the action of the *Times* in regard to this loan. Sir George Yule wrote a letter to that journal on December 13. In this letter he stated that the scheme was not so favourable as one which Sir Salar Jung had rejected. The prospectus of the loan was advertised on the 30th of December, and only on the 31st did this letter appear in the *Times*, whilst a second letter from Sir George was published on the 3rd of January. It is urged that the first letter ought either to have been published when sent, or not at all. But this is not to understand what occurs in a large newspaper office. It is impossible to publish all letters. Many are either kept over or destroyed. If, however, circumstances occur which render the former apropos, they are subsequently inserted. This seems to have happened in regard to Sir George Yule's letter. Another complaint is that the *Times* published that dealings in the loan were taking place at ½ discount. If they were, why should not the fact be stated? The Stock Exchange still insists on appointing a day for a special settlement in such dealings. They are, therefore, not only officially recognised, but officially binding on members of the Stock Exchange. In Sir George Yule's letters, he gives various reasons for not being in favour of the loan, besides the fact that Sir Salar Jung had objected to a plan for making the railway on more favourable terms. Since writing them he has explained that he withdraws his statement in regard to Sir Salar Jung, but "reserves his opinion as to the other aspects of the operation." It is urged that as a Director of the Company which had already built a portion of the railroad, and which is to be bought up by the contractors for whom the new loan is to be issued, he advised the sale. I really do not see that this precludes him from giving his opinion as to the new scheme, even though it be an adverse one. One man may be wise to sell, although another man is not wise to buy.

ANECDOTAL PHOTOGRAPHS.

CAPTAIN HAWLEY SMART.

CAPTAIN HAWLEY SMART can afford to smile at the gloomy vaticinations which are now being uttered on all sides regarding the earnings of novelists in the future. Apart from the fact of being an old favourite with the public, he is a specialist, which pays in fiction quite as well as in other branches of art and science. As Mr. Clark Russell is *facile princeps* among writers of sea stories, so Captain Hawley Smart has things all his own way in the department of fiction devoted to the turf. Since the death of Major Whyte Melville lovers of sporting novels have had only Captain Hawley Smart to look to for the gratification of their tastes. All the old sporting authors have gone over to the majority; and even Anthony Trollope, whose admirable hunting sketches are the best things in his voluminous productions, has passed away. Captain Smart has at present no rival or serious competitor, and in an essentially popular branch of fiction he enjoys the privilege of a walk over.

Captain Smart's novels present a striking contrast to the modern plotless, inanimate style of fiction originated by our American cousins. He wastes no time in dissecting and analysing the characters of commonplace individuals with wearisome minuteness of detail and redundancy of verbiage. He would scorn to be particular about describing the various intonations of his hero's voice, the working of the inner consciousness of his heroine at each hour of the day, and the trivialities which one nowadays finds dilated upon with ponderous gravity and elaboration. His padding is light and lively matter of the old-fashioned sort, which we can skim with one eye or skip, without the irritating suspicion that we may have missed what was intended for the germ of some new philosophy hidden amid a bushel of meaningless platitudes. He never starts off with the dispiriting announcement of "Story! I have none to tell, sir," as is now so frequently the custom. He holds that a story must have a plot, or it is not worthy of the name, and he conscientiously acts up to his conviction. His plot is his chief concern, and, from the moment he commences the first line of the opening chapter, he gets fairly under weigh, dashing helter-skelter over hedges and ditches, taking the country as it comes, rattling the reader along through a succession of brisk and lively incidents till he has brought him, in the best possible humour, to the happy consummation which ends the third volume. He is accused of occasionally writing slipshod English, and of selecting his characters from conventional types. But, after all, liveliness is more appreciated by novel readers than grammatical accuracy, and, for the rest, the old familiar hero of fiction is a much wholesomer and more manly personage than his cold-blooded cynical successor of atheistical tendencies, who is perpetually philandering with the seventh commandment. Captain Smart's novels have the merit of being healthy in tone as well as amusing, while he tickles the ear of the jaded reader with the pleasant echo of the "view halloo!" borne from breezy English uplands with an honest manly ring.

Novelists, as a rule, are disappointing as private indivi-

duals. It is often difficult to identify them with their books, and the explanation probably is that fiction is rather a superficial pursuit. We expect an author to be brilliant, epigrammatic, and entertaining at his own fireside, but we find that, after all, he does not possess more of these valuable qualities than most people, while what he has are reserved for the market, with the result that he is apt to be dull, taciturn, and commonplace away from his desk. Captain Hawley Smart, however, is as lively, genial, and humorous in every-day life as he is in the pages of his novels. There is a bluff, soldierlike frankness about him which attests his early training. He entered the army when quite a lad, following in the footsteps of his ancestors, who had been soldiers for generations, and at eighteen he was serving in the trenches before Sebastopol. He saw many years of active service in India and in Canada after his first rough campaign, and on quitting the army he spent five years very agreeably in acquiring that thorough knowledge of racing and the turf which he has since turned to profitable account. He assiduously attended race-meetings all over the country by way of relaxation and amusement, backing the colours of his uncle, Sir Joseph Hawley, with characteristic recklessness. Upon the whole fortune favoured him, more particularly by giving him an incentive for developing his literary proclivities, which, but for his temporary embarrassments, caused by occasional losses, might otherwise have lain dormant.

Almost his first effort at literature was his best-known novel, "Breezie Langton." With the good luck which has attended his literary career, he could not get a publisher to buy it, and the book was published on the much-abused half-profit system. This proved a fortunate speculation, for, besides producing a handsome honorarium to the author at the time, "Breezie Langton" has been a source of profit to him ever since, and continues to bring in a steady income. Since then Captain Smart's progress as a writer has been uneventful, for the most satisfactory of reasons. He has put forth a large number of novels with unvarying success, and his works are always in demand. Not being dependent on his pen, he has been spared the anxious drudgery of a literary life, though he is, from choice, a busy man. He has long outlived his sporting tastes, but he does not cease to feel amazed at himself for experiencing no inclination to hie away to Epsom in the Derby week.

The secret of literary success is always to be found in the power of knowledge which was so impressed upon Kenelm Chillingly. Liveliness of style, brightness of wit, and readiness of imagination are, no doubt, essential to a novelist. But he must also have studied human nature with thoroughness and with a keenness of perception which often come from intuition, while if he adopts a special line he must be well up in his subject. Captain Hawley Smart is an experienced man of the world, which is equivalent to saying that he has lived with his eyes open and noted what goes on around him. As regards racing matters, there is no one who is better versed than he in the recondite mysteries of the turf. More than one of his novels owes its existence to the vicissitudes of his racing experiences. "A Race for a Wife," for instance, was written to pay his losses over the disastrous defeat of Pero Gomez in 1869. Most people, it will be remembered, thought Pero Gomez won on that occasion, but as the owner said at the time, "the only man's opinion worth a rush (the judge) said he didn't." "Bound to Win" is pretty well the story of the '57 Derby, and the racing characters are nearly all portraits.

Captain Smart has generally adopted the expedient of basing his stories upon passing events. "A Race for a Wife" was founded on the right of heriot possessed by Lord Abergavenny over the Leybourne Grange estate. It seems curious that the right of claiming the best horse as a death-fine should have been permitted to exist over such famous breeding paddocks as those of Leybourne, yet this was actually the case till the owner awoke to the fact, and enfranchised. "Broken Bonds" was suggested by a famous trial still to be read in the "Annual Register;" while the incident of the escape is recorded in the annals of Portland. The Captain's Crimean experiences have been pressed into service in "Breezie Langton," and again in his latest story, "Hard Lines." His method of working is neither laborious nor precise. He rushes at his novels, and goes right ahead to the end, dashing off page after page, without pausing to correct or alter, and frequently writing by dictation.

Captain Smart is an excellent *raconteur*. He tells amusingly how he was once travelling on the Great Northern, in the same compartment with a late Bishop of Lincoln and four ring men—one of whom was Jackson, called the "Leviathan," otherwise "Jock of Fairfield," from the place in Yorkshire which he bought with his Turf winnings—when the oddly-assorted company were disconcerted by a serious smash. The turfites, who were playing whist, became almost inextricably mixed, and Captain Smart, cannoning against the Bishop, bestowed upon his lordship the unepiscopal adornment of a black eye. One of the betting-men, whose head was cut open, was so conscious that he ought to have been killed if he had met his deserts, that, while mopping his bleeding cranium, he said to the Bishop, respectfully, "I suppose we may thank you, sir, for our wonderful escape." His lordship very properly suggested that his gratitude was due to Providence; but the betting-man was manifestly unconvinced, and no doubt he ever after looked upon a Bishop as better than an insurance ticket, and lost no opportunity of travelling with one.

Captain Hawley Smart resides at Dover, where his family have been settled for the last sixty or seventy years. He is by birth and descent a "Man of Kent," his mother being the eldest daughter of the late Sir Henry Hawley, of Leybourne, while his father also came of an old county family. His father's sister married the Rev. H. Barham, so that he is the nephew by marriage of the famous "Thomas Ingoldsby." He is a tall, slimly-built man, with a slight stoop, somewhat resembling the pictures of Francis the First in appearance, but jovial and humorous withal. He has recently married a namesake who—however, was no relation, his wife being descended from a Devonshire family.

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QUEER STORIES.

MATTARD'S ESCAPE

MR. MATTARD, of the Indian Civil Service, was a very susceptible little man, but he was genuinely heart-broken when Miss Mainwaring refused his offer of marriage. His affection for that young lady was no ephemeral fancy, and he had put off proposing to her till almost the last moment before his return to India from sheer trepidation and anxiety as to the issue of his courtship. The answer he received was so unmistakable that it left him no hope, and he abandoned himself to despair. He went to spend the remainder of his leave at Southsea, where he made the acquaintance of a Colonel Creep, who had three daughters. It would be unjust to say that Mr. Mattard consoled himself for his disappointment in the society of these damsels, but he certainly paid them considerable attentions. The fact was that he was constitutionally addicted to mild flirtations, though it was chiefly owing to pique and wounded pride that he exerted himself to fascinate his new friends. But he had no serious intentions, else he would never have escaped an unengaged man from the accomplished blandishments of the Misses Creep. What might have happened but for his early departure from England, there is no knowing, for, though his acquaintance with Colonel Creep's daughters was comparatively slight, he nevertheless carried away with him to India the portrait of the prettiest and liveliest of the trio.

Now, the portrait of a pretty girl is rather a dangerous possession for a jilted lover whose frame of mind is inclined to desperation and despondency. He had looked forward to returning to India with the object of his blighted affections, and his bachelor's solitude weighed a good deal upon him during the voyage. It happened that the lady passengers on board ship were singularly uninteresting, and Mr. Mattard was too much downcast to engage in flirtation without a little encouragement. He had nothing, therefore, to distract his thoughts, which were centred on Miss Mainwaring and his own unhappiness, except the portrait of Miss Annie Creep. He found himself gazing upon it rather sentimentally in his leisure moments, and there is no denying that it represented a pretty face and figure. He began to persuade himself that he was in love with the original, and the upshot was that upon his arrival in India, after some weeks of melancholy dejection, he suddenly cheered up and wrote to Miss Creep, with a proposal of marriage.

When he had done so he felt like a new man, and worked himself up into quite a fever of joyous anticipation, while awaiting Miss Creep's reply. He guessed instinctively that his second venture would be more successful than the first, and sure enough, by the return mail, came a letter accepting his offer. There was a demureness about Miss Annie Creep's answer which rather surprised Mr. Mattard, considering that the young lady had certainly done her best to make herself agreeable to him at Southsea She professed astonishment at the honour he had paid her, as though he had not particularly singled her out from her sisters, when in England, by his attentions. However, a little coyness is not unbecoming in a pretty girl, and Mr. Mattard had no serious fault to find with the tone of his *fiancée*. By the same post came a letter from Colonel Creep, readily accepting Mr. Mattard as his son-in-law, and consenting to his daughter going out to India to be married, on the earliest opportunity.

Mr. Mattard eagerly looked forward to the advent of his bride. Unfortunately, as the cold season had just passed, some months would have to elapse before the young lady could safely face the Indian climate. Meanwhile, the lovers corresponded regularly. Mr. Mattard became more than ever convinced that his future happiness was secured, and Miss Annie Creep seemed quite reconciled—to say the least—to her approaching marriage. One unlucky day Mr. Mattard chanced to come across a young officer newly arrived from England, whom he had met at Colonel Creep's house at Southsea. When they had exchanged salutations, Mr. Mattard inquired, with pleasing embarrassment, if his companion had lately seen anything of their mutual friends.

"Yes, by Jove!" said the young fellow, with a laugh. "I came overland, you know, and as I passed through Paris, who should I meet but pretty Mrs. Hobson."

"Who is Mrs. Hobson?" inquired Mr. Mattard, blankly.

"Oh! I forgot. You haven't heard, of course. One of the girls—I'm not sure which is which—but the prettiest, bolted with Tom Hobson, of the Marines, the other day. I met them on their honeymoon. Tom, you know, is up to his ears in debt, and has had to send in his papers in consequence. How the deuce he is going to keep a wife I don't know. However, they seemed perfectly happy and contented. I expect old Creep is tearing his antiquated locks by the handful.'

"I am engaged to one of Colonel Creep's daughters," said Mr. Mattard, stiffly

"Bless me! you don't mean it? I haven't been to Southsea since I met you there. Congratulate you, old fellow—which is it?"

"The second one—Miss Annie Creep," replied Mr. Mattard, complacently.

"The second! Why, that was the one I met in Paris," said Mr. Mattard's companion—"at least, I always thought so."

"Pooh! nonsense!" exclaimed Mr. Mattard, with a sudden misgiving. "You have made a mistake. This is the future Mrs. Mattard," he added, producing a photograph from the region of his heart.

"That is the one I mean," exclaimed the young man, the instant he set eyes upon it. "That is the pretty one—now Mrs. Hobson."

"But I tell you it is Annie—Miss Annie Creep!" cried Mr. Mattard, turning crimson.

"Not now, my dear fellow. She may have been Miss Annie Creep once, but she is now Tom Hobson's wife. You may take my word for it," said the young man, convincingly, as he restored the photograph.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Mr. Mattard, sinking into a chair. "Can—can it be true? When did it happen?"

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"By Jove! I'm awfully sorry," returned the other, apparently realising the situation for the first time. "It—it never struck me till this instant! I'm afraid I've brought bad news."

"When did it happen?" repeated Mr. Mattard, furiously.

"Quite recently—only a day or two before I left England. I don't know the particulars, for I only heard the story by chance. If I hadn't met them in Paris I shouldn't have believed it. I didn't think Tom was such a fool."

"I suppose there is no doubt about it," murmured Mr. Mattard, turning suddenly pale.

"I'm afraid not. Come and have a peg, old fellow,' said his friend, looking at him sympathetically. "Of course, if I had guessed, I wouldn't have said anything. But I think you are very well out of it, and that is the fact. Little Mrs. Hobson was always a desperate flirt, and she will curl Tom's whiskers for him, I'll be bound."

"Thanks, I won't come—not now," said poor Mr. Mattard, as his companion took him good-naturedly by the arm. "Please don't say anything about this to anybody."

"Not on any account. I tell you what, Mattard," added the young man, cheerily, "I can congratulate you at this moment with a much clearer conscience than I did just now, when I heard you were engaged to one of the Creep girls. I don't say there is any harm in them, but they are born flirts, every one of them, and I don't think they can muster a heart between them."

But consolation of this kind, however well meant, was not calculated to soothe Mr. Mattard in his present state of mental anguish. In fact, he was so overwhelmed by the news he had heard, that he was hardly conscious of what his companion was saying. When the latter had taken his departure, Mr. Mattard became a prey to the most abject misery. At first he endeavoured to buoy up his spirits with the hope that after all his informant was labouring under a misapprehension. He carefully read all the letters he had received from Annie Creep, and their perusal almost convinced him that he had been needlessly alarmed. On the other hand, however, it was impossible to believe that his late companion had mistaken the photograph of Annie for one of her sisters. The resemblance between the three girls hardly amounted to a family likeness, and Annie was so much prettier and more striking-looking than the others, that no one could fail to distinguish her. Even the evidence afforded by the letters began to lose its value when he reflected that they might have been written for the purpose of deceiving him. It was not at all improbable, moreover, that Annie Creep's elopement was a sudden affair, arising out of an old attachment; and it did not necessarily follow that she had never intended to carry out her engagement to marry him.

When a man has hardly recovered from an unsuccessful love affair, he is not inclined to take a lenient or hopeful view of suspicious circumstances pointing to a repetition of his first experience. Mr. Mattard found it impossible to resist the conviction that he was once more a victim of woman's proverbial fickleness. His lingering hopes were crushed by the ominous circumstance that the next mail from England brought no letter from his faithless sweetheart. He was seized with a sort of frenzied recklessness which impelled him to return home by the earliest steamer in order to set his doubts at rest. This, at least, was the excuse he made to himself for his abrupt departure; but the real reason probably was that he shrank from being pointed at and condoled with as a man who had been jilted. His engagement was known all over the station, and it would be vain to attempt to conceal what had happened.

It was certainly a great relief to Mr. Mattard to escape from the gossip and tittle-tattle which would be sure to ensue when it became known that Miss Annie Creep had married some one else. He realised this when, after being a day or two at sea, he recovered his spirits in a very remarkable manner. Before the end of the voyage, it had dawned upon him most unmistakably that he was already getting over his disappointment. In fact, there were moments when he fancied he could not have cared for Annie Creep as much as he imagined. He certainly soon overcame his original desire to confront her and demand an explanation. When he recollected that her husband might object to such a proceeding, he immediately decided to treat her desertion with contemptuous silence. But, having arrived at this determination, he felt a little foolish, and wondered what he should say to his friends to account for his unexpected return to England.

At Malta he obtained all the confirmation he needed of the truth of the story of Annie Creep's elopement. On going ashore there for a few hours, he met a brother-officer of Captain Hobson's who knew all about the affair. Mr. Mattard's disappointment and resentment had reached such a modified stage that it was a positive relief to him to learn on undeniable authority that he was a free man again. He destroyed the young lady's photograph, consigned her memory to oblivion, and had serious thoughts of remaining at Malta, and returning to India by the next outward-bound steamer.

However, he had paid for his passage to England, so he determined to proceed to his destination, and by way of giving a colourable object to his journey, the idea occurred to him of once more proposing to Miss Mainwaring. His recent unlucky attachment had served to bring into strong relief the superior charms of his first love, and it was possible the young lady might be touched by his devotion. He finally made up his mind to try the experiment, and certainly the project gave a singular zest to the remainder of his trip. When he reached England, he immediately sought an interview with Miss Mainwaring, and, to his joyful surprise, was accepted without demur.

Mr. Mattard's happiness knew no bounds, especially as the young lady raised no objection to a speedy wedding, in order that she might return with him to India, as he wished. The crumpled rose-leaf which disturbed him was the recollection of his recent engagement to Annie Creep, concerning which he had been discreetly silent. Indeed, he had permitted Miss Mainwaring to believe that the journey to England had been undertaken for no other purpose than to repeat his previous offer. It was to this impression that Mr. Mattard attributed the favourable answer he had received, and for that reason he had not the courage to undeceive her. When they were married he

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meant to confess the truth, and meanwhile, considering the disappointments he had suffered, he might perhaps be pardoned for taking advantage of the subterfuge.

He had been in England about six weeks, when his agents forwarded to him a packet of letters which had been sent home from India after him. The first that caught his eye was in Annie Creep's handwriting, and it gave him an unpleasant shock. He saw at a glance that the post-mark bore date only a day or two after his departure. His nervousness vanished as he reflected that it was probably the letter announcing her marriage, and he opened it with grim satisfaction, rather curious to see how she would address him.

He glanced at the date and the signature with a sudden and unaccountable misgiving. The first was subsequent to her marriage with Captain Hobson, and yet the latter was her maiden name. Mr. Mattard caught his breath as he scanned the first lines, and then hastily rose from his seat as pale as the paper he held in his trembling hand. The sentence which had caused his alarm was the following:—

"We have all had such a dreadful upset! Papa is furious, and we dare not go near him. Amelia has run away and married Tom Hobson, an old flame of her, who is a dear fellow, but several degrees poorer than Job ——."

Mr. Mattard read no further than this. He glanced again at the signature, and then sank helplessly on the sofa. It was clear to him that there had been a hideous mistake, and that it was not Annie who had married Captain Hobson, but Amelia. Annie, evidently, still considered herself engaged to him—as, in fact, she was; and hence it followed that he was in the awkward position of being engaged to two young ladies at once.

Mr. Mattard turned hot and cold by turns, and for a moment felt completely mystified. He had shown Annie Creep's photograph to both his informants, and each had recognised it unhesitatingly as Mrs. Hobson. There had been no stupid mistake about names, for he had relied entirely upon the evidence afforded by the identification of the photograph. The only possible explanation was——

Mr. Mattard wiped the beads of perspiration from his forehead as the solution of the mystery flashed across his mind with painful clearness. It must have been the photograph which had misled everybody. He had been carrying next his heart the photograph of Amelia, thinking it was the counterfeit presentment of Annie. Or rather, to be strictly accurate, he had fallen into the error of supposing that Annie was the name of the original of the photograph, when all the while he had been in love with Amelia.

Mr. Mattard's horror at this startling discovery cannot be described. To make matters worse, his friend at Malta had told him a good deal about the Creeps which he had not suspected before, so that he had reason to believe it would be rash to rely upon their consideration and proper feeling. The old Colonel had rather a doubtful reputation, it appeared, and his daughters were the kind of girls who would not object to figure as plaintiffs in an action for breach of promise of marriage. It was clear that it would be dangerous to reveal his approaching marriage with Miss Mainwaring, and under the circumstances he concluded that his wisest course would be to make no communication whatever to Miss Annie Creep. He salved his conscience by the reflection that, whatever might happen, nothing would induce him to marry her; and if an action for breach of promise was inevitable, he would rather the scandal arose after his marriage than before.

Being a fidgety man, of a highly nervous temperament, it may be imagined that the anxiety which he suffered completely robbed his courtship of its pleasures. Every day he expected that Miss Mainwaring would hear of his dual engagement, and he regarded it as a foregone conclusion that the discovery would ruin all his hopes. He began to look so ill and haggard that his appearance alarmed all his friends, and though weeks passed without bringing about the dreaded revelation, he was haunted by a dismal presentiment that his unlucky secret would be revealed in time to prevent his wedding. All went well, however, until a few days before the auspicious event, when he chanced to look in at his agent's one afternoon for letters. As he was entering the doorway he ran against a portly gentleman who was descending the steps, and, looking up to apologise, he found himself face to face with Colonel Creep.

Mr. Mattard was too bewildered and confused to speak, until he perceived that the Colonel, absolutely purple in the face, was staring at him in speechless indignation.

"What the deuce are you doing here, sir?" roared Colonel Creep, with a very strong expletive. "I thought you were in India?"

"I returned unexpectedly," gasped Mr. Mattard.

"Shake hands, Mr. Mattard," said the warrior, abruptly. "I'm glad we have met. I wanted to have a talk with you."

"I suppose Annie—I mean Miss Creep—is surprised at not hearing from me lately," said Mr. Mattard, extending a very limp hand.

"Don't ask me about her, Mattard. She has treated you devilish badly, and that is the truth. However, it wasn't my doing. She knows my sentiments on the subject."

"I—I don't quite understand," murmured Mr. Mattard, beginning to perceive that the expression on the Colonel's face was confused rather than indignant.

"When did you leave India?" inquired Colonel Creep, apparently struck by Mr. Mattard's look of bewilderment.

"Oh! some weeks ago now," said Mr. Mattard, evasively.

"Is it possible, then, that you haven't heard? I'm sorry to say Annie has followed Amelia's example, and married without my consent. She surprised me—grieved me, I should say—by announcing one morning at breakfast that she had been before a registrar and married Jack Howard of the Buffs."

"You don't say so!" cried Mr. Mattard, while an expression of heartfelt joy illuminated his expressive countenance. "Good heavens! This is amazing!"

"You must bear up, Mattard; bear up!" exclaimed Colonel Creep, soothingly, no doubt believing his companion was staggering under the shock.

"I will," said Mr. Mattard, stoutly.

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GIRLS' GOSSIP.

DEAREST AMY,—I would not have missed for the world Lady Hermione Duncombe's wedding. So lovely a bride has rarely been seen. The marriage was celebrated at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, on Thursday morning, and, as you know, the Marquis of Kildare was the bridegroom. The bride is not quite twenty, is tall, dark-haired, with a lovely complexion and a stately carriage of the head. Her dress was a skilful mingling of brocaded velvet, old point, and satin. I particularly admired her wreath, which did not follow the stiff arrangement so prevalent now. The orange-blossoms drooped a little irregularly, and with good effect, upon her dark hair, under the veil of snowy tulle. She wore no jewels, but carried a large bunch of white flowers, much better suited to her youth and rare loveliness. Her eleven bridesmaids, all in the purest white—composed of velvet, satin, marabout, plush, and feathers—made a fitting appendage of so fair a bride. They were all brunettes, and some of them were very pretty. I assure you, Amy, that looking at this wedding group gave one the same sensation as seeing an exquisite dawn or sunset, with the same indescribable impression that what one feels could never be explained. The morning was dark and gloomy, so the church was lighted brilliantly with gas, and, no doubt, this added to the effect of the scene.

Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne were present. You know that this Royal lady is a relation by marriage of the bridegroom's father, the Duke of Leinster; the Duke of Westminster, Lord Blantyre, and the Duke of Argyll each having married a daughter of the late Duke of Sutherland. The Princess looked charming in a dress of dark-red satin and bonnet to match. She wore a kind of boa and muff of skunk. She looks as bright as ever, and much younger than she did when last in England. There were many pretty women among the guests. The Duchess of Montrose looked very handsome in a dress of London-smoke brocaded velvet, and a dark-red bonnet. The Duchess of Westminster also looked extremely well. She, too, wore dark red, with a little sprinkling of gold in the bonnet. Her velvet mantle was trimmed with fur. Lady Archibald Campbell was in grey. Lady Feversham, the bride's mother, was also in grey; in fact, my remembrance of the colouring of the congregation is a mingling of greys, browns, and dark reds, with a slight sprinkling of blue and bronze.

The Archbishop of York read the service in a very impressive manner, and there were some tears, but not too many.

There was a spray or two of shamrock in the wedding favours, in compliment to the bridegroom's nationality.

I told you last week that I would try to give you some idea of how the beauties of Sir Joshua Reynolds' time look on their canvases at the Grosvenor Gallery, where the present exhibition attracts daily crowds, making it a fashionable lounge. One of the most delightful pictures there is No. 81, the Duchess of Devonshire playing with her baby daughter. The Duchess is in powder, and the laughing brightness of her face is reflected in that of the child. The little thing looks a perfect duck in the old-fashioned long skirt and with her dear little pink feet bare. The mother's beautiful face is in profile, which brings out the upward lines of the mouth, and nose "tip-tilted like the petal of a flower," but leaves one to guess at the expression of the dark eyes.

Our next favourite is another Duchess of Devonshire (No. 150). It is a lovely face, with the hair arranged in light-looking masses high above the head. The portraits of the Earl of Pembroke and his Countess are in the same room. The Earl is handsome. His wife was one of the beauties of the time, but her face is unpleasing. A straight, hard mouth spoils it. Her pug dog is simply delightful, looking resigned to fate and portrait-painters, with his sweet little black muzzle resting on paws almost as black. There is a portrait (No. 142) of Miss Fanny Kemble, the actress, in this room, showing a handsome face, with enormously large, dark eyes, red, full lips, and a fine complexion. The expression is serious, clever, and kind. This would be an excellent picture to copy for fancy dress. The hair is sprinkled with powder, and arranged high in those loose masses of which hairdressers now seem to have lost the secret. A blue ribbon is passed through this coiffure, brought round from the back, and tied in a dainty little bow under the chin. It is immensely becoming, and gives the comfortable, finished look that well-tied bonnet-strings impart. The dress is tight-fitting, but a quantity of lace is arranged with picturesque looseness over the neck and shoulders.

I am almost afraid to attempt to describe the beautiful Miss Gunning (No. 26), who married two Dukes and refused a third. Of course, every woman looks at this portrait with keenest curiosity, and they see a tall, magnificent figure, neither slight nor too full, leaning against a pillar, in an attitude that reveals the whole outline of the splendid form. The carriage of the head is negligently haughty. The hair is dark and guiltless of powder. It falls with a careless sort of grace round the beautiful face. The eyes have the unfathomable look that reveals nothing and perpetually piques curiosity. The face is oval, with a lovely contour of cheek and chin; the complexion is pale, and the whole expression of the face eloquent of power; not exultant at all, but with the quiet calm of an acknowledged queen of beauty. The portrait is hung very high, which makes it difficult to see the face well without an opera-glass. There are fashions in beauty, as in all things else, and the lovely Gunnings might now be thought to have noses an idea too long. I am afraid our noses, considered as those of a nation, are deteriorating, and, on the principle of the fox that had no tail, we are now philosophically bent on admiring incomplete specimens of a commodity with which we are insufficiently furnished.

"Mrs. Pelham Feeding her Chickens" (No. 9) is a pretty picture, but not a pretty face. The three "Ladies Waldegrave" (No. 27), who were so unfortunate in their first love-affairs, but eventually married well, are of the simpering order of young women. There seems to have been "nothing in them," and the emptiness of their countenances is emphasized by the position of the picture, which is placed between the two large canvases representing the members of the Dilettanti Society. These are the most carefully finished pictures in the gallery, and one at once observes the intellectuality of the various faces, and the air of culture and good breeding which Sir Joshua was so inimitable in rendering.

I have irrevocably lost my young affections to one of these gentlemen, but as the portrait was painted in 1777, and the original must then have been about thirty years of age, you are not likely to hear that I have become engaged to him.

You would love Lady Beaumont (No. 183), so sweet and kind, as well as pretty, is her face. In "The Gleaners" (No. 185) we looked in vain for the publisher Macklin, whose portrait, the catalogue asserts, forms part of the family group. The harvest warmth of colour in this picture is delightful, and imparts a hopeful glow to the beholder's mind, chilled with our January gloom. Lady Romney (194) is not unlike the present Lady Garvagh.

The portrait of Angelica Kauffman, the famous painter who was, though only a woman, elected a member of the Royal Academy of Arts, shows a small, pale, clever, and pleasing face, with a shrewdness in it which her story somewhat belies. Her attitude is affected, but that was the fashion of the day. Her hands and feet are remarkably small and beautiful.

The picture of Mrs. Siddons, as the Tragic Muse (No. 55) is magnificent. Her face looks inspired. The picture is a masterly piece of colouring, limited to warm browns,

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cream-colour, flesh tints, pearls, and red-brown hair. Mrs. Siddons had none of the weakness of arched eye-brows. Hers are level, which always gives a look of power to the face, especially when so dark and well-defined as hers, which are much darker than her hair.

Mrs. Nesbitt, as "Circe" (11), is very beautiful, the face being a perfect oval, the eyes dark, complexion warmly pale, and hair of golden bronze. There is a life in the eyes of Sir Joshua's portraits that seems almost to deny that the originals can be really dead. Mrs. Nesbitt's eyebrows are dark and slightly arched, and there is a crafty look in the eyes which may have been natural or may have been put on by the actress to suit her "Circean" part. The nose is long and delicately modelled. The mouth is small, and all soft curves that look as though they must break into a smile in another moment. The hair is turned back from the smooth, white forehead, and the lovely neck is uncovered.

I can't imagine why the catalogue should call this picture pathetic—a term that would precisely suit "Perdita" (No. 100). A sad and lovely face is hers, and the expression is very sweet and good. But I could go on about this enchanting exhibition for ever so long, so must tear myself away from all I wanted to tell you about Sir Joshua's delightful children and equally delightful dogs. One of these is being carried by a child across some running water, and his look of apprehensive misery is humour itself. He seems to be thinking: "Do take care! I *know* you 'll let me fall."

When we came out we saw a beautiful picture of still life, which many an artist would delight in painting. A great bank of silver-gleaming whitebait lay on one of the shelves in Gilson's shop, and in the midst of them a scarlet lobster. A huge block of ice was near, and a few sprays of fennel scattered about the edges of the whitebait made the whole complete.

And I have something else beautiful to tell you about. We saw a crystal throne at Osler's that has been made at Birmingham, and is going out to Calcutta—I suppose for some great Indian potentate. It is in the shape of a large arm-chair, the seat and back of which are upholstered in crimson velvet. The back, arms, and legs are made of cut-glass, and the throne is surmounted by a dome-shaped canopy in the form of a half octagon, which is supported by four slender pillars. Two of these are of plain and two of very elaborately cut-glass. The contrast between the two is artistic. At the top of the canopy is a large crystal star, the boldly-projecting points of which radiate in all directions, each one glowing with prismatic rays, and forming a separate small rainbow. Round the edge of the canopy is a fringe of drooping, pear-shaped pendants, the play of light making them appear to tremble and quiver, though they are in reality fixed and rigid. We saw it lighted by electricity, and the fluctuations of the light produced a fantastic play of radiant tints upon the countless facets of the glass. It was like a realised dream of the fairyland of one's childhood. Maud drew a glowing word-picture of a tall, dark-haired, and beautiful Princess, clad in gleaming satin of many colours, lying back with regal grace. As she sketched her picture for me, I immediately put Miss Lingard's beautiful face and figure in. Being unimaginative, I like to settle things comfortably like that, with something that I really know, and have seen, and am sure of.

While Maud was dreaming over her ideal Princess—I think she settled on Hypatia eventually for the throne—I was admiring a novelty called Chameleon glass. It is china, strewed thickly over with thousands of softly tinted and many coloured tiny glass beads, the beauty of which varies as they catch the light at different angles. It looks particularly well as applied to birds, the shifting hues of whose breasts and backs are well rendered by this means. The birds are poised on lamps, candelabra, flower-vases, and baskets. I also noticed a grape-stand which you, who love your dinner-table to look nice, will appreciate. It is a tall glass stand, with a dish for flowers or fruit at the top, while beneath it are hooks on which to hang the bunches of grapes. This is much better than laying them down, when they must inevitably crush each other.

Parisian *élégantes* have, I hear, adopted boots of grey doeskin, which look very well with the prevailing grey costumes. In the evening they wear black kid shoes, with a large *fleur-de lys* embroidered on the instep, and with red heels.

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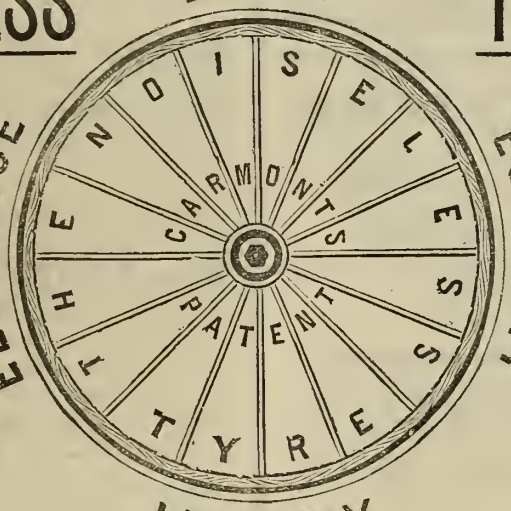

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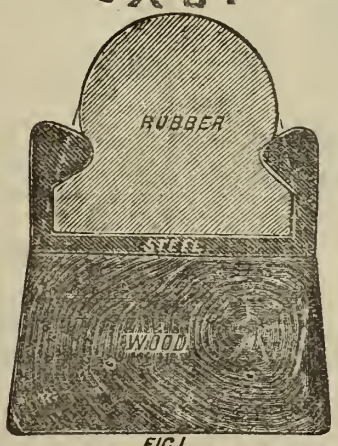

FIG. 1

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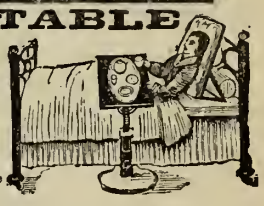

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The motor may be fitted to already existing sewing machines, when by dispensing with the hand-wheel the worker's hands are left free, and, by dispensing with the treadle, the injury to health so frequently occasioned by long and continuous working with the feet is avoided. Thus, by the aid of the motor, any of the ordinary kinds of sewing and stitching may be performed at home by the most delicate and nervous persons without any necessity for the labour of the treadle and hand-wheel.

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In London: William Whiteley, Universal Provider, Westbourne-grove, W.; The Howe Machine Company, Limited, 48, Queen Victoria-street, E.C.; the Army and Navy Auxiliary Co-operative Supply, Limited, Victoria-street, S.W.; The Civil Service Co-operative Society, Limited, Haymarket, S.W.; the Civil Service Supply Association, Limited, 136, Queen Victoria-street, E.C.; The New Civil Service Co-operation, Limited, 122, Queen Victoria-street, E.C.; the Bon Marché, Brixton, S.W.; Crisp & Co., Seven Sisters-road, Holloway, N.; Junior Army and Navy Stores, Limited, York House, Waterloo-place, Regent-street, S.W.; The White Sewing Machine Company, 19, Queen Victoria-street, E.C. And in the country, at the establishments of the Howe Machine Company, Limited: Liverpool—34, Renshaw-street; Manchester—52, John Dalton-street; Sheffield—14, Pinstone-street; Leeds—1, Trinity-street, Boar-lane; Birmingham—6, Worcester-street; Newcastle-upon-Tyne—7, Grainger-street West; Bristol—33, High-street; Leicester—5, Town Hall-lane; Norwich—Dove-street; Glasgow—140, Buchanan-street; Edinburgh, 33, Cockburn-street; Dundee—30, Bank-street; Belfast—24, Queen's-arcade; and also at Plymouth—Mr. Ivey, Sewing Machine Merchant, 48, George-street; Aldershot—Junior Army and Navy Stores, 18 and 19, Union-street; Dublin—Junior Army and Navy Stores, 23 and 24, D'Olier-street.

The directors, all of whom are practical men of business, have satisfied themselves that on the manufacture and sale of these machines there are sufficient profits to enable them to recommend this undertaking as one that is likely to yield good and steadily-increasing dividends. They have proved this practically by making a contract with Mr. Wm. Bown, of Birmingham (the well-known sewing machine appliance manufacturer), to manufacture for them the first 10,000 motors, while, on the other hand, Mr. William Whiteley, of Westbourne-grove, has contracted with the Company to purchase 5,000 sewing machines with motors, at a price which will leave a substantial profit to the Company.

The Company, therefore, enters at once into a dividend-earning business from Mr. Whiteley's contract alone.

Besides the contract with Mr. Whiteley, the Company has also entered into several other contracts—amounting in all to 5,180 sewing machines with motors—with the Junior Army and Navy Stores, Limited, The New Civil Service Co-operation, Limited, and others, and has also made a contract with the Howe Machine Company, Limited, for Motors alone.

The Company does not propose to enter into competition with the existing makers of sewing machines, but will sell any machine which purchasers may desire, with a motor attached, and the Company will further supply motors to the sewing machine manufacturers, or will supply and fix the same to any sewing machine. This will, it is anticipated, secure for the Company the co-operation of all the makers of sewing Machines.

The selling price of the motor will be about one-half the cost of an ordinary sewing machine, and, as the cost of the pedal attachment now required will be entirely saved, a complete self-acting machine can thus be obtained at a price little in excess of that now paid for an ordinary sewing machine. A good family sewing machine, by well-known makers, with motor complete, will be sold retail for £7. 7s., and orders will now be received by the firms exhibiting the machines, as well as by this Company's numerous local agents.

It is estimated that the manufacture and sale of sewing machines at present exceeds 2,000,000 machines a year, and is annually increasing, so it is evident that there is abundant field for this Company's operations. A charge so small as to be merely nominal for the right to use the motor on only 5 per cent. of the sewing machines made, would in itself enable this Company to pay a large dividend.

Mr. Theodore Aston, Q.C., the eminent authority on patents, has advised that the patent is a good and valid one.

The Company acquires the patents for the United Kingdom, France, Belgium, and Germany, which are already granted, with the right to take out patents and to work them all over the world, and the price to be paid for the same is £100,000 in fully paid-up shares or cash, at the option of the directors, and also 33 per cent. of the proceeds on sale, licence, or working of any foreign, colonial, or Indian patent. By thus agreeing to accept, if required, the whole of the purchase money in shares, the vendors give the best proof of their confidence in the value of the motor and the success of the Company,

The directors anticipate that the foreign patents will produce a large return to the Company, and the Company is now engaged in negotiations with an eminent American house for the sale of the right to work the motor in the United States.

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Copies of the memorandum and articles of association of the Company, and of the above contracts, and of Mr. Aston's opinion, may be seen at the Company's office. Prospectuses and forms of application for shares may be had of the bankers, and from the secretary at the office of the Company.

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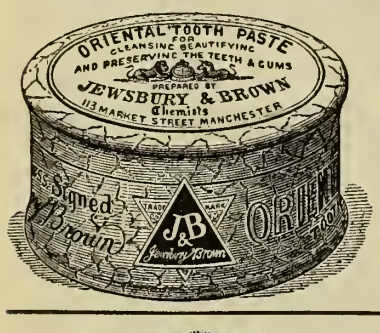

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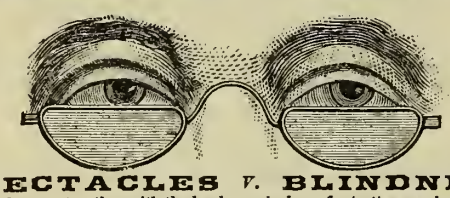

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1. The sum of £2. 2s. will be given every week for the best EPIGRAM, CONUNDRUM, LIPOGRAM, BOUTS-RIMÉS, or whatever the announced subject of the competition for the week may be.

2. The Puzzle Editor reserves the right, however, of dividing the above sum between two or more competitors, or of withholding the prize, shonld exceptional circumstances render such a course desirable.

3. The decision and award of the Puzzle Editor must be considered final and irrevocable, and, for obvious reasons, no appeal from his critical judgments can be entertained.

4. In every instance the Prize will be given in money, snbject to no condition whatever, except the publication of the winner's real name and address in this journal.

5. Competitors will be allowed eight days for the composition and despatch of their efforts; but all snch communications mnst, at the latest, be received at the TRUTH OFFICE by the first post on Friday morning in the week succeeding the publication of the subject for competition.

6. Not more than one Prize will be given in a Quarter to the same competitor.

7. ALL NEW CONTRIBUTORS ARE REQUIRED TO FORWARD WITH THEIR FIRST ANSWERS THEIR REAL NAMES AND ADDRESSES FOR REGISTRATION; such names and addresses will not be published except in the case of Prize-winners.

8. The *nom-de-plume* chosen by competitors should not exceed 12, and must nnder no circumstances consist of more than 14 letters.

9. COMPETITORS MUST ON NO ACCOUNT CHANGE THE NOMS-DE-PLUME THEY HAVE ONCE ASSUMED.

10. On the announcement of the Prize-winner's *nom-de-plume*, the successful competitor must write and make formal application for the Prize, stating the address to which the cheque must be sent. Any competitor failing to do so within three months of winning the Prize will forfeit all claim to the same.

11. No communication can be received on post-cards, by telegraph, or by hand. They must all be sent by the time named above, all post letters addressed—

PUZZLE EDITOR OF "TRUTH," CARTERET-STREET, QUEEN ANNE'S-GATE, S.W.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 257.—DEFINITION OF A SON-IN-LAW.

ŒNONE (No application received. See Rule 10.) £2 2 0

"TRUTH PUZZLES," Nos. 256 AND 258.

As I have found it quite impossible to get through the very long list of Interpretations of the Phonetic Verses, I must defer the awarding of the Prizes in this competition (No. 258) and that on which it is founded (No. 256) for another week. I may repeat, for the satisfaction of all competitors, that no one will suffer from his or her inability to make sense of an actual misprint. All will be on an equal footing in this regard. I may add that so far as I have examined the replies, the larger proportion of slips has taken place in stanza 2 of OLD SQUARE'S verses, stanzas 1 and 2 of GUINEA PIG'S, and stanza 1 of MALIGNANT'S.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 259.

THE BURIAL OF A FOUR-LETTERED WORD IN OTHER LONGER WORDS, IN WHICH THE FOUR LETTERS OCCUR IN THEIR PROPER ORDER, BUT NOT ALL TOGETHER.

This competition has resulted, it is safe to already assert, in many remarkable instances of patient perseverance. The fact that CACTUS claims to have buried the word "eats" in no less than 4,507 longer English words, which are duly written out on sixty folio sheets of paper, speaks for itself. Very remarkable, too, in their way are the feats of FRANK, DEVEREUX, LADY MARGARET, PANTOMIME, KARINDA, CANTAB, and, in short, of all who have sent in lists of over 1,000 words. In the following list of names I have put after each the number of words included in the list sent by the competitor in question. In the first seven cases I have added also the four-lettered word selected for "burial," and I may state that the words "ring," "cone," and "sing" have been used too by many other competitors. It is obvious that at most only one "Specimen" could be published, and as I should have to select the longest, it would follow that no less than 4,507 long words, most of them of from ten to twelve letters, would have to be printed. As these would occupy far more space than I have to spare, and would be of but little interest to the general reader, I have resolved not to print them. I may say, however, that CACTUS claims to have used no word not to be found in an English Dictionary. To complete his list, by the way, he must have literally waded through, not one, but several dictionaries. With this short explanation as to why no specimens are added, I will leave the following list to the notice of competitors.

LIST OF COMPETITORS FOR PRIZE No. 259, WITH NUMBER OF WORDS SENT UP BY EACH.

Cactus (eats)	4507	Pantomime (cone)	2634
Frank (ring)	3676	Karinda (sing)	2332
Devereux (ices)	3254	Cantab (ring)	2182
Lady Margaret (sing)	2957		

Ivy Leaf	2149	Bishop Bedell	1045	Rbor	603
African	2044	Chatto	1025	Carlo	602
Zuicomte	2019	Ishmael	1020	Florence Elliott	594
Canute	2015	The Goblin	1014	E. Vickers	585
Rayon d Or	1918	Rosedale	1003	Gimpel	571
Hela	1886	Roggee Shurt	933	Freena	570
Ubique	1810	Sealing Wax	919	Tadpole	564
Evermore	1803	Edna C. Leake	849	Y. D.	560
Cornelius	1803	Eromdraeb	842	Parsonides	556
Try Again	1493	Cytringan	762	Good for Nothing	538
Sclanidge	1457	E. Y. N.	722	E. H. H.	538
S.P.Q.R.	1409	Thug	705	Khiva	531
Larissa	1320	Comet	701	Barum	528
Bob Ridley	1283	Jimhikoki	695	Carrot Top	521
Toddles	1251	Pepper	694	C. C.	516
Iolanthe	1219	Truth	690	Barbary Ape	507
Legis	1154	Oxysulphide	655	Pen and Ink	500
Fat Sparrow	1150	Sphinx	628	Jim James	495
G. B. B.	1128	Bill	621	Fanshaw	490
Burbo Bank	1121	Red Rover	615	Choo	481
J. H. O.	1090	Chick Broughton	615	Mrs. M. Chiswick	471
Wilhel	1075	G. Blay P.	613	Nep	464
Jacob	457	Hortus	236	Bobus	153
Cough	447	Avon	232	Atlas	147
Novice	434	Dora	231	Rienzi	143
Grow Pride	431	Zil	228	Jab	140
Tento	393	Shamrock	227	Alpha	137
Wilkie	388	Ethel Bookworm	220	Gerty	131
Iuitium	364	Sunbeam	219	Ister	131
Primus	357	Bam	219	Trehilig	129
Gardiner No. 1	356	W. D.	216	Ye Joyful Owle	119
Polly	350	Era	207	A. D. M. McArthur	115
Wulfruna	347	The Windmill	197	Cinderella	113
Dieppe	342	F. N.	193	Pas de Blague	112
Amanda	311	Purna (H. S. F.)	187	Ovingdean	112
Paint Pots	332	Orchardlea	186	Sparenought	107
Nokomis	320	Eva Yorke	183	Bodo	90
Nelly Bligh	315	Simplex	180	Fritzie	80
Old Auutie	314	Fraucesca	176	Albina	77
No Sam	314	Moon Daisy	174	Mabel	75
Gardiner No. 2	302	H. T. L.	169	Darkie	67
Skrybe	300	Juno	162	Rita	60
Nottingham	291	Fynvola	161	F. A.	59
Wood Nymph	289	Oxonian	160	Ajax	56
Green Eyes	282	Clytie	158	Spriggins	54
Jefecew	268	Eclipse	156	M. Ainslie	53
Craig-en-Darragh	262	Dame Partlett	154	Foochow	
Gee	251				

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 261.

This week, coming, as it does, so near to the date fixed for the opening of Parliament, enables me to turn that ceremony to account in the following way. The Prize of Two Guineas will be given to the competitor who

BEST SUCCEEDS IN FORESHADOWING IN AN ANTICIPATORY QUEEN'S SPEECH THE ACTUAL CONTENTS OF THE REAL DOCUMENT WHICH WILL BE READ ON TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 5.

All competitors taking part in this competition must forward their versions of her Majesty's Message to Parliament on or before Friday the 1st proximo; so that a selection of them may be published in the following number of TRUTH. As a few remarks as to what will be considered to constitute a good Anticipatory Version of the Queen's Speech may be desirable, I may state that it will not suffice for the former to contain allusions which are subsequently found amongst her Majesty's remarks, if these correct anticipations are swamped, so to speak, by paragraphs referring to matters which are not alluded to in the Message. Thus, an Anticipatory Speech, in which there were six paragraphs resembling the paragraphs in the real document, and six not found in the latter, would not be considered so good as a speech of but six paragraphs, of which five or even four were found in the anticipated original. It will be a question of proportion, in fact, and the prize will not be gained by writing an abnormally long speech in which every possible subject is dragged in to prevent the omission of any probable topic. Brevity should be studied, therefore, by all means. It will be good to hit upon the topics afterwards found in the Speech, and better to allude to them in the tone afterwards adopted by her Majesty's Ministers; best of all to make these correct allusions only to the subjects referred to by the Cabinet, and in the order followed in the real document. The nearer in all particulars a competitor can get to the actual Queen's Speech, in fact, the greater will his chance be of obtaining the Prize.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*** The real name and address of HODGUS BODGUS, winner of part of Puzzle 255, are W. M. Morland, Esq., 27, Pleasant House, South Shere, Blackpool.

C'EST TOUT, ORCHARDLEA, VERBUM SAT SAP., IGNE, OBSERVER, IVY GREEN, ZIT, and ŒNONE.—I have duly noted the contents of your letters.

B. A. F. and MALIGNANT.—Allow me to thank you for your excellent suggestions.

[*Continued on next page.*

Francesca.—Thanks for your suggestion, which has, however, already formed the subject for a puzzle.
Gretchen, Smike, Polly, A Jerseyite, E. E. Whittaker.—I have decided under the circumstances to include your answer in Competition No. 258.
Crystal Palace.—I am obliged to you for your letter and its good wishes.
Spero.—You will have doubtless seen that the insertion of the five in question was a printer's error.
Truth.—Thanks for your couplet—which is scarcely correct though, I think.
Ina.—Your letter reached me too late for my answer to appear last week.

Hodgus Bodgus.—Your success only debars you from prize-winning for six clear weeks.
Beryl.—I have complied with your wish with much pleasure.
Caidmuir and Bare Rabbit.—I have added your *nom de plume* in each case to the anonymous answers to Puzzle No. 258.
Epamonides.—I duly included your answer in the competition.
Jimbikoki and Others.—Line 5 in second verse of "Old Squares" stanza should read "No time in Oxford-street, I know."

The Puzzle Editor.

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EXTRACT FROM A REPORT FROM THE COMMANDER OF THE S.S. *CEYLON*, AFTER A TEST OF EIGHTEEN MONTHS.

The vessel was coated with one coat only of Dennys' Anti-Fouling Composition on 26th February, 1882, in the Aberdeen Dry D ck, Hong Kong.

Upon examination I find that from light-water mark to the keel the paint remains perfectly smooth, clean, and absolutely free from any marine growth whatsoever.

August 20, 1883. (Signed) R. D. LUNHAM, Commander.

EXTRACT from a REPORT by CAPTAIN JOHN BLAIR, Manager of the Tanjong Pagar Dock Company, Limited, Singapore:—

"During six years' experience at the Tanjong Pagar Docks I have had constant opportunities f observing the anti-fouling properties of the numerous patent paints now in use for iron vessels, and have also made frequent trials of the more celebrated of the compositions upon the Company's iron tugs the result having invariably shown that in no case have any of these paints withstood the growth of animal and vegetable matter for more than six weeks, Dennys' paint alone having proved a perfect anti-fouler.

"Singapore, February 4, 1882. "JOHN BLAIR."

EXTRACT from a REPORT of CAPTAIN HANDLEY, twenty years Lloyd's Surveyor of Shipping at Calcutta:—

"After survey of the s.s. *Pram* (Holt's Line), I found the upper part of the paint in midships had been more or less knocked off by, as Captain Butler stated, the boats in China; there were also a few patches partly off in a few parts, but no fouling or corrosion left; otherwise it was in the most perfect state throughout, and as clean as if only just put on. I scarcely thought it possible for any paint to be so clean and effective against fouling.

"HENRY HANDLEY (late Lloyd's Surveyor).

"London, June 23rd, 1882."

The Share List will close on Monday the 28th instant, for Town and Country.

PREFERENTIAL DIVIDEND of 10 per cent. with further participation in Profits.

DENNYS' ANTI-FOULING PAINT COMPANY, Limited. Capital £120,000, divided into 10,000 "A" Preference Shares of £10 each, and 2,000 "B" Ordinary Shares of £10 each.—FIRST ISSUE of 6,000 "A" PREFERENCE SHARES, of which 2,000 are specially reserved for subscription in Singapore, and will, it is anticipated, be fully subscribed there, and the balance is now offered for subscription at par, payable 10s. on application, £3. 10s. on allotment, and £3 three months after allotment—£7.

Note.—The "A" shares carry a cumulative preferential dividend of £10 per cent. per annum in perpetuity over the "B" Ordinary shares, together with a pro rata proportion of the balance of net profits remaining in any year, after payment of 10 per cent. on the "A" and "B" shares.

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Admiral Sir Edward A. Inglefield, Chairman.
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Henry T. Cole, Esq., Q.C. (Treasurer of the Honourable Society of the Middle Temple).
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Nicolas Dennys, Esq., Ph.D., F.R.A.S., Managing Director.

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ABRIDGED PROSPECTUS.

This Company is formed to purchase, work, and develop the patent rights for "Improvements in Paints or Compositions for coating ships' bottoms, and other submerged surfaces to prevent fouling, and for preserving iron, wood, and other matter from the effect of exposure to salt water, damp, or atmospheric influencesh, and generally to carry on the business of manufacturing, selling, and otherwise dealing with the same.

The patents acquired by the Company are for Great Britain, France, Italy, Germany, The United States, Victoria, South Australia, Queensland, New South Wales, Tasmania, New Zealand, and West Australia.

It is a well-known fact that seagoing vessels speedily become coated with barnacles and other animal and vegetable substances; these substances increase daily in quantity, and after an immersion of a short period, the rate of progress becomes greatly impeded; shipowners are consequently obliged to have their vessels frequently docked in order to be thoroughly cleaned and painted with one or other of the many existing compositions, none of which have yielded sufficient protection, or they are compelled to suffer loss from reduced speed and greater consumption of fuel. In either case the result is a serious additional expense to shipowners. The invention of Dr. Dennys practically answers the requirements of shipowners, and supplies a long-felt want.

The paint has been submitted to exhaustive trials; it has been tested in Chinese waters, which at certain periods resemble our own, and also in the waters of the Straits of Malacca and Malayan Archipelago, which are well known to be as bad for fouling as any in the world. Several large plates of iron painted with this composition, placed in five different parts of Singapore Harbour, have stood the action of fouling for over twelve months, and have shown no signs of fouling whatever. (See Reports.)

It is intended to establish a factory in or near London, with the necessary plant and machinery, for the manufacture of the paint. The inventor, Dr. Dennys, has agreed to act as managing Director for a period of at least 12 months, in order to personally superintend the details of the manufacture.

With respect to profits, the Directors desire to speak with reserve; but the results attained by the Singapore Company appear to furnish a sound basis for an estimate. It was found that, on a quantity of about 13½ tons manufactured per month, the then selling price showed a profit of 33 per cent. on the actual cost of production. (See the certificate of Mr. A. J. Gunn, Public Accountant of Singapore.) Subsequently improvements were effected, and the manufacture of the priming was also undertaken, and the profit then shown on the manufacture of the priming and paint, calculated on 15 tons of each, was increased from 33 to 40 per cent., notwithstanding a reduction in the selling price. This Company will possess much greater facilities for purchasing the raw material than the Singapore Company, who shipped them principally from this country, and it is therefore safe to assume that the composition can be manufactured cheaper than in Singapore, and with even more favourable results. In addition to the trading profits the Directors expect that the granting of licences to work the patents in foreign countries will prove a profitable source of income. In view of these facts, showing the high commercial success which has attended the working of the Singapore Company, the Directors are strongly of opinion that the undertaking presents the prospect of handsome dividends on the capital employed.

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COBDEN'S QUININE and PHOSPHORUS PILLS give strength, energy, and vigorous vitality, are infallible in all nervous diseases, and a specific for Neuralgia. 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., and 11s. (great saving), Post-free. Sussex Drug Company, Limited, Brighton.

SPECIAL NOTICE TO LADIES.

Having advantageously purchased a Large Parcel of SUPERFINE HABIT CLOTHS for Tailor-made Dresses,

J. W. DORÉ

has determined to offer the same at an extremely low price before the Season commences, with a view of retaining his large staff of workers and keeping his cutters, &c., fully employed. These Cloths are the most fashionable material now in vogue, and are largely worn by Royalty and the élite of London and Paris. They can be had in all the Newest Shades of colour, are thoroughly shrunk, and make the most elegant and perfect Dresses imaginable. The usual price is from Eight Guineas; but, with the above object in view, until the Season begins, the price will be Six and a Half Guineas, less ten per cent. (13/6) for Cash with order. *On and after March 15th, or before, if this Parcel of Cloth is sold out,* the original price will have to be charged, viz. Eight Guineas.

Ladies are assured that a more genuine or exceptional opportunity has rarely presented itself for their obtaining a Superfine Cloth Gown at such a nominal price. A good fitting bodice and length of skirt will insure a perfect fit where a personal interview is inconvenient. 13, GEORGE STREET, HANOVER SQUARE, W.

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• TRUTH •

"Cultores Veritatis Fraudis Inimici."—*Cicero.*

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ENTRE NOUS.

A GREAT deal of twaddle has been printed during the last week about the paragraph respecting the Queen's health which appeared in the Court Circular a few days ago. It is stated that the fact that the Queen could not open Parliament has been known "to the initiated" for more than a fortnight, and that this paragraph is meant as an intimation to the public. It has been perfectly well known "to the initiated" for nearly two months past that the Queen would not open Parliament, and an intimation to that effect appeared in Truth some time in December, the matter having, indeed, been decided before the Queen left Windsor. Why an excuse should be thought necessary I do not understand, for the Queen has not opened Parliament since February, 1880; and then she only consented to do so at the very last moment, in compliance with the urgent request of Lord Beaconsfield.

The Queen will hold the "Speech" Council at Osborne on Monday next.

It is probable that the Queen will visit Edinburgh this year, and make a short stay at Holyrood, in order that she may inspect the International Exhibition of Forestry, in which her Majesty takes very great interest. It has been settled, within the last few days, that the Exhibition is to be held in the extensive grounds of Donaldson's Hospital, and a more convenient site could not have been chosen.

The Riviera journals persist in asserting that the Queen is going south. The Mentone papers place her in Mr. Hemfrey's villa, which she occupied in 1882, and others locate her in Lady Camden's villa at Cannes. The Queen has no more idea of going to the Riviera this spring than of going to Ashantee. Her Majesty and Princess Beatrice will spend the greater part of April in Germany, as was announced in Truth nearly two months ago.

The Empress Eugénie is not staying at Osborne House during her visit to the Queen, but is residing at the Royal Cottage in the grounds, where she has been quartered during all her previous sojourns in the Isle of Wight.

Last season the State apartments at Buckingham Palace were illuminated with the electric light on the evenings of the State balls and concerts, and the result was eminently satisfactory. I hear, however, that it is doubtful whether the new light will be continued this year, as the arrangements were merely of a temporary nature, and some hitch has occurred which may prevent them from being renewed.

A Levée will be held by the Prince of Wales at St. James's Palace during the last week in February. The day has not been yet fixed, as H.R.H. is not yet sure of the precise date of his return from the Riviera. There will be another Levée in March. The Queen does not intend to hold one this year.

The Prince of Wales has been invited to open the new gardens at Matlock Bath next July, and in the event of H.R.H. consenting to revisit the Peak, he will again be the guest of the Duke of Devonshire at Chatsworth.

The visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales to Lord and Lady Alington at Crichel extended from Monday till Saturday, being a day longer than had originally been intended. The party included, in addition to members of the family, Maria Marchioness of Ailesbury, Count and Countess Karolyi, Lord and Lady March, Lady Westmorland and Lady Grace Fane, Lord Hardwicke, Colonel Farquharson, Colonel Oliver Montagu, Lord and Lady Carrington, and Mr. W. Craven. Lord Hartington had accepted an invitation to join the party, and so also had Lord and Lady Charles Beresford, but they were prevented from going down.

The best shooting was on Tuesday and on Friday, when a vast number of pheasants were slaughtered, although the weather was very stormy. On Wednesday rain fell in torrents, and there was a heavy gale; so that shooting was out of the question till late in the afternoon, when the Prince and half-a-dozen others went out for a couple of hours. The Princess and several of the ladies lunched with the shooting party on Tuesday. On Wednesday afternoon H.R.H. went down to the far-famed White Farm, where she and most of the ladies drank tea, and they stayed there for a long time looking at the stock, the whole of which (cattle, poultry, &c.) is pure white. Lord Alington acted as showman.

On Thursday, the Prince and Princess rode over the Downs to Blandford, with Count Karolyi, Lord March, Lord Alington, and others; whence they went on to Bryanston, where they lunched with Lord Portman. The remainder of the party drove by road.

Lady Miles will give a ball to-morrow evening, at Leigh Court, to wind up the Prince of Wales's visit. Nearly three hundred invitations have been issued, and the men are particularly requested to appear either in uniform or in hunt dress. H.R.H. returns to town on Friday, by the "Dutchman" express from Bristol.

I hear that the late Duke of Marlborough's stall in St. George's Chapel will probably be filled by Lord Sydney, whose claims to the distinction of a Blue Ribbon are not very great; but he is in high favour at Court, and is also a personal friend of Mr. Gladstone. Certainly he has always been a consistent supporter of the Liberal party, and his views have advanced with the times. Lord Sydney has been very intimately associated with the Queen ever since the death of the Prince Consort, has rendered her valuable assistance in the management of her affairs, and has besides regularly acted as auditor of her Majesty's private accounts. Lord Sydney is a most admirable man of business. In this respect, indeed, very few amateurs can touch him.

According to the old principle in which Garters were always dispensed till within the last few years, Lord Northbrook ought to have received one long ago, but, as was remarked a few days ago by a noble lord in high office, "Things are done so queerly at Court in these days, and everything seems so unhinged that I should not be surprised to hear of a man getting two Garters."

I hear from St. Petersburg that for the last month the Czar has been in such a deplorable state of nervous depression, that to all intents and purposes he may be regarded as insane. He is thoroughly terror-stricken, and lives in a state of panic which would be ludicrous if it did not produce such melancholy consequences. The present state of things in Russia cannot last many months, and what the issue will be no man can predict. The attitude of Russia towards Germany has become absolutely servile in its dependence.

Prince Leopold of Hohenzollern, the only son of Prince and Princess Frederick Charles, has been established in a separate residence at Potsdam. He is going to Bonn at Easter to study at the University for a few months. Prince Albert Victor will very probably be quartered at the same place for some time next summer.

The members of the Court *entourage* at Rome have been thrown into ecstasies of admiration by the excellent manner in which the Prince of Naples passed his school examination the other day. The King and Queen and a number of personages were present, and they all professed to be as much astonished at the ability displayed by the infant prodigy as were the doctors in the Temple at Jerusalem. Of course, the child had been carefully crammed for the ordeal; but he is decidedly clever, and is very fond of his studies. Sensible people are of opinion that he is kept far too closely to his tasks, and that if his brain continues to be so hardly worked, there will be very little brain left by the time he is eighteen.

There was a capital Fancy Ball at Southsea on Friday last, and as the tickets were issued with discretion, everything passed off with the greatest success. Prince and Princess Edward of Saxe-Weimar, the Hon. Mrs. Gladstone, the Hon. Mrs. Dormer, Lady Beaumont, and all the best known people of the garrison society were present.

"Tonga maintains its reputation in the treatment of neuralgia.' —*Lancet.* "It has proved effective in all those cases of facial neuralgia in which we have prescribed it."—*Medical Press.* In bottles at 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d. & 11s. Allen & Hanburys, London, and of all Chemists.

The weather was most unpleasant during Lord and Lady Spencer's visit to the south of Ireland, winds reaching to the occasional dignity of tempests, and torrents of rain being the prevailing features. Notwithstanding this inclemency, Lord Spencer managed to have a few good runs with the Duhallow hounds. On their return to Dublin the Viceregal party take up their abode at the Castle, where they will remain until the end of March.

Discreeter counsels having prevailed, the landlord party have abandoned the idea of insulting their Sovereign through her representative in Ireland. The Levée next week at Dublin Castle is not to be Boycotted, as at first arranged.

Mrs. E. Guinness gave a pleasant ball at her residence in St. Stephen's Green, on Thursday evening. Besides a very large party of visitors staying in the house, the elect of Dublin Society mustered in great strength. Pretty faces were decidedly the rule rather than the exception. Whether youthful matron or maiden carried off the palm of beauty might have been more difficult to decide had Mrs. Harry Bourke not been present. A number of handsome toilets were worn, particularly those of Lady Castletown, Lady Rossmore, Lady Donoughmore, the Honourable Mrs. H. Bourke, and her sister Miss C. Lambart. Mrs. Guinness wore white tulle, with a fine display of diamonds.

Few similar events of late years have excited such general sorrow as the sad death of Lord Hertford. It seems so cruel a fate for so good a man, and one so universally respected and beloved as he was, and as he so well deserved to be. Lord Hertford's was a comparatively retired life till he was nearly sixty. He filled a high post in the Household of the Prince Consort, with whom he was a very great favourite, and, living for the most part in Windsor Great Park, his relations with the Queen and the Prince were most intimate—in fact, he was their *alter ego* when they were away from the Castle. Lord Hertford succeeded to his family honours under somewhat difficult conditions, as his predecessor left everything away except the settled estates, which did not amount to £35,000 a year in value, while the incomes of former Marquises of Hertford had exceeded £150,000 a year. Ragley, moreover, was much out of order, having been deserted for thirty years.

Lord Hertford was the perfect type of the perfect English gentleman in all the relations of his public and private life. A stainless character, much grace and gentleness of manner, inspired with a generous solicitude for the welfare of all his tenants and dependants, very hospitable, and most rigorous in the fulfilment of all the obligations of a large landowner, it is no exaggeration to assert that his life was a model and a pattern of all the exemplary and all the lovable virtues and charities which are the salt and savour of old societies and old institutions.

The General Stock Exchange, Lim., 48, St. James's-st., corner of Piccadilly.—Capital £200,000, first issue of 10,000 A Shares.—Private special telephonic and telegraphic communication with the City and other business centres. Great convenience to West-End and Country Clients. Every class of Stock Exchange business transacted. Moderate commissions. Telephone No. 3722.

His removal is deeply deplored by his country neighbours of all sorts and conditions, and it brings desolation upon a most affectionate and united family.

Lord Hertford was reluctant to accept the office of Lord Chamberlain in 1874, and only did so in compliance with the personal request of the Queen. He delighted in a country life, and would have preferred to live wholly at Ragley. He was an ideal Lord Chamberlain in appearance, and everybody who saw him at the wedding of the Duke of Connaught remarked on his noble, chivalrous bearing as he attended the Queen up the chapel. He was most popular with all who had any official connection with him, and he performed his duties of every kind with an efficiency and a strict attention which are not always to be found in great officers of State. He took the earliest opportunity of resigning his post, and for the last five years he has spent most of his time in Warwickshire.

The death of Lord Grosvenor, too, is much lamented by all his friends, but the sad event has not caused so much surprise as might have been expected, as he was never robust, and of late his health had seemed to be failing, so that he had no stamina to pull him through the sharp attack to which he succumbed. Lord Grosvenor was very eccentric in some of his habits, but he was a general favourite. He would very probably have gained a distinguished name for himself as an engineer, if he had been born in a lower grade. He was devotedly attached to mechanical works of every description, and nothing pleased him better than to take a place on the engine of the Irish Mail from Chester to Holyhead; but to say that he was in the habit of "driving" express engines is incorrect, and is calculated to convey an erroneous impression. Lord Grosvenor could not be induced to enter Parliament, and he cared nothing for London or for ordinary society. He liked living quietly at home, shooting a little and hunting a little, but principally occupied with his engineering works. He had travelled extensively, and only last year he returned from a lengthened tour in America. He was very fond of yachting, and lived a good deal in summer on board his schooner *Galatea*. He was a member of the R.Y.S. Lord Grosvenor had rather taken to racing of late years, and he got into the habit of attending many of the principal meetings on great days—especially when his father had horses running.

The Duke of Westminster has suffered severely from the shock of Lord Grosvenor's death, and is by no means well. The Duke and Duchess are staying at Eaton Hall, where all the members of the family have been assembled during the last week. There was an immense congregation at Chester Cathedral on Sunday afternoon, when Spohr's "Blest are the Departed" was sung for the anthem, and at the conclusion of the service Mr. Bridge played the Dead March in "Saul."

I rejoice to hear that Sir Watkin Williams-Wynn is progressing favourably towards recovery after his painful and very dangerous illness. There are few men more popular or more estimable than the "King of Wales."

Phillips' China and Glass.—Simply the largest Stock in London of Common and Best Services, Ornaments, and Duplex Lamps.—W. P. & G. Phillips, 175, 177, and 179, Oxford-street, W.

Lord and Lady Salisbury have been receiving company at Hatfield House since their return from Dorsetshire, including the Duke and Duchess of Manchester, Lord and Lady George Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Stanhope, Mr. W. H. Smith, and Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Austin. Sir Stafford and Lady Northcote are expected at Hatfield to-morrow for a short visit.

Last Saturday week a pair of earrings were lost at Hatfield House by a lady who had left them on her dressing-table. On the theft being discovered, notices, with a pattern of the earrings drawn on them, were placed on all the servants' doors, that the missing articles must be found by Monday morning at ten o'clock. Why is it that in these cases servants are always suspected? Theft by a gentleman or lady is, we know, not a crime, but a mania. Still, a loss is just as likely to be due to mania as to theft.

Lord and Lady Salisbury and Lady G. Cecil leave Hatfield House for Arlington-street on the 4th of next month.

The Duke of Devonshire, who has been staying at Holker Hall with a family party since he left Chatsworth just before Christmas, is coming to town on Monday, in order to dine with Lord Granville, but will return to Holker at the end of the week, and intends to reside there till the beginning of April. The Duke is now in excellent health. The destruction of trees on the Holker estate during the recent gales has been very great. Several thousands have been blown down, and the park has lost many of the fine old elms for which it has long been famous, as well as a great number of araucarias, of which there was a splendid collection in the gardens.

Lord and Lady Bath gave a ball for the servants and their friends at Longleat last week. The dining-room was used for dancing, and supper was served in the billiard-room. Dancing was kept up till past three, and the picture-gallery and all the "state" rooms were freely thrown open to the guests. Lady Bath and other members of the family joined in the dancing, but Lord Bath, who had been unwell for several days, was unable to take part in the fête.

The Duke of Manchester, who returned last week from a tour of visits in Germany, contemplates a trip to Australia. This would not be the Duke's first expedition to that part of the world, as he made a lengthened tour of the Australian colonies a few years ago.

Lord and Lady Howe have a large party this week at Penn House, Bucks.

The ex-Khedive Ismail will rent Lady Marian Alford's house at Hyde Park-gate for the coming season.

The statement in a contemporary that Lord Portsmouth "is lying very ill" is entirely untrue. I am glad to state that Lord Portsmouth is now quite convales-

The Langham Hotel, Portland Place, W., redecorated throughout combines every modern improvement and luxury. Accommodates more than five hundred guests.

cent, and last Tuesday he was able to drive in an open carriage to a lawn meet of his hounds at Leigh House, and, after luncheon, he joined the field on horseback, and was received with hearty congratulations. An excellent run followed, in which Lady Henrietta Wallop went well, mounted on her favourite grey pony. Lord Portsmouth intends to stay at Eggesford till the close of the hunting season, and then he will go to Bath.

The Duchess of St. Albans has been ill with a severe and most painful attack of rheumatism in the chest. Her Grace is now convalescent, and comes to town next week with the Duke; and after a few days they start for Marseilles, where they will join their yacht, the *Ceres*. The Duke and Duchess intend to live on board the yacht during there stay in the Riviera district, and they propose taking a cruise along the Italian coast.

The Duke of Sutherland will probably visit Constantinople in the course of his present yachting cruise in the Mediterranean for the purpose of seeing the Sultan on the subject of the projected Palestine Canal scheme.

It is said that Colonel Colville, of the Guards, has accepted a staff appointment in Egypt. Colonel Colville is expected to return to-day from his expedition to the Holy Land. He has made a complete survey of the country between the Gulf of Akaba and the Jordan Valley in the interests of the Palestine Canal Syndicate, of which the Duke of Sutherland is Chairman. He reports that a range of low hills, having an average elevation of 400 ft. and an extent of ten miles, must be cut through to make the canal; but as the soil is capable of easy excavation, he believes the undertaking to be possible. He says if this is accomplished no other difficulty exists. On his arrival a meeting of the Syndicate will be held to consider the course of action to be adopted.

The British Association and the Royal Society have agreed to contribute between them £1,000, towards the expenses of Mr. H. H. Johnston's scientific expedition to Kili Manjaro "the snow-clad mountain of Equatorial Africa." Mr. Johnston will start next month for his destination by way of Egypt and Zanzibar.

Lord Mayo has not been to the Congo, and he is not going to Patagonia or any other part of South America. He has started for Bhootan and the Eastern Himalayas.

I hear from Texas that a lady, calling herself Lady Cahir and the Countess of Glengall, who claims relationship with most of the English aristocracy, is producing a sensation at San Antonio in that State. She is tall, thin, fair-haired, and apparently sixty or seventy years old. My correspondent adds, "Showy dresses, some jewellery, no references, much assurance. Do you know her?" No, I do not; and I should fancy that she is better known to the police than to her relatives of the English aristocracy.

From Cannes a friend of mine writes:—

Seeing is believing. The Riviera is not full this winter. Wherever one goes one sees closed villas advertised to let. The hotels are fairly full, though. It appears that a new gambling-shop has been started at Nice, where stakes are unlimited, and women are as welcome as men, which accounts for the emptiness of the Casino-rooms at Monte Carlo. The Hôtel Paris there has changed hands, and the exorbitant prices charged by the new proprietors have driven the best people to the Grand Hotel. I have been quite struck with the general look of seediness and bad temper which characterises the *habitués* of both sexes. There have been an unusual number of suicides and murders. I would not walk home after dinner here for a "monkey," though I have confidence in my Colt, and do not conceal that I carry it. The last murder was for five francs. The Nice hotels are pretty full, but at bêst it is a hateful place.

A lady, writing from Paris, says:—

Walking yesterday along the Rue de Sèvres, in Paris, I saw the following delightful announcement painted on the side of a *porte-cochère*:—Madame Zénobie C——, third story, lets out teeth for evening parties and balls!

As a rule, whenever I read a medical work, I become convinced that I am suffering under some malady which is therein described, and go to a medical man to be treated for it. In this manner I have suffered from disease of the heart, cancer, creeping paralysis, and many other formidable complaints. The man of medicine generally tells me that it is possible that I have rheumatism or flying gout; and when I ask him to define, he replies that these are mysteries which science cannot solve, and that, in fact, he does not know himself what he means. I never go to a doctor with "Sir" prefixed to his name. I may be right, or I may be wrong, but I have a fixed opinion that nine-tenths of the medical men who have been made Baronets or Knights are more or less servile humbugs, who have got on by curing some fine lady, or some fine lady's poodle dog, of an imaginary ill. If the titled doctors consider that they are justified in putting off appointments whenever any nobleman desires their services, this is a confirmation of my diagnosis of them. Probably, however, were this not their habit, they would not be titled:—

Dear Truth,—Can you explain this display of professional etiquette? A friend of mine is lying dangerously ill; his medical attendant arranged on Wednesday last for a consultation with Sir William Gull, who fixed his own hour on the following Friday. A few hours before the appointed time a telegram was received from Sir William Gull, saying that he was unable to pay his promised and eagerly-expected visit. In to-day's (Saturday) paper I read that "Lord Pembroke's medical adviser telegraphed for Sir William Gull, who arrived yesterday." Do medical men attend their patients according to their social precedence?—Yours,

Jan. 26. Égalité.

Whenever a person fancies that he is suffering under some incurable malady, his best plan is to go to an Insurance office and to ask to be insured. He is handed over to a medical man who represents the opposition—*i.e.*, the Insurance Company. If this gentleman gives him an A1 certificate, he may go home with the comfortable conviction that there is not much the matter with him.

The papers, in recording the ravages of the fire at Canford Manor, drew special attention to the fact that a

Screens, with tea-cup shelf on each fold, from 21s. A large variety of screens in Japanese leather paper, needlework, stained glass, and hand-painted in all sizes and styles.—C. Hindley & Sons, 290 to 294, Oxford-street London.

Minton's China.—A visit to Messrs. Mortlock's extensive collection in Oxford-street and Orchard-street will conclusively prove the superiority of taste and lowness of price for which this house has been so celebrated during the last century and a half.

cabinet of china which was burnt was supposed to be worth £2,000, and they appear to be struck with awe at the estimate. In the great corridor at Windsor Castle there is a small cabinet, filled with china, of which it was asserted some years ago by an eminent expert that, if put up at Christie's, the *first* bid would be £20,000.

I MENTIONED, last week, that Baron Alphonse de Rothschild had offered £5,000 for Archiduc, but that Count Lagrange's representatives had been unable to accept the bid. The Baron subsequently increased his offer by £600, and a bargain was then struck, for it appears that it had been ascertained by the vendors that neither the Duc de Castries nor Mr. Lefevre was disposed to advance above £5,000. If all goes well the Baron will, no doubt, get his money back by winning the French Derby, and it is only a pity that the sale was not concluded a month ago, in which case, Archiduc would no doubt have been included in the entry for the Ascot Cup. However, as his Grand Prix nomination is void, it is by no means impossible that he may be sent to Ascot to run for the Queen's Vase. Consul, the sire of Archiduc, has been sold to the representative of the Russian Imperial stud for £1,120.

THE Ringmer Steeplechases, which it was understood were to be discontinued, are to take place as usual in March, as all the difficulties have been overcome, and satisfactory arrangements have been made. Lord March will be one of the Stewards of the meeting.

PERHAPS the following letter accounts for the decline of fox-hunting:—

Cirencester, *Jan.* 26, 1884.

Sir,—The following, which have been current topics amongst farmers in this neighbourhood, may interest you:—

In the matter of the proposed resignation of the present master, Mr. C. A. R. Hoare, from the V. W. H. hounds, all farmers in the Hunt have expressed a most unanimous wish to retain him, in opposition to the Hunt Committee.

In conversation with the son of a retired farmer in the hunting field, a gentleman *habitué* of the Hunt, hearing of the feeling and spoken opinions of farmers on the matter, replied to this effect: "He did not see what business farmers had with hunting; they ought to stop at home and pay their rents."

This unfortunate speech was circulated, and the fact of the gentleman not owning an acre of land in the Hunt did not help him to justify his language.

Feelings of disgust and indignation were openly expressed by farmers, who were, at least, certainly *sufferers* by the Hunt; and one of them declaring he would pull the gentleman from his horse if he caught him hunting on *his* farm, decided the retirement from hunting of the gentleman in question, who was disinterestedly acquainted with the results of his talk, and advised not to venture out with the hounds. He has since endeavoured to explain, and has called on several of the farmers and offered apologies, but it will not be entirely forgotten for a long time.

Another gentleman (also not a landowner) in the Hunt says:—"The idea of farmers *presuming* to interfere. It was no business of theirs; it was a question for the landowners and the Committee only, and a farmer had no business to say anything about hunting," and so forth.

This gentleman will certainly receive some compliments on his remarks being generally known. You will earn, Sir, the best thanks of farmers in the Vale of White Horse Hunt, and farmers everywhere, by pointing out to these gentlemen (?) what a farmer *does* do for hunting, and to what loss and sacrifice he is liable; and by doing your utmost to retain for them the best friend as a M.F.H. it has ever been their fortune to find.

MR. HEYWOOD-LONSDALE, of Grodington, has been invited to accept the Mastership of the Shropshire country, from which Lord Hill retires at the close of the season. A very liberal subscription is guaranteed on condition that the Shrewsbury district is hunted regularly, as has been the case during Lord Hill's Mastership. If Mr. Heywood-Lonsdale declines, another eligible "offerer" is in the field. Lord Chesham has undertaken the Bicester country for three seasons certain; and Mr. Chandos-Pole takes on the Meynell for the same period. The wranglings of the Bedale Hunt, to which I alluded last week, have ended in the refusal of Major Garrett to undertake the Mastership. Mr. Ranken, M.P., has intimated his intention of giving up the South Herefordshire; and the financial destitution which prevails in that country renders it probable that the Hunt will collapse.

EDMUND is not correct in describing Colonel Farquharson's Invercauld water on the Dee as much superior to the Balmoral stretch, which belongs to the Queen, and which adjoins it. There is little, if any, difference in the character of the fishing. Both afford excellent sport. Indeed, one bank of the Balmoral water really belongs to the popular "laird" of Invercauld, and is leased by her Majesty at £300 a year. This stretch extends from Balmoral Bridge to the Bridge of Invercauld; then comes Colonel Farquharson's water as far as Ford of Invercauld; after which are the stretches leased by the proprietors of the Braemar Hotel.

LORD SEAFIELD has just purchased a four-year-old Polled Angus bull, which is said to be the finest of his species in the whole county of Forfar.

ON the eve of leaving America after her successful tour, Madame Sarah Bernhardt received the visit of a not less enthusiastic than wealthy merchant of Chicago, who offered to buy up all the stalls, seats, and boxes of the theatre if the great artist would give but one more performance of "Frou-Frou." As her departure would not admit of any delay, Sarah Bernhardt declined the offer of her admirer, but said. "Come to Paris, and I promise you to play 'Frou-Frou,' just to please you." On Thursday last, the merchant of Chicago, went to see the actress, guessing that Madame Bernhardt had not forgotten her promise. He guessed rightly. "Frou-Frou" was immediately announced; and the Chicago merchant not only took as many boxes and stalls as were required for the accommodation of his numerous friends and acquaintances, but sent to Sarah a bouquet of three roses. They were kept together by a girdle of huge diamonds.

MR. WILSON BARRETT has not yet decided to accept the handsome offer made to him by an American manager to commence an engagement in New York, on October 6, as Claudian. The offer remains open until March 1. The manager of the Princess's Theatre has decided, when the run of "Claudian" is over, to play "Hamlet." So I expected. When will actors realise the fact that, much as they want to be seen in "Hamlet," very few care to see them in it?

"PERIL," the old Prince of Wales's version (1876) of Sardou's "Nos Intimes," is to be revived at the Haymarket on Saturday, Feb. 16. This play, in one dress or another,

RIMMEL'S PERFUMED VALENTINES, all choice and elegant. List on application.—96, Strand; 128, Regent-street, 24, Cornhill.

LIBERTYS' Arabian, Chinese, and Indian Furniture and Decoration. A new Sketch-book post-free. Chesham House, Regent-street, W.

has been curiously connected with incident and adventure. It was in "Friends or Foes" (the then name for it), in the year 1862, that Miss Kate Terry first made her mark as an actress in the character of Mrs. Union. Miss Herbert, who had created the character, was taken suddenly ill one evening, and at a few minutes' notice Miss Kate Terry, a girl of eighteen, was called on to undertake a most arduous task. From that moment the fame of the young actress was established, and Miss Herbert had an important rival as the leading lady of comedy-drama. It was on the first night of "Peril" at the Prince of Wales's that a gentleman had a fit in the stalls, and had to be carried out like a dead man, to the consternation of the audience. And the other day, when Mrs. Langtry produced "Peril" for the first time in New York, a certain Bartley Campbell sought by injunction to prevent the performance, on the plea that he had once upon a time written a play called "Peril" on a totally different subject. It was strange that it took Mr. Bartley Campbell eight years to discover there was an English play in existence called "Peril," whilst, for fourteen years, English playgoers have been deprived of the sight of the phantom American play. Mrs. Langtry cut the Gordian-knot by calling her play "A Wife's Peril," and so satisfied the litigious Bartley Campbell.

The Doctor in "Peril" is as lucky a character as ever. It brought into prominent notice for the first time Mr. Dewar at the St. James's; it was one of Mr. Kendal's great successes at the Prince of Wales's; it has brought that excellent actor, Mr. F. Everill, to the front in New York. Mr. Bancroft, with his usual astuteness, chooses the Doctor in "Peril," and hands Sir George Ormond, the Baronet with many friends, over to Mr. Forbes Robertson. Mrs. Bernard-Beere now assumes the much-loved wife, whose trials and temptations have been portrayed by Miss Herbert, Miss Kate Terry, Mrs. Kendal, and Mrs. Langtry.

"A Scrap of Paper" has once more proved a trump card for the Hare and Kendal management. It is as yet the greatest success achieved at the new St. James's Theatre. According to present arrangements an authorised version of Georges Ohnet's "Maître de Forges" will follow on when it is wanted, notwithstanding the fact that Mr. Robert Buchanan annexed the situation of the story for his "Lady Clare," produced at the Globe Theatre last year; and it is still the intention of the management to reproduce Tobin's old play, "The Honeymoon."

Last week a hundred patients from the Portsmouth Lunatic Asylum were taken to see the pantomime at the Theatre Royal. Not only did the poor creatures thoroughly enjoy themselves, but they behaved infinitely better than many sane audiences do from time to time.

It is not generally known how bravely Miss Ellen Terry has fought against serious indisposition ever since she left England, or how loyally she has done her work, ill as she has been. At Edinburgh, before starting for America, she was subject to alarming fainting fits. The sea voyage did her good, but once landed at New York, the old nervousness reappeared again, and was aggravated by nostalgia or home-sickness. A letter received from Baltimore the other day says, "Irving is very well; but poor Ellen Terry is as ill as she can be consistent with going on the stage at all."

Madame Albani has been engaged to sing at the Three Choirs' Festival at Worcester, in September. Madame Patey, Mr. Santley, and Mr. E. Lloyd have also been engaged, and negotiations are pending with several other *artistes*. The chorus rehearsals have already commenced.

Lord Bute has given an order to Miss Edmonia A. Edwards, a negro sculptress, to execute a marble statue of the Virgin Mary for one of his chapels. Lord Bute starts in a few days for Athens and the East. Lady Bute will reside principally at Chiswick House with her children during his absence.

It is proposed to place a beautiful cross above the altar of the fine old church of St. Germans as a memorial to the late Lord St. Germans. It will scarcely be credited that, such is the bigotry of the vicar and churchwardens, that they are anxious to reject the gift because they consider such an ornament to be Ritualistic and Popish. It was suggested by these austere "Protestants" that instead of placing the cross in the appropriate place indicated, it should be fastened against the wall in some less conspicuous part of the edifice!

I see that Mrs. Stapleton Bretherton, of Ditton Hall, Lancashire, has bequeathed £400,000 to the Pope. The deceased lady had been created a Marchioness of the Roman Court by Pius IX. I wonder if this event will affect in any way the current price of Papal Marquisates, which are at present somewhat of a drug in the foreign title market. A Papal Dukedom costs £5,000.

Special Sunday evening services have tardily been started in Gloucester Cathedral, and are attracting very large congregations. It is surprising that Dean Law should not recognise the propriety of resigning his preferment, seeing that he has long been unable to fulfil his duties, and, indeed, for a considerable period he has resided almost entirely at Bournemouth, where, by the way, he may compare notes with another offender of the same character, the Bishop of Ripon.

A Bristolian writes:—

With regard to your remarks on the amount of his episcopal income, that Bishop Ellicott has promised to relinquish on the establishment of the separate See of Bristol—the sum is merely that which in common honesty he is bound to relinquish.

When the two sees were united, the income was fixed at £5,000, instead of £4,500 or £4,200, in order to meet the additional expense entailed by a dual residence, one of the conditions of the union of the dioceses being alternate residence in Bristol and Gloucester. This condition was fulfilled by Bishops Monk, Baring, and Thompson, and by Dr. Ellicott for the first three years of his episcopate; but for some seventeen years subsequently—*i.e.*, up till this winter, when he became possessed (owing to the death of his mother) of a house in Clifton—he had no residence in the Bristol division of his diocese. If, therefore, instead of merely relinquishing the £500 which was added for the express purpose of meeting the expense of a residence in Bristol as well as Gloucester, his lordship would refund the seventeen £500 he has received for a residence in Bristol while not residing there, the amount (£8,500 without interest) would go a long way in facilitating the scheme for the new Bishopric of Bristol.

Riding Habits.—Specialty of John Redfern & Sons. Ladies' Tailors by Appointment to H.R.H. the Princess of Wales, 26, Conduit-street, London, W. Also at Cowes and Paris.

Antique and Decorative French, Italian, and English Furniture, and Old Tapestries, &c.—J. J. Duveen, 181, Oxford-street.

The health of the Bishop of Peterborough has greatly improved since his arrival at Worthing. He is now able to drive out daily.

Edmund is not fortunate in his "Church" paragraphs. What on earth does he mean by alluding to Canon Mason as "a two thousand a year young man?" A clergyman of Canon Mason's standing in the Church ought not to be so described in any journal, and so far from his receiving £2,000 a year at All Hallows', Barking, he will not gain a penny by his transfer from Truro. The whole of the income is to be devoted to mission work, and London gains a most energetic clergyman, a powerful and eloquent preacher, and an admirable organiser. Edmund is also wrong in stating that Mr. White, of the Savoy, "refused" the living of St. Stephen's, Westminster, when it was offered to him by Baroness Burdett-Coutts. On the contrary, Mr. White accepted it, subject to the condition that he was to hold it along with the Savoy; and it was not until the legal authorities who were consulted decided that the two could not be held together that he resolved to decline it. It is one of the strange anomalies of the Pluralities Act that the rich stalls at Westminster may be held with valuable livings, while the Chaplain of the Savoy Chapel, through some quibble, may not take charge of a neighbouring parish.

Canon Shuttleworth is making an excellent start in his new function as a City rector. St. Nicholas Cole Abbey, whose average congregation used to be under twenty, is now crowded to its utmost capacity, although the Canon has been barely a month in residence. There are dozens of churches in the City the attendance at which is no larger than that at St. Nicholas used to be, and the rapid improvement effected by Canon Shuttleworth seems to me to prove pretty conclusively that most of the present incumbents of these churches are either utterly incompetent or grossly neglectful of their duty.

The story about the see of Chester in last week's *World* is imaginative. I cannot understand why Edmund should take such elaborate pains to describe the individuals concerned, inasmuch as it must be clear to almost everybody that the Duke of Westminster and Canon Fleming are the persons indicated. His paragraph reminds me of the old reporters, of whom Thackeray made such fun, who used to allude to the P—— of W-l-s and the D—— of S-s-x! I have good reason to believe that "the highest lay influence in the country" has been used in favour of Mr. Capel-Cure, whose claims to high preferment are favourably viewed both by the Queen and by the Prime Minister.

A few days ago, at Church Fenton, Yorkshire, a couple appeared at the church at nine o'clock in order to be married. No banns had been published for them, nor had they provided themselves with a licence, so the clergyman was obliged to decline to perform the ceremony. The pair thereupon hurried to York, procured a licence, and returned by the next train; but when they arrived at the village station they had only fifteen minutes to reach the church and get through the ceremony, so they had to run for close upon half a mile at their best pace. It is to be hoped that this time next year neither of them will have reason to wish that the train had been ten minutes late.

A somewhat curious conflict appears to be going on at Oxford. The Rev. R. B. Storey has a son at St. John's College, Oxford, not yet of age. The father apparently objects to his being there, and claims that the University authorities and the President of St. John's College ought to aid him in getting back the son.

"Being a beneficed clergyman" (writes the Rev. R. B. Storey, Jan. 25), "will not, I am sure, deprive me in your eyes of the common rights of the poorest citizen in the country. Yesterday the Vice-Chancellor refused to send for my son, and let me speak to him for five minutes in his presence. Dr. Bellamy, President of St. John's College, also refused my request. The Bursar laid hold of me and attempted to turn me out of the Quadrangle, and when I went the last time to inquire where I could see my son a policeman at the gate forcibly ejected me."

I do not quite understand the merits of the case, but it certainly, on the face of it, seems extraordinary conduct on the part of Divines and College Dons to refuse to allow a father to speak to his own son, who is under their charge, and to send for a policeman when he tries to see him.

There are wags among our Navy Chaplains. A few Sundays ago H.R.H. the Admiral Commanding the Channel Fleet visited one of the ships under his command, and remained for Divine service. The Chaplain took for his text, "Put not your trust in Princes."

A midshipman, serving with the Channel Squadron, experienced, the other day, in a very practical fashion, the drawbacks of quarantine. He was ordered to embark some men from the *Agincourt* on board the *Poonah* transport for passage home. In a careless moment he went on board, and, the *Poonah* having just arrived from the East, and being in quarantine, he was obliged to remain there, and to make the voyage to England.

The cruise of H.M.S. *Canada*, among the islands of the West Indies is to last till the middle of March. Prince George, who is very popular in his ship, makes an excellent impression wherever he goes, and he seems to be greatly enjoying his expedition.

I am asked to state that the Peninsular & Oriental Company have notified their intention to establish a new service once a month between London, Marseilles, and Bombay, and *vice versâ*; and that this line, while connecting in Egypt with her Majesty's mail steamers to and from the East, is in addition to the Peninsular & Oriental Company's existing weekly service between London, Venice, Brindisi, and Egypt, India, China, and Australia.

The success which has attended the efforts of the Girls' Public Day Schools Company, established something like ten years ago, is very generally acknowledged. I am glad to see, therefore, that the association recently formed for the purpose of providing institutions of this class for boys appears likely to meet with similar favour, and that a new school just erected by the committee was on Monday

Pfungst Frères Extra Quality Champagnes can be supplied in London at the House of Commons Rest., Hotel Bristol, Claridge's Hotel, Café Verrey, Grand Hotel, Wood's Hotel, First Avenue Hotel, Holborn Rest., Palmerston Rest., Stock Exchange (Mabey's) London Tavern, &c.—Agents, J. L. Pfungst & Co. 23 Crutched Friars.

Sanitary Inspection.—Fee, 2 Guineas. Improvement works undertaken. The Sanitary Engineering Co., 115, Victoria-st., Westminster.

formally opened by Mr. Mundella, at Clapham. Notwithstanding the manifest intentions of the original donors, the wealthy educational endowments of the great public schools have been almost wholly appropriated by those who call themselves the upper classes, while the children of the poor are placed under Government control.

Mr. Corrie Grant's sins are to be brought home to him. At a meeting of the Commissioners of Sewers last week, the official Solicitor was asked whether it was not a fact that Mr. Corrie Grant had in times past held at least one brief for the Commission—taken the guineas of the Corporation, in fact, for services rendered, and yet conceived himself at liberty to hold and express his own convictions about the general character of his client. The Solicitor admitted that it was so, but promised that the confidence of the Commission should not be so misplaced again. The Corporation evidently think that counsel are bound to believe in the innocence and virtue of every reprobate they are called upon to defend.

It is suggested that it is unimportant whether the London police are under the Home Office or the new Municipality. Clearly, whilst it is open to the Imperial Government to have an Imperial police if Parliament will vote the funds, the police of London should be under the representatives of those who pay for them. To assert the contrary, is to convert all local self-government into a farce. The only thing which is well done by the City Corporation is its police-force. The City police are well officered, they have at their head an excellent chief, and the men have always seemed to me to be more efficient, to have more *esprit de corps*, and to be altogether more what policemen ought to be than the force which is now under the Home Office.

At the last meeting of the guardians of the Westminster Union, the Rota Committee reported that, complaints having been made to them as to the tea supplied to the inmates of the Poland-street Workhouse, the Committee had tasted it, and were "decidedly of opinion that the tea is flavourless and weak, and so much so that we should say it would be infinitely better that the inmates should be supplied with pure water in preference." The Master informed the Committee that the condition of the tea was due "to the inadequacy of the supply of materials granted by the Board." What, however, was the price of this tea per pound, and by whom was it supplied? By a vestryman?

In Croydon workhouse, on Thursday last, Frederick Daws, pauper, so far forgot himself as to use bad language to the Master, and was ordered twelve hours in the lock-up. He refused to go, and threw first a hammer and then two flints at the superintendent and two other paupers who attempted to remove him. On his being charged with these offences before the Croydon Bench, it came out that the lock-up is an apartment twelve feet square, lit by a skylight at the top. It is, of course, not warmed. The floor is of stone, and there is no place but the floor to sit upon. The reluctance of Mr. Daws to spend twelve hours in such a place in the middle of January seems somewhat excusable. To adapt an expression used by one of the magistrates, if you treat a man like a wild beast, you sometimes take the best means of making him behave like one.

The Mayor of Exeter appears to be an extremely high-handed individual. He issued orders to the police that the Salvation Army was not to be permitted to march through the street in which his house is situated. The Salvationists, as they have a perfect right to do, disobeyed this injunction, and were promptly seized by the police. A scuffle ensued, and the Mayor instituted a prosecution against several members of the Army. When the cases came on for trial, the prisoners' solicitor naturally requested the Mayor to withdraw from the Bench, as it was manifestly undesirable that the same gentleman should act as both prosecutor and judge. This course, however, he declined to adopt, and the Salvationists were sentenced to imprisonment. They may have deserved it, but the fact of their being Salvationists did not justify the Mayor remaining on the Bench during the investigation. But he is, unfortunately, beyond the reach of anything but public censure, as Mayors and ex-Mayors are magistrates *ex officio*, and are not under the control of either the Lord Chancellor or the Home Secretary.

An action in the Lord Mayor's Court last week throws an interesting light upon the manner in which liquidations were managed under the old Bankruptcy Act. A solicitor, one Mr. Beal, sued Mr. Smart, an accountant, for one-third of the remuneration obtained by the latter as official liquidator of the Great Britc n Mutual Life Assurance Company. According to the plaintiff's story, he consulted with the defendant as to the means of contriving that the Company should be liquidated, and the defendant agreed to hand him one-third of his remuneration if he were appointed liquidator. The defendant was also to pay £500 to a clerk in the Company's office for obtaining certain information. The liquidation was obtained, and the defendant was appointed liquidator, in which enviable position he remained two years and a half, and made £2,000. Mr. Smart, on his part, denied the existence of the agreement, though he admitted having paid the clerk £300, and in the end the jury found a verdict in his favour, his counsel, apparently with some reason, calling the plaintiff a "wrecker." So far as I can understand the proceedings, they seem to have been of the shadiest description, though, doubtless, quite in accordance with prevailing custom.

Really I think that Sir William Harcourt might take pity upon this correspondent, and introduce him to Binns:—

Sir,—I killed Soloman Hughes for which my brother Maurice Nicholson got seven years I keep trying to give myself up but no Policeman will take me I have been to the Home Office At Margaret Hubberds trial for Perjury I swore I killed her Father Solomen Hughes but the Home Secretary will not prosecute me there was six wittnesses proved my brother was in the room and the door closed when I pushed him down stairs and that he never stird from his seat my inocent Brother is in prison I am a poor man and I can do nothing for him—yours Humbly

James Nicholson

10 Hassard Street Hackney. Rd Jan 25 1884

Vanity Fair says:—"Mr. Benjamin is still the Prince of Ulster and Stalking-Coat Makers." Ulster House, Conduit-street, W.

The Belgrave Laundry, 194 & 196, Ebury-street, Belgravia. A laundry for high-class families.

LAST week, at the meeting of the South-Eastern Railroad shareholders, Sir Edward Watkin outdid himself. According to him, this railroad, which, if we are to believe the public, is a disgrace to a civilised country, is the best and the cheapest which exists on the habitable globe. His special ire was excited by the complaints of misers, clergymen, landowners, and shopkeepers against the third-class carriages. If they do not like them, why use them, he indignantly asked, when they might, by extra payment, travel first-class? But were they to do so, they would find the first-class carriages far more dirty and far less comfortable than the third-class carriages of many other lines. As for working-men, they, Sir Edward said, do not object. Here he is entirely mistaken. They know that it is useless to complain, and sullenly submit to what their protests cannot change.

SIR EDWARD took special credit to himself for not killing his passengers. Has it come to this? When a Railway chairman is told that he charges too high rates, that his carriages are as unfit for human beings as the worst slums, and that his trains keep no sort of time, is he to answer?—"Fall down on your knees and thank Providence for only having suffered inconvenience and extortion. It is true that I plundered you and maltreated you; but, if only you will think for a moment, you will perceive that I might have slain you; but such was my natural sweetness of disposition, that I let you off with your life."

IT is a pity that the Mid-London Electric Railway scheme has been dropped. It would have been a useful line, and a still more useful experiment. The frightful cost of Parliamentary proceedings is absolutely prohibitive to many meritorious schemes. Why are not purely local schemes left to purely local authorities?

THIS singular query I extract from the *Queen*:—

Will any one tell me if the following ought to be easily managed on an income of £3,000 a year, or if it could possibly be managed on £2,000 a year? Large country house, twelve maid servants, two men servants, and a boy; four children, a governess, my husband, and myself; coachman, three horses, five gardeners. We go about visiting at country houses a great deal in the autumn. We spend two months in London in the season at an hotel; and when we are at home we constantly have visitors staying in the house for shooting, &c. We have one boy at school.—HER LADYSHIP.

The following would be my lowest estimate for "Her Ladyship":—

Servants' wages ...	£785	0	0	Brought forward...	£3,205	0	0
Servants' food	520	0	0	Garden and stables	200	0	0
Horses	150	0	0	Rates and taxes ...	200	0	0
Boy at school	100	0	0	Repairs in house...	150	0	0
Two months in London	250	0	0	Lights and coals...	200	0	0
Children's food	200	0	0	Pocket-money, travelling expenses	200	0	0
Food of husband and wife during eight months	300	0	0	Sundries	100	0	0
Guests and wine ...	300	0	0	Shooting	200	0	0
Dress—wife, husband, and children	600	0	0	Washing	150	0	0
				Annual subscription to TRUTH ...	1	8	0
				Charity.....	0	0	0¼
Carried forward	£3,205	0	0		£4,606	8	0¼

IT has frequently been stated of late that on the release of the Claimant he is to be established by his ingenuous friends in a large hotel or public-house. It seems to have been forgotten that his conviction renders him for ever incapable of holding a licence, so that it is quite impossible that he can become a publican.

I CANNOT help thinking that M. More, the poet cabman immortalised by his devotion to Victor Hugo, must have exercised considerable influence in bringing to an end the strike of the drivers of the Urbaine Company. The discontented Jehus met one day last week at a *café chantant* in large numbers to discuss their grievances, and M. More was in attendance. After considerable argument, the poet mounted on a table and proceeded to recite a long poem on the subject of the glories of the Republic. This was evidently more than his audience could stand, for the meeting hurriedly broke up, and the next morning the cabmen resumed work as usual.

THE owners and drivers of our "growlers" are in despair. No one except old ladies and such-like persons will use them. Is it not time that these venerable relics of an age of discomfort were improved off the face of the earth? They are, as Lord Randolph Churchill says of the Church and of the House of Lords, "the inspired offspring of time." They have no other recommendation, and this is not enough in these days of scant veneration of inspired offsprings. Why does not some one invent a decent, comfortable, closed cab, able to carry four passengers and a moderate amount of luggage?

MR. SHAW LEFEVRE! you are an able exponent of sound views upon the land question; but you are also Chief Commissioner of Public Works, and in this latter capacity, pray be good enough to inspect that portion of the soil of this island which forms the pathway from Storey's Gate to the Duke of York Steps. Inspect it, if you please, after a heavy rain. On such occasions this path, which is used by thousands daily, is simply a quagmire. It was always muddy; it is now a Slough of Despond, owing to your subordinates having apparently mistaken it for an arable field and ploughed up its surface. Such a path in the midst of a metropolis is quite out of place, so let me entreat you to asphalte it at once.

SEVERAL unfinished houses at the left-hand side of Queen's Gate are for sale. The owner of one of them has hit on a peculiar idea of advertising it. He has placed a large eight-day clock in the empty dining-room, surmounted by a placard, on which appears in conspicuous letters the pertinent question, "Where shall we spend eternity?"

MISSENDEN is in Bucks. Last week its streets were covered with the following posters:—

England's late Morning Star and Political Sun, Benjamin Disraeli, Lord Beaconsfield, K.G.—Boyhood, Author, Commoner, Statesman, Peer, and Diplomatist. Mr. J. Stallwood will deliver his Lecture on the career of the deceased Statesman, at the Public Room, Great Missenden, on Monday evening, January 14th, 1884. Chair to be taken at 7 p.m., by J. K. Fowler, Esq., of Lee House. Reserved seats, 1s.; second seats, 6d.; back seats, 3d.

The only persons at the lecture were, the chairman, the lecturer, the hall-keeper, and the cash-taker. It would seem, therefore, that a "late Morning Star and Political Sun" is, like a Prophet, unappreciated in his own country.

CERTAINLY Conservatives are reduced to odd ways to find a sale for their wares. I have always wondered what really are the modes of increasing incomes which are held

forth in advertisements to spinsters, widows, and others. Now I have discovered. Here is an advertisement which I take from the *Standard*.

Ladies and Gentlemen of Conservative views can, while promoting the Conservative cause, find a means of adding to their income in a thoroughly legitimate and highly honourable manner by enclosing addressed envelope to "V. R.," 22, Grosvenor Mansions, Victoria-street, London.

Here is the reply. Ever since reading it I have been trying to earn an honorarium of eight shillings by finding a subscriber for my contemporary. Up to now, alas! I have tried in vain.

[*Private and Confidential*].

The Conservative Press Company.

21, John-street, Adelphi, W.C.
Jan. 24, 1884.

Dear Sir,—In reply to your letter addressed to "V. R.," and selected from many others, I beg to enclose you facsimile letters from Sir Stafford Northcote and the Marquis of Abergavenny, and draw your attention to the accompanying circular addressed to Conservatives, with a list of supporters of *St. Stephen's Review*.

You will see from this the position which the paper holds with the Conservative party, and the manner in which you can co-operate in extending its influence and benefit yourself at the same time is as follows:—

Enclosed is a subscription form, and for every one of these which you can get filled up we shall send you an honorarium of eight shillings. Upon your returning the form filled in by a subscriber, we will send you a book containing about 20 forms, and you can have as many more as you like.

You will doubtless be able to obtain some subscribers from among your friends; and if you care to systematically approach all the principal Conservatives of your district, you will probably realise a substantial increase to your income.—I remain, yours obediently,

——,
Editor *St. Stephen's Review*.
(For the Conservative Press Company).

Over his well-known signature of "B.," Lord Bramwell, in the *Times*, asks Mr. George why, if his doctrines about land are correct, he does not call upon the Americans to restore the land of the United States to the Red Indians? Lord Bramwell might go further. Mr. George's argument is that there ought to be no private property in land. But if so, how can a State or a particular community claim property in it? If the Georgian doctrine be correct, it belongs to the entire population of the globe, and rent ought to be paid, if paid at all, to a fund for the benefit of all man- and woman-kind. If it is wrong that a field should be the private property of an Englishman, it is equally wrong that England should be the private property of Englishmen.

The impudent scheme of Lord Radnor, to get his son on the Board of Companies by forcing his lordship's tenants to be customers of these Companies, cannot well be outdone, but it is run close by the blackmailing explained in the following letter:—

Sir,—In your last issue you drew attention to what you so aptly describe as an "instance of vexatious interference and touting" on the part of an agent of Lord Radnor's. Permit me, through your columns, to expose an even more flagrant case of a similar nature. In the parish of Walton-on-the-Hill (of which Liverpool originally formed a portion) the glebe, amounting to over fifty acres, has, within the last few years, been sold for building purposes, the purchase-money having been commuted to a perpetual ground-rent. I feel sure your readers will hardly credit the statement that there is a covenant in each conveyance for the insurance to be effected with the "Queen" Insurance Company. Messrs. Pears, Logan, & Gibbons (the vendors' solicitors), one of the leading firms in Liverpool, and successors to Messrs. Eden & Stanistreet, refuse to give up the conveyance until a "Queen" policy is exhibited to them. Their clerk then enters the number and the firm receives the usual commission of 15 per cent. By this simple arrangement a perpetual pension of, at least, £50 per annum is secured to the present firm and its descendants.

As the interests in the glebe are both numerous and varied, I can scarcely think *all* the parties concerned have assented to this extraordinary arrangement. Further comment is superfluous.—I enclose my card and am, Sir, your obedient servant,

Walton, *Jan.* 22, 1884. Waltonian.

The Maharajah Dhuleep Singh has just intimated to his friends at Whitby that he has entirely abandoned the idea of contesting the borough at the general election. A very wise decision, too, as there was not the shadow of a ghost of a chance of his being successful.

I am glad to hear that Sir William Marling has consented to contest East Gloucestershire in the Liberal interest, against Sir Michael Hicks-Beach and Mr. Yorke. The second Liberal candidate will be a tenant-farmer. The constituency has not been contested since the Reform Bill.

The philosopher in his tub would have had no chance with Mr. W. H. Smith, if we are to judge by his speech in Dublin last week. He seems to measure a man's capability of voting by the material of which his habitation is constructed. No man living in a mud-cabin should have a vote; it is only amidst bricks and mortar presumably, or granite and marble, that those worthy of the franchise exist. The one-horse gig measure of respectability sinks into insignificance before Mr. Smith's views regarding the extension of the franchise in Ireland.

The great leader of the "Stationary" party asked, with reference to the County Franchise Bill, "What security have we that in this scheme of the Government, taxation and representation will go together? What security have we that those who pay taxes will not be outvoted by those who do not pay taxes?" The answer was supplied by the questions put the same night to the people of Blackpool by that aristocratic fire-eater of the party, Lord Randolph Churchill:—"Do you know that your cocoa is taxed at 13 per cent.; your coffee at 18 per cent.; your dried fruit, currants, &c., 16 per cent.; your tea, 47 per cent.; the poor man's tobacco, 504 per cent.; your rum, 504 per cent.; your brandy, 114 per cent.?" In other words, as it is impossible for any one in the United Kingdom to escape taxation, it is impossible by any extension of the suffrage to prevent taxation and representation going together, or to give a vote to any one who does not pay taxes.

I see no reason why my correspondent should not see his views in print. The question of the immediate moment however, I would point out to him, is the reduction of the franchise, and on this the country has already been consulted. Even if we admit that Mr. Gladstone is impulsive, and has made some mistakes, are we to believe that Lord Salisbury is less impulsive, and that, from the experience we have had of him in office, it is probable that he would make fewer *faux pas*, were he and his friends in power, than Mr. Gladstone?

You published last week a letter from an "Old Tory." I was glad to see this evidence of your journalistic impartiality; for, whilst I am quite ready to believe that you have implicit faith in the excellence of your own political opinions, I am bound to add that they sometimes give me a cold shiver. I am afraid, however, that I cannot hope to convert you. Perhaps, however, you will allow me to explain why we Tories—old and young—look with dismay upon the acts of her Majesty's present advisers, and on the utterances of some of them. If you will publish what I say, I shall thank you.

The most powerful man in the Cabinet is Mr. Chamberlain. I regard him as a frank revolutionist. Whether he would abolish the Monarchy I do not know; but, if I am to credit his own statements, he would abolish the House of Lords and the Established Church, and hand over the country to a Parliament elected by universal suffrage and electoral districts every three years, the members of which would be paid for their services. He never loses an occasion

to sneer at landowners. He calls them men who toil not neither do they spin, and he denounces them for growing rich by unearned increment. We may, therefore, suppose that if he succeeds in getting a majority in this new Parliament of his creation, he would legislate to put an end to landlords. Now, this may be desirable; but what I cannot understand is why those of his colleagues who are landlords, and who believe that we ought to have a second Chamber, an Established Church, and a House of Commons elected for more than three years, and not by universal suffrage and electoral districts, should allow themselves to be made his tools. I do not believe that the country is with him. What happened at the last election was this: Lord Beaconsfield had, just before the election, been unfortunate in his foreign policy; Mr. Gladstone made the most of this, and by the unscrupulous use of his eloquence obtained a Liberal majority. Once Prime Minister, he fell under the influence of Mr. Chamberlain, for, with all his talents, he has little stability, and is easily led. Mr. Gladstone is still popular. People support him without inquiring into the why and wherefore of his actions. I am no slave to names, and I—as an Englishman desirous that my country may be well governed—judge him by what he has done since he has been our absolute master. Abroad, his policy cannot be said to have been very successful. Having proved that we had no right to go to war either with the Boers or with the Zulus, he engaged in a campaign with both, and conducted it so badly that we were beaten by the Transvaal farmers and the naked Zulus. When at length we managed to get Cetewayo into our own hands, we sent him back to Zululand, from which he was summarily ejected by his own subjects. In India, Mr. Gladstone favoured the Ilbert Bill, and then tardily altered it when he discovered that it would ruin our position in that country. Interference in Egypt was one of his strongest charges against Lord Beaconsfield. Mr. Gladstone's notion of withdrawing from that country was to bombard Alexandria, defeat the Egyptian Army, and occupy Cairo. But even then he could not act with energy or common sense. He meddled and muddled, and he has brought that unhappy country to the lowest ebb by coupling this meddling with an announcement that we should soon withdraw. Only the other day he ordered the Egyptians not to send an army to the Soudan, forgetting that there were garrisons there exposed to massacre, and when this fact occurred to him, he sent off General Gordon in hot haste, though what he is to do when he gets there, most certainly Mr. Gladstone does not know.

Now turn to his domestic policy. He had, when in Opposition, announced, as a great truth, that the Irish Church would never have been disestablished had not Clerkenwell gaol been blown up. His first act was to pass a severe Coercion Act, which placed the liberties of all Irishmen at his disposal. But the Act was so badly framed, that when his Irish friends proceeded to act on his "great truth" he had to pass a second Act. The next step was the Land Act. He solemnly assured the landlords that they would be no sufferers by it, and his judges reduced their rents by about 20 per cent. Thus he has alienated alike the landlords and the so-called friends of the tenants, and this he calls maintaining an equal balance between them. As for England, no political measure has been passed by him affecting it; but having frequently protested against any scheme to deal with the franchise, without including a measure of redistribution, he now, it is understood, intends to eat his own words at the bidding of Mr. Chamberlain. Mr. Gladstone throws the blame of having done so little upon the obstruction of the Conservatives and the Irish, and in this term he includes all criticism upon his policy. But the real reason is that he is so bad a Parliamentary tactician, that he is always trying to drive half-a-dozen coaches through a gate at the same time, and that when a debate languishes, he jumps up and makes a speech which gives it renewed vigour.

Our policy, therefore, will be during the next session to hinder Mr. Chamberlain from attaining his purposes under the ægis of Mr. Gladstone's name. We believe that the country is awakening to the fact that the Liberals have drifted into the humble supporters of the extreme Radicals, and that it objects to this. As a statesman, Mr. Gladstone is a conspicuous failure; as Prime Minister he is merely a shield to Mr. Chamberlain. If the electors wish to be ruled by that gentleman, we must submit, but, believing that the reverse is the case, are we wrong in doing our utmost to ensure their being consulted before the mischief has gone too far to be remedied? We may be wrong in thinking that the majority of electors are not democrats, but we are not wrong in insisting that they should have an opportunity to express their views, before we drift into a pure democracy.

LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL'S speeches are always good reading, because there is a curious novelty about his views. At Blackpool, last week, he explained that the rural population was leaving the country for the towns, because people no longer enjoyed what he called the amenities of land owning, which he explained to be social status and sporting rights. He would, therefore, have us believe that agriculture is depressed because farm labourers decline any longer to bow down before every man who has either inherited a large estate, or robbed enough money to buy one and because this model landlord finds opposition when he insists upon sacrificing the productiveness of the land to the pleasure of converting it into a game preserve.

HIS lordship is especially horrified at Mr. Gladstone residing in a house called a castle, and at his attending church on Sundays. Still more angry is he with Lord Durham. Lord Salisbury, he points out, is a man who toils and spins, not for himself, but for his fellow-citizens. Lord Durham, on the other hand, toils and spins for no one. In fact, sad to relate, he frequents the Gaiety Theatre. I naturally expected this tirade to end with a denunciation of hereditary legislators like Lord Durham, and of landowners who live in castles or palaces. On the contrary, Lord Randolph concluded by invoking a blessing on the House of Peers and on great landlords. They are, it would seem, "the inspired offspring of time, the chief guarantees of Christian morality, and satisfy the highest aspirations either of peoples or of man." "Oh that blessed word Mesopotamia!"

I WOULD specially recommend to Lord Randolph, Lieutenant-General Burroughs as a model landlord. He owns property, it would seem, in Orkney. When the Commission went there two of his tenants were invited to give evidence. They disclosed a state of things which really would have justified the tenants in tarring and feathering the Lieutenant-General and his subordinate—one Macrea. These two tenants have now been evicted from their crofts, although they themselves had built their houses on them, and one of them has been interdicted from entering any house on the estate, and his own brother prohibited from sheltering him. I presume that General Burroughs and the land laws which permit him to treat in this fashion the unhappy men who are his tenants are some of the institutions which ought to be maintained as the "inspired offspring of time," and the "guarantees of Christian morality."

I OBSERVE that the Ministerial journals are raising the cry that the Government policy in Egypt must not be criticised, because this might hinder the passing of the Reform Bill. What the Conservatives contemplate, I do not know. But "certain Radicals," who are as anxious as the Government itself for a sound Reform Bill, certainly do not intend to accept an alteration in our Egyptian policy without comment. Government, they contend, is pledged to establish no Protectorate, and only to remain in Egypt the period requisite to give Tewfik a fair start. By next summer, at the latest, he will have had this fair start. If, therefore, Government informs the House of Commons that their policy of withdrawal is not changed, the "certain Radicals" will rest, even though they may not be absolutely satisfied. If, on the other hand, this assurance is not given, they will be dissatisfied and restless.

ALMOST all the news transmitted by "special correspondents" in Egypt is of questionable value, because these gentlemen are more or less allied with the locusts. Sometimes, however, their communications accidentally throw a strange light on what is going on. On Thursday, the *Times* special correspondent begged us to observe how nobly and energetically the English officers in the pay of

Tewfik are acting. Seven hundred of the negroes who had been crimped objected to go to the Soudan. Colonel Slade showed them two months' pay. These ill-conditioned men still refused to go. He gave them the word of command, but all declined to obey it. The Colonel then said, "You will go voluntarily or by force within one hour." A squadron of cavalry, under Major Kitchener, charged up at full gallop and surrounded the blacks. After a short time the negroes were forced into the train. Had I been on a jury empanelled to try one of the negroes for shooting Colonel Slade or Major Kitchener, I should have acquitted him without a moment's hesitation—under the circumstances, indeed, I should have considered such shooting a laudable act. Here we have a specimen of the sort of barbarous iniquity, which seems now to be the rule in Egypt, wherever an Englishman is in command. Why is a black to be crimped, converted under protest into a soldier, and sent off—to fight, very probably, against his own relatives and tribesmen—to the Soudan?

The *Times* correspondent at Cairo must be jealous that the Khedive did not, after his wont, "command" him to say anything about his interview with General Gordon. In this instance Tewfik appears to have preferred Reuter's agent, Dr. Schnitzler, and Schnitzler tells us by telegraph that General Gordon told Tewfik that he sincerely deplored the "uncomplimentary terms used towards the Khedive in a London evening newspaper," the *Pall Mall Gazette*. Now all this is extremely improbable, because General Gordon communicated his ideas about Tewfik to the public some time ago in a letter to the *Times*, and because the General makes no secret of his unfavourable opinion as to the character of our nominee in Egypt. Four days before he left England, General Gordon said, "Nubar has a mission. He will do his utmost to overthrow Tewfik, as he overthrew his far more able father. Nubar's dream is to rule himself in Egypt as Regent." Under these circumstances, it is hardly likely he apologised to Tewfik, as Tewfik appears to have assured Schnitzler. I repeat again, we cannot be too careful as to the reliance we place on Egyptian news from Egyptian sources. Nubar is simply the man of the loan-mongers. They all will swear to his virtues, and if they only can keep him at the head of affairs, they and he will have a glorious time in spoiling the Egyptians.

The real name of the Armenian statesman to whose "capacity, integrity, and single-mindedness" we are to trust for the regeneration of Egypt is Nubar Damirgian. His brother-in-law, Marcosof, is also a man of capacity, integrity, and single-mindedness. When the present Egyptian Premier first became celebrated as a loan-monger, Marcosof travelled to England, and opened the well-known Café Turque, in the Haymarket.

I hear the French show considerable disinclination to carry out the arrangement by which they assented that all pending cases at Tunis should be settled by arbitration if we consented to the abolition of British consular jurisdiction in that country.

Minton's China.—A visit to Messrs. Goode's Depôt in South Audley-street will at once show the immense superiority of their collection, both as regards taste, extent, and lowness of price.

SCRUTATOR.

A COMIC TRAGEDY.

I FANCY that no one will again believe Mr. Gilbert to be a dramatist, after having seen his latest effort at the Lyceum Theatre. It is really singular how this very clever gentleman should be so utterly deficient in the dramatic faculty, and yet should persevere in writing plays. The curtain rises on a garish upholstery interior. We are in the house of Clarice, an actress. This is her modest home. She is married to D'Aulnay, an ex-officer in the French army, but who is now an actor. A sister of Clarice is on the stage, and converses with our old, old friend, the stage servant. We learn that Clarice is supposed to be separated from her husband, that the Duc d'Orléans, Regent of France, has been writing her love-letters, and once attempted to spirit her away, and she is expecting him, with some of his friends, that very night to supper. On Clarice coming in, her sister reproaches her for receiving such very questionable persons, and for giving up her husband. Clarice explains that she has been married for an entire year, and that "husbands are going out, and won't be worn this season." Exit the sister, and we see no more of this moralist. No sooner has she gone than Clarice opens the window, and admits her husband, who, it seems, had been cooling his heels in the garden. We learn that she and he still adore each other, that the estrangement is a trick, the supper a ruse, and that the Regent is to be entrapped, because he has persistently refused to fight a duel with her husband. Back this gentleman goes to the garden. The guests arrive. Two by two they are announced, and they bear the grandest names in France. Clarice flirts with them. But the Regent —where is he? At length he, too, makes his appearance, with four bedizened footmen behind him. She welcomes him warmly. Supper is announced. The guests hurry off as though they had not eaten food for a week. She is alone with the Regent. Without a moment's hesitation she faints. "Air, air!" she cries. The Regent opens the window. Clarice recovers, and the pair sit on a sofa. Supper and the guests are forgotten. The Regent, after some compliments, carelessly drops his arm on the side of the sofa. Through the open window bursts the husband. The ruffled Regent rises, remarking, "This is a trap." The loving pair admit it. The husband challenges the Regent. He refuses because D'Aulnay is an actor, and therefore no gentleman. On this, D'Aulnay draws a paper from his pocket. It is his engagement with the Comédie Française. He tears it up. "I am an actor no longer, but a gentleman like yourself." The Regent instantly recognises the force of this remark, and they disappear through the window to cut each other's throats quietly. The guests return. Clarice explains that the Regent is taking a stroll in the garden. She offers to amuse them by improvising a scene. First she will show them what she can do in comedy, and then in tragedy. She recites the life of a strolling player: this

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Princess's Theatre. — Every Evening, at 8, "Claudian." Preceded at 7 by "A Clerical Error."

Theatre Royal, Drury Lane.—Augustus Harris, Lessee and Manager. Every day at 1.45.; Every evening at 7.45. Cinderella.

is comedy. She hears a cry in the garden. It suddenly occurs to her that the Regent may have killed her husband. She rushes to the window to open it. Naturally she cannot, for she has carefully locked it. She rushes up to one of the guests, who, it would seem, has a key of this window in his pocket. "Give it me!" she cries. "Open the window, for God's sake! Did you not hear a cry? Oh, save him! I am not acting! Perhaps he is dying." The guest unlocks the window. In rushes the husband. He has wounded the Regent—he is dying outside. "Gentlemen," smilingly says Clarice, "I promised you a surprise: here it is—my husband; and I hope that my efforts to please you have not been unavailing." The curtain falls.

Why Mr. Gilbert should have placed this remarkable tale in the eighteenth century, I hardly know, for actresses are invited to supper to meet Princes now as then. Neither then nor now has it, however, been the custom to assassinate them when they accept the invitation. The Duc d'Orléans, Regent of France, would never have fought with a subject, whether he were an actor or an officer. The idea is simply ludicrous to any one who knows what Royalty in France was during the *ancien régime*. For once, my sympathies were, to tell the truth, entirely with a Royal Duke. He had, perhaps, pushed things somewhat far with Clarice. But it seemed a mean and dirty trick to invite him to supper with a view to cut his throat; whilst I did not admire the husband particularly for making his wife the bait to attract him. The details are as astounding as the plot. If a man were an actor, he would not cease to be one by tearing up his engagement, but would simply render himself liable to an action for damages for not fulfilling it. Can it be supposed that the guests—who were the friends of the Regent—would have taken his disappearance so coolly? If, too, D'Aulnay had dangerously wounded the Regent, he would have been hurried off to prison. Possibly he was—after the curtain fell.

Miss Anderson is a remarkably pretty woman rather than a remarkably clever actress. Our peculiarity at the present moment seems to be that if an actress attracts by her beauty and becomes the vogue, we entirely lose our heads, and are prepared to vow that such talent never was seen before. Miss Anderson came, was seen, and conquered. Her beauty carried all before her. In reality she is a passably good actress—graceful, with a considerable charm of manner, but with a sepulchral organ, which will always make it certain that, do what she may, there will be one voice against her. She knows well the technicalities of her profession, but she is likely always to remain a statue actress, cold, unemotional, and unsympathetic. This is why she succeeded so well in Galatea, whilst her Pauline was beneath contempt.

In "Comedy and Tragedy" she, in my humble judgment, does not play so well as many actresses that are now playing in stock companies for a few pounds a week. She does not know the meaning of the word "repose," and seems to have been bitten with a desire to show that though she can act a statue, she is not really one. In this she utterly fails. All her grace disappears. In her movements she is stilted and jerky, and her notion of the manners of a fine-lady actress of the eighteenth century are those of a naïve American girl, who has been brought up among the Shakers, and derived her ideas of fine-ladyism from a novel written by a housemaid. Even her dress is unbecoming to her. She does not powder her hair, but wears a red wig, and her gown is worn as though she had never put one on before. The main scene is a sort of adaptation of that in "Heartsease," and she reproduces the attitudes, the "business," and almost the accents of Modjeska, without the undercurrent of strong feeling which gave such life to that performance. She is at her best when she is reciting the story of the strolling actress, and in the lighter touches of melodrama. Her love-making is enough to freeze the marrow in the bones of the most ardent lover. She knows no more what love is than an icicle. Her pathos is funereal, and when she indulges in it, the entrance of any one to interrupt it is a positive relief. I should imagine that her forte lies in melodramatic travesties. About ten years ago she made a considerable success in a very clever imitation of Charlotte Cushman's Meg Merrilies; but since then she has retrogressed as an actress, and progressed as a statue. Her plastic attitudes, and the ease with which she almost imperceptibly slips from one into the other, are most pleasing to the eye, when the part lends itself to this performance. But this is not acting, for the stage demands something more than the stereotyped perfection of *tableaux vivants*, or the studied poses which are required by photographers.

GERMAN OPERA.

I sincerely hope that the German opera this year will not succumb to over-speculation or unworthy rivalries. Why should not the Germans agree to divide the symphony concerts and the opera performances between them, on some principle short of the internecine one?

I fully expect that, now Richter and Franke have decided to work the German opera together, some combination will start up to upset them. *Absit omen!* But "Don't prophesy, unless you know," as Mr. Lowell says. Meanwhile, we have five of Wagner's operas promised. "Tristan und Isolde," that terrible piece of resistance, considered by the Germans, and I believe by himself, amongst his greatest efforts. Liszt's "Holy Elizabeth" will try the faith of the school who only like the new school pretty well "as far as they have got," and the orthodox wind-up nights with Freischütz. "Euryanthe" and "Fidelio" will give unbounded satisfaction, no doubt. We are also to hear Stanford's "Savanarola." The names of Albani and Lucca are the baits for people who care more for singers than for what is sung. In the present case I care for both, and mean to go and enjoy myself, and I always do when Richter has anything to do with it.

VOICES AND VICTUALS.

I looked in at the Assembly Rooms in Argyll-street, one day last week, and found the great authority on throats, Dr. Morell Mackenzie, on a platform, with the regulation tumbler of water before him, "speaking a piece." The room was crammed with a very peculiar audience. I thought at first all the actors and singers in London were there—and I believe most of them were; though one or two, to whom the Doctor happened to refer personally,

OLD ARTIFICIAL TEETH BOUGHT.—Parcels sent by post will receive prompt attention, & P.O.O. per return. E. BROWNING, 133, Oxford-st., W

seemed absent. Of course, Dr. Mackenzie was on the throat—but he was on a good deal besides—stays, physic, alcohol, tobacco, Catherine de Médicis, Rousseau, and the laryngoscope; and I can honestly say that he touched nothing which he did not adorn. The lecture was light and chatty—so chatty that the amount of solid material got into it would have been in danger of escaping notice, only it stuck, being winged with wit and tipped with satire. There was nothing of the consulting-room about this "piece" or about the Doctor. *There* his words are few, and his guineas, I am told, many; *here* his words were many, and his guineas none, for we all came by invitation; but so inspiriting was his style that I went out earnestly desiring to give a lecture on the throat myself, and quite ready for an operation with the laryngoscope, it all seemed so easy. But, from a lecturer's point of view, there was great waste of good material—half-a-dozen lectures, at least, being rolled into one.

Nothing, said the Doctor, was so bad as speaking hurriedly, and he rattled on at a terrific rate, at which the jaws of the reporters all fell and their fingers became paralysed. Later on, he exhorted his hearers to take nothing, whilst speaking or acting, to moisten the throat, and he immediately poured himself out a glass of water and drank it. Thus posing before us as "a frightful example" of all that we were to avoid, he suited the action to the word and the word to the action. There is always something piquant in a man avowedly (in little things, of course, dear moralist) refusing to practise what he preaches, and we at once felt a secret sympathy with the great throat authority, who could thus pleasantly afford to defy his own maxims in public. He gave quantities of advice gratis. He kept showering it upon us with the prodigal richness of a knowledge which seemed quite inexhaustible on his special subject. There were some horrid diagrams of throats. Vocal chords about the size of Chinese fans, certain microscopic muscles about the size of chimney-pots, and a small thing he occasionally waved about, properly dried, mummefied, or otherwise prepared for exhibition, which he gave us to understand was a man's larynx. The vocal chords we were told acted like clarinet or concertina reeds. They had been in recent years fully explored by the laryngoscope, the inventor—or at all events the great utiliser—of which was Garcia, to whom the lecturer referred as then present. The little round looking-glass at the end of an ivory wand, which most of us are now familiar with, when thrust into the open mouth, enables the curious movements of those mysterious elastic vibrators called vocal chords to be minutely examined; and, although Dr. Mackenzie said that the more we studied them the less we seemed to know, he told us a good deal that was to me new and curious.

There are no such things, it appears, as either head notes or falsetto notes, and a man's alto is merely a bass voice trained to produce the higher register of notes by ejecting the air through a constricted aperture in the serried vocal chords. The so-called head notes, I gathered, were similarly produced, but in all cases the wind must come from the chest and the sound must be propagated by the same reed-like apparatus, either in full or partially constricted vibration.

The Doctor was particularly happy in defining a beautiful voice, which he said was due to *timbre* and *muscular precision*. This last, he pointed out, depended upon a strict co-operation between the sense of hearing and the motor-laryngeal muscles, just as an acrobat's or a billiard player's skill turned upon co-ordinating the sense of sight and touch. The reason why people sing out of tune without knowing it, he explained, was for want of such fine co-ordination between ear and throat-muscle. These very people, when they had only to attend to the ear, as in listening to others, could detect failures in tune which they did not own to themselves.

I admired the delicate way in which the Doctor alluded to Grossmith and Ellen Terry—not by name, of course—but unmistakably. He cited Grossmith, if I am right, as an instance of an actor with a naturally feeble organ, who, by consummate art, could make himself heard in the largest theatres, and Miss Terry as an actress with an "obfusc," or some such voice, who converted that peculiar defect into a minister of touching pathos.

Of course, Dr. Mackenzie would not be Dr. Mackenzie unless he differed from other people on points where his authority is unquestionably great. He recommended training children to sing early, but not for long at a time, and declared that at least half the vocalists of distinction—Patti, Nilsson, and, he might have added, Madame Lind-Goldsmidt—had all sung from early childhood. I understood him to say that the cracking period of adolescent man might be shortened by judicious practice, and reduced to weeks, instead of months or even years. But I was quite at the back of the room—about the worst in London for oratorical purposes—and I may have made a few slips as well as many omissions in the hurried notes I was alone able to take.

I observed the rapt attention of the numerous professors of the singing art present when the Doctor trampled upon the orthodox definitions of voice *register*, and declared that instead of a dozen there were but two; and the ladies tittered audibly when he went on to denounce the *tremolo*, which, he intimated, was a kind of muscular disease, very difficult to cure. This was far from a sentimental view of that too common but falsely pathetic trick. "The fact is," said the Doctor, "it owes its popularity to some very lovely voices which have been afflicted with it, and this defect of theirs has found imitators in those who could not hope to rival them in anything else. A voice may be charming in spite of, but not in consequence of, a *tremolo*." I suppose the Doctor would not forbid the legitimate and effective use of it occasionally to a singer any more than to a violinist; but I heartily agree with him that it has been wofully overdone and vulgarised, especially in the last twenty years. He added that the excessive practice of *staccato* singing was very injurious, especially when the voice was being formed. The register of a voice should be fixed by the singing-master, not on the basis of the highest or lowest note attainable by the pupil, but on the basis of the general character of the voice's *timbre* or quality. His remarks on the loud conversational voices of foreigners, especially Italians, and the muffled voices of English people were very acute. People, he said, who live in a beautiful climate speak and breathe much out of doors, and so develop their lungs, and "Italianise" their voices naturally. They speak loud; theirs is the

street, open-air voice, which to us sounds so exaggerated and noisy, because we shun cold, damp air, shut our mouths, speak between our teeth, and mumble much indoors, not living and talking nearly so much *al fresco*.

The Doctor was profound and satirical on the use of stays, which he denounced as abominations. He touched the ladies in their finest sensibilities, rousing here and there the spirit of manifest contradiction. I noticed more than one stout lady of no particular age, who looked as if she could answer him, when he asked rhetorically, "What could be the use of such cages?" On her very lips, there seemed to be the words, "Why, only think what I should be without them!" That never seemed to have occurred to the Doctor; but then he was, apparently, thinking of nothing but lithe, or at least, strong, healthy, and muscular young bodies, and he quoted with much gusto Rousseau's saying against the use of stays: "that if they were intended to give a slimmer shape to a waist that might be thought by its owner too stout, why—up to thirty, such flesh-padding was a beauty in a woman, and after thirty, it didn't matter."

No Greek or Roman body, according to any statue the Doctor had ever seen, showed any sign of stays, nor did Ovid, that master of female beauty, in his "Art of Love," allude to any such contrivance. Catherine de Médicis invented, or, at all events, popularised, the use of this instrument of torture. "Would you," exclaimed the Doctor, with a sly twinkle and a melodramatic flourish, "imitate a practice originated by the woman who instigated the massacre of St. Bartholomew? You shudder! Yet I am bound to say that the evil and misery to the human race wrought by the wearing of stays is probably far greater than that produced by the massacre of St. Bartholomew!"

In this historical, philosophical, physical, æsthetic, hygienic, and moral style, the hour glided away, and at the close alcohol and tobacco were briefly touched upon. Raw spirits were not recommended, but light wines and a glass of good beer with meals were not tabooed—in short, the Doctor advised us to take, if only we took it conscientiously, "what agreed with us!" I saw the faces of some dyspeptic patients grow rather long at this bit of advice. "So we would," they seemed to say, "if only we could find out *what* that is which does 'agree with us.'" "Get up early in the morning," said the Doctor; "live moderately, take exercise, go in for beefsteaks—of course," he added, apologetically, "you might not all be able to do this—but that should be your Ideal. Yes! let beefsteaks be your Ideal!" Roars of laughter saluted a sentence which might well have closed—as it did almost close—the lecture. As it was, when our laughter subsided, we all went out, thoughtful, if not sad. It was late in the afternoon—some seemed hungry, and looked as if they meant to dine earlier that day. Their brows were "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought." They went home doubtless dreaming of the Ideal!

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THE BARREL ORGAN.

Tune.—THE PERILS OF PARTIES.

[Dr. Cullimore's letter to the *Evening Standard* on the perils besetting Children's Parties has been taken up by the *Lancet*, and the latter journal earnestly echoes the protest; deprecating the excitement, the risk of improper food and drink, the constitutional wear and tear and waste, with the chances of subsequent chill to which the guests at juvenile parties are exposed. It even goes so far, in the interests of the youthful victims of modern fashionable festivity, as to urge that Children's Parties are in no way necessary to the happiness of child life, and openly suggests their suppression.]

GLADLY the *Lancet's* good purpose admitting,
In its endeavour to children protect,
We should consider its course yet more fitting,
Were it a much wider field to select.
Let it our little ones fight for, by all means;
But, ere its zeal for reform it arrests,
Let it think, too, what a party or ball means
For not a few of the *senior* guests.

Let it consider, with well-deserved pity,
Each luckless husband dragged out of his chair,
After a day of hard work in the City,
Forced a long night of dull folly to share:
Forced to remain, a dissatisfied witness
Of the fresh triumphs his pretty wife wins,
Stung by the thought of his gouty unfitness,
Oft as the music new valses begins.

Doomed to recall, as, perforce, he chats lightly,
What 'tis he loses by Fashion's decrees—
Coffee, cheroot, and the latest *Fortnightly*,
Slippered contentment and plethoric ease.
Not for one night, but throughout the whole season,
Since his young wife never tires of the ball;
Surely this victimised husband has reason
Also for help on the *Lancet* to call!

But there's a victim well-known in Society,
Who 's in a yet more deplorable case;
Yes, amongst all Fashion's tortured variety,
Saddest is she in the Chaperon's place.
Night after night, in pursuit of her duty,
She must regard the same frivolous scene,
Flouted by Youth and neglected by Beauty,
Nicknamed a fossil and deemed a machine.

Ever alone, with no prospects to cheer her,
Grim as a statue the Chaperon sits;
Seemingly blind to the gaiety near her,
Lacking, apparently, some of her wits.
Friendless is she, though the room is so crowded,
All the gay music but jars on her ears;
Bright as the place is, her heart is beclouded—
Darkened with sorrows too bitter for tears.

Let us, then, think of the pangs she's enduring,
As, unobserved, she sits on by the wall;
Knowing, alas! that her lot is past curing,
Knowing her chances have fled past recall.
Let us remember how weary her nights are,
Doomed to watch triumphs she never can share,
Forced by her fate to remain where gay sights are,
Haunted by thoughts which but tend to despair.

Shall we not sympathise, too, with that Mother,
Dower'd with daughters she's anxious to wed?
Fired with a zeal ill-success cannot smother,
Yet with a heart shared by doubts and by dread.
Will not the *Lancet*, extending its mission,
Try if it cannot *her* hazards decrease,
And in some measure improve her condition,
Bringing at last to her labours surcease.

For as it is, at each ball that she goes to,
Racked by alternative doubts she must be,
Lest the wrong men should her daughters propose to,
Or lest her darlings neglected she see.

Now she's to try to make seem accidental
Sweet *tête-à-tête* she has artfully planned;
Now to discomfit some rank detrimental,
Who's not a sixpence to give with his hand.

Why, from the moment a ballroom she enters,
Her anxious life must a purgat'ry be,
As her maternal solicitude centres
Now in Lord A.—now in rich Mr. C.—
There is for her not a chance of enjoyment,
Whilst her four girls still unmarried remain;
Parties and balls imply closest employment,
And but too oft, disappointment and pain.

Nor are the juveniles only in danger
From the strange drinks at their gath'rings they drain;
Nought on this earth, in its way, could be stranger
Than that weird fluid called "Party Champagne."
Aye, sad to say, many hosts who would shrink from
Pois'ning the guests at their tables who dine;
Let them at dances all heedlessly drink from
Bumpers of this deleterious wine.

So that the husband who wearily passes
From the gay whirl liquid solace to find,
Will, if he drink but a couple of glasses,
Next day be muddled in body and mind;
Whilst the lone Chaperon, drowning her sorrow
In a few prim and most ladylike sips,
Will but too surely lament on the morrow
That such rank poison she's put to her lips.

Yes! 'tis this danger, and others as pressing,
We would most earnestly try to abate;
Juveniles' wrongs, it is true, need redressing,
But must their seniors hopelessly wait?
Shall not the Chaperon's burden be lightened?
Shall not the match-making Ma obtain ease?
Yes, let the lot of the children be brightened,
Do, though, include the adults, *Lancet*, please!

SPORTING NOTES.

THE weights for the spring handicaps have been published, and in twenty-four hours there was a list of "quotations" on the Lincolnshire Handicap, which, it may be well for the speculative herd to bear in mind, will not be run for eight weeks to come. It is perfectly certain that no stable commissions will be ever thought of for the next six weeks, as in these days there is no really genuine market on this race till within a short time of its decision, and the bets recorded in the sporting papers merely represent the harebrained fancies of eager, greedy simpletons, who will not be content to wait until the market reveals something tangible, both of the condition of the horse and of the intentions of its owner. The two great spring handicaps have brought nothing but the most grievous disasters to backers for two years past. They really ought not to be seriously considered yet awhile, for most assuredly any owner who ever talked of backing his horse at this stage would deserve to be generally denounced as anserous and asinine. The newly-instituted Crawfurd Plate will be the principal event of the Craven Meeting, and as the Newmarket Handicap has sunk into insignificance, Messrs. Weatherby have done well to postpone the publication of the weights, as the race will have a far better chance of success if they do not appear till after Northampton. There are several flat-catchers of the Mail Train order in each handicap, and also a number of animals which could not possibly win even if given twenty lengths' start.

A letter written by Lord Falmouth has been published in a weekly paper, in which he states that he tried Silvio with Skylark to be a good horse, "although he was not the best of his day; but, perhaps, the second best." In 1877 things were very much as they were in 1864, 1865, and 1866; one horse was very decidedly superior to all the others of his age. Chamant walked in, as everybody remembers, for the Two Thousand, and, if he had kept well, he would have won the Derby with equal ease; but, having broken down, the race was left tolerably open, and Silvio just won cleverly from a lot of very bad animals; and in the Leger his opponents were of an even lower calibre. Skylark was not really a good horse, and Lord Falmouth may, perhaps, have estimated Silvio's trial a little too highly, for there is the irresistible logic of facts to demonstrate that when he came to meet good horses, his defeats were complete and ignominious. Springfield, Verneuil, and Isonomy all vanquished Silvio without a struggle, and, as a five-year-old, he was also beaten by Chippendale and by Phénix. It cannot be doubted, looking at his career from beginning to end, that Silvio was a very lucky horse to win the Derby and Leger, and Lord Falmouth made an excellent bargain when he sold him for 7,000 gs. Silvio may not have been at his best on the Two Thousand day, but there are no grounds whatever to support such a theory; for, putting aside Brown Prince, his form at Epsom was really very much what it was at Newmarket; and I suppose even the intrepid plausibility of those whose principal business appears to consist in manufacturing excuses on every conceivable subject would fail them if they attempted to make out that Silvio was not at his best at Ascot in 1878 and 1879, and at the other meetings where he came to grief. I have always considered that Wheel of Fortune was the best animal ever bred or owned by Lord Falmouth; and he confirms the accuracy of my impressions, describing her and Queen's Messenger as having been "as good horses as ever looked through a bridle." I don't suppose that any one doubts that Wheel of Fortune would have won the Derby if she had been engaged, and the Leger if she had kept on her legs; but it surprises one to find Queen's Messenger described in such high terms. If the horse was as good as a horse could be, what are we to think of Prince Charlie and Cremorne, who beat him in the Two Thousand; and of Cremorne and Pell Mell, who beat him in the Derby? There seems a flaw in Lord Falmouth's theory, unless he has reason to believe that Queen's Messenger was not at his best till Ascot, when he showed such excellent form that the Leger seemed a certainty for him; but I believe there is no doubt that Wenlock was considerably below the mark when he ran for the Prince of Wales's Stakes. Lord Falmouth alludes, with apparently suppressed disgust, to "this plethora of handicaps and so-called weight-for-age races, with penalties and allowances." I have, during the last few years, pointed out over and over again that nine out of ten of *de jure* weight-for-age races are *de facto* handicaps. An owner or trainer must have a decided genius for arithmetic to make head or tail of the conditions of many stakes of

the present day when it becomes necessary to fix a horse's weight.

The writer who signs himself "Blinkhoolie" is, I apprehend, the first person out of the records of Bedlam who has been afflicted with *Lues Boswelliana* in respect to a horse. On the subject of Blair Athole and his progeny, "Blinkhoolie" is as much a monomaniac as was Balzac's Balthazar Claes about the Philosopher's Stone. Lord Falmouth's Lillibullero, by Silvio—Lilian, was generally pronounced last spring to be the finest two-year-old on Newmarket Heath, but, like many of the same sort, he has turned out an insignificant impostor; for when tried he proved to be as slow as a hearse horse. "Blinkhoolie," having frequently extolled Silvio in language almost too high-flown for the merits as a racer of Blair Athole, has been endeavouring to discover an excuse for this disheartening disappointment, and has come to the odd conclusion that the sire must not be blamed, but that the origin of the failure lies in the dam, who was kept in training too long; and he brings forward Caller Ou as another instance of a mare which has performed brilliantly on the Turf, but which failed at the stud. Caller Ou was not so successful as might reasonably have been expected, but it is foolish and absurd to denounce her as having been such an abject failure that she may be singled out as an example to support "Blinkhoolie's" notion. The fact that Caller Ou produced Pearl and Roysterer ought to have exempted her from such a stigma. Pearl, who was hired by Mr. Chaplin for her racing career, won a number of good stakes, including the Woodcote. As a three-year-old she was tried to be over two stone better than Steppe, who finished second to Hannah in the One Thousand; and it was on the strength of this gallop that Mr. Chaplin backed her so heavily for the Derby; but she was all to pieces on the day, and could hardly stand when she went down to the post. However, if she had been well the issue would not have been different, for Hannah could have given Steppe at least as much weight, and Favonius was considerably superior to Hannah. Roysterer, too, by winning the City and Suburban retrieved his reputation to a considerable extent. It would be easy to name a score of mares which were kept in training as long as Lilian (some longer), and which were nevertheless splendidly successful at the stud. It would be ridiculous hastily to condemn Silvio on the strength of his first stock, and perhaps it would be more just to apply the over-racing theory to this horse, who ran several severe races as a five-year-old, and then went straight off to the stud. If he had been indulged with a year's rest in the interval he would, no doubt, have commenced better. Silvio had twenty-one foals in his first season, and of these (now three-year-olds) three, in the course of last season, won five races, value £600. Lady Bountiful, his two-year-old out of Lady Golightly, ran badly in both her races; Bestwood, who was almost as good looking as his stable-companion Lillibullero, is still dark, but I fear he is never likely to distinguish himself in any special degree. Silvio had eighteen foals to his name in 1882, and we shall see these running next season. They include a brother to Lillibullero, a filly out of Jannette, a sister to Lady Bountiful, and a colt out of Palm Flower, who has been very much admired. There is also a half-brother to Keir, for which T. Brown gave 350 gs. at Doncaster.

There has been a little spurt of betting on the Two Thousand and Derby. Superba does not seem to be in any request, and it appears to be the general opinion at Newmarket that she is not going to train on. Royal Fern is as good a favourite "for money" as Peck's filly. People who back Harvester for the Derby must not forget the momentous fact that he will change hands after the Two Thousand, and that he may not be ridden by Archer at Epsom. I hear that Fritz is giving his trainer a great deal of trouble, and it is very likely he will share the melancholy fate of his brother, Beau Brummel. I believe that Fritz really belongs to Mr. Robinson, of Wycombe, who long ago took 10,000 to 100 about him from that artless amateur who will hereafter be remembered in turf history as the last maker of a yearling book.

LIBERTYS' ART FABRICS.—For Curtains, Chintz, Upholstery, and Furniture Stuffs. Patterns post-free. Chesham House, Regent-st., W.

MAMMON.

THE UNITED TELEPHONE COMPANY.

THIS Company, it would seem, proposes to bring in a Bill next session to enable it "to place and maintain a telephone wire under or over any street, and place and maintain posts in or upon any streets, and alter or remove the same; open any street and alter the position of any pipe (not being a main) for the supply of water or gas; and place and maintain a telephone wire and posts under, on, up, over, along, or across any land or buildings, or any railway or canal, and alter or remove the same." Solicitors and counsel will possibly gain by the promotion of this Bill, and precisely what they do gain, the shareholders of the Company will lose. There is not the remotest probability of its becoming law, and it will be a kindness to the Company if some one insists upon its being thrown out on the second reading. Let us therefore hope that some one will.

It is, no doubt, desirable that the Board of Trade should promote legislation dealing with the whole question of overhead wires, posts, &c. But it would be monstrous were one particular Company to acquire power to place posts and wires, which would not be enjoyed by all others. Moreover, the streets are public property, and houses are private property. If any Company wishes to put up a post in the former, or to hang a wire to one of the latter, it must pay for the privilege. My own impression, I confess, is that it would be well if the local authorities or the Post-office were to take the matter in hand, and provide telephonic facilities. I object to any Company or Companies having a right to occupy the public streets, to hang wires across them, or to oblige householders to allow these wires to be affixed to their houses.

CABLES.

Mr. Mackay has dispelled the pleasing illusions under which the existing Atlantic Cable Companies have been labouring. His cables will be laid this summer. They will reduce rates, and will enter into no sort of arrange-

Hunting and Riding Dress for Ladies and Gentlemen at Ulster House, Conduit-street.

ment with the old Companies. I have more than once pointed out that when a Company issues a few millions of paper capital, buys up for nearly a million "rights" which are no rights, and starves out competitors until they are obliged to sell their cables to it, its fate is sealed whenever they come across a man who is neither to be bought nor cajoled, and who is rich enough to fight. I would suggest to Mr. Mackay and his friends that when they have smashed up the financing ring of monopolists who have been the curse of telegraphy in the Atlantic, they would confer a great benefit on the community if they would take in hand Eastern Ocean telegraphy. The Eastern cables are in the hands of the same men who have devoted their financing genius to converting the Atlantic into a private pond. The Eastern Company's capital, like that of the Atlantic Company, has been watered with shameless greed. Its rates are far too high. Its Directors—and the Directors of its subsidiary Company—pocket enormous salaries, and its chairman, "Sir John" Pender, annually takes a trip in a yacht to the Mediterranean, with a select body of friends, at the Company's expense. It is pretty clear, therefore, that there is room for competition.

THE BRIGHTON RAILWAY.

Mr. Laing makes out that a new railroad to Brighton would not pay, and says that his Company and the South-Eastern Company will defend themselves against "marauders." If I were on the Committee before which the Bill for the new railway must come, I should simply inquire whether the scheme were *bonâ fide*, and, if this were proved, I should either go to sleep, or improve my mind by reading a Blue-Book, whilst the counsel and witnesses of the existing railroad were seeking to prove that the scheme ought not to be permitted; for I hold that, so far as the community is concerned, there cannot be too many railroads, and whether they pay or whether they do not pay, is a matter which only regards their shareholders. So far as I understand him, Mr. Laing's contention is, that his Company is behaving with reckless generosity to the public, and that if its profits are diminished by a portion of its income being diverted, it will no longer continue to give the public the comforts and facilities which they now enjoy. I take the liberty to contest this reckless generosity. Are not in many cases the carriages bad? Does the Company carry its passengers across the river into the City? Are not the fares excessive? Why should the fares on the southern lines be higher and the carriages worse than on the northern lines? That they are, I suppose Sir Edward Watkin, Mr. Laing, and Mr. Forbes will admit. The reason is a simple one—there is no competition. I will tell Mr. Laing how, in all probability, he will stave off opposition. Let him take means to cross the river into the City, and follow the example of the Midland Railway. There ought only to be first and third-class fares, the carriages should be as good as those of the Midland, and the mileage rates of that Railway ought to be those of the Brighton Railway. Mr. Laing opines that his Company would, in case of a new railway being made, obtain half the gross traffic. I wonder how many people would travel by the present line were the new Company to have a station in the Steyne at Brighton and in the City in London? Be this, however, as it may, a Committee of the House of Commons ought always to allow a new railroad to be built, and especially one that is intended to compete with the Chatham and Dover, the South-Eastern, the Brighton, or the South-Western Railway.

AN ARGENTINE RAILROAD.

Glancing over the advertisements in a daily paper last week, I came upon one headed "Argentine Seven per Cent. Guarantee." I confess that I have no very great faith in the financial stability of the Argentine Republic. The country possesses much natural wealth, but the different States comprising the Republic hang loosely together, and occasionally fight like cats and dogs. Argentine securities are one day at nearly par, and another day they are at rubbish price; and there is no doubt that many of the proceeds of the loans which were borrowed for specific purposes have not been devoted to those purposes. Still "seven per cent." looked tempting, and I proceeded to read the prospectus. What did I find? There is a Company called the Buenos Ayres and Pacific Railroad Company. Messrs. Juan Eduardo Clark and Marco Clark have entered into a contract with it for the construction, completion, and equipment of the entire railway, in consideration of receiving the Company's entire share and debenture capital, less £50,000. The Company is to receive from the State—or, rather, the State guarantees, £161,863 per annum for twenty years, so soon as the railroad is completed. By this I understand that, if the net earnings fall short of this sum, the deficiency will be made up by the State. But until the railroad is made the contractors pay interest, and there is no State guarantee. The guarantee is, therefore, a contingent one, for there is nothing to show that the railroad will be built within the estimate. We are told that the Company has entered into a contract with the contractors. Would it not be more correct to say, that the contractors have promoted the Company, and that its Directors have been given their places by the contractors? Are we asked to believe that the Company was formed to make a railroad, and then went into the market and sought out a contractor? What, too, is the meaning of the statement that all the shares have been subscribed? The contractors take them in payment. This means that they have not been subscribed. What, then, can be the value of a debenture of a railway not yet built, and whose capital is not yet subscribed? The word "debenture" is a misnomer, as deluding as the word "state guarantee" applied to the conditional guarantee of the Argentine Republic. These "debentures" are brought out at 10 premium. I should be glad to know who receives this premium. Is it the contractors, or Messrs. Murietta, who issue the loan, or who else is it? If any one likes to pay 10 premium for a debenture in a railroad not yet made, and which is to be made in the Argentine Republic, by all means let him. My complaint is that the prospectus is misleading.

Options.—Explanatory Pamphlet on Stock Exchange Options, post-free. John Abbott & Co., Stock and Share Brokers, 21 and 22, Palmerston Buildings, London, E.C.

The finest Scotch Whisky obtainable is "The Glen." For years preferred by connoisseurs in the North to all others. Now sold in London. (See Advt., p. 183.)

THE METROPOLITAN BRUSH COMPANY.

The committee of investigation appointed by the shareholders of this unfortunate Company have reported that they have come to the unanimous conclusion that a very strong case can be made out for compelling the promoters to repay the whole, or a very large portion, of the £235,000 paid for the licences. They have, therefore, filed a petition, asking that the Company may be wound up, in order to prevent the possibility of the promoters' stifling inquiry by themselves getting a petition filed, and thus securing the appointment of their own nominee.

The pillage which has taken place under the auspices of Father Brush is really monstrous. But, of all this pillage, the most audacious seemed to me to have been the £25,000, or thereabouts, that the Chairman (Sir Henry Tyler) and the Directors of the "Father" put into their pockets, as one year's equivalent for their services. They made this sum out of their own shareholders by a system of finance which has caused not only them, but all the shareholders of the offspring Companies, to lose money. One would think that a sense of decency would lead Sir Henry Tyler to disgorge, but this is a quality that he seems absolutely to ignore. This "salary grab" was morally iniquitous, and I should like to see the question tested whether it was not also legally iniquitous.

The Company proposes to write off half its capital. It would do well to write off a good deal more. In its balance-sheet, just published, I see that the patents, for which £179,466 were paid, are still, after the reduction of capital, to figure at £25,000; the plant and buildings are set down at £57,082; the stock at £47,190; and the shares in subsidiary Companies at £99,200. All this is far too high. Who would give the above sums either for "plant" or for shares in subsidiary Companies? The actual expenditure during the year appears by "profit and loss account" to have been £26,533, in which is included directors' fees, £941; salaries, £6,308; stationery and printing, £947; travelling and petty disbursements, £1,833; rent, £1,661; fuel, £2,336; and law charges, £3,794. To cover this expenditure, the manufacturing account realises £7,709! If this Company really has any assets, the sooner it be wound up, the better it will be for its shareholders.

SIR JULIUS VOGEL'S MODEST PROPOSAL.

Sir Julius is of opinion that trustees ought to be allowed to invest all moneys in their hands in Colonial securities. This would, of course, be of considerable financial advantage to our Colonies, and Sir Julius speaks as their representative. But it might not be quite as advantageous to those whose moneys are thus invested. We have absolutely no sort of control over the financial arrangements of our colonial offspring. They may, if they please, outrun the constable, they may borrow more than they can pay, and they may repudiate their debts. There are Colonies and Colonies. I do not suppose that it is probable that any one of them will repudiate; still, the security of some of them is better than that of others, whilst all of them are somewhat too fond of coming into the market to borrow. No loan is really secure unless it be mainly held by the inhabitants of the country that guarantees interest on it. Now, I doubt if our Colonists hold very much of their own securities. It is undesirable, therefore, that the law should be changed. If any one likes to place money in trust, he can include Colonial bonds in the securities that the trustees may purchase. Where, however, there are no special directions, they should not be included.

JOHN SHAW, Stock and Share Dealer, Wardrobe-chambers, Queen Victoria-street; and Doctor's-commons, deals at tape prices.

ANECDOTAL PHOTOGRAPHS.

NUBAR PASHA.

"IT'S better to be born to luck than fortune." Nubar Pasha shows that it is. The lucky are often poor when young, and not, therefore, *blasés* when the capricious goddess favours them. His Highness the Khedive's Prime Minister is one of these. Appetite for wealth has, in his case, sharpened in eating. He is never tired of enriching himself, and does not draw from his experience of life the bitter conclusion that all is vanity. Nubar is over sixty, but does not give one the impression of a man so old. He is short, somewhat corpulent, of a dark complexion, a heavy full face, and would pass in a crowd for a mere prosperous Levantine of Christian race. His eye is a curious one. It is brown, prominent, almost expressionless, and stares at vacancy. This stare is a mask, and when it is dropped the muscles round the visual organ contract and the true man is betrayed in the shrewdest and, indeed, "cutest" little eye imaginable. With this alteration the whole character of the physiognomy changes. Subtle penetration, quiet irony, and a capacity for reading between lines is revealed. Semitic receivers of stolen goods, and even fairly honest dealers of their race in *bric-à-brac*, have such a look when taking the measure of a customer. A sharp Levantine would not attempt, when Nubar's eye takes this characteristic expression, to cheat him. He would feel that it would be loss of time to do so. Without going so far as to say that the epithet "knave" fits the Khedive's actual Premier, it is not too much to add that he has an affinity for knavish men, and likes to come by his ends in knavish ways. It is a maxim of his, that if you want an associate, for no matter what purpose, it is better that he should be a clever rogue than a fool. The former can understand the advantage of morality, and, when he finds honesty a good policy, may be honest. The fool is sure to go wrong from folly; and is pretty certain to be, if well-intentioned, the tool of sharpers of some sort. A clever rogue can understand the drift of an artful dodge without much compromising explanation. Then there is also this advantage in working with a discredited knave: if he and you quarrel, nobody will believe what he says against you.

What rendered Nubar so valuable to Ismail was his genius for choosing tools, and his ability in circumventing financiers and diplomatists, who thought themselves as sharp as he was. He always gave them plenty of rope, was easy, good-natured, and patient in listening to what they had to say, and so acted that, when there was a proposal to be made, it came from them. While the Civil War in the United States was turning Egypt into an El Dorado, Nubar held a great position, and passed

for being a statesman. He was a steward of the type described in Holy Writ. Doing well for himself, he was be-praised by Sir Samuel Baker—and, indeed, by most Englishmen who sojourned at Cairo in Ismail's reign. It was this intelligent Armenian who obtained from Abdul Aziz the right to change the order of succession in Egypt, and who invented the title of Khedive. It was a title "qui ne semblait rien dire tout en disant énormément de choses." At any rate, it marked a new departure, and made Ismail feel as if he were the successor of the Pharaohs without giving umbrage to Turkey. Having at the Porte only to bribe Turkish officials, and being provided with ample funds to do so, Nubar met with no obstacles there; but he had serious difficulties to contend with at the foreign Embassies, and at one time at that of France. An envoy who stood upon his dignity must have failed. The Armenian used, whenever he called on M. Bourrée, the Ambassador of Napoleon III., to kiss his hand as he entered and took leave. What is more, he chucklingly tells of how he stooped to conquer. A person once, to whom he was relating the history of his negotiations, started on hearing to what length of sycophancy he went. "Que voulez-vous?" said Nubar; "Bourrée est un imbécile, et moi je suis un Oriental." The whole career of Nubar is condensed in these few words. The Bourrée in question is not the man who attempted to open to France a retreat from Tonquin, but the venerable diplomatist whose young wife is so greatly admired at Nice. A Samian Princess was, when Lord Dalling was at Constantinople, an excellent ally of Nubar. The best of the joke was that she passed for being devoted to the British Ambassador. Nobody laughed more heartily in his sleeve at this illusion than the Khedive's emissary.

Nubar is not a Norval from the Armenian hills. The frugal swains in his immediate ancestry practised the virtue of sobriety at Smyrna. Money first began to stick to their hands when Turkey was engaged in putting down the Greek and Egyptian revolts. From being dealers in figs, carpets, silk, and other commodities, they rose to be marine and army contractors. When Mehemet Ali kept a tobacco divan in Macedonia, he and Nubar's father were engaged together in mercantile transactions.

Nubar was sent West to study European languages for commercial purposes. The potentialities of Egypt, as a "milch cow" for men of his race, were not yet calculated upon by his family. He boarded with a pastor, went to a day-school, and acquired a superficial touch of respectable Protestantism, which enables him to get on with good English people, and, to some extent, accounts for his resemblance to M. Léon Say. Those who have met with this eminent Frenchman, and have not seen Nubar, can form an approximate idea of the general air of the latter. The two men are of about the same height and corpulency, and have the same manner of walking. But the ex-Ambassador is externally more of the Evangelical minister than the Armenian, is more indifferent to show, and in his speech and ideas is more the man of education. He is also less civil to persons of insignificant position. In the East a Pasha never feels sure that the meanest of the mean to-day will not, by some stroke of luck, or of Imperial or Viceregal caprice, be, to-morrow, above him. If Nubar divines ability to get on, in no matter what waif, he studies him with respectful curiosity, and tries to impress him agreeably. His homage is the more profound when talent and unscrupulousness go together. It is better to have cleverness, thus alloyed, with you than against you. A good man will not hurt you if he can help it; an ambitious knave is sure to be your enemy if he has anything to get by injuring you. Why not, then, make use of him as an ally, and keep yourself from his fangs, by enabling him to join with you in preying on others? Humanity, in Nubar's mind, is divided into those who let themselves be victimised and those who victimise. He tries not to be among the former, and prefers, in the art of victimising, address to violence. In a state of society in which virtue was not exclusively its own reward, he might be glad to cultivate a good conscience. As it is, he feels the duty of taking care of self and family does not allow him to own this luxury. There is no better husband, father, and relation than Nubar. Last winter the struggle which he underwent between paternal love and financial prudence cost him sharp pangs. He had set his heart on marrying his daughter to a Prince. But the dowry required was enormous, and the excellent papa did not think he could safely give it, unless he could first succeed in obtaining a water concession from the Khedive, to obtain which he has long manœuvred. He wants to make a canal from the first Nile Cataract, to irrigate that part of the desert bordering the fertile Delta. Possibly now that he has again attained power, his daughter will marry the Prince, her dowry being provided either by the Egyptian people or by dupes on the Stock Exchange.

Nubar's good temper, prudence, watchfulness, and quick intelligence recommended him when he was young to Mehemet Ali. That successful adventurer was, when he took the Armenian into his service, old, suspicious, and irritable. He, too, was an affectionate parent; and the fate of one of his sons, who was burned alive in the Soudan by blacks (whom he went to conquer and enslave), bore heavily on his temper and spirits. Nubar was promoted from a clerk to be a sort of secretary, and then he, without fuss or officious zeal, executed promptly his master's orders. He was always at hand, attentive, and never in the way. The thoughts of Mehemet were divined and his wishes studied. Nubar could have interpreted his dreams of greed and ambition as pat as Joseph did those of Pharaoh. If the master tossed on his couch, the secretary, who lay within call of him at night, did not sleep, and he betrayed no drowsy heaviness when he was roused to work at the desk. His discretion was never at fault. Ibrahim was sent on a political tour in the West, and Nubar was chosen to be his confidential scribe. He watched and quietly waited for advancement, and was attentive to the French Colonel Sève (Suliman Pasha), who organized the Egyptian Army. That personage was able to dispose of military contracts, and was glad to be in relations with the discreet and wide-awake secretary, who had been, young as he was, charged to find salesmen for the products of the Viceroy's factories. Trade in Egypt, in Nubar's youth, was almost entirely in Armenian hands.

Nubar came again to England in 1850 to represent Egypt at the Hyde Park Crystal Palace. He was asked to the parties at Cambridge House. Pam saw that he was a man to notice, and liked his practical ability, and now and then

was glad to talk with him of affairs in Egypt and French intrigues there. M. de Lesseps, who had been in Louis Philippe's reign French Consul at Alexandria, was supposed to be a redoubtable opponent of English influence. The Armenian rather encouraged the idea. There was advantage to be derived, he saw, from the rivalry of France and England at Cairo. The ex-Consul was agog to realise his Suez scheme, and Pam to improve the Overland Route. The more valuable this route became, the harder it would be to disestablish, and the greater, therefore, would be the sacrifices which the future Canal Company would have to make in trying to "put it down." Lesseps, when Nubar went back to Egypt, took means to get him out of his way, and, unknown to him, caused him to be sent on diplomatic missions to Europe. The Armenian was not sorry to be away from Cairo while Ismail was playing his close and mysterious game against Abbas Pasha and Said Pasha. On the removal of the latter, Nubar became the right-hand man of the new Viceroy. The position into which he rose did not turn his head or cause him to change his sober habits. His wife lived in European style, and accompanied him each time he went abroad. Their domestic establishment was handsome, but not ostentatious. Cherif, in aping Western *hommes de plaisir*, flung away Egyptian money. Nubar picked it up, and filled his pockets with it. His facilities for getting rich were inconceivable to those who were not on the spot in the years when cotton brought gold streaming into the Viceroy's domain; and they rose in the period of depression which succeeded. Ismail could not bear to retrench, and applied to money-lenders to enable him to go on as in the time of prosperity. He and those about him continued to enjoy life and amass money. Nubar taught his master to make hay while the sun shone. Egypt is now bankrupt, but Ismail and the "practically English" Nubar are arch-millionaires. Probably not one Egyptian loan has ever been issued without a good deal of the proceeds sticking to the Armenian's itching palm. When Ismail's throne tottered, Nubar, without a moment's hesitation, turned against him — not, probably, from personal ill-will, but because good faith and trickery are words which to him mean only "self-interest."

Nubar, as already said, has a talent for choosing instruments, and knows where to find them. At Constantinople, Vienna, Paris, and London, he had a secret police made up of fashionable tailors. They were able to tell him what distinguished young diplomatists were unable to pay their bills, and which of them had influence with great ladies, and with sirens who led statesmen. Nubar is not gallant, and, in the bourgeois sense, has ever been a really moral man. He preferred, therefore, to act on feminine wire-pullers through handsome and necessitous young diplomatists, whom he could buy at small expense. The operations of seeing how they were to be bought, and of buying them, were left to a secretary, who, in certain cases instructed the tailors how to act. An impecunious first secretary of Embassy at Vienna once ordered a Court uniform in which he was to appear at an Imperial wedding. The tailor delayed bringing the suit until just an hour before it was wanted, and then refused to deliver it unless it was first paid for. It is easy to imagine the consequent situation. Promises of speedy payment and the offer of a usurious bill were disregarded. As the fine gentleman was cursing his stars and the tradesman, Nubar's *factotum* entered. He "squared things," and made a *donnant donnant* bargain. The secretary appeared at the wedding, but was no more, until shifted to another capital, his own master.

Nubar in France is thought an agent of England, and in England he has been suspected of being too French in his proclivities. He is simply for nobody but self, family, and a small number of Armenians, one of whom is Madame Camille Barière, and he probably will try to maintain his position by what the Americans call "sitting on the rail" in his relations with England and France.

QUEER STORIES.

THE SCUTTLING OF THE SHARK CLUB.

DEAR ISAIAH,—I have tried my best. At first Paris promised me the ticket, but when I told him it was for you he declined. Awfully sorry, dear old boy.—Yours, ever,

R. DUNNS.

Although this letter in itself was harmless enough, yet it appeared to annoy Isaiah Broad very much indeed. He raved, and stamped, and tore the note into little pieces, and paced up and down the smoking-room cracking his knuckles as vindictively as if the dislocation of his fingers were the primary object of his existence. Cool and collected as he generally was, this apparently innocent epistle had roused the lion in him, and even a brandy-and-soda, in which the spirit predominated, failed to calm him down. To a bachelor worth a quarter of a million of money, the refusal of an invitation to a theatrical entertainment of a semi-public character should not be of much importance. Neither would it have caused Isaiah a moment's irritation, but that it added one more snub to a series of humiliations to which he had been subjected, and that, never dreaming of a refusal to his application, he had promised to meet at the Electric Theatre this evening a young and beautiful actress, the object of his matrimonial ambition. The insult enraged him more, because whenever he sought admission to any place where a voucher of respectability was requisite he had difficulties thrown in his way. And yet no one in England could prove a single stain on his character. Of an evening in his own card-room all the aristocratic members of the club were delighted to talk to him, to call him Isaiah, and treat him on an equality, as was his due, being a member as well as proprietor of the Shark Club. But in the Row, or on a racecourse, or at a theatre, or, in fact, in any public place, he dared not disguise from himself that the men who had cordially shaken hands with him a few hours previously, either ignored him or passed him by with a supercilious nod that would scarcely have been a civil recognition of the military salute of a crossing-sweeper.

Knowing that several hundreds of people had been invited to a Soirée Bohémienne at the Electric Theatre, he had asked a friend to get him a ticket, and this letter was the reply. He could not explain the reason of such treatment. Of course, he admitted that Mr. Paris, the founder of the forthcoming feast, was justified in

asking whomsoever he pleased, but he felt that he should be at least as desirable a guest as half a dozen brainless, moneyless boobies who were bragging of the promised joviality of the ensuing evening. So wrapped up was he in his own lugubrious meditations that he did not notice the entrance of Sir Rowndidbie Dunns until this merry Baronet accosted him with a smack on the shoulder that made him stagger.

"Mornin', Isaiah," said he. "You seem dull. What's the matter—another bad night, or more cheques gone wrong? Mine 'll be all right by Tuesday, I hope."

"That's good news, at all events. I notice you haven't hurried yourself," replied Isaiah, savagely. "You're like a good many more, and I'm getting tired of the credit system. Lost three thousand last night."

Broad never admitted to anything but losses, and yet he had in a few years amassed a large fortune by card-playing. But luck had not favoured him of late as much as heretofore, and bad debts were accumulating prodigiously. People did not mind owing him large sums, and many seemed utterly reckless as to whether bankers honoured their cheques in his favour or not. He could always wait, and was a lenient creditor, as he could well afford to be, for the Shark brought in to him as its proprietor about thirty thousand pounds a year income from the card-tables. Even this did not quite satisfy him, for now he was rich he longed for the same social distinction that wealth brought to others. He had hardly recovered from the smart occasioned by an excess of black-balls administered from the committee of a Racing Club, when this other blow fell on him; and blow it was, for Diana Trippington would assuredly ask the reason of his absence, and other people might not consider it a secret that his application for admission had been refused. He was thinking a good deal more of this than of his suppositious loss, and as Sir Rowndidbie was the friend to whom he had entrusted the task of obtaining the coveted card, he plunged into the middle of things at once.

"Never mind about gambling, Rowndy," he said. "Tell me this. What's the meaning of it? If it's a question of money, I'll pay. Shall I send for a couple of dozen stalls? Surely I'm as good as Paris and his friends. I could buy them all up twice over. Can you explain?"

As this impecunious Baronet lived on the commissions allowed him on the subscriptions of members he introduced to the Shark Club, and such few pounds as he could win, when Broad or any one else to whom he was not already in debt took the bank at baccarat, and, moreover, as the worthy proprietor assisted him when he was unfortunate in both departments, there was no need of ceremony between the two. So Sir Rowndidbie told him frankly:—

"Paris would do anything I asked him; but he said straight out that as he expected many of the best men in London and all the most popular actors and actresses, he did not feel justified in inviting them to meet a professional proprietor of a gambling club. Those were not exactly his words, but they amounted to the same thing. You know, dear old chap," continued the Baronet, apologetically, "every one does not want to hobnob with you on equal terms."

"What excuse can I make to Diana Trippington?" replied Broad. As an astute man of the world, he saw that he must accept the situation. "I was going to pop the question to-night."

"Pop it this afternoon. She'll accept you, never fear. Her father is only a poor devil of a lawyer, and will be glad enough to get some money into the family."

As a rule, Broad was not inclined to trust the opinion of his fellow-men. During his whole career, from the time when he gained a precarious livelihood as a juggler in the streets of San Francisco, he had depended on himself and his own advice. But Sir Rowndidbie's counsels seemed sensible, and he determined to act on them. He was fond of Diana, and once the husband of that general favourite, against whom no word of scandal had ever been uttered, he felt that his position would be altered. If at first he could not obtain the circle of aristocratic acquaintances to which he aspired, he could, at least, command the countenance of reputability. The girl would marry him he thought, for though she had returned the diamond necklace he offered her at Christmas, yet she wore the locket he had sent anonymously on New-year's eve. Moreover, she had given him as much encouragement as maidenly modesty allowed, for he was an occasional visitor at her father's house, and a valued client at his office. He was going to call in there this afternoon about some business, and made up his mind to sound the old man on the subject nearest his heart.

Trippington was an old-fashioned solicitor, whose life was wrapped up in his profession, so that his conversation was neither original nor brilliant. Having referred to the weather as complacently as though he were personally responsible for the mildness of the season, he said to his visitor:—

"And now, Mr. Broad, about Yourself *versus* Grimsby. The defendant's solicitor assures me that if we give time we shall get our money, but that otherwise his client will be compelled to plead that the debt was a gambling one, and then, you know——"

"Don't let us talk of that to-day," interrupted Isaiah. "I have come on a very different errand. To make a long story short, I want to marry your daughter Diana. What do you say? I'll leave all question of the settlements to you. If she is willing, have I your consent? Yes or No."

"No," was the simple answer.

Broad turned blue in the face. "Why not?" he gasped. "I'm rich, have good friends, and can keep her in luxury. You have five other children, and she has to earn her own living on the stage. As a straightforward man, I demand that you tell me your objection."

"That is but just," replied Trippington, bowing his head. He felt that he was in immediate danger of losing one of his best clients. "The fact is that I cannot let my daughter marry one who has no reputable means of livelihood. As the proprietor of the Shark Club, and also as a card-player, you have made a large fortune. Gambling is precarious. You might lose your money as quickly as you have won it; and, besides, to tell you candidly, Mr. Broad, I don't think that your profession is respectable, or that a man who carries on such a one is likely to make a young girl happy. Come, come," continued the old gentleman, kindly, seeing that Broad was really depressed, "if you are in earnest, retire on your fortune. It is already more than ample. Why not give up the Shark?"

"Easier said than done," replied the other, snappishly, as he turned on his heel and went away.

But Trippington's words rang again and again in his ears, as he walked towards St. John's-place, "Why not give the Shark up?" Having started it with the aid of a few broken-down gentlemen, who were practically living on his bounty ever since, he felt no qualms in leaving them to find fresh fields for their talents for sponging. But he had on the club-books the names of wealthy and high-class patrons from whom he had already won large sums of money, and could win more. All the sportsmen about town, delightful young fellows he thought them, were customers, and made the evenings pass very pleasantly indeed, with their witty stories and amusing chaff. What would they do without him? Give their money to some one else, no doubt; and yet he had only reaped a few years' benefit from the institution he had practically invented, and he could not bear the thought of the profits passing into other channels. Besides all this, it was notorious that he had been lucky, and he feared the aspersions of cowardice that would be laid to his door if he retired without giving the losers a chance of recouping themselves. They did not know how poor, under any circumstances, this chance would be. But, at the same time, he knew that many of his best pigeons were plucked featherless, and it became awkward, as well as expensive, when they wanted further credit. In his cash-box already lay dishonoured cheques amounting to a fabulous amount, which would be waste paper if he retired. No, the idea was impracticable. And yet what good had his money done him? Without recalling the disgrace of former snubs innumerable, even to-day a theatrical manager had declined to admit him to a party simply because he was Broad, the gamester, and the hand of a young pauper lady was refused on the same grounds. He had no need of money, for his wants were simple, and, if he never gambled or speculated again, his income was more than sufficient for any reasonable requirements. But if he relinquished the Shark, he would lose his individuality. Lords and Colonels would henceforth be strangers to him, and in place of their countenance, which he valued highly, he would have—what? A sweet wife, a comfortable home, and, may be, acknowledged respectability.

It was worth thinking about, but, in the meantime, the early customers were clamouring for a game.

"Come on, Izzie," said Lord Willowisp, a pink-eyed, fair-faced youth; "make a bank."

"More likely break one," interposed Sir Rowndidbie Dunns, always the first to make a joke and the last to pay his bills. After the laughter this sally provoked Broad mechanically took the presidential chair, and never did he play more recklessly. If money had been as plentiful as mud in Piccadilly he could not have risked it more freely. But luck was on his side, and, when he finally threw the cards into the basket, declaring that he would have no more of it, he held amongst others, Lord Willowisp's cheques for a large amount. No one cared to continue after Broad left off, and one by one the players retired, leaving him alone with Sir Rowndidbie and the unfortunate lord. The latter was very pale and fidgety, and was flitting around his creditor as though he wanted to converse privately. The cunning gamester, however, with an inkling of what was coming, tried to avoid him, and addressed himself on common-place topics to the Baronet. At length his lordship spoke.

"Mr. Broad," said he, in a faltering tone, "I cannot pay what I owe you for a long time to come. What shall I do?"

If there was one thing in which Broad was liberal it was advice. "Do?" he repeated. "Can't pay—that's bad. If you have not got all the money, give me what you have, and borrow the rest. I'll wait a couple of days with pleasure."

"I can neither pay nor borrow," said his lordship, with a downcast face; "it's all up with me. I'm ruined beyond hope." The youthful nobleman broke down entirely, and threw himself into a chair, covering his face with his hands. That he was speaking the truth Broad was fully aware, not only from the lad's manner, but from certain private information obtained from the books of Shadrach, the usurer, which were always open for his inspection. Poor young fool, thought Isaiah; no wonder there are sharps in the world when boobies such as you exist. And he felt kindly towards the boy, whose pedigree was as long as his purse was short, and who had already, at twenty-four years of age, gambled away all the money that should have lasted his lifetime.

But Lord Willowisp had lost and Broad had won, and after the other misfortunes that had this day befallen the proprietor of the Shark, he was not inclined to finish them up with a big bad debt. But, for the first time for many, many years, Broad felt a choking sensation in his throat. The young man's undisguised anguish really pained him. It was so different from the boisterous, rollicking manner that had made him such a general favourite with all who knew him. He could not help acknowledging he had indirectly been a prominent cause of the ruin of what might have been a promising life; and he was bound to admit in his own mind the justice of the people who complained that he carried on a nasty trade, and that its advantages were attended with certain drawbacks. If at that moment he could have honourably retired from his profession, he would have done so; but as he did not see his way to that end, he lighted a huge cigar, and, after puffing away for some time, said to Sir Rowndidbie Dunns:—

"Roundy, old man, I'm sick of this club business. How can I get out of it?"

The Baronet opened his eyes widely in astonishment. Having a pretty good idea of the value of the property and some inkling that Broad was dexterous enough to reduce the probabilities of bad luck when he liked, he could not understand that any one in his senses would voluntarily relinquish such a gold mine.

"Get out of it?" he echoed. "I'll take it off your hands at once. I haven't a shilling, as you well know, but I'll soon find the money. You are not in earnest, surely?"

"I am, indeed. But, between ourselves, I dare not retire voluntarily. What would all the fellows think of me? They'd say I was a cur to win all their money and then turn tail. I wish to goodness they'd leave me and go somewhere else. I do really."

After a few minutes' meditation Sir Rowndidbie said:—"You seem to be serious; what would you give me if I

showed you how to retire gracefully, and be considered a martyr in the bargain?"

"All you owe me;" then, seeing that this offer was not eagerly accepted, he added, "and a monkey ready. But you could not do it."

"Couldn't I?"

They drew their chairs closer to each other, and the rest of the conversation lasted till far into the morning. In fact, it was not until the housemaids began cleaning the hearths that the two separated, and Lord Willowisp, who had been asleep on a sofa, arose and went home.

All the next afternoon Broad was very busily engaged with a short-bearded gentleman of military bearing, and when he commenced playing in the evening he appeared nervous and absent-minded. In fact, the punters at baccarat had a good time, as he gave on eight, and when the mistake was discovered only laughed, although it cost him no end of money. The game proceeded merrily after this episode, every one being loud in their chaff at Broad's stupidity, until suddenly the room became filled with visitors—unexpected and unwelcome visitors, too—dressed in dark blue and silver—policemen unmistakably. The Inspector was courteous enough.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I must trouble you for your names and addresses, or I shall have to take you to Bow-street, and charge you with gambling and keeping gambling rooms."

The whole company was vociferous in indignation.

"I'm the proprietor of this house, and it is a respectable club, The Shark," said Broad, boldly. "You have no right here."

"Can't help it, governor," replied the myrmidon of law and order. "Here's my warrant. You can read it if you like."

Nor could any one suggest an alternative acceptable to the Inspector. The authorities of Scotland-yard were, however, more accommodating. They had been troubled with many complaints about gaming-houses, and were determined to put them down. Mr. Broad and his friends would have ample opportunity of discussing any questions they desired to raise before the magistrate; "but," suggested the head of the department, "if the defendants choose, after taking advice, to plead guilty, we should not press for a heavy penalty on an undertaking that no further gambling takes place at The Shark."

This was worth considering, and when the case came on at Bow-street Mr. Trippington, on behalf of Isaiah Broad, made an elaborate speech, and told the magistrate that his client never had any intention of violating the laws, but thought that he was entitled to do as he pleased in his own club; also, that his Worship would not be troubled further, because the prosecution had agreed not to proceed with the case, and the defendants had promised to give up gaming and retire from the club; and, moreover, that should the learned magistrate desire after this to inflict fines, his client felt it but right that he personally should pay for all the defendants in addition to his own.

There was some applause when the case terminated thus, and Broad was quite a hero amongst his customers, who clustered round him in the passage and shook hands; in fact, some of them broached the subject of a testimonial. After receiving their congratulations, and feeling very proud indeed of his magnanimity, Lord Willowisp accosted him.

"Broad," he said, "you'll give me back my cheques—won't you?"

"I'm surprised at your asking such a thing, my Lord. Look at the expense and the loss, and——"

"Tut! tut!" interrupted his Lordship. "I wasn't really asleep that night when you planned this little joke of setting the police on to wreck your own club. Do give them back to me, like a good chap."

"On one condition," said the proprietor of The Shark, eyeing his friend curiously. "If you will be best man at my wedding this day month. It shan't cost you anything, for I'll give you a cheque to buy me a present with."

GIRLS' GOSSIP.

DEAREST AMY,—Have any members of the "masher" family found their way to your quiet village? I hope so, for they are intensely amusing. Their *naïf* self-worship is so very apparent, and the absence of any reason for it so very much the opposite, that they present a curious little problem to the observer. I walked behind one of this limp and languid fraternity the other day, and enjoyed a silent but very hearty laugh. He had his trousers carefully and symmetrically turned up about an inch all round, after the manner of his kind, just showing a glimpse of his very lady-like red silk socks above his dear little pointed, varnished shoes. *But*, Amy!—oh, the excruciating but!—the socks had each a capacious hole at the heel, and a "ladder" of other smaller holes above them, and the beautiful unconsciousness of the wearer and his air of perfect confidence in himself and all his belongings were, under the circumstances, too beautiful.

Have you seen any of the pretty new lamp-shades, representing a cottage window, with the silhouette of a girl's head against the light? There is the latticed window, with one side open, and the curtains are shown. The girl is sewing, with her pretty head bent forward. The roof of the cottage is seen on the outside, and in some of the shades, a cat is perched upon the roof, but I prefer the others. The cat on the tiles seems to destroy the harmony of the scene.

I saw a girl in Regent-street the other day with fishes for buttons on her jacket. They were made of silver, or of some composition resembling silver, and were placed much too closely together for effect. Other small fishes appeared to be trying to get into her pockets and up her sleeves. The jacket was made of green cloth, and was altogether a highly conspicuous garment.

At the Society of Art, 102, Bond-street, there are some very beautiful paintings on glass by a lady to be seen. A fourfold screen, about three feet high, with glass panels, is painted with poppies and corn, and the artist has very happily rendered the brilliant red of the blossoms. Mirror frames are painted with honeysuckle, blue-bells, and other flowers, some of the blooms straying over the glass. The composition of the flower-groups is very graceful and unstudied. Maud and I went into ecstasies over one mirror, on which great clematis stars were painted in all their warmth of purple colouring. We longed to buy it, but, to use Charlie's phrase, it "wouldn't run to it," so we contented ourselves (or pretended to be content) with a joint purchase of a small mirror on which a spray of lilies-of-the-valley seemed to shake their bells in fairy laughter.

The fact is, Amy, dear, that the quarterly instalments of our allowance are not even on bowing acquaintance, never meeting each other by any chance. There are four perfidious months in the year. We always say to each other in January, "We really must not leave ourselves penniless in

Old Lace.—The finest collection in London at A. Blackborne & Co.'s, 35, South Audley-street, Grosvenor-square.

March," but March *will be* penniless, no matter how hard we try. A little arithmetic will discover to you our other three hated months. We are sometimes obliged to appeal to the dear pater, and he invariably responds, but with a serious look, and says, "If you cannot manage these small matters with efficiency, what will become of the more serious ones by and by?"

I wish dress were not so expensive, and that fashions did not so quickly change. We have effected a considerable saving by the "Scientific" system of cutting our bodices, and buying our skirts ready-made and ready-trimmed. And oh! how beautifully our bodices fit! Evelyn came in the other day, looking a little dowdy, as girls sometimes do after marriage. She said to Maud: "What a dear little figure you have, Maudie, and what a lovely fit your frock is." It was a grey cloth skirt and a velvet bodice of a slightly darker shade, trimmed with marabout. "I 'll cut your pattern, if you like," said Maud, and Evelyn consented, rather doubtful about a scientific fit. So we set to work to take her measurements, I scolding her all the while for getting careless about her dress. "Men are kittle cattle," I told her. "They value their wives all the more for seeing them admired, and nothing gives a woman a better 'air' than a well-fitting, stylish dress, and a bonnet or hat put on at exactly the right line with the head."

"And isn't my dress ——?" began Evelyn.

"No, indeed it isn't," I told her. "There is a piece of whalebone gone from this side, and that makes it look crooked. I don't think you can have fastened the underband round the waist, the bodice looks so wrinkled."

"I did not," said Evelyn. "The eye is off, and I always forget to mend it. Maud, you are making the sleeve measurement too tight."

"Hush thy vain plaints in the presence of science," said Maud, grandly. "This is the right way to take the measurement of the arm."

"What on earth is the back bust?" asked Evelyn.

"These mysteries," commenced Maud, "are only explicable to those who have studied mathematics. Now, what sort of a bodice will you have? I will cut it out and tack it together for you, and you and your maid can do the rest."

Evelyn chose a dark-blue serge one, with a round basque just reaching to the hips, to be trimmed with black fur. So Maud got it all ready for her, and Evelyn wore it when we met her yesterday. She looked a different being. Her husband was with her, and as she squeezed my hand, she whispered, "You are right, Madge; one's appearance makes a *great* difference to one's husband. Harry actually *proposed* to take me for a walk—a thing he has not done for months."

"It is all their vanity," I returned. "They like their wives to be admired, *because* they are their wives. And you do look charming, Evelyn."

"She does, doesn't she?" said Harry, who had caught my last remark. "She tells me that Maud cut out this dress for her on mathematical principles, and I can only say I think more highly of mathematics, and even of Maud, than I did before." And he gave us each a lovely spray of flowers to wear that night at the play, for we were going to Toole's Theatre.

"Science bought it; who'd have thought it?" parodied Maud, as she fastened hers into her pretty pink frock.

We laughed till we cried at Mr. Toole in "A Mint of Money," especially in the second act, where he is "the victim." The Flutterby girls wear some pretty dresses, especially Friday's (the six Flutterbys are called after the week-days) in the third act; a very neat, tight-fitting, grey dress, trimmed with narrow red braid. She wears with it a becoming grey hat, with red feathers and poppies in it. Saturday wore a pretty yellow frock with a brown "top," and Thursday looked very nice in a flowered "Dolly Varden" sort of dress, and a coquettish gipsy hat. I heard some one behind me say that Saturday looked "sweet" in her third-act dress of sky-blue and pale pink, with a white straw hat and white feathers.

Our poor horse fell on our way to the theatre. How one pities this poverty-stricken and impecunious City of London that cannot afford a few cartloads of sand for its thoroughfares, and is condemned to the penny-wisdom of ruining valuable horses for want of a very small outlay! We are always seeing pitiful sights—horses down, or struggling painfully to obtain a footing on the slippery wood or asphalte. Maud feels quite a passion of pity for them. She loves horses so well. One day last week she saw two horses in a heavily-loaded van trying in vain to get foot-hold, while a number of lazy men looked on from the edge of the pathway with their hands in their pockets, and without a notion of helping in their small minds. Maud rose to the occasion. "Come," she said to the row of astonished men, and darted into the road, with her little glove on one of the hind wheels. It was a critical moment, for if the men had failed to respond, she would have looked ridiculous. They *did* respond, however. In a moment there was a man to every wheel, besides half-a-dozen at the back of the van, and merrily they spun the whole concern halfway up Holborn, Maud having quietly regained the seclusion of the pavement.

Mabel's brother Jack has been with us for a part of his holidays, and arrived with a magnificent appetite for London sights, including pantomimes. We set off one evening to take him to Drury-lane, but could not get in either there or at Her Majesty's, so, as some one had told us that "Puss in Boots" was very good, we made a voyage into the East, secured a box at the Standard, and were delighted with our entertainment. The scenery is lovely, and the transformation scene quite poetically beautiful. It has a pretty name, "The dreamland of the star in the realms of blue ether." The City of Cats quite enchanted Jack, and we were delighted with the mill and rustic view, which, much better than Mr. Pinero, brought the scent of hay over the footlights.

We saw some perfect loves of bonnets at Louise's the other day. One of the sweetest was made of grenat chip, with a very soft, symmetrical little ruching of grenat tulle all round the edge. You cannot imagine anything more daintily becoming. Another was made of fine black Dunstable straw, with small stars of jet scattered over the crown. The sole trimming consisted of half-a-dozen lovely Marshal Niel roses, and a pale yellow aigrette. A bonnet of golden fawn-coloured straw had beads of the same tint arranged *en colimaçon* upon the crown. Two diadems of velvet to match rose above the forehead of the wearer, with a roll of palest amber beads above the second diadem. The strings were cerise velvet, and knots of similar velvet constituted the whole trimming.

Another was of the *chaise de cuisine* variety, the crown being made of plaited straw in two shades of brown. This reads commonplace, no doubt, but how can I manage to convey in words that the kitchen-chair bonnets are quite the most stylish that have been out for some time?

The Mary Anderson hat is a marvel of lovely shaded brown feathers, gathered velvet, and golden butterflies. For summer hats, the velvet is to be replaced by ruchings of brown lace.

Lily had the privilege of an invitation to the Russian Chapel in Paris to see the marriage of Mdlle. Serrano, daughter of the Spanish Ambassador, with Prince Basilius Kotchowberg. The little chapel looked like an enormous jewel, with its golden figures on the walls. It was filled with splendidly-dressed ladies—one of the handsomest of whom was the Duchesse de la Torre, mother of the bride, who was in a lilac toilette, the petticoat being of Parma violet-coloured satin, and the bodice and train of velvet of the same hue, trimmed with Alençon lace. A small bonnet of lilac velvet with white lace trimmings set off the Duchess's fair hair. The bride looked lovely in her white lampas dress embroidered with silver.

One of the features of the ceremony was the presence of numerous brothers-in-arms of the Prince—handsome young men dressed in the splendid uniform of the Russian Chevalier Gardes—black trousers with gold band, scarlet hanging jacket embroidered with gold, white pelisse

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bordered with black fur and gold frogs, and red and gold busby trimmed with fur. During the ceremony two of these officers held wreaths above the heads of the bride and bridegroom. How their arms must have ached!

After the ceremony almost every one adjourned to the Spanish Embassy, where breakfast was prepared. The salons were filled with flowers. What most excited Lily's admiration was a screen, five feet high, entirely covered with white camellias, a present of the bride's friends.

Here is a delicious way of cooking chicken with tomatoes. Cut your chicken into twelve or fifteen pieces, which place in a saucepan with pepper and salt, and half-a-dozen peeled tomatoes; add a piece of butter about the size of a large walnut, half a glass of white wine, half a glass of good stock, thyme, parsley, and a laurel-leaf; stir up well, cover the saucepan, and let the whole stew for an hour and a half. When cooked serve up in an oval dish, round which you will have placed the tomatoes. Of course, you will have taken away the thyme, &c., and strained the gravy, which must be served in the dish.

And here is a favourite way of cooking eggs for lunch, invented by Alexandre Dumas, and called *à la* Monte Cristo. Break your eggs, pepper and salt them, add scraped Gruyère cheese, and beat the mixture well together. Then put a piece of butter into an earthenware saucepan, pour your eggs in, stir them up till cooked, and serve immediately.

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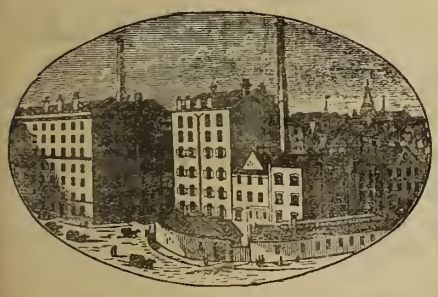
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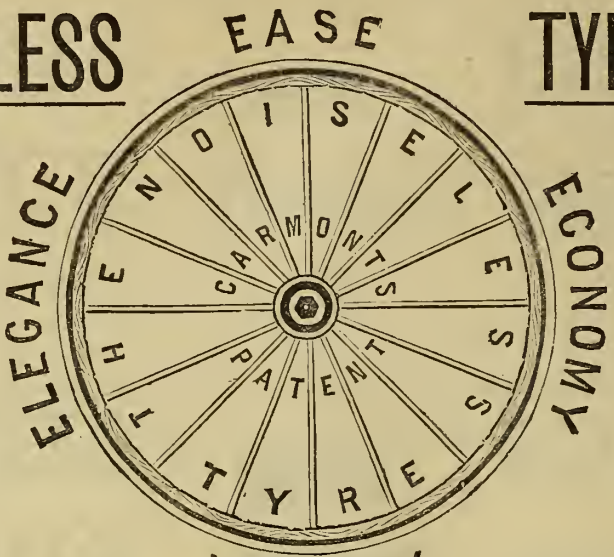

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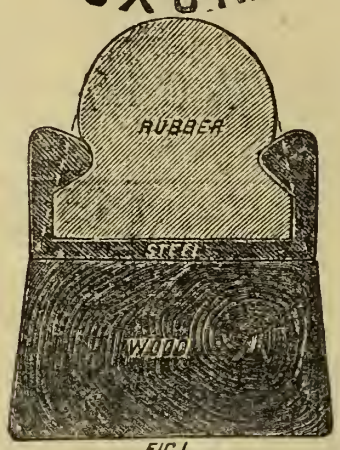

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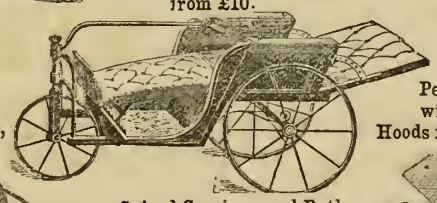

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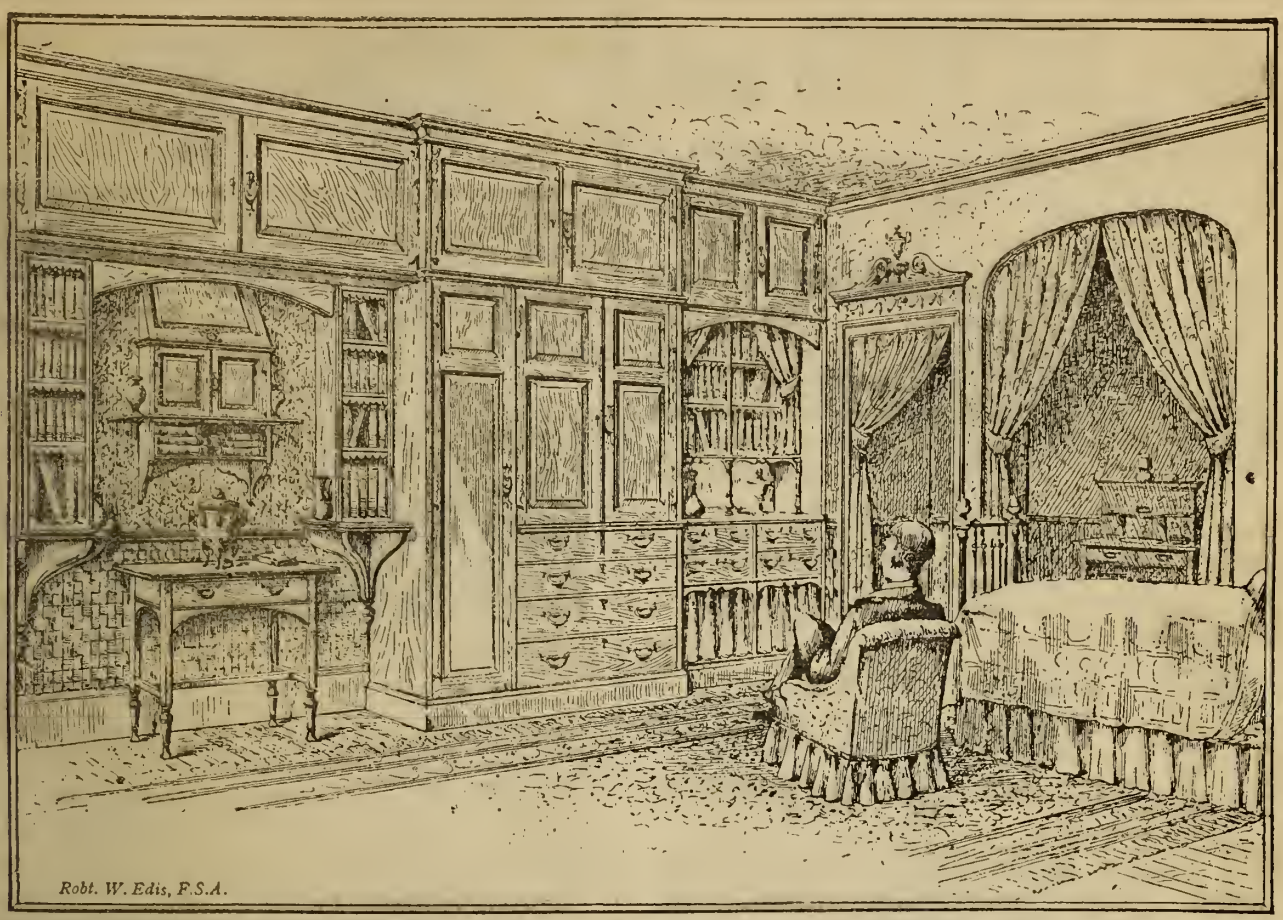

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OUR PUZZLES.

RULES.

1. The sum of £2. 2s. will be given every week for the best EPIGRAM, CONUNDRUM, LIPOGRAM, BOUTS-RIMÉS, or whatever the announced subject of the competition for the week may be.

2. The Puzzle Editor reserves the right, however, of dividing the above sum between two or more competitors, or of withholding the prize, should exceptional circumstances render such a course desirable.

3. The decision and award of the Puzzle Editor must be considered final and irrevocable, and, for obvious reasons, no appeal from his critical judgments can be entertained.

4. In every instance the Prize will be given in money, subject to no condition whatever, except the publication of the winner's real name and address in this journal.

5. Competitors will be allowed eight days for the composition and despatch of their efforts; but all such communications must, at the latest, be received at the TRUTH OFFICE by the first post on Friday morning in the week succeeding the publication of the subject for competition.

6. Not more than one Prize will be given in a Quarter to the same competitor.

7. ALL NEW CONTRIBUTORS ARE REQUIRED TO FORWARD WITH THEIR FIRST ANSWERS THEIR REAL NAMES AND ADDRESSES FOR REGISTRATION; such names and addresses will not be published except in the case of Prize-winners.

8. The *nom-de-plume* chosen by competitors should not exceed 12, and must under no circumstances consist of more than 14 letters.

9. COMPETITORS MUST ON NO ACCOUNT CHANGE THE NOMS-DE-PLUME THEY HAVE ONCE ASSUMED.

10. On the announcement of the Prize-winner's *nom-de-plume*, the successful competitor must write and make formal application for the Prize, stating the address to which the cheque must be sent. Any competitor failing to do so within three months of winning the Prize will forfeit all claim to the same.

11. No communication can be received on post-cards, by telegraph, or by hand. They must all be sent by the time named above, all post letters addressed—

PUZZLE EDITOR OF "TRUTH," CARTERET-STREET, QUEEN ANNE'S-GATE, S.W.

"TRUTH" PUZZLES, Nos. 256 AND 258.

I am still unable to announce the result of the latter competition, the examination and comparison of the numerous sets of verses being not yet completed.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 259.

The numbers published last week under this heading to a great extent discounted the interest of the announcement as to the Prize Winner I have now to make. It was clear that, unless some serious error in reckoning or in the selection of words had occurred in the case of CACTUS, this competitor was an easy first. The list sent in by her claimed to contain a total of words exceeding by more than 800 that forwarded by FRANK, who came next in the list. Scrutiny has failed to materially effect CACTUS's total. So carefully had she read the conditions, indeed, that in going through her well-nigh interminable list, I found but about a score of doubtful words. This being so, any elaborate scrutiny of the other lists sent in became unnecessary, and I am able to officially announce the winner of the Prize in Competition No. 259 to be CACTUS, whose real name and address will be published next week. As I have previously said, to print the list of words furnished by this competitor would more than fill the two pages set apart for Puzzles in this journal, nor could the list, if published, possess much interest even for puzzle-solvers. It must suffice to announce that each of the 4,491 words constituting CACTUS's reduced total is to be found in an English dictionary, or is an inflexional part of a word to be there found; and that in each the four letters *e a t s* are to be found in their given order, but not in any case all together. I must add, however, a word of special commendation for the other competitors who notably distinguished themselves by the patience of their search, and its marked results. FRANK, with a total of 3,676 words, which he says he could have increased, is an excellent second in the struggle; and DEVEREUX, with 3,254, comes not very far behind. Most praiseworthy, too, are the results achieved by LADY MARGARET, who scored 2,977; PANTOMIME, with 2,634; and KABINDA, with 2,332. CANTAB, IVY LEAF, AFRICAN, ZUICOMTE, and CANUTE, who all exceed 2,000, must be also considered as exceptionally successful in the troublesome task undertaken; and it would be unfair to leave unnoticed the numerous other competitors (beginning with RAYON n'OR) who scored from 1,918 to 1,003. The labour involved in selecting even 1,000 of the required words must have been very great, and I only regret that nothing more tangible than a few printed lines of appreciation can reward such patient assiduity.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 262.

If I remember aright "TRUTH" Puzzle competitors were required at the time of the JUMBO incident to write a few farewell lines to that massive quadruped. Seeing, then, that, for better or worse, for whiter or "drabber," Mr. Barnum has purchased a companion for our lost monster pet, it would only be appropriate to greet the new comer in a similar manner. It will be, of course, impossible in the desiderated verses to ignore facts which are now widely spread, and no restriction as to the tone of the stanzas is laid down. The Prize will be given, in fact, to the competitor who succeeds in composing

THE BEST RHYMED GREETING TO "OLD TONGUE," NOT EXCEEDING TWELVE LINES IN LENGTH AND OF THE WELL-KNOWN HEROIC METRE—THAT IS TO SAY, WITH TEN FEET IN EACH LINE.

The metre I allude to goes as follows:—"All hail to thee! O, 'white' and 'sacred' 'Tongue.'" The lines, as I have said, must rhyme, each with some other; and the whole number must not exceed twelve. They may be ironical, satirical, condemnatory, appreciative, or what not: and I need hardly say that the introduction of epigrammatic point in the course of them will be a desirable addition.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*** The real name and address of ŒNONE, winner of Prize No. 257, are Mrs. Fillatchett, Rose Bank, Edgbaston, Birmingham.

*** In addition to the list published last week of competitors who answered Puzzle No. 259, I have to name CUSTOS, whose total was 899; Tom Parkinson (aged 13), 640; Sans Avoir, 377; Nora Creina (aged 15), 160; Mauvais Temps, 48.

PEN AND INK.—I see on reference that your total in competition 259 should be 600 instead of 500. In competition No. 240 you were, I believe, 15th.

MIR.—I will look further for your answer.

FAZIE.—Thanks for your letter.

JABEZ.—It was an oversight which I hereby correct, so you may consider your reply to Puzzle No. 258 included in competition.

EBOR.—The words being proper names cannot be included.

BERTHA.—I will find out the composer's real intention.

NOTTINGHAM.—Your list is now increased to 434 words (Puzzle 259).

EPAMINONDAS.—Your verses, though mainly correct, are not the best, I must tell you.

SCIENTIFIC.—I forgot to say last week that your verses are included in competition No. 258.

LLEWELLYN.—I am obliged to you for your suggestion. As to your remarks about the Phonetic Stanzas, I printed the verses just as they were received; and all competitors had an equal chance of deciding what was meant by their composers.

OBSERVER.—No; your answer was duly signed.

MAHDI.—I will in future try to remember your *nom de plume* is "Mahdi," and not "Matidi."

CHILTON MEWBURN.—Let me thank you very much for your interesting details of your Christmas Toy Ship.

C. D. S.—Many thanks for your letter and the problem it contains.

THE PUZZLE EDITOR.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 260. ASSORTED SPECIMENS—GOOD AND OTHERWISE.

ORIGINAL VALENTINES TO THE PREMIER AND THE MARQUIS OF SALISBURY.

TO THE PREMIER.

Alas! what inconsistency, my Valentine, you show,
When office toils to *soften*, you to "*H'arden*" * go,
And when *destroying* trees, you counsel fruit *preserving*,
Revolving *with, not on*, your axes—ever swerving—
Your only revolution, like from lion to a lamb,
Is to revolve yourself from G.O.M. to JAM.
THE GARDENER.

* Hawarden is pronounced as though spelt Harden.

Dear Valentine, when questioned by the nation
On what your land's best hope of keeping great is,
Oh, be your answer free from hesitation,
Jam satis (say 'tis)!
CAMURIE.

False Valentine! no more imbued
With love, I'll call you "Grand Old Man":
But yesterday, fair Pat you sued,
And now you have sued Anne (Soudan)!

Dear Valentine! full hard your lot:
Convicted as a sham,
Folks say: "Before he goes to pot,
He needs must turn to jam."
COLIN CLOUT.

When off to Scotland's kindred soil you went,
Some said to woo "Midlothian's Heart" * you meant;
So was mis-spelt the *goal* of your ambition,
When storming "Salisbury Crags" was your real mission;
And well you gained the summit—Grand Athlete!
My wish is—"May you long adorn the 'Seat."
SEALINGWAX.

* Old Edinburgh Gaol.

A change of occupation, we are told,
Is good for e'en the wisest of mankind.
So I'd suggest—if I may be so bold—
That you a change of occupation find.
For constant chopping sure will do you harm,
E'en though now logic and now trees you chop.
Suppose, for instance, that you take a farm,
And prove the profits of R *fruit*ful crop.
JOWILLIE.

I love thee, my Gladstone, with fondest devotion,
Because in thy projects stern logic I see;
Blithe art thou to uproot any time-honoured notion,
As thy axe is aye ready to fell an old tree.
Thy end to secure (for the good of the nation)
Thou wilt roar like a lion or bleat like a lamb;
Yea, to sweeten some morsel of sour legislation,
Thou wilt deign e'en to offer suggestions of jam.
HUGO.

A dog will wag its tail, Dundreary said,
Because the tail is weaker than its head;
But if the tail were stronger than the dog,
At the tail's bidding, lo, the poor beast would jog.
Too true a fable! Tho' some *Liberals* lag,
The *tail* is strongest, and it makes them wag.
RECTOR.

Discarding W(h)igs when "going out"!
"Sweet William" what are you about?
"Le bonnet rouge" may suit your "form,"
But W(h)igs have always kept you warm.—*Silly Billy!*

When once you're "out" you'll rue your pride,
And miss the W(h)igs you've cast aside.
Then, chilled and sad, your strength will wane,
And I—
Must seek another Swain.—*Willy Nilly!*
WEAR GIFFORD.

We *axe* a favour (H)ewart G:
Do, woodman, spare each orchard tree;
For should (h)ewer axe approach its root,
Say, where *wood* be the needful fruit
With which we hope, Sweet Will-i-am,
To work (h)ewer *Will* in making jam?
IVY GREEN.

Our Nation's Will is powerful, our Nation's heart is Glad—
Stones even would cry out if we were silent or were sad;
Our Valentine's *Vox Populi*, rejoicing with a Will,
That thy most precious life is spared, and toiling for us still.
FOY.

William! Is our great "capacity
Limitless," as you suggest?
Let us try if our voracity
Will survive this crucial test.
Come away to gardens vernal,
Let's philosophise and *cram;*
Till a dreadful ache internal
Makes us cry out "Satis Jam!"
LITTLE BILLEE.

You are great in many senses,
"Grand Old Man," we all agree,
If at cutting down expenses,
Or at cutting down a tree;
And in this perchance most clever,
That you saw, and see it still,
People's William to be ever
Must let people have their *Will.*
REPEALER.

Gladstone the mighty! Gladstone the great!
Haste with reform, or you may be too late.

With Spencer and Otto out you shall go,
With the jeer of contempt from Parnell and Co.
COLUMBIA.

Powerful national arm,
Vigorous erudite brain,
Voice that with eloquent charm
Has not woo'd England in vain.
Great mathematical mind,
Count on her faithfulness still;
Spite of "division" you'll find
Hers aye a dominant *Will*.
BERYL.

From foreign pickles, foreign jars
Keep us! and wean us, too, from Mars!
Away with "home-made" *jams* in slums
Whence greedy landlords "pot" their "plums,"
So will we hail thee, Grand Old Man,
Our land's Greek god—*Preserving Pan!*
SKRIKER.

You're "a Grand Old Man," Mr. Gladstone; a "good all-round" Old Man,
You can cut down, and olip, and trim, you can lay, and batch a plan.
At chops, and hashes, and jumbles, you're equalled by very few,
And we know your skill is matchless in cooking an "Irish stew."

You're a "Grand Old Man" at talking, but we don't much trust your saws,
And somehow the fruit of your measures sticks in the lion's jaws.
A "current account" from currants! "apples!" not mutton and lamb,
Do you *think* John Bull's constitution can be kept up on "Jam"? MOONSHINE.

In your own garden stands
A tree, 'gainst which your axe
Pray wield with *both* your hands;
Cut down the Income Tax.
CRYSTAL PALACE.

The Irish at your rule may rail,
For like offences (word or action)
You send *mere* Irishmen to gaol,
But simply chide the Orange faction.
Still Paddies, used to this, must feel
Thankful for the leading Rad's tone,
And grateful for the "even keel"
They read about, dear Mister Gladstone.
USK.

William, the sapient speech is widely known
In which you pose as first of farming fakirs;
"A patriot in all the world alone,"
Who aims at making British land *Jam-acres*.

Let orchard culture grow apace,
And give us fruit in season;
But there's one aspect of the case
Our minds are not at ease on:
Is English soil a fitting place
For planting *trees on?* DAPHNIS.

Which is it rules the world, or love or money?
'Tis money ousting love from love's own mart;
For money turns life's bitters into honey.
Whilst honied love, when poor, grows stale and tart.
So goes it, Will, with thee, my Valentine;
Thy power, thy place, are all in all to thee.
I loved thee well, yet I unheeded pine;
Thou throw'st my hearts of oak, and with them me.
OBSERVER.

A marvel, sweetest William, of starch and symmetry—
The former Glenfield's choicest, and the latter wrought by me—
I send by Parcels Post. I had some trouble with the shape,
But I've bound it strongly at the back with twenty yards of tape.
So wear this collar for my sake—your taste I think I know;
I guessed somewhere about the size—and oh! my William, oh!
To think that *you* are wearing them; 'twill be the prince of treats
When mother's looking vainly for those best spare bedroom sheets. RAMASAMY.

Thou choppest down trees with a *will*,
Nor shirkest the task, *I am* sure;
Neither oak-tree nor *yew* 'scapes thy bill,
But bows to the *art* of the hewer.
So Midlothian county *gladly* doth own
That thine eloquence softenest fagots of *stone*.
[The name of the recipient is buried in the above lines, one syllable in each.] BOB RIDLEY.

Odd feller of encumbering trees—
Trees off, not *treason*—thy great trick;
Bills pass through wood with skill and ease,
Would Bills passed thro' the House as quick;
Still bravely lead, for who's more proper
To *pioneer* than our *wood-chopper?*—INCA.

Sweet William—I may call you so
In "Valentiney" fashion—
I do entreat of you to show
The "outcast poor" compassion.
Great William, pass a *little Bill*
Improving their condition;
Do, Billy, try, and thus fulfil
This *billet doux's* commission.
EFFEM JAY.

Cupid, with wily and insidious art,
Makes just a tiny opening with his dart,
And stealthily creeps in.
No need for thee such measures to employ,
Our nation hastes with confidence and joy
Thy guardianship to win.
Enter and reign, all honest hearts are thine,
Their *grandest*, *oldest*, *manliest* Valentine.
ROGGEE SHURT.

Of what is the "old man" thinking,
Whilst hearts are in a flutter,
And England's star seems sinking?—
The cost of eggs and butter!
When matters thus you calmly scan,
Methinks one must confess
That you, the so-called "Grand Old Man,"
Have made a grand old mess! MALIGNANT.

A sacred *white* elephant visits our shores,
Unique in these Islands, or so people say;
But alas! our keen vision its title ignores,
For it's partly flesh coloured, part dun, and part grey.
Oh, here, Mr. G., sure your type we may find,
When noting your speeches, your actions we view:
Undecided and doubtful, it comes to our mind,
That perchance we have got a white elephant too.
MORALIST.

In place of vague obscurity,
Or sophistry that trips,
If pearls of truth and purity
Came dropping from your lips;
Or if, regarded critically,
Sound policy were thine,
Then, William, you—politically—
Should be my Valentine.
OTRANTO.

Sweet to the scent's the smiling briar,
Yet, touch'd, it gives us pain;
The streamlet we so much admire
Is often swelled with rain.
No mortal ever yet was made
From imperfection free,
Or Gladstone would not fear the shade,
But sometimes spare the tree. RITA.

Hardworking, éclat-loving, Grand Old Man,
Thoud'st fain please all—'tis more than mortal can.
Some dub thee "Humbug," some "The People's Will;"
My Valentine's a famous feller still!
PHILIP GREEN.

Your talk, friend William, of retiring
May fact become at dissolution;
Rest from your work we're now desiring,
While yet there's left a "constitution."
EMERALD.

In Bordesley's Abbey's Fane, MS. of Satin,
Seen is to be—in letters writ of Latin:—
"When seen is Gladstone th' unworthy 'stump' to climb,
Look out! lest Church may enjoy scant breathing-time." FINDLAY.

The original Latin is:—
Saxum hilare indignum cum
Visum est scandere lignum
Detur caveto ne tunc Ecclesia Letho

If you mean to reform,
You're in for a storm—
The fiercest and wildest you ever did feel;
And you'll find that your crew
You will have to renew,
Before that you're able to balance your keel.
P. M. G.

Hero of the mighty collar,
And the great Homeric scholar;
Wielder of thy country's power,
And the axe that in a shower,
Raineth chips, by leafy bower,
During many a leisure hour;
Ever may you happy be,
Never may you trouble see.
FRIAR TUCK.

Hail! Old Gladstone, live for ever!
This is now the Nation's cry;
If desiring, may you never
Fail to catch "The Speaker's Eye";
Premier's post, with all its glory,
Long may you be spared to fill;
Spared to see each noble Tory
Bending to "the People's Will."
SAM SLICK.

To dear Mr. Gladstone we forward this letter,
And hope, whene'er ill, that be soon will get better;
May Valentine's day find the Premier hearty,
And long may he rule o'er the Liberal party.
WEMYSS (age 13).

TO THE MARQUIS OF SALISBURY.

In the "Upper House" thou dost cut a fine figure—
A figure by schoolmasters taught;
To count less than any, though it be made bigger—
'Tis that hollow figure, *a nought!*
H. MARSH GREEN.

You call the schemes of Joe, that Rad,
A plane inclining to the bad;
And sneer he has not "screws" for horses,
While e'en his "orchises" he forces.
Perchance you'll find the Nation's mind,
To you is plainly disinclined;
And when the country has been polled,
Yourself, not Joseph, will be sold. SKRIKER.

Exalted in rank and ready of speech,
In appearance most polished and bland;
'Tis his only fault, when he tries to teach—
No fellow *can* understand
What he would be at; I've tried it for long,
But tho' his words are many, and his language is strong,
His facts are shaky, and his dates are all wrong.
BODO.

Ask not, Cecil, am I true?
Oh, "disintegrate" my heart!
You shall find the bluest blue
Flush and flow through every part.
Ah, "conserve" me, or I die,
My Imperial Valentine!
Simple Tory maiden I,
Constitutionally thine.
SALMO-SALAR.

My love, he knows no guile, no art,
His manners are most bland;
He oft lays bare his noble heart,
But never shows his hand.
And thus his little game, I fear,
Is misty in the main;
On one point only is he clear—
He's never Salisbury Plain (plain).
DARBY.

Ho! Salisbury, my hearty,
Stand up for your party;
Step into the ring, toss your cap in the air,
With Paddy and Madhi
Belabour your Gladdy,
And give us a touch of old Donnybrook Fair!
MARK TAPLEY.

A seat upon an "inclined plane
From Hartington to G——"*
May charm a Rad; but Salisbury plain,
That noble flat, for me.
I'll not *pair* with my Valentine,
But with him will *divide*.
We'll foil his rivals' sly design,
Nor let the beggars slide.
* George. GUINEA PIG.

WHICH SHALL BE MY VALENTINE?

When the world is before us, to pick and to choose,
Or say "Yes" to the *one*, and the many refuse,
One's task is quite easy; but now I'm confined
To select one of two who are not to my mind.

One, from learning too great, has grown gradually mad;
And the other, from snubbing, is hopelessly sad.
I'll toss up—Heads for Gladstone, for Salisbury Tails.
Ah! Tails! Noble Cecil's proud lineage prevails.
S.

Answers have been received from:—Initium, Trajan, B. H., Llewellyn, J. McGrigor Allan, Abbas, Northampton, Post Office, Malignant, Mahdi, Quetsalcoate, Inca, Otranto, Wemyss, Dieppe, Ireland, Gondihert, Roggee Shurt, Effem Jay, Mrs. Brown, Lacel, Bob Ridley, Ramasamy, Tortu Foulque, Observer, Delta, Gretchen, Moralist, Lacidar, Sunbeam, Shacabac, Daphnis, H. Marsh Green, Usk, Beryl, Crystal Palace, Skriker, G. O. M., Age, Justice, Columbia, Blackbird, Tyrconnell, Sam Sick, Tant Mieux, Bodo, Ivy Green, Salmo Salar, Sub Judice, Darby, S., Mersey, Mater, Badgerman, Confectioner, Repealer, Wulfruna, Mir, Foy, Little Billee, Philip Greene, Jefecew, Albert's Own, Moses, Agnese, Moonshine, Ebor, Cæsar's Corner, The Gardener, Jober Khan, Friar Tuck, Nestor, Wear Giffords, Tryphena, Rita, Mrs. Bloss, Rector, Hugo, Emerald, White Rose, Jowillie, Mark Tapley, P. M. G., Seat, Guelder Rose, Anak, Oxysulphide, Risk, The Gardener, Norna, Nokomis, Findlay, Guinea Pig, Camurie, Gehazi, and Georgina.

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CARTAGO (Limited).—Cartago is situate in the Province of Guyana, in the United States of Venezuela, S.A., about six miles in a direct line from "El Callao," and comprises an area of 650 acres, or thereabouts, subject to only a small annual rental of £50 per annum. The concession is held for a term of fifty years renewable.

Copy Letter from A. Liccioni, Chairman of "El Callao."
(Copy Translation.)
"Cuidad Bolivar, October 17th, 1883.

"Dear Sir,—You ask me my opinion respecting the concession named 'Cartago.'

"Cartago is situated in the valley of the Mocupia, and the experience of the miners who have prospected it and who are still extracting alluvial gold (or de flor de greda) is that it is the richest in the region.

"My own experience leads me also to believe that it is very rich.

"I am the chairman of the National Union Company, which is spending large sums in the same valley, at a short distance from Cartago, and therefore I have not the slighest doubt of good results.

"Yours truly, A. Liccioni."

Wood and water-power, the two essentials of economical and successful mining, are in abundance, and the enormous expense (and consequent loss of profit) unavoidable with other companies using steam machinery, &c., may be saved by this Company, and turned into dividends.

With the enormous advantages under which this Company commences operations, having practically nothing to pay for its property, with its capital intact for working purposes, with the chairman of the richest gold mine in the world as its local adviser, there is scarcely room for doubt that its shares will return large dividends, and increase rapidly in intrinsic value, and more particularly as no steam-power will be required to treat the ores, owing to the plentiful supply of water, as compared with any other mine in the locality, even including El Callao. This alone should insure a saving of at least 50 per cent. in working expenses.

The only contract is one dated 21st December, 1883, made between Mr. James Thompson, of the one part, and Mr. F. J. Warner, acting on behalf of Cartago (Limited), whereby the property is conveyed for 100,000 fully paid-up shares.

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CARTAGO (Limited).—Mr. A. Liccioni, Chairman of "El Callao," has accepted a seat on the direction of Cartago.

As the extraordinary yield of "El Callao" is not generally known it will be interesting to give the returns of gold during the past, eight years (*vide* their reports):—

In 1875	produced	31,278 oz.	of gold, value	£119,508.
1876	,,	42,542	,,	162,545.
1877	,,	48,168	,,	184,041.
1878	,,	49,638	,,	189,658.
1879	,,	40,308	,,	154,010.

Gold bars shipped to Messrs. Baring Bros., Bankers, London,

In 1880	were	53,606 oz.	of gold, value	£201,020,
1881	were	64,862	,,	243,230,
1882	were	104,611	,,	392,290.

In January, 1883,	Messrs.	Baring Bros.	received	10,245 oz.
February	,,	,,	,,	7,592 oz.
March	,,	,,	,,	8,536 oz.
April	,,	,,	,,	11,273 oz.
May	,,	,,	,,	10,984 oz.
June	,,	,,	,,	10,489 oz.
July	,,	,,	,,	9,058 oz.
August	,,	,,	,,	15,659 oz.
September	,,	,,	,,	13,005 oz.
			Total.....	86,841 oz.

Equal to £336,508 for nine months' working.

The dividend for the month of September was £800 per £420 share, and the present value of the £420 shares is £44,000.

In the opinion of those who have seen Cartago, it is likely that it may eventually not only rival "El Callao" in wealth, but outlive it in productive power. In mineral extent it is five times larger than "El Callao."

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• TRUTH •

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ENTRE NOUS.

THE Queen and Princess Beatrice will remove from Osborne to Windsor Castle towards the close of the week after next, and will then reside there for six weeks, after which they go to Germany. I see it stated that the Queen will go direct to Baden, and that on the day of her granddaughter's wedding she will travel to Darmstadt for the ceremony, returning to Baden in the afternoon. Under no circumstances would the Queen undergo such fatigue as would be inevitable by this imaginative programme. As a matter of fact, her Majesty now proposes to reside at Darmstadt during the greater part of her stay abroad, and she will probably occupy the Grand Duke's country seat. The orders to prepare the Villa Hohenlohe at Baden have been countermanded, and if the Queen goes anywhere from Darmstadt it will be to Coburg.

Last week the *World* published an article which professed to indicate "the general scope and character" of the Queen's new book. My contemporary's details, being entirely speculative and conjectural, are wholly wrong in every single particular. The account is pure fiction from beginning to end.

Surely the whole article is an elaborate hoax, got up by Edmund for the benefit of the journals which he well knew would copy his "flim-flams," and for the ingenuous writers who might be counted on to comment at length on them. But it really seems incredible that any one out of the nursery could believe that the Queen would be guilty of the indiscretion of publishing a book "abounding in reflections on the chief public events of the last twenty years, in criticisms of character, and in views of statesmen and statesmanship," in which, moreover, she would "devote much space to her opinion of the public men of the day," and, in such a manner that "it is not difficult to perceive the direction in which the Royal sympathies lie." The *World* sums up by describing the volume "as a running commentary on the social, artistic, literary, and political history" of the last twenty years, in which "it requires little reading between the lines to discern her convictions." All this farrago of nonsense purports to come from some one who, either by his own treachery or by the treachery of some other person, has managed to purloin a copy; but next week, when the book is in the hands of the public, it will be found that it does not answer in any single respect to this astounding description. I presume it is all a joke, but, if so, it certainly is one in doubtful taste. I believe that the letter signed "One who does know," which appeared in the *St. James's Gazette*, contradicting the *World*, was written by Sir Theodore Martin.

Several weeks ago I indicated the character of the forthcoming work, which, to all intents and purposes, is nothing but a sequel to the Highland Journal, which was published just sixteen years ago. It is, I believe, dedicated to John Brown. Much space is devoted to him. A warm tribute is paid to the late General Grey, and there are some remarks on Lord Palmerston, written by the Queen directly after his death. The book is a simple record of home life and home occupations, and its general tone will increase the Queen's claims on the affectionate respect of her subjects.

The *World* also states that the Queen "has sought the advice of several shrewd and trustworthy critics" in preparing the book for publication. I believe that the only persons who have been consulted are Princess Christian and Princess Beatrice, the Dowager Duchesses of Athole and Roxburghe, Lady Ely, and Principal Tulloch. Sir Theodore Martin has given valuable advice in technical matters, but can hardly be said to have edited the work in the sense that Sir Arthur Helps edited the former book.

Extensive decorative work has been carried out at Marlborough House during the last few months, and several of the rooms have been refurnished. The new curtains in the large dining-room are of Irish poplin, claret colour, with the Royal monogram thrown up in relief. The Queen has ordered Irish poplin to be used for two suites at Windsor Castle, which have been refurnished during the last autumn; one is purple with orange fringe, and the other gold-brocaded poplin with crimson hangings. The same fabric is ordered for certain rooms at Balmoral which are to be redecorated during the early spring.

Sir Philip and Lady Miles had a party of twenty at Leigh Court to meet the Prince of Wales, including Mr. Christopher Sykes and Mr. H. Calcraft. As at Crichel, the weather was not favourable for shooting, but Leigh is not a place which is famed for the character of its sport.

There was a tremendous crowd at the "Royal" Concert in Colston Hall on Tuesday evening, and no doubt the hospital will benefit considerably. The function opened with a sad blunder. It had been arranged that "God bless the Prince of Wales" should be sung as the party from Leigh entered; but some wicked jester gave the signal before the time, and the whole piece was sung right

through, the audience turning round and staring at the Royal gallery, but nobody appeared, and it was not till another ten minutes had elapsed that the Prince arrived. A number of enthusiastic women refused to take their places, and insisted on lurking about the corridors, in order that they might obtain a good view of the Prince as he entered, which caused another complication. The concert was not particularly interesting, which was perhaps as well, for a buzz of chatter was kept up from beginning to end. It was, no doubt, a painful penance for some, at least, of the audience; and Mr. Sykes looked as if he thought that he would have been more comfortable if he had been at that very time doing his duty to East Riding society by attending the Beverley ball.

The ball given by Lady Miles on the Wednesday evening was very smart, and so far as it went it was most successful; but the county magnates were conspicuous by their absence, and the bulk of the company consisted of people from Bristol and Clifton; and the "society" of those places, although no doubt excellent in its way, is not exactly marked with "the repose of Vere de Vere." Many of the guests had arrived before nine o'clock, while the house party were still at dinner; and it was getting on for eleven before dancing commenced. The rooms are admirably adapted for entertaining on a large scale, and they were elaborately and very tastefully decorated. Supper was served in the dining-room on a number of small tables.

When the Prince was shooting with Sir Philip Miles, there was a new departure in the matter of "cover" luncheons. A number of ladies were present, and after one of them had sung "God bless the Prince of Wales," the National Anthem was given. To a sportsman like the Prince all this must have appeared somewhat strange. If these vocal luncheons are to become the rule, we shall next have battue-shooting carried on to the strains of soft music. The beaters will, as they do their work, sing the "There sits a bird on yonder tree" of Boyton Smith, and the "What does the little bird say?" of Arthur Sullivan. The "guns" will reply with the "On mighty pens uplifted" of Haydn, and the "Woe unto them" of Mendelssohn. If the birds escape, the sportsmen will break plaintively into the strain of Haydn, "The passage birds." After the slaughter all will join in the "Achieved is the glorious work" of Haydn; and on their return home the song, "Lo, what a gentle lark!" will resound through the air. The birds will themselves be too anxious to sing, but were they to do so they would probably break forth with the "From this dread scene, these adverse powers, ah! whither shall we fly?" of Handel, or with the "What means this crowd and tumult? our deadly foes are nigh us! 'Tis vain! We cannot fly! Have mercy, oh! have mercy!" of Beethoven.

Considering that H.R.H. had nothing to do with the choice of the road by which he drove to Leigh, it was rather hard that he should have received anonymous letters from Bristol and Clifton, roundly abusing him for not driving out by the usual route through the city and over the Suspension Bridge; and informing him that he must not forget that Princes had their duties as well as their privileges, and he ought not to have disappointed the loyal subjects who were anxious to see him. It was said that every detective in Bristol was on the platform at the station when the Prince arrived, and also when he left on Thursday.

When the Prince reached Bristol he found that Sir W. Harcourt had selected the circuitous route by which he was driven to Leigh, and when he reached the Court, he found the grounds literally in possession of the police; and there was altogether a perpetual and an ostentatious supervision that must have been most tiresome and irritating. The imbecility of the police authorities and of the Home Office really exceeds belief. One would suppose that it was their earnest desire to encourage simpletons to write threatening letters by making so much elaborate noise. If the Prince had been in Germany, and anonymous threats and warnings had been received, every possible precaution would have been quietly taken, but the public would have heard nothing. What is the object of all the sounding of brasses and tinkling of cymbals which took place last week, except to delight the foolish or mischievous writers of the hysterical scrawls which were published in the papers?

I understand that the Prince of Wales proposes to attend the Liverpool Spring Meeting. In all probability the handsome colours of H.R.H. will be carried in the Grand National Steeplechase by The Scot. The Prince will be the guest of Lord and Lady Sefton, at Croxteth, from March 26 to 29.

Lord and Lady Londonderry's party at Wynyard last week included, in addition to several members of the family, the Duke of Albany, Lord and Lady Sefton, Lord and Lady Colville and Miss Colville, Lord and Lady Lascelles and Lady Mabel Bridgeman, Lord and Lady Charles Beresford, Lord Stanhope, and Mr. Montagu Guest, M.P. The men went out shooting round the park on Tuesday, but the weather was very stormy, so that sport was poor. On Thursday there was another shooting-party, in spite of heavy rain, but the Duke did not go out, wisely preferring to remain within doors. The fact is that he does not care for sporting of this kind; and no wonder, for he is a truly wretched shot—a great contrast to his elder brothers. On Friday the whole party went by special train to Seaham. After receiving the inevitable addresses from Mayors and others, the Duke went to view the Dock works, and the elaborate apparatus for shipping coal at the harbour; and then they all drove to luncheon at Seaham Hall—an ugly place, but an interesting old house, and remarkable from having been the scene of Byron's marriage.

The Royal visit to Durham on Wednesday excited the greatest interest in the district, and the streets of the grand old city were thronged, although the weather was most unfavourable. The programme had been previously submitted to the Queen for her approval, as is invariably done when the Duke of Albany makes a public appearance; for

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her Majesty is always afraid that her youngest son will over-fatigue himself, as he has a strong objection to being treated as an invalid, and is inclined to resent the solicitous vigilance with which his steps are guarded.

Prince Leopold's commonplace oration at Liverpool would have been harmless enough if he had left out his singularly ill-timed diatribe against outdoor relief. Such censures are all very well for the discourses of a cold-blooded prig, or a smug political economist, but they do not suit a young man who has lived in the utmost luxury all his life, and who is amply provided for till the end of his days at the expense of the taxpayers of the country. A hard-working labourer who is incapacitated for a few weeks must have his home broken up and go to the workhouse if there is no outdoor relief; and it is disgraceful indeed if a man who has slaved all his days, but who has not enjoyed the chance of saving money, must be ejected from his home in old age, and driven to the union because outdoor relief is injudicious. Such principles are disgusting, and I can only suppose that Prince Leopold did not in the least understand what he was talking about. Be this as it may, he will do well in future to avoid such topics if his ideas are so sordid and so thoroughly unprincely. The Prince of Wales would never have made a blunder of this kind. Prince Leopold is always said to resemble his father, but he is merely the Prince Consort seen through the wrong end of an opera glass, and has neither his knowledge and experience nor his common sense. When he talks about art and social science, and similar harmless subjects, his remarks, if trite and commonplace, are at least innocent of offence. But let us hear no more of his objections to out-door relief.

The Duke of Edinburgh is considerably reducing the herd of deer in Eastwell Park, with the object of turning the land to more profitable account by throwing it into his farm.

The formal separation between Prince and Princess Frederick Charles of Hohenzollern, and the breaking-up of their establishment, is a grievous blow to Berlin "society." The magnificent palace on the Wilhelms-Strasse, famous for its rare and splendid collection of armour, which the Prince inherited a year ago from his father, Prince Karl, has lately been redecorated at a great expense, and has been refurnished in the most costly manner. It was expected that it would become the scene of brilliant hospitalities; but now it is to be entirely shut up, as the Prince intends to live abroad as much as possible, and will keep in retirement when he is obliged to reside in Berlin. He begged the Kaiser to grant him leave to travel for two years, it being his intention to visit America and India, but permission was peremptorily refused. However, the Prince will not be required to join the Court festivities which are about to commence, and it is expected that he will retire to Glienicke, his residence near Potsdam.

The Princess was only induced to abandon her intention of applying for a divorce by the influence of the Emperor, and of her brother, the Duke of Anhalt, who came to Berlin from Dessau on purpose to do his best to avert a public scandal. Satisfactory pecuniary terms have been arranged, and the Princess is on a visit to the Duke and Duchess of Anhalt at Dessau, and proposes to fix her residence at a villa belonging to her brother in the immediate vicinity of her native place. Very great sympathy is expressed for her by all classes. Princess Henry of the Netherlands is about to proceed to Dessau on a visit to her unfortunate mother.

The first Levée of the season, held last week at Dublin Castle, was unusually crowded, and lasted several hours. Quality and quantity were alike represented amongst those who assembled to pay their respects to viceroyalty. The Duke of Leinster, Lords Headfort, Drogheda, Listowel, Kenmare, Donoughmore, Granard, Fingall, Clarina, Gough, Emly, Mr. E. Gibson, Mr. D. Plunket, Mr. E. Guinness, &c., were present.

As usual, on the two successive evenings following the Drawing-room, Lord and Lady Spencer gave large dinner parties, ending with small and select dances in the Throne-room. Dancing was kept up until a late hour each evening, Lord and Lady Spencer taking an active part in promoting the happiness of their guests. Lady Spencer's bouquet on Tuesday evening, sent by Lord Portarlington from Nice, was a sight for gods and men—a perfect floral triumph.

From Nice I hear:—

Our Exhibition has been a most lamentable failure. They talk of keeping it open during the summer, but of course they will not. The season at Nice ceases at the end of February. In March there are always strong winds, and we live in a wilderness of dust. Nice has ruined itself by over-ambition. It used to be a pleasant place enough, half-town and half-country; now it is a large town. People bought lands at about ten times their value, and built houses on them; these they hoped to let out in apartments at rents calculated to recoup them the cost of the land with a good margin of profit. The consequence is that hundreds of houses are empty. Instead of orange and olive groves, everywhere you see long dusty roads, with some houses finished and others half-finished. There are thousands here anxious to make money, but they have ruined the fishing-ground, and the fish go elsewhere. We have about a dozen daily papers here. They add to the charm of existence by abusing every one and everything. Some of them are in the pay of the Monte Carlo Hell, others, I should imagine, in the pay of the Nice hells. Whenever a poor wretch cuts his throat, there is a fight over his corpse. Did he lose his money at Nice or at Monaco? In most cases he divided his money between the two places. Here, I think, there is more gambling than at Monte Carlo; at that place you are not cheated, here you generally are. The latest scandal has been a curious one: a woman who kept a gambling hell at Nice declined to give her husband a share of the profits, because she said that he squandered them at the Monte Carlo hell. So he blew his brains out. The question which is agitating us is whether Nice or Monte Carlo is to be held responsible for this suicide? The new Casino built over the river is to be opened in a day or two. There is a pretty winter garden in the interior. The object, however, of building it is to make a good profit out of gambling; the game of baccarat will flourish under its roof, and thus enable the Nice Municipality to make money out of players. The Nice parties are not very lively. There are people giving balls and receptions here who would hardly themselves be received elsewhere.

The Paris *Morning News* gives certain hard facts regarding the climate of Nice which, if correct, throw a curious light upon that "health resort." They go to show, in fact, that it is the most unhealthy city on the face of the globe. The death-rate for the year is as follows, per 1,000:—London, 22; Paris, 23; New York, 25; Nice 44. Amongst the large cities, those which show the fewest number of deaths in proportion to population, are, in their order of superiority—Chicago, Philadelphia, Brooklyn, Baltimore, Brussels, Edinburgh, Christiania.

The reasons given for the salubrity of Chicago and the insalubrity of Nice are, that Chicago is built upon sand washed up from a cold, pure, healthy lake, without any substratum of decaying forests; while Nice is probably built on the decayed *débris* of forest vegetation, and is so situated that it catches and retains from its abundant mountain torrents an excessive quantity of this *débris*. It certainly cannot be said that it is due to the agglomeration of persons afflicted with pulmonary disease, for they only frequent it for three months, and the excessive mortality statistics run through the year.

I once came across an aged physician at New London, in the United States. I asked him why he lived there. He said that he had visited graveyards in all parts of the world, and noted the average age of death. Having found that the average was highest in New London, and being desirous of inhabiting this planet as long as possible, he had taken up his abode there. The only real test of the salubrity of a district is its death-rate; all else is mere interested theory.

A correspondent writing from Pau says:—

It has been reserved for the amateurs of this well-known little winter refuge under the Pyrenees, to eclipse, not alone in originality of idea, but in the excellence of its execution, even the most brilliant achievements of the amateur world. What say you to a performance in the circus? Real horses, real dogs, clowns, and riders; the whole routine of a full evening's entertainment successfully and safely carried through. Yet this is what I witnessed here a few nights since. It would be difficult and perhaps tedious to describe at length the amusing features of a most amusing programme, but it would be unjust to omit reference to the singular ability and grace of Mr. Thorn and Mr. Torrance, riding, both together and singly, on "the barebacked steed;" to the success and constant applause won by Mr. Dresden and Mr. Russell as clowns—indeed a pair of impossible boneless and perfectly unbreakable clowns, also Mr. Hutton's quaint drollery, doing absolutely nothing, but doing it so well and with such comic effect as to produce immense merriment. Then it would be difficult to find a professional trainer who could emulate the perfection with which Mr. Foster managed a handsome pair of horses from his own stables; but how am I to describe the feminine beauty, exquisite costume, admirable riding, and blushing modesty of "La Sylphide," represented with such success by Monsieur de Quadra? Indeed, the performance, which was thoroughly appreciated by a very full house, comprising all the winter "society" of Pau, went without a hitch of any kind, and gave ample evidence of the great care taken in its preparation, mainly, I believe, under the guidance of the Baron d'Este, whose appearance, whip in hand, as controller of the circus, in the full and recognised costume of that distinguished official, was the signal for loud and well-deserved applause. But I must not forget the "Black Chien," who, with his master, added very much to the interest of the evening by his singular obedience and intelligence. There was, also, an attempt at "Nigger humour," but I am unwilling, where the intention was, no doubt, good, to do more than to suggest to the young gentleman whose success was not quite triumphant, that to amuse a large audience, however disposed to be friendly and indulgent, requires something more than self-possession, a nigger costume, and a coloured face. I believe it is being arranged that another evening shall be given for one of the many deserving local charities, to which I cordially wish a similar triumph. We have now our golf and lawn tennis, our hunting and whist in full swing, and although the atmosphere has not this year been considerate, still we are nearly full.

The principal golf matches for prizes have been won by Lord David Kennedy, Sir Victor Brooke, and Mr. Arthur Post. The balls, dinners, receptions, and gossiping teas have burst into full blossom, and are taken advantage of largely by the delicate much-suffering members of our society, who seem to pass their time not very disagreeably. Of course, too, we have our thoroughly well-informed politicians who, although so many hundred miles from Pall Mall, have not overcome the old habit of button-holing their neighbours. But Heaven protect us if you do get button-holed on the "Place Royal" at Pau; escape is hopeless, and you are daily exposed to this terrible social danger. The desponding Tory, wild at the name of the G.O.M.; the broad-browed Radical, triumphant in his admiration of his "Birmingham Pets;" the timid Whig, dubious and gentle in his opinions—each one of these special types must you prepare to meet perhaps half-a-dozen times every day, their special characteristics more and more intensified by the narrow circle in which they are forced to live, bursting with peculiarly-obtained knowledge, most eager to communicate it, it matters not the subject or the scope. You may, if you will, be thoroughly coached up as to the future of the Soudan, the words of the Queen's Speech, the real state of the Transvaal, the exact duration of the present Ministry, and probably all the circumstances supposed to be connected with the latest escapade in London high life. However, as all this twaddle could neither amuse nor instruct your readers, I shall try to bear my burden without attempting to bore you or them.

The Duke and Duchess of Cleveland and Lady Mary Primrose, who have been residing at Battle Abbey for the last six weeks, since they came south from Raby, have gone to the Riviera for the benefit of his Grace's health, which is in an unsatisfactory condition, although no worse than it has been at any time during the last year. They will be abroad for about two months.

Lord Fife leaves for the Riviera in a few days, and will probably extend his travels into Italy.

Viscount and Lady Bury, who, with their daughters, returned from America last week, received great social attention in New York and Philadelphia. At a dinner given in the former city to Henry Irving, the festival happened to be on the evening of the Centennial Anniversary of the Evacuation Day, when the troops of George III. left colonial soil and sailed for England, and, in reply to some good-natured raillery by a patriotic American, Lord Bury explained that his grandfather, Admiral Keppel, was one of the large number of Englishmen who did not believe in the stupidity of Lord North's Government, when waging war against the Colonies, and that the Admiral threw up his commission rather than obey orders to participate in that war.

Lord and Lady Kilmorey have arrived at Cannes, on a visit to Caroline, Duchess of Montrose.

For the last two years Lord Harrowby has been in bad health, and I regret to learn that his condition does not improve. Lord and Lady Harrowby are about to leave Sandon Hall for Italy, and they will stay for several months in the Mediterranean.

Scarcely a month ago I mentioned with regret that Mr. Hayward's health had quite broken up, and now his death is announced. He was one of the most brilliant and versatile writers of the present century, and for fifty years his essays have been a leading feature in the *Quarterly* and *Edinburgh Reviews*. As a *raconteur* he had long been at the top of the tree, and as a "diner-out" he earned fame in the days of Holland House. He was in all respects an admirable writer; his style was easy and polished, and he has always been acknowledged as a master of pure English. Lord Torrington and Mr. Kinglake were constantly with him in his last hours, and among the visitors to his death-bed were the Prime Minister and Mrs. Gladstone—both old and valued friends.

The graphic memoir of the late Mr. Hayward, in Monday's issue of the *Daily News*, was written by Mr. Bernard H. Becker.

Woods' Hotel (within Furnival's Inn, Holborn, E.C.) has been considerably modernised and improved. Families and Gentlemen will find in this Hotel *home comforts*.

Lord Hertford's funeral last Thursday was notable not merely for the large assemblage of his friends and relatives in his own rank of life, but also for the immense crowd of his poorer neighbours, all of whom wore some token of mourning, and most of whom brought bunches of flowers to lay on the grave. It was a striking demonstration of the love and affection which were felt for him by all classes for many miles round Ragley. The Queen and Princess Beatrice sent two splendid wreaths from Osborne by special messenger; and Lady Hertford received a most kind and sympathetic letter from her Majesty. Three of the head-keepers at Windsor attended the ceremony by the Queen's command.

"Vanity Fair" states that I was mistaken in estimating the rental of the Hertford settled estate at £35,000 a year, and gives the income of the present Marquis at £22,000. "Ruffler" is wrong in supposing that I made any allusion to the present value of the property. I was referring to the income to which the late Lord Hertford succeeded in 1870. At that period the rental of the Warwickshire property was considerably higher than it has been of late years, and I included the value of that portion of the Sudbourne estate which was sold to Sir Richard Wallace shortly afterwards.

Mrs. Fitzherbert's house at Brighton, which has just been sold to the trustees of a Young Men's Christian Association, was built in 1804 by the architect of the Dome and Pavilion. Mrs. Fitzherbert paid £4,000 for the house and site, and this was the last money she ever received from George IV. It used to be said that there was an underground passage between this house and the Pavilion, but this was nonsense, and arose out of the fact that a passage was cut from the Pavilion to the sea, in order to lay pipes to bring the water up to the Royal bath-room. For this work the country paid £1,000, and the King never once used the new bath—indeed, at the time it was constructed he had not taken a sea bath for fifteen years.

The following letter refers to the one I received last week respecting Sir William Gull:—

Dear Truth,—Your contemporary, the *Lancet*, naturally attempts to palliate Sir William Gull's conduct in the case to which you referred last week. The danger of *a priori* reasoning was never more manifest, for the medical organ assumes the whole question at issue, and naturally concludes by a logical (?) deduction in favour of its client. "A hurried summons," it asserts, "is presumably a more pressing business than a consultation which has been fixed days before." In the case referred to, neither the patient's medical attendant nor the specialist who had been called in could give the family the least grounds for hope. As a last chance, which the medical man in attendance did not dare to throw away, it was decided to have recourse to Sir William Gull, and a *most pressing* request was sent to him to come *at once*. It was Sir William Gull, who, to the dismay of the dying man's friends, fixed his visit at two days' distance, on the ground of his many engagements. The plain residuum of fact, therefore, remains, that the courtly physician paid more attention to the sudden (and unlooked-for) summons to the bedside of the great Earl, who had broken his collar-bone in the hunting-field, than to that of the family whose bread-winner's health had been broken down by thirty years' unremitting and ill-remunerated public service.—Yours,

Égalité.

Screens, with tea-cup shelf on each fold, from 21s. A large variety of screens in Japanese leather paper, needlework, stained glass, and hand-painted in all sizes and styles.—C. Hindley & Sons, 290 to 294, Oxford-street London.

So the marriage of Lord Garmoyle and Miss Fortescue is broken off. I understand that the ex-bridegroom wrote a letter to the young lady, informing her that she would do well to place herself in the hands of her solicitor. Twenty thousand pounds is the very lowest damages which Miss Fortescue ought to receive, for a more outrageous repudiation of a matrimonial engagement on the part of a man cannot be conceived. Not a breath of scandal has ever been whispered against Miss Fortescue. After a lengthy engagement, and parading the young lady about at theatres as his affianced bride, Lord Garmoyle announces to her that he will not marry her, and sends her to her solicitor for consolation. There was no sort of social difference between the two. The lady was the daughter of a London trader, the gentleman the relative of a Belfast trader. The fact that she had been on the stage surely cannot be brought against her, for in the estimation of most sensible persons a girl who earns her livelihood honestly is, to say the least, the equal of a youth who owes his position to his father's talents. It is said that Mr. Gilbert is arranging the matter. If so, he will be sacrificing his client if he takes one farthing under £20,000.

What does the *World* mean, in the account it gave last week of Lady Denbigh's ball, by the "Post" being "a new figure" in the cotillon? Augustus Saville introduced it at the ball which Lady Camden gave to the Prince of Wales last season at Cannes; and the variation of the red "cardboard pillar-box" was invented by Mr. Kinloch-Cooke, and used by him in the cotillon he led for Lady Canterbury so long ago as last Easter.

Beverley was unusually gay last week, balls taking place at the Assembly Rooms on Wednesday and Thursday, the first being given by the Holderness Hunt, the second by the bachelors of the district. Both were highly successful.

Some time ago I stated that Mr. Coupland would shortly resign the Mastership of the Quorn. He has now formally intimated his intention of doing so at the end of the season. It is hoped at Melton that the Duke of Portland may be induced to take the country, and the names of Lord Waterford and Lord Lonsdale have also been favourably mentioned.

Mr. Rankin, M.P., has acted very liberally towards the South Herefordshire Hunt. He gives up the country in April, but will allow the Hunt the free use of the kennels, and promises to contribute a very handsome subscription. Under these circumstances, Captain F. Lewis and Mr. H. Hill have undertaken to act as joint masters.

So far as can be judged, the fleet of racing yachts does not promise to be very large during the forthcoming season. Mr. Jameson's new eighty-five-ton cutter, which Mr. Richardson has designed for him, will not probably be ready until August; the *Samana* will not be fitted out, and it is unlikely that either the *Vanduara* or the *Arrow* will be raced. Thus the first-class cutters will be confined

Hunting and Riding Dress for Ladies and Gentlemen at Ulster House, Conduit-street.

to the *Erycina*, the *Marjorie*, the new eighty-tonner Mr. J. B. Webb has designed for Sir R. Sutton, and a sixty said to be building at Lymington.

The forty-tons class will most likely be found to have dwindled down to a couple of starters, and there will not be more than three in the twenty-tons class. In the ten-tons class there will be four—the *Buttercup*, *Ulidia*, *Verve*, and *Ulerin*.

The yawls and schooners will have solitary representatives in the *Lorna* and *Miranda*. Thus, there will be about fifteen racing yachts, as they are termed, to compete for the £15,000 which the clubs annually disburse in the way of prizes.

This is a very melancholy state of things, and the clubs should at once consider whether they would not be providing better sport and doing more for the cause of yachting if they apportioned at least half of the funds for races between cruisers.

Lord Shrewsbury's new yacht *Lady Nell* was successfully launched by Lady Shrewsbury, on Thursday last. The vessel is a very fine one, and has a large amount of accommodation. The figure-head is a bust, by Callcott, of Lady Shrewsbury, partly in bronze and partly in wood.

What a pity it is that a professional boat-race can never be decided on the Thames without its being the occasion for the assembling of all the pickpockets and other ruffians in London. One would imagine that the umpire's boat, at any rate, might, by a little management, be kept free from the inrush of these unwelcome hordes; yet at the recent Bubear-Elliott match, the vessel in question was a veritable hotbed of thieves. Who can expect decent people to take a personal interest in these professional races under such circumstances?

Bubear's easy victory over the ex-champion, and the fine style in which he gained it, encourage the hope that we have at last an English sculler worthy to compete with the strangers who have of late shorn us of our aquatic laurels.

The University Boat Race will take place on Saturday, April 5.

Count Festetics did not offer to buy Lord Falmouth's whole racing-stud, as stated by a contemporary. He was anxious to purchase the two-year-olds, and would, I hear, have made a high bid for Harvester. Lord Falmouth, however, is well advised in sticking to his original plan of selling by auction. Baron Alphonse de Rothschild will probably be a large buyer at the sale, and, in future, his colours are likely to be seen on the English turf more often than has hitherto been the case.

The sale of Archiduc to Baron Alphonse de Rothschild has been cancelled, inasmuch as the horse failed to pass a veterinary examination. Mr. Lefevre has since purchased Archiduc. If he had not done so legal proceedings would have been instituted by Count Lagrange's representatives against Baron Rothschild, as they contend that the horse was sold without any conditions.

Miss Winthrop, the well-known singer, seems to have had good cause of complaint. She had been engaged to sing at the Charity Concert, given in Bristol, during the recent visit of the Prince of Wales to Sir Philip Miles, and her name had been freely advertised. Just before the concert she was informed that her name would be withdrawn, it being considered necessary to engage fresh singers, and a cheque for five guineas was sent her. This she returned as her contribution to the Bristol charities.

A successful concert took place at Admiral and Mrs. Dunlop's last Friday, to introduce Miss Maude Powell, a young American violinist. Miss Powell is a pupil of the Paris Conservatoire; she plays with great sweetness and considerable *technique*. Her *cantabile* is really remarkable for so young a performer. Mrs. Coulson, of the Vaudeville, and Mr. Elliott, of the Haymarket, played "The Happy Pair." Mr. Lely, of the Savoy, Mr. Forbes Drummond, of the Avenue Theatre, Mr. Walter Clifford, Miss Dremel, and Madame Macchetta sang, and shared the honours of the *matinée* with Miss Powell.

That stout Paul Pry of journalism, M. de Blowitz, at the first representation of "Hérodiade," took possession of a *fauteuil d'orchestre* to which he had no right, his ticket being only for a *strapontin*. When he was comfortably seated, M. Clémenceau approached him and politely notified that he was entitled to the place. Blowitz rose, but stood still a few moments. He was too corpulent to make his way to the gangway unless all sitting between him and it first quitted their places. Clémenceau, he doubtless thought, would shrink from putting them to so much trouble, and waive his right. But, as the eloquent Deputy was inexorable, M. de Blowitz had to move out. *Strapontins* in Paris theatres are not made to bear men of the correspondent's girth of waistcoat. When Blowitz seated himself in the one allotted to him, it broke in the middle, and down he came. As he lay groaning, more frightened than hurt, on his back, with his short legs and arms in the air, he was the observed of all observers, and had a *grand succès d'hilarité*. Clémenceau joined heartily in the laughter. *Le Voltaire* says of B., in noticing the incident: "Il faut toujours que cet étonnant produise du fracas. Vous verrez que le jour où l'on enterrera le cerceuil crevera sous lui : histoire de faire du bruit."

Salvini is now playing in his own theatre at Florence. He will appear in London on the 28th of this month, when "Othello," "King Lear," "Macbeth," and "Morte Civile" will be performed. He will be supported by an Italian, and not by an English company, as one of my contemporaries has stated.

Messrs. Cassell & Co. are now publishing in monthly instalments their "Encyclopædic Dictionary," so as to bring it within the reach of all. It is an excellent work of reference to all the words in the English language, —clear, brief, and yet comprehensive. I would strongly recommend it to free libraries.

Rimmel's Perfumed Valentines, all choice and elegant. List on application.—96, Strand; 128, Regent-street, 24, Cornhill.

The climax of absurdity in presenting swords of honour has perhaps been reached in the case of Sir T. Fowell Buxton. Sir Thomas has retired from the command of the 2nd Tower Hamlets Rifle Volunteers, and his regiment is about to present to him an elaborately-ornamented sword. Now a volunteer in active service, if I may use such a term, has not much need of a sword; but what the retiring commandant of a volunteer regiment can be supposed to want one for I really cannot conceive. Perhaps, however, Sir T. F. Buxton is quite as likely to make use of a sword as the Duke of Teck, to whom, it will be remembered, several were presented for his gallantry during the Egyptian campaign.

There was a large gathering to hear Mr. Ruskin's lecture at the London Institution on Monday afternoon, but there was not the same overcrowding and turbulent discontent as on the last occasion. The title of the lecture was "The Storm-Cloud of the Nineteenth Century," and for once Mr. Ruskin kept to his subject—so much so, indeed, that some of the audience appeared to be a trifle disappointed at finding themselves in for a scientific rather than a political discourse. Every one, however, must have enjoyed Mr. Ruskin's word-paintings of various sunsets observed by him during the last forty years ("I keep my skies bottled," he said, "like my father's sherries"), and the interest of the lecture was further increased by Mr. Severn's reproductions of many of Mr. Ruskin's studies of clouds. The limelight for exhibiting these pictures was lent at a moment's notice by Mr. Wilson Barrett, whose ready help received cordial acknowledgment from Mr. Ruskin.

I mentioned the other day that the Edinburgh Parochial Board had dismissed the Chaplain of Craiglockhart Poorhouse because he had refused to preach the doctrine of eternal punishment to the inmates. The unfortunate man, having a wife and family, and being dependent on his salary, formally recanted his obnoxious views, and "solemnly promised to preach and teach such simple Gospel truths as the managers may deem most suitable." He humbled himself in vain; but he might have known that to forgive a prostrate enemy is not in the nature of an austere Presbyterian. He was sent about his business, in spite of his fourteen years' services. But for his very foolish recantation, he might possibly have made a good thing out of his martyrdom.

The salary of the post is £130 a year, with apartments, coals, and gas. There are no fewer than forty-eight applicants for it, including ten ministers, twelve missionaries, nine teachers, eight divinity students, a gardener, four small "merchants," and a retired major of Dragoons.

One of the great advantages of the clerical profession must be the pleasant reflection as a man grows older that he has a store of sermons laid by for many years, and that he need no longer tax his brains or turn over his "Concordance." I can hardly imagine, therefore, any more cruel fate than that which has just overtaken Bishop Barry, who has lost the whole of his library and his manuscripts in the *Simla*. I believe the Bishop was fully insured; but then, unfortunately in his case, the Insurance Companies do not pay in kind.

Canon Tristram, who preached the sermon after the Masonic ceremony at Durham last week, selected for his text Exodus xii., v. 26, "What mean ye by this service?" I should think most people present who did not happen to be Freemasons felt disposed to echo the Canon's inquiry.

The Bishop of Exeter has fallen foul of the Devon County Agricultural Association because they propose to hold their annual Show in Ascension week. Dr. Temple considers it "a very grievous thing" that a Show should be open on Ascension Day. Surely this is carrying Church discipline a little too far. The Bishop thinks that agricultural societies ought to fix their meetings somewhat later in the year, and arrange them to take place after Trinity Sunday. But, as a member of the Devon Association pertinently remarked, "these are all movable feasts, and it would be manifestly impossible always to suit the convenience of exhibitors, and, at the same time, avoid offending the tender consciences of the clergy." There is a Puritanical flavour about the Bishop's suggestions which one would scarcely have expected from a man of his robust common sense.

Lord Alwyne Compton spoke on the subject of gambling the other day with more common sense than usually falls from the lips of high ecclesiastics. Neither playing games of chance nor risking money on them is *malum in se* in the eyes of the Dean of Worcester. The harm only comes in when the player risks more than he can afford to pay, or cannot play without losing his temper. It is difficult, however, the Dean continued with charming naïveté, to arrange the thing so that both these evils may be avoided. No doubt it is,—very difficult.

Here is a piece of information for any clerical reader with a taste for baccarat. Among other curiosities of the law of gaming, I learn that a Bishop cannot refuse to induct a clergyman for playing unlawful games or haunting taverns—*a fortiori*, I suppose, for playing unlawful games or frequenting clubs. This is on the venerable authority of Sir Simon Degge, who explains it on the ground that such practices are "not *malum in se*, but *malum prohibitum*." If the Church does not regard gambling as *malum in se*, it looks like a work of supererogation for the State to make it *malum prohibitum*.

The law on the subject of dangerous performances seems to be in a very unsatisfactory state. Last week "Captain" Austin, who is called "a noted shot," proceeded to fire at a potato placed on his wife's head. He performed this idiotic trick, and then attempted it when lying on his back. This time the bullet struck the woman, and inflicted a serious wound. Surely this sort of thing ought to be absolutely forbidden in a civilised country. Not long ago a man named Frayne shot his wife dead

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in a similar fashion, and then made money out of the occurrence by extensively advertising it. Whether Austin will follow Frayne's example I do not know, but in any case it is scandalous that he should be permitted to pander to that morbid love of sensation which is one of the most degraded passions of human nature. The Canadian police have announced that the next man who tries to swim Niagara will be taken into custody as a dangerous lunatic, and it really seems a great pity that individuals like Austin cannot be treated in a similar manner.

A case which ought to act as a warning to civil servants in general will be shortly brought before the public. A well-known firm of solicitors in their anxiety to serve a bankruptcy notice upon a gentleman who owes, or is supposed to owe, a client of theirs money, resorted to the expedient of trying to gain the requisite interview by means of a decoy. Under certain circumstances, perhaps, a decoy is essential, but what is to be said of the official notepaper of the Prison Department of the Home Office, the official envelope, and even the official frank, to free the post, being called into requisition for the purpose?

It is a curious thing that whenever a new Act of any importance is passed, the courts for the next six months are mainly occupied in settling how near the line people may go to evading it, and how far it is retrospective so as to affect transactions begun before it came into operation. The Bankruptcy Act is no exception to the rule. The Court of Appeal found great difficulty in construing the section intended to abolish the anachronistic evasion of the old Act by writs of elegit, but eventually came to a conclusion, somewhat sarcastically expressed by the Master of the Rolls, "that the Legislature had been intentionally verbose and tautologous, and had said and had intended to say the same thing twice over," and held that the evasion was still to continue if the writ had been issued, though nothing more had been done before Jan. 1, 1884. As it is pretty certain this was not the intention of the Legislature, it seems a pity that the intention was not better expressed. The fact is Acts of Parliament ought to be referred to a committee of legal experts, before the Royal assent is given, for the correction of any slips of wording which may have been overlooked. A little more simplicity and far less words would improve most Acts, and such a committee might prevent obvious absurdities caused by the insertion of inconsistent clauses.

The hall of the Leathersellers' Company has just been decorated in a most elaborate, not to say extravagant, fashion. The Company held an annual banquet last week, and the Master, the Rev. T. Lee, thought fit to endeavour to explain their lavish profusion. "Some persons," he remarked, "might think the decoration of the hall was an extravagance, but it gave employment to a great deal of skilled labour." I cannot imagine a more lamentably feeble excuse. Skilled labour is necessary for the manufacture of champagne and turtle soup, but I have yet to learn that that fact affords any justification for the squandering of vast sums of trust money in swilling and guzzling.

Sir J. B. Monckton, though actually only a clerk, is a far more important person than any Lord Mayor. The latter go and come, but Sir John ever remains with us. His observations, therefore, are important. "London," he says, "is the capital of the Empire, the seat of the Court, Legislature, and the High Court of Justice. It is not desirable, therefore, to increase manufactures in it, to add to the pall of smoke already so dense from consumption of coal." This is not a mere after-dinner contention, but one that figures as an argument in the official document addressed by "Monckton" in his official capacity to the Lords of the Treasury in defence of the coal and wine dues.

An Association, terming itself the "Metropolitan Ratepayers' Protection Association," is largely advertising a long-winded protest against any interference with the City Corporation. The name of the secretary is alone given, but I am curious to learn who provides the funds. I should fancy the wolves rather than the sheep. I doubt if there is one single subscriber to the Association who does not, one way or another, derive profit from the present system.

That the ratepayers of the Metropolis are not agitating is true; why should they? Government has taken up their cause, and the City has been tried and found guilty. The only question now is when the day shall be fixed for the hanging. In the meantime, everything is awaiting the inauguration of a new state of things. We have bad and dear water, and we are unable to secure "open spaces," because we have no central authority.

It may be interesting to know what class of men become Common Councilmen, and where they reside. In the Ward of Farringdon-Without there are thirteen Councilmen. Only one—a tobacconist—resides in the City. Their trades are as follows:—Two butchers, one solicitor, one tobacconist, one undertaker, one refreshment contractor, one umbrella maker, one publican, one carrier, one publisher, one vendor of potatoes, one mat maker, and one veterinary inspector. These may very possibly be very excellent men; but, when we are told that the City merchants and financial magnates take part in its municipal affairs, it is obvious that precisely the reverse is the case.

I have received a letter from James Brusey, smack-owner, of Grimsby. Mr. Brusey says:—

> We ask of you, as a journalist, to help us in which we think is the only solution of the fish question. We have taken a large shop in the Central Market, and sell at the coast price, after carriage and rent is paid. But we find it very difficult to sell our prime fish. If we could establish a good sale for these, it would benefit thousands in Hull and Grimsby. We want to stop the Billingsgate monopoly and middlemen's double commission for the benefit of the fishermen.

Certainly I should be glad to see fish cheapened in London, and the fish-ring smashed. Of the present enormous profits a very small portion goes to the fishermen.

A Cornish farmer writes to a local paper giving his experience of the result of relying on what, in Tory jargon, is termed "the usual good understanding" between landlord and tenant. He rented a tract of very poor land, and cleaned and manured it, and brought it into good order. He also laid out £60 in repairing a cottage. Just

when he was about to obtain some return for his outlay, the estate was sold, and the agent utterly declined to grant a farthing of compensation.

General Burroughs, in a lengthy letter to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, seeks to defend himself. His tenants loved him, and, when he was made a Major-General, presented him with an address, and dragged his carriage from the pier at Ronsay to his house. A singular comment upon this love appears in another part of the letter. "I have often been shot at." Strange to say, these loving tenants actually sent delegates to the Royal Commission at Kirkwall to testify that the General was unchristian, inhuman, unrighteous, unjust, and oppressive, although "I am a member of the Church of England, and a regular attendant at the parish church." Hearing of this, "I refused to make any promise that no notice should be taken of what these so-called delegates had said, and should say, against me." As for James Leonard, in his evidence before the Royal Commission, he stated "A man's a man for a' that, and other similar statements." This was too much for a landlord and a General who attended his parish church regularly, so, "as no business can prosper where such want of unanimity exists between those engaged in it, I declined to accept him as my tenant." It would seem that this abandoned man—a weaver, a mason, the Precentor in the Free Church at Ronsay, and other such horrible things—had erected a cot on his father's croft, and—additional crime—"entirely for his own convenience." James Leonard wished, on the death of his father, to rent the croft—naturally, one would suppose, as he had built a house on it—but the General would not hear of this, and "I refused to permit James Leonard, the father's second son, the weaver and mason, who was best able to provide for himself elsewhere, to remain there."

And whose fault is it that General Burroughs' tenants are now discontented? "Up to the arrival of the Crofter Commission, peace, happiness, goodwill, and contentment prevailed in Ronsay between my tenants and myself." Alas! this is now changed. "The more I have inquired into this agitation, the more convinced I am that it is an exotic product, which has been fostered into growth by the unscrupulous agency of interested but outside agitators."

This means that the tenants were the slaves of the General. They dragged him about in a carriage, and only occasionally shot at him. Hearing that an inquiry was to be made into their condition, they were spirited up to protest, and, as the General says, ventured to give utterance to the heretical sentiment, "A man's a man for a' that." This man-and-a-brother doctrine did not find favour with the military patriarch of the Orkneys, and he felt that such relations between landlord and tenant could not be permitted, so he refused to promise that no notice should be taken of their evidence before the Commission, and then, being a man of action, he seems to have taken very effectual notice of it. I see that in his letter he more than once alludes to the rules of his estate. I should like to see a copy of them.

Considering that Princess Alice explains in her book that she for long could not believe in the existence of a Deity, and that she was only eventually led to modify her views by the arguments of a Scotch divine, it is somewhat remarkable that a House of Commons which declines to allow an atheist to sit in it should have voted an annuity to one.

Lord Derby has sent an order to Malta that all the proceedings of the Council are in future to be conducted in the English language, and, in consequence, all the members who were elected the other day have resigned, with one exception. There is likely to be a troublesome agitation among the Italian party unless the order is considerably modified, and it has led to a renewal of the native clamour for annexation to Italy, which it is believed is sedulously fomented by the Italian consul.

A great Tory demonstration was held at Stamford last Tuesday. It took the form of a substantial tea in the Assembly Rooms, followed by a ball, admission being obtained for the small charge of one shilling. Dancing was kept up till nearly six o'clock, and as the magistrates, in the plenitude of their power, had granted a special licence for the sale of drinks till two o'clock, the proceedings were painfully uproarious during the latter part of the night. A little incident which occurred towards the close served to bring the brilliant entertainment to a somewhat abrupt and decidedly unpleasant termination. A well-known local Tory attempted to kiss his partner, while engaged in a quadrille, and she, being a lady of highly respectable position, thought fit to resent his impertinence by giving him a couple of sounding smacks on the face. The Stewards hastened to interfere, and the aggressor was hurried out of the room, or perhaps he might have encountered even more serious indignities. Some mendacious idiot had decorated the walls of the room with flaming placards, inscribed with the monstrous legend: "What do you think of a Government that allows over 300 cargoes of diseased cattle to be landed in British ports? Vote for healthy cattle and Morgan Howard." The thrice-rejected of Lambeth is now Tory candidate for Stamford.

Lord Haldon astonished the Tories of Devonshire by his eloquence at Torquay, the other day, and it was declared with enthusiasm that the House of Lords was to be congratulated on the acquisition of a real orator. Alas, however, for his lordship's fame in his native county! It was quickly discovered by some ill-conditioned Radical that his glowing peroration had been borrowed literally word for word from a speech delivered by Macaulay in the House of Commons about fifty years ago. *Je prends mon bien où je le trouve* was the unabashed avowal of Molière, and I suppose Lord Haldon goes on the same principle. However, he can point to the example of his late illustrious leader, Lord Beaconsfield, who, in 1852, in his tribute to the memory of the Duke of Wellington, took bodily rather more than half of his oration from the translation of an article which had just previously appeared in a French review on the Memoirs of a French

The Langham Hotel, Portland Place, W., redecorated throughout combines every modern improvement and luxury. Accommodates more than five hundred guests.

Marshal, by M. Thiers. Mr. Canning also "borrowed" his peroration in his great speech on the Indemnity Bill of 1818 from Madame de Staël.

The other day, at a Tory meeting in Norfolk, Lord Henniker related "an amusing story" about Mr. Gladstone. He stated that when the Prime Minister went down to Scotland just before the General Election in 1880, he waved a flag as the train passed through Newark station to a number of local Liberals who were assembled on the platform. These Liberals were "horrified" to see that the flag was the wrong colour, as Mr. Gladstone had apparently brought down one of those which he had used when he represented Newark as a Conservative fifty years ago. I am assured by a friend who lives near Newark, and who has made inquiries, that the whole story is an absurd fabrication. No flag was waved, and, further, no Liberals were at the station, as there would have been nothing to see, for "The Flying Scotchman," by which Mr. Gladstone travelled, passes through Newark at something like sixty miles an hour.

A split has taken place among the Tories of South Devon. It has for some time past been known that Mr. Carpenter-Garnier would retire at the close of the present Parliament, and the select "caucus" of county magnates which has hitherto controlled the representation, quietly chose Mr. Fleming, of Bigadon, as candidate for the seat which is to become vacant. The choice caused much grumbling, and several Tories intimated that if Mr. Fleming's candidature was persisted in, they would support any eligible local Liberal who would stand. Last week it was reluctantly decided to withdraw Mr. Fleming, and it is now probable that Mr. John Tremayne, of Heligan, will be the Tory candidate in conjunction with Sir Massey Lopes. Mr. Tremayne resides in Cornwall, but he owns considerable property in South Devon, and he is so universally popular that, if he consented to stand, it is almost certain that he would be returned unopposed.

Mr. George Phillips, son of Alderman Sir B. Phillips, has been selected to contest Horsham in the Liberal interest at the next election. Sir Henry Fletcher only beat Mr. Clifton-Browne by a very narrow majority at the General Election, so that the new candidate, being popular, has a very good chance of success. He is, like his father, a sound if not an advanced Liberal.

I understand that Sir Alexander Matheson, of Ardross, intends to resign his seat for Ross-shire at the dissolution. Sir Kenneth Mackenzie, of Gairloch, will be the Liberal candidate, and his return will probably be unopposed. It will be remembered that in 1880 he fought a gallant battle against Lochiel in Inverness-shire.

Mr. Kennard has, it appears, been entrusted by the chiefs of the Conservative Party with the conduct of a Bill for the suppression of the sale of intoxicating liquors in grocers' and pastrycooks' shops. The *Evening News* is, in anticipation of the measure, already giving us by instalments harrowing details of afternoon orgies at Gunter's. Speaking to the Art School students the other evening at Salisbury, Mr. Kennard declared that, "the after-glow to be enjoyed in connection with these institutions was not thrown up by volcanic eruptions, but was the outcome of the calm and quiet study of the majesty of art!" With a foretaste of Mr. Kennard's eloquence, the pastrycooks may well tremble.

I have no sort of objection to publishing the views of Tories. I read, myself, far more Tory than Liberal literature, because I always like to see what is to be said by those who take the opposite side of a question to that which I do. No one in the world can assert that he is absolutely certain that he is in the right, because the human mind is a very imperfect analytical retort. All that can be said with absolute truth is that whenever a person's interests are one way, his conclusions are likely to be biassed. A "Conservative" writes:—

How can Liberals say that the country is in favour of a reduction of the County Franchise at the present moment? The last election was entirely won by Mr. Gladstone. Read his Midlothian speeches; you will see that he hardly ever alluded to the reduction. If the election had turned on this, is it not clear that a Bill for the reduction would have had to be brought in immediately? What is the Liberal contention? That the present constituencies do not represent the country. If so, why has Mr. Gladstone been legislating with a Parliament elected by these constituencies for the last four years? How is it possible for him to say that in 1880, 1881, 1882, 1883, laws were to be made by constituencies which had, according to him, declared themselves incompetent, and that in 1884 these very same constituencies, through their representatives, are to declare that henceforward they are no longer to make laws? The Liberals assert that the agricultural labourers ought to have votes, because they are Englishmen. The Radicals are more logical. They at least act upon some definite principle. Their creed is that every Englishman has a right to a vote, and to an equal vote, because he is an Englishman. They would give effect to this by giving every Englishman a vote, and an equal vote; that is to say, they would establish universal suffrage and electoral districts. But a Liberal is illogical, when he tells us that because all Englishmen have a right to a vote, and to an equal vote, therefore a certain number of Englishmen, who are now without votes, should be given them, but that these votes should still remain of unequal value. The Government theory is, that the constituencies should be increased by the admission of a certain number of persons—and only a certain number—to the franchise. Conservatives and Liberals are therefore not divided on principle, but on detail. We claim that the year 1884 is not more opportune for this change than were the four previous years of Mr. Gladstone's administration, and that the issue is so important a one that electors should be directly consulted in regard to it. We, therefore, are the true friends of popular government. We demand an appeal to the people; you insist upon no appeal. You fear it; we do not.

A Tory writes:—

I was, and am, what is called a Jingo. I do not believe that we can surround our empire with a Chinese Wall, and say to the rest of the world, "Hands off." I have always been in favour of our annexing Egypt. Left alone, it would fall into anarchy. This would not suit other Powers, even though it suited us. The question, therefore, is: Are we or is some other Great European Power to be master on the Nile? Put thus, there can only be one reply: We must be master there. A Jingo is a man who accepts the responsibilities of Empire. This was the key-note of Lord Beaconsfield's policy. The key-note of Mr. Gladstone's opposition was, that under no circumstances ought we to enlarge our Empire or to meddle in any matters beyond its confines. How has Mr. Gladstone carried out his views? By fighting Zulus and Boers, by bombarding Alexandria, and by occupying Cairo with an army. He has, in fact, adopted the policy against which he railed; but he has carried it out in so weak and hesitating a manner, that what he has done has been badly done. I admire his intellect, but I do not, with all respect, regard him as a great statesman. His position is now a ridiculous one. We live in days of hero worship. I observe that Liberals, when they are addressing their constituents, grovel in the dust before Mr. Gladstone, and dwell upon his virtues. They take very good care, however, to say as little as possible about his policy, because they have no notion what that policy is likely to be. They seem to me to have introduced into our constitution this new dictum, "Gladstone can do no wrong." If he denounces any aggrandisement of the Empire, he is right; if he goes to war, he is right; if he makes a disgraceful peace he is right; if he bombards a town, he is right; if he says that he will withdraw from Egypt, he is right; if he announces that he will remain there, he is right. The infallibility claimed by Catholics for the Pope is nothing in

Old Artificial Teeth Bought.—Parcels sent by post will receive prompt attention, & P.O.O. per return. E. Browning, 133, Oxford-st., W.

comparison to that claimed by Gladstonians for their idol. I, for one, utterly decline to say black is white at the bidding of this "Grand Old Man," or to burn incense to him when he finds himself obliged, by the irony of fate, to adopt the very policy against which he protested so furiously when in Opposition. My idea of him is this: when in Opposition he would do or say anything in order to obtain power, and when in power he would do or say anything to retain it. His character is not a difficult one to read. He is possessed with a restless ambition. His object has always been to become and to remain Prime Minister, and so essential does he regard this to the well-being of the country and of himself, that he considers that it justifies all means. Like Mr. Bright, he is a religious man. This has done more than anything else to inspire confidence in these two gentlemen—a very vast number of people being of opinion that a good man must necessarily be a wise man, and that a certain fervour of religion must necessarily supply all defects in Statesmanship.

So it would seem that our Nubar has confided his views to an Austro-Hungarian Agent sent to Egypt! This is what our Nubar thinks of himself, of ourselves, and of our Khedive, and thus does this Armenian, who is "practically an Englishman," propose to utilise the situation: "I have accepted this arduous task, because England is placed in a most awkward position. She is struggling in the mud, and can neither walk nor swim. One of two things must happen. Either England makes up her mind to a protectorate, and the question of a Governor-General is solved by my presence here. I am the only man England has faith in, and I shall be appointed Governor of Egypt under English protectorate. If this does not take place, there is but one alternative possible. Tewfik must abdicate in favour of his child, and a regency will be appointed. In the latter case, I am the natural Regent, and shall hold Egypt in my hand."

In Mr. Broadley's forthcoming second edition of "How I defended Arabi," after pointing out that Nubar has been obliged to choose several of his colleagues from the National Party, and that General Gordon not only subscribed to the Arabi Defence Fund, but accompanied his subscription by a letter of encouragement to Mr. Blunt, he gives the following as words used by the General four days before his departure from England:—

I thing Arabi will eventually come back to Egypt. I knew him well, for he was, during eighteen months, my subordinate in command of the garrison at Massowah. He is a man of fair ability, and Arabi is unquestionably honest. He would make a good and popular Egyptian Minister, and he had, and has, a majority of the Egyptian people with him. England might well utilise his services, and count on his good faith. To have killed him would have been both an injustice and a political blunder. We must not indulge in exaggeration about Arabi. He must be judged by an Egyptian, and not by a European, standard.

Baker Pasha, it appears, has invented an opposition Prophet of his own, and is endeavouring to prove to the Soudanese that his Prophet is the real genuine article, and that the Mahdi is a humbug. The *Daily News* correspondent thus describes the Baker Prophet:—"He has an odd habit of snorting inwards, he is perpetually clearing his throat, twitching the corners of his mouth, tucking his legs beneath him this way or that, and trifling with the toes of his dumpy bare feet." Of course, Baker cannot do more than secure the services of the best available article in the Prophet market, but I confess that this importation into the Soudan looks to me much like a Barnum white-elephant.

The City Conservative Club, George-yard, Lombard-street, E.C. President, The Most Noble the Marquis of Salisbury, K.G.; Chairman, The Right Honourable the Lord Mayor; Vice-chairman, Sir Algernon Borthwick. Will be open to members on the 26th Inst.—T. Lund, Secretary.

SCRUTATOR.

BACCARAT: HOW IT IS PLAYED.

I DO not know of anything that gives me a lower opinion of the calibre of the average human mind than a conversation with a gambler. The man never can realise the fact that two and two invariably make four. Instead of accepting this universal truth, he seems to be under the impression that it depends entirely upon the articles added together. "Two and two oranges," he says, "undoubtedly make four oranges; but then, you see, I am making out the sum in apples." Take, for instance, gamblers at Monaco. Trente-et-Quarante is a game which produces a number of even chances, with a slight percentage to the owner of the table. The probabilities of a series of one chance or the other following each other in a given time is to be calculated by the arithmetical rules of probabilities. Here, one would think there is no opportunity to differ; but a gambler will not apply the *a priori* rule, but proceeds to base his conclusion upon *a posteriori* experiments. He marks down how the *coups* follow each other during several days, and then seeks from these *tableaux* to arrive at a conclusion how they will follow each other on subsequent days.

Baccarat has been discussed in a police-court. The players are asked whether it is a game of skill or chance? They opine to the former view. Yet, if any mathematician were called, he would conclusively show that as regards the banker it is a game of mixed skill and chance; but as regards the player, a game of pure chance. To prove this, it is only necessary to explain what the game is. The banker sits at the middle of a long table. The players sit to his right and left. The banker has six packs of cards before him all shuffled together. He deals a card to the right, and another to the left, and one to himself, all with their faces unexposed. Then he renews the operation. Thus he has two cards, and the players right and left have two cards. His next step is to look at his two cards. Tens and court-cards count for nothing. If the pips on his two cards when added together make either eight or nine, he shows them. The players then look at their cards; whichever side has neither eight nor nine pays the banker the amount staked. If one side has eight, and the banker has nine, that side loses; if one side has the same point—eight or nine as the case may be—as the banker, the *coup* is annulled. If the banker has eight, and one or other side has nine, that side is paid by the banker. Here, therefore, we have a pure chance. It is exactly even betting whether the banker wins a stake from either side, or whether either side wins a stake from the banker. If the banker, on looking at his cards, perceives that the pips, when added together, do not make eight or nine, he says, "I give cards." Each side (one player on each side takes up the cards, and represents all the players on that side) looks at the two cards dealt to it. If the pips on the two cards make nine or eight, the cards are shown, and that side wins. If one side or both sides have neither eight nor nine, the banker says, "Will you have a card?" It is optional to take one or not, the object being to get as near to nine as possible. Thus, for instance, if the pips on the

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Vanity Fair says:—"Mr. Benjamin is still the Prince of Ulster and Stalking-Coat Makers." Ulster House, Conduit-street, W.

two cards together make up four, a card would be taken, because, by so doing, it is probable that a point nearer to nine would be reached; if the pips make up seven, no card would be taken, because the probabilities would be that the seven would become one, two, or three. This third card thus given is exposed—that is to say, the banker sees what it is. Now, let us suppose that the banker has given two cards right and left, and two cards to himself, that neither he nor either side has eight or nine, and that each side has asked for a card, that one side has been given an ace, and the other side a three. The banker looks at his cards, and having the right to take one card, decides whether he shall do so. Let us suppose that his own two cards make up four. He sees that he has given to the players an ace and a three. He would say to himself, "The odds are that the side with the ace has less than four, and that the side with the three has more than four. If I remain without taking a card I shall lose on one side and win on the other." He therefore draws a card, or does not draw one, according to whether the stakes are higher on the one side or the other. This requires that sort of quickness in calculation which may be termed skill; therefore, a skilful banker will often win where one without skill would lose. To the banker consequently the game is one of mixed skill and chance. But the player draws or refuses to draw upon one general calculation applicable in all cases. He does not see what the banker has. It is a plain clear calculation whether he will get nearer to nine, or find himself further off from nine by drawing a card. To this he perhaps answers, "I see some people draw when they have five, whilst others do not draw; therefore, I have to exercise my intelligence, *i.e.*, my skill, in deciding whether I ought to draw at five." The reply to this nonsense is, that it is by no means difficult to calculate whether a player ought to draw at five, or whether he ought not. Either it is an advantage or it is a disadvantage, or it is neither the one nor the other. I never gave myself the trouble to make the calculation, nor do I intend to make it now. But it is by no means a difficult one, and once made, it is obvious that either all players ought to draw at five, or they ought not, and that, therefore, there is no room for individual intelligence—*i.e.*, skill.

Baccarat, therefore, is an absolute game of chance to the player, and it is a game at which a skilful banker may obtain an advantage over the player. This is as absolutely certain as that two and two make four. A magistrate, therefore, who is asked to decide upon this question should not trouble himself about the loose imaginings of gamblers, but should lay down the mathematical fact, according to the gospel of Cocker.

In the particular case of the Park Club, Mr. Wontner was upon somewhat slippery ground when he said that gambling is legitimate, but not excessive gambling. The distinction must, I should have thought, depend upon the fortunes of the individual players. The entire difficulty seems to me to arise from our laws—or rather the administration of our laws—allowing rich men to gamble, and forbidding poor men to indulge in this luxury. If a West-end Baccarat Club were permissible, it would be open to John Jones to start a proprietary Club in the East-end; to admit all costermongers who can pass a ballot; to give them dinners at cost price; to sell to them liquor; and to derive a profit from charging money for the use of cards, and from advances to them of cash, wherewith to gamble, at the rate of 365 per cent. per annum.

"CAMARALZAMAN."

For the last twenty years the critical gentlemen have been sticking pins and penknives into burlesque, but burlesque dies very hard. They have tried sneers, abuse, and sarcasm. From ridiculing the nonsense that is shown upon the stage, they have taken to calling up for judgment the intellects of the spectators in the stalls, but, like the jackdaw who was cursed, nobody appears to be "one penny the worse" for all this vituperation. The fact of the matter is, the public does not care one straw whether there is any intention or otherwise in a burlesque; half of the audience pays little attention to the book, the other half does not listen to it. They have dined: they are happy, and friends with the world in general: they want to hear pretty music, to see pretty faces, and to be lightly amused with an occasional dance or a bit of pure tomfoolery. So long as experienced men like Mr. Burnand write burlesques, the critics may howl and beat their breasts and groan about the degeneracy of dramatic art, and so on, but burlesques will outlive the critic's scorn and his tears. "Camaralzaman" is no better and no worse than its fellows. The author who wrote it understands his business. It is not the best work he can give us, but it suffices. He tells his story sensibly, puns outrageously, and knows exactly where to bring in a telling song or some bright music. And then the performers are popular. Miss Kate Vaughan's loss at the Gaiety is a serious loss indeed. She cannot be imitated, as Miss Gilchrist imagines. Flounced petticoats do not make Kate Vaughan. We have had no such dancing for many a long year on the stage, and it was a managerial mistake to let her go. The Company has never been the same since. It is a house with an important window blocked up, or with a support taken away. Mr. Terry and Miss E. Farren are indefatigable in their efforts to amuse, but poor Mr. Terry has to sing through a bronchial affection, and Miss Farren appears to be tired, as well she may be, having danced at the Gaiety incessantly since the year 1868. Mr. Elton seems to be made of india-rubber, and bounds about like an elastic ball. He is very popular in consequence, for heels are often more appreciated than brains. Miss Phyllis Broughton dances gracefully, and in her personal appearance reminds me of Miss Fortescue. If a burlesque makes some people sad, this is no reason why they should be angry with their neighbours who laugh. The contrast at the Gaiety between profound dejection and unbounded hilarity is curious to behold. Mashers are given to take their pleasure sadly. A solemn, inane, blasé air is the badge of the tribe.

Minton's China.—A visit to Messrs. Mortlock's extensive collection in Oxford-street and Orchard-street will conclusively prove the superiority of taste and lowness of price for which this house has been so celebrated during the last century and a half.

Princess's Theatre. — Every Evening, at 8, "Claudian." Preceded at 7 by "A Clerical Error."

Theatre Royal, Drury Lane.—Augustus Harris, Lessee and Manager. Every day at 1.45.; Every evening at 7.45. Cinderella.

THE BARREL ORGAN.

Tune.—The Perils of Parliament.

Ye Gentlemen of England,
Who stay at home at ease,
Ye little think upon the ills
That threaten our M.P.'s!
Now that throughout the House again
The flood of talk will flow,
And will roar
O'er the floor
While the storms of party blow,
While discussion rages loud and long,
And the storms of party blow!

The Spirit of Obstruction
Will start from every side;
New coalitions will be formed,
Old combinations tried;
The Alderman will shout "Yah! Yah!"
Lord Randolph talk more stuff,
Whilst a roar
O'er the floor
Will proclaim his new rebuff,
And noises weird and varied tell
That Warton's taking snuff.

His meteor pocket-handkerchief
Shall oft terrific burn,
Whilst weary legislators long,
But vainly, to adjourn;
Shall wave whilst dreary platitudes
Tempt Ministers to weep,
Or some bore
On the floor
Talks the faithful few to sleep;
Whilst the dazed but ever-active "whips"
Their endless vigil keep.

Yes, Gentlemen of England,
Do picture, if you please,
The fate that probably awaits
Your sorely-tried M.P.'s.
Think of those frequent dinners
Of which they'll get no bite
When the bell
Sounds their knell,
And compels them to the fight;
Till the lobbies echo with the groan
Of outraged appetite!

Think of the miles of walking
Divisions will impose,
On those who, spite their gouty pains,
Must follow "Ayes" or "Noes."
Think of the cramps they must endure
When furtive naps they take,
With what racks
In their backs
They will suddenly awake;
When they have slumbered in their seats
For their constitution's sake.

"Britannia needs no bulwark!"—
Or so her poets claim—
But he who makes Britannia's laws
Should have an iron frame.
Yes, he *does* need a bulwark
'Gainst all the session woes,
'Gainst the roar
Of the bore,
And the battle's stress and blows!
If his digestion be not sound,
He scarce will see its close.

For dark is the horizon,
And on the rising breeze,
Clouds, shaped like "all-night sittings,"
The weather-prophet sees;
And fears that even pheasants
The sportsman shall lay low
Ere the last
Of the blast
Through St. Stephen's halls shall go;
Ere the sharp "Hear, hear," is heard no more,
And the storm has ceased to blow.

NOTES FROM PARIS.

A KING OF GOOD FELLOWS.

I did not dare trust myself to go to the funeral of the late Mr. Edward Noyce Browne, and was not surprised to hear that Lord Lyons, who had the courage to attend it, cried like a child. What can be more cruelly sad than to see the coffin which encloses a friend who was joyousness itself whenever joy was seasonable, and whose good sense, thorough knowledge of the world, obliging disposition, and sympathetic power rendered his advice and companionship valuable in dark and difficult moments? The sterling qualities were hidden under surface but unforced gaiety. Some years ago, he met an old acquaintance who relished a joke as much as he did, and whom he had not seen since they had been art students together. Browne took him home to have an unrestrained chat about old times. They evoked the pleasant past, and laughed about their youthful adventures. An Italian servant, who had been told to bring refreshments to them, hearing the gay talk, risked observing to her master, "La sua Eccellenza a trovato un altro Pulcinello." The maid's idea of poor Browne was that he was simply a *Pulcinello*, or licensed jester, who had found another. He brimmed over with fun and humour, and was genial as autumn sunshine. In table talk and *tête-à-tête* conversation he was equally delightful, and was an indulgent satirist of the *monde* that he observed. As it was no use trying to improve it, he consoled himself by finding in it a subject of pleasantry. To great vices of the fashionable world he shut his eyes. Nobody for whom he wrote wanted to know anything about them, and he could preserve his dignity better by seeming to ignore them. The gay spirit struggled hard against the depressing effects of having to write for the fashionable readers of the *Morning Post*. Another cause of gloom that he long battled with was the health of his wife, to whom he was deeply attached, and who, eight or nine years ago, was deprived of the use of her limbs by rheumatism. She was a Miss Medhurst, who, though belonging to a Yorkshire family, had been reared at Naples. She was an admirable housekeeper, and as deft as if brought up to live by the work of her hands. Her skill as a musician was artistic. What is rare in an Englishwoman, she had, without being at all coquettish, *le génie de la toilette*, and dressed herself in a way that exactly suited her little, neatly-moulded figure and dark face, which was at once energetic and *mignonne*. She even made her court and other gala dresses. Her unpretentious though prettily set out table was snug, hospitable, and never without a nice little Italian dish of which Edward was fond. She was chatty, lively, and very much in earnest about trifles, which amused her fun-loving husband. Having no children, they only

thought of humouring each other's little whims, and made their home so pretty and so pleasant that they never wished to stir from it. Browne painted charming landscapes when not busy visiting or writing, or sang with a sweet, mellow voice, to Mrs. B.'s accompaniment, airs of his friend Rossini. He had no ear for any but Italian music—unless it was what Balfe and Vincent Wallace (also his friends) composed. Henry Russell used to sing his sea songs in Mrs. Browne's drawing-rooms, where the late Duchesse de Frias (Victoria Balfe) was launched in her artistic career. Mr. and Mrs. Browne called going to dinners and parties *travaux forcés*. From the time the Empire broke down they refused all invitations, and gave up receiving their friends at joyous *dîners intimes* and little dances, at which fun and sociability were only kept in bounds by fine tact and exquisite breeding. Nevertheless, they continued to receive many invitations, which Browne answered. If they were from friends, he gave the rein to his humouristic, pictorial, and verbal drolleries. The "Yours truly," &c., was sometimes replaced by "Derry down, Neddy Browne." In offering advice to a feminine friend, I knew him to begin thus: "My dear lady, my initials stand for *Nota bene*, so that I trust you will mark what I say." His maxims were as good as his stories. He could never get a young householder to understand that a very cheap, and, indeed, from a mercantile point of view, valueless thing, may, and often is, just as beautiful as a dear one. In this order of ideas he employed poor children to cull grasses and wild flowers in the woods round Paris for the adornment of his flat, long before they were "placed" in the Madeleine Market, and brought the daughters of M. Fould and M. Rouher to appreciate them. It was in this way that field flowers became the fashion. Another of his sayings was, "Householders who are not wealthy should, no matter how high their rank, go themselves to market. Quality is much more in food than even good cookery. Servants won't, and for a good reason of their own, understand this, and they make you pay as dearly for bad as for good things." Browne practised what he preached. To, as he put it, keep his genteel acquaintances from cutting him because he fetched home the provisions in a big hand-basket, he now and then got a nobleman to accompany him in his foraging expeditions. Browne had himself small reverence for the Peerage; but he found that if his late solemnity, Lord Grey of Groby, laughed at the jokes he cracked with *dames de la Halle*, the primmest and most stuck-up wives of English commoners were sure to enjoy them.

The last time I saw rare "Ned Browne" was in the Madeleine Market. He was engaged in a humouristic war of words with a jolly and very good-looking market-woman. Thackeray was one of his good friends, and loved his genial conversation. To his friendship with Lord Palmerston, Sir William Temple, and Sir J. Hudson, he owed his curious position at the Court of the Tuileries. Every one knew that Mrs. Browne was the daughter of a Colonel Medhurst; but Browne never said whence he came or who were his kinsfolk, unless when he talked irreverently of an aunt who kept the Red Lion Inn at Brentford. Eventually he became the owner of that establishment, but whether as the aunt's heir or by purchase I know not. He kept a very close tongue about his relations with the Tuileries, where he was a great favourite so long as Conneau, Madame Cornu, and Achille Fould held their own there against the Clerical party. But as Fould lost influence, and the Emperor lost health, Browne also, without in the least foreseeing the advent of the Republic, had forebodings of the Imperial collapse. He ventured to call attention to what appeared to him the writing of the man's hand on the wall. Though he warned in muffled tones and veiled language, what he said grated on courtly ears. His estimate of Charlotte and Maximilian, after the Emperor and De Morny had resolved to send them to Mexico, was asked. Having seen and studied the illustrious pair in Italy, and being under his good-natured air a shrewd judge of character and capacity, he was qualified to give an opinion. It was to the effect that Maximilian was nothing more than a dilettante, and that Charlotte was too imperious ever to learn wisdom. Truth like this was not *bonne à dire* either in high French or English places, and De Morny secretly resented it. He played off against him Felix Whitehurst, from whom the Emperor shrank, divining in him an indiscreet and compromising partisan, whose outrageous flattery was grateful to Court ladies. Browne was a fine-grained gentleman; Whitehurst was extremely fast, and up to his eyes in debt. Browne thought it would be impertinent to grossly flatter the Empress, so that if he praised her, he assumed a right to blame her when she might deserve censure. Napoleon III. appreciated this sobriety of eulogium. But he had lost authority at the Tuileries. His will was weak, his strength used-up prematurely, and courtiers were looking forward to a long Regency.

How diplomatists judge of political situations! I attended last week all the debates in the Chamber. The diplomatic box, when I arrived, was always full. On Thursday, immediately after M. Jules Ferry delivered his speech, and was applauded by at least two-thirds of the Chamber, their Excellencies the Ambassadors and their secretaries and attachés went away. I know that some of them wished to hear Clémenceau; but as Ferry appeared to them sure of victory, they wanted to pay court to him in acting as if his rival did not merit a hearing. Only Herr Beckman, the press director at the German Embassy, his pretty and *spirituelle* daughter, and the secretary of an Oriental Legation, seemed to feel that Clémenceau would win a great chalk. And even they left before he was half-way through his speech.

SPORTING NOTES.

THE most remarkable feature about the very languishing speculation on the Two Thousand and Derby, is the ease with which a dark candidate or a rank outsider can be brought literally in a trice to a short price. The people who are backing such candidates as the Duke of Westminster's Cambusmore are influenced merely by their own crack-brained fancies; and it shows how entirely impreg-

Minton's China.—Thomas Goode & Co., Artists and Designers in Porcelain, South Audley-street, Grosvenor-square.

nable is this form of insanity, that the melancholy tragedy of Troll should already have been forgotten. Two years ago, this dark colt was absolutely "rushed" up to 9 to 1, although at Kingsclere nothing was known about him except that he was good-looking—a fact of which his backers were warned over and over again in Truth. Troll was turned out of training early in the season, without ever having won a race, and both of the "classic" stakes for which he had been so recklessly backed were won by his stable companion Shotover. Cambusmore, who is by Doncaster—Strathfleet, ran only once last year—in the Middle Park Plate, and he was nowhere, but it was obvious to every one who noticed him that he was then very backward, and he may be regarded as being, to all intents and purposes, dark. His first engagement is the Two Thousand, and he is also in the Derby and in the Epsom Grand Prize. No stable in the country now possesses better "trial tackle" than Porter's, and he can gauge the chances of Cambusmore to a pound when the right time arrives, which, my readers may rest well assured, will not be for some ten weeks to come. If Cambusmore is any good, he will be backed by the right people the week before the race, at just the same period that Peregrine and Shotover "came" with such a rush, and it will be better, surely, to wait to take 6 to 1 about him after he has won his trial, than to take now 14 to 1 with the risk of seeing him dolorously disappear like so many other fancies of the dead season.

I am informed by people who certainly ought to know, that Superba's form in the Middle Park Plate was "all wrong," and that if she goes on well she will win both Two Thousand and One Thousand. The gulf between Dives and Lazarus was not more stupendous than this "if," because it must be manifest to any one who looks through last season's two-year-old form, that Superba was quite at the top of the tree, and, according to her running subsequent to her inglorious *début* at Kempton Park—where, astounding to relate, Reprieve gave her 12 lb. and lost her—she has the Two Thousand at her mercy. But then it so often happens that a filly which has been hard-worked as a two-year-old, loses her form and never regains it; and, according to the reports from Newmarket, Superba does not seem to have given satisfaction lately to those who have touted her. It is desperately fatuous to back her at present; for even if she goes on all right and comes to the post backed by her owner, it is improbable that she will start at a less price than 3 to 1, for there will apparently be a large field. Peck has a promising "dark" candidate in Broadacres, by Springfield—Lady of the Manor, who has been trained on the waiting principle which proved so successful with Muncaster and with Peregrine. Harvester is almost as good a favourite as anything, although, in the opinion of both his owner and his trainer, he is only second-class; and the accuracy of their estimate is proved by his exceedingly moderate form last season. This colt, however, was decidedly capable of improvement, and he has been going on well all the winter. If Lord Falmouth's horses are sold on the Thursday in the First Spring week, his colours will, I fear, be seen for the last time on the previous day. The good-looking Lillibullero has no chance for any great race; but he is heavily engaged, and may pick up some small stake with the aid of the allowances which he will earn in the course of the season. It is unlucky that Busybody was not engaged in the Two Thousand, as she was a stone superior to Harvester last autumn; but I suspect she is a filly whose two-year-old form will be her best. The Biennial, on Tuesday in the Craven week, may be a very interesting race this year, as the entry includes Royal Fern, Busybody, Harvester, and Wickham. This last colt won the Houghton Stakes in a canter, beating Condor, who a fortnight before had run Harvester to a head in the Clearwell at 6 lb.; but Condor is a very uncertain beast, and no acquisition to any stable. It was his ignominious exhibition at Sandown in the intervening week which led his Australian owner to remove his horses from Brown's stable. I believe, however, that Wickham's private form was good, and in the Houghton week he was said to be "stones" in front of Tortoiseshell, who on the day after the Cambridgeshire showed herself to be at the very top of the selling-plate form (which at that time of year is saying a great deal), and next day she won the Feather Plate over the Cesarewitch course, beating some fair performers. Wickham belongs to Blanton, and he will no doubt be sold before the Two Thousand day; and it may be hoped that he will not prove such a woeful bargain as Prince. Talisman—the hope of the Rothschilds—is a very handsome colt, but, as is the case with all the stock of Hippia, there seems to be a screw loose somewhere. He was certainly the most disappointing two-year-old of last season. Royal Fern, who will carry Mr. Houldsworth's unlucky colours, is a colt for which I have little fancy, and I suspect that he will turn out a non-stayer. Camlet, who has no engagement till the Derby, is a wear-and-tear sort of colt who might distinguish himself among the moderate lot of which the field will be made up. He is by Camballo—Cachmere, a pedigree which is good enough for anything. Camlet was grievously over-raced last year. Fritz, another and a still more fancied candidate who will not be seen till Epsom, is a colt of whose Derby prospect I entertain a very mean opinion. He was beaten easily in both his races last year, and in the Dewhurst Plate, where he was a bad third to Adelaide filly (giving him 4 lb.), and to Busybody (who gave him 7 lb.) he never at any part of the race looked like a winner. It is said that Fritz was not properly prepared, and was not, therefore, expected by his stable to quite win. This is egregious nonsense, for if the party had not anticipated his victory, they would scarcely have been such idiots as to back him; and at Newmarket he was quietly supported for a considerable sum. Adelaide filly holds this candidate perfectly safe for the Derby, and she looked all over like training on. She is not in the Two Thousand, but will be seen out in the One Thousand. She was out of sorts on the Middle Park Plate day, and was not backed, but she ran remarkably well, and, when coming up the hill, she looked like winning cleverly. If this filly does win the Derby, her owner and trainer will have more luck than they deserve, for she was scandalously knocked about as a two-year-old. It is a wonder that she was not

Sanitary Inspection.—Fee, 2 Guineas. Improvement works undertaken. The Sanitary Engineering Co., 115, Victoria-st., Westminster.

"settled" by her Chesterfield Stakes' race, coming as it did so soon after her tremendous struggle with Archiduc in the July, and running her at Goodwood was a piece of imbecility. Sir G. Chetwynd's sister to Adelaide colt looked like making a nice three-year-old. By the way, it is to be hoped that these two animals will be named before the season commences, or there are pretty sure to be complications and misunderstandings, in which the honest people will have the worst of it. Bestwood, a very good-looking, dark colt, by Silvio—Madrigal, in the Heath House stable, was seriously ill for several weeks last year, and may never shake off the effects of his ailment. Lord Byron will represent Bedford Cottage in the Two Thousand. He is not engaged in the Derby. Mr. Gerard's colt is hardly second-rate on last year's running, but then, if Superba does not train on, it becomes such an open race that "anything may win." The most fancied dark candidate is Doncaster Cup, who is half-brother (by Doncaster) to Goldfield, and cost 300 gs. as a yearling. He is trained by Brown. Last season he forfeited twenty engagements, and I am quite sure that, with such a paralytic tenuity of the market, it is not a stable commission which has brought him to the preposterous price of 14 to 1. This colt will no doubt make his *début* in the Craven Stakes, on Thursday in the Craven week, in which he may meet Harvester or Busybody, Sister to Adelaide colt, Cherry, Royal Fern, Talisman, and Broadacres. Cherry, who is sister to Energy, and cost 700 gs. as a yearling, only ran once last season—at the Houghton meeting, where she won the Cheveley Stakes in a walk. She had a stone the best of the weights with Knight Errant and Sandiway, the best animals in the field, but she had been so highly tried that she started at 6 to 4, and for two days before had been such a general "man in the street" tip, that she was selected as a promising "retriever" by many in the great company of the defeated. She is in the One Thousand, Epsom Grand Prize, Kempton Grand Prize, and Parkhill Stakes. No rational being will invest a sou on anything for the Two Thousand until after the Craven week (when the betting may very likely be revolutionised), and the Derby should be ignored until after the Second Spring Meeting.

There are very large acceptances for all the spring handicaps, and if we can trust to what the late Sir Robert Peel was wont to term "the ordinary channels of information," a score of horses are already being backed for the Lincoln event. It is evident that "Mr. Manton" means to have at least "a good try" for a repetition of the Buchanan *coup*. I observe that the *Sporting Times* recommends Acrostic, on the strength of his two-year-old running. "He was placed third in a race like the Clearwell, the animals in front of him being Hauteur and Goldfield. He was also third in the Dewhurst Plate, a neck behind Goldfield, and on this occasion he had behind him Energy and St. Blaise." There is a touch of *suppressio veri* in these remarks, which, of course, is not intended, and is, doubtless, to be attributed to extreme haste and consequent carelessness. In the Clearwell, Acrostic, who was very heavily backed, was a miserable third, and never for an instant did he "flatter" his friends in the race. Hauteur was giving him 7 lb., and Goldfield 3 lb., and there was literally nothing behind him in the way of form. Mr. Lefevre's nare won very easily, and there was not the semblance of a struggle between Acrostic and Goldfield. As to the Dewhurst, Ladislas won in a canter, and Goldfield was here giving Acrostic 4 lb. Respecting St. Blaise, he was manifestly out of form that week, as the next day it took him all his time to beat the wretched Pebble in the Troy, and he could only scramble home a neck in front of him at 7 lb., having made plungers fairly sick with fright. Of Energy's running in that race the less said the better. It was the general impression afterwards (possibly a superficial one) that, like St. Louis in the same race the year before, he was settled by the mud, for the course was a perfect swamp. Acrostic has all the appearance of a flat-catcher.

MAMMON.

THE CARE OF SECURITIES.

THE great failure in the City of a "respectable" broker reveals the fact that many people keep their securities with their brokers. Without supposing for an instant that many brokers would betray the trust, is this very wise? Unless given as "cover," I see no reason that they should be entrusted to a broker any more than to a tailor. A broker might lose them. He has not got a strong room, and they might be stolen. Moreover, he may be in want of money, and why throw temptation in his way? Why bankers are trusted with securities is very possibly, to a certain extent, the belief that they are honest, but still more the presumption that they not only are rich, but that they do not speculate. If it were known that a banker was in the habit of dealing speculatively on the Stock Exchange, his customers would desert him. The longer I live, the more am I surprised at the want of caution exhibited by people in taking care of their money, considering the trouble and worry they gave themselves to acquire it. I cannot say that I pity the brokers and the jobbers who have lost by this failure. They are very incautious people, and seem to me to deal for Tom, Jack, and Harry without any sort of inquiry.

EGYPT.

I always said—looking at the matter from a hard financial standpoint, and at facts rather as they were likely to be than as I may personally have wished them to be—that an investment in Egyptian Preference Bonds was a sound one, and that an investment in Unified Bonds was an unsound one. The reason for this is, and was, simple. The former have at least the railroad as an asset, which, under reasonably good management, would earn interest on the bonds. Any deficit from this source is a first charge upon the entire revenue of Egypt, and this first charge the country always will be able to, and always will, pay. The second is a share in a commercial undertaking. If, after paying all charges of administration and meeting any deficit from the railroad profits, Egypt has anything over, it goes to the Unified bondholders. Messrs. Goschen and Joubert held that such a sufficiency would always be over, as would pay 4 per cent. on these bonds, and leave a

Options.—Explanatory Pamphlet on Stock Exchange Options, post-free. John Abbott & Co., Stock and Share Brokers, 21 and 22, Palmerston Buildings, London, E.C.

surplus for a sinking fund. At most this was an opinion which had to be verified by experience, and experience soon showed that it was an erroneous one. The Administration has been starved, the fellahs have been overtaxed, and yet there is an annual deficit. Egypt can only borrow £2,000,000 if the liquidation arrangement is not to be set aside. She has already borrowed one million for current expenditure, and she will have to borrow about £5,000,000 for indemnities, wars, and deficits. It is very evident, too, that the land-tax will have to be reduced; for, up to now, the fellahs have only been able to pay it by borrowing at usurious interest. We have, therefore, to meet these facts:—1. Taxation must be diminished; 2, time must be expended upon the administration and upon maintaining the canals in good order; 3, six millions will have to be borrowed at a somewhat high rate of interest. The obvious deduction, therefore, is that the interest on the Unified debt will have to be reduced.

This is precisely what I always regarded as probable, and it was for this reason that I urged the readers of Truth to invest if they liked in "Preferred," but carefully to eschew Unified. If the Preferred be worth 90, in the very nature of the relation between the two, the Unified cannot at the utmost be worth more than 50; indeed, I believe that they are worth considerably less. I never myself bought any Unified, because I always had a wholesome distrust of them. I bought some Preferred some years ago, when they were quoted at about 50. They went to par. Then I sold them. I could not resist cent. per cent. profit, but I thought then, and think now, that they are really worth par. I would just as soon hold them, as many of our Colonial bonds which pay four per cent. My doctrine of a nation's indebtedness is that it can only owe what it has pledged itself to pay by its representatives. Were I an Egyptian, or a Turk, or a Russian, I should be in favour of repudiation of the National Debt. I do not recognise the right of a fellow-citizen, calling himself a Czar, or a Sultan, or a Khedive, or by any other silly appellation, to pledge his country's credit. But this is a political doctrine which I am afraid will not be acted upon for some time to come. Looking, therefore, at what will be, and not at what ought to be, I say that the Preferred are a reasonably fair investment.

THE JABLOCHKOFF ELECTRIC COMPANY.

This Company proposes to reconstitute itself. The actual Company is to be sold to a new one, and fresh capital is to be procured by an issue of shares. The capital of the new Company is to be £120,000, and the old Company is to be paid £55,000. What for? In nine cases out of ten, the shareholders of Electric Companies should insist upon their being at once wound up under an independent liquidator, who would first see whether any promoters or directors can be made contributories, and then would proceed to distribute the assets, if any. To reconstitute, or to suppose that the public will contribute fresh funds, is foolish. They have not only a distrust of patentees connected with electric lighting, but of the directors who buy the patents, and who have pocketed large salaries. The impudent salary grab of Sir Henry Tyler and of his brother directors in the Brush Company—£25,000 in one year—is not forgotten.

THE DEVALA-MOYAR GOLD MINING COMPANY.

This Company is one of the Indian Gold Mining Companies. Having discovered, after buying land containing gold at almost its weight in that metal, that mining could not be made to pay, the estate has been converted into a coffee plantation. The Directors have taken altogether £4,000 for their kindness in inviting subscriptions, and then proving that the invitation was not a wise one. This year they have modestly consented to take £600. But surely the best plan would be to sell the estate, and to divide whatever it may fetch amongst the unfortunate shareholders. If, however, a coffee business is to be carried on, the least that the Directors can do is to work for nothing until they prove by the experience of dividends that coffee is as good as gold.

John Shaw, Stock and Share Dealer, Wardrobe-chambers, Queen Victoria-street; and Doctor's-commons, deals at tape prices.

ANECDOTAL PHOTOGRAPHS.

THE LATE M. ROUHER.

In the declining phase of the Second Empire, M. Rouher was called, by friends and foes, the Vice-Emperor. The name was accepted by the public, but it was a misfit. The seemingly all-powerful Minister was merely the Newfoundland dog of the Court. When the indolent and weak-witted Cæsar was drawn into a mess or muddle by those around him, the task devolved on Rouher to pull him through, and, if anything was said about it by Thiers, Jules Favre, or other leading members of the Opposition, he had to brazen it out. In brazening-out bad compromising cases he had no equal. Being an Auvergnat, he had heart-power of a healthy, limited kind, but not a grain of sensibility. To the opinion of men of good condition he was indifferent. Their abject worship of success, of which he had seen a great deal, made him hold them in small esteem. He was never known to blush or stammer when caught in the act of defending the Emperor by a fabrication. Whilst he was at the top of the wheel he had some valuable qualities. He knew how to give resonance to vulgar commonplaces, and how to be solemn and emphatic while *parlant pour ne rien dire.* This went down with the well-lodged and well-fed bourgeois, and with human owls, not alone in France, but in England. Though a plodding and sensible man of business in his office, he was in public just as much a spinner of phrases as Jules Favre. But, unlike that rhetorician, he was not an artist. Being unimpressionable himself, he failed to make his listeners vibrate. All he did was to afford them a fairly decent pretext to vote with him. He was without scholarship or literary tastes, and when he aimed at fine effects he was vulgar and pretentious. To intelligent men who had no interest in admiring him he was exasperating when he brazened his way out of ugly muddles. He himself felt that he was so, and despised those who applauded him.

M. Rouher had no more the gift of laughter than of tears. Though not puffed up by the apparent greatness of

his position, he was solemn. Face and figure lent themselves to the sham dignity which, against his grain, he had to assume. The former was pear-shaped; the latter long, and would have been handsome if the soul within it had not been a prosaic one. The profile was of singular purity, except at the chin, which appeared as if pushed up and out by an invisible thumb. A deep wrinkle, like a cut, separated that feature from the lower lip. His eyes were large, long, blue, and more grave than thoughtful in their expression. M. Rouher, when at his zenith, gave me the idea of a highly respectable country attorney, who, by a freak of fortune, was raised to be Vice-Emperor. His mental ken was bounded. But what he saw he saw well, and reasoned soundly about it. Because he had so little imagination, he was thought a safe man. The mental digestion was slow as the stomach was active in its assimilations. This was a great misfortune for the Emperor. A man with a quicker mind and greater imaginative power would have seized the complex bearings of the Jecker affair, and of the German policy of the Empire, and have perceived the dangers involved in them. Rouher in each case only saw disaster when it was imminent. His enlightened views on free-trade questions simply arose from this. Colonel Rouher, his uncle, who had only a small pension and the interest of a small capital to live upon, brought him up at St. Prix, a village near Montmorency. The Colonel lived in a little house which he bought for 6,000 f., and sold, when his nephew rose in the world, for 8,000 f. A next-door neighbour was a pastor, and another a traveller for Paris wholesale and retail drapery warehouses. When at St. Prix they and the Rouhers formed a little neighbourly set. The Pastor's wife (an Englishwoman) and the traveller used in returning from Switzerland, Belgium, and England, to smuggle for "Madame la Colonelle" linens, cottons, woollen cloths, and other stuffs which they bought cheap, but which, if imported in the regular way, would have been too dear for the worthy aunt to buy. The unpacking of these goods produced never-to-be-forgotten impressions on those who witnessed them. When the goods were being handled and admired, much evil was talked of Custom Houses. All the smugglers were earnest Protestants. Colonel Rouher and his wife were free-thinking Catholics, and went to mass more from habit than conviction. Eugène, the future Vice-Emperor, was not drawn away altogether by his neighbours from Mother Church, but he became a Gallican, and when a great man, stood out secretly against the Clerical party at Court, in so far as it wanted to interfere with religious liberty in France. When Eugène was at St. Prix the Arch of Triumph was finished and inaugurated. Aided by a field-glass, the old soldier, who was a Bonapartist, and his nephew, witnessed the ceremony. The Colonel believed in the revival of the Empire, and exhorted Eugène to rally to the coming Emperor, who would not be true to his name if he did not reopen *toutes les grandes carrières aux talents.* This seed of ambition did not fall on stony ground. At St. Prix there were very insolent *nouveaux riches*, who were Royalist and ultra-Catholic. They despised the old soldier, his nephew, and the Protestant neighbours. What I now relate explains the suddenness and the decision with which Rouher, who had been in 1846 a candidate of Guizot at an election for the Chamber, made his Bonapartist evolution when Louis Napoleon was elected President of the Republic. The good-natured smuggling for the Colonel's wife helps us to understand how a man of Rouher's bounded views, slow mind, and crass ignorance of all but French affairs, was so quick to receive the free-trade gospel of Cobden.

The late Vice-Emperor received a good deal of his education from a village schoolmaster and from his uncle. He only went to a high-class school when he was getting well into his teens. One cause of his superiority in point of character to most of the other upper servants of the Emperor was, I think, due to the military discipline he had to observe when in his uncle's house, and to the great liberty he enjoyed out of doors. The forest of St. Prix, which was then open and unspoiled by quarries, was not a hundred yards away, and extended for ten miles over hill and dale. Beautiful fields, now turned into parks, were unenclosed. To a robust boy the Oise was within easy distance. Healthy tastes formed in boyhood remained with Rouher to the end of his life. From the taint of luxury, which was so strong in most Bonapartists of his time, he was entirely exempt. Honest he was, in a rough, Auvergnat way; but he never scrupled to extract all he could out of the State. At one time his emoluments came to about £13,000 sterling a year, not including lodgings in a palace, firewood, wax candles, male domestics, and *frais de représentation.* He was not a man to rig the Bourse. But those who say he did not make use of his opportunities to know how stocks were likely to rise or fall, take a wrong estimate of him. Since the Empire fell, he had lived simply, and made a poor mouth to keep off hungry partisans of the Empire; for he had the good sense to regard Imperialism as dead and buried from the day on which he heard of the Zululand tragedy.

M. Rouher intended, when called to the bar, to practise law in Paris. But the death of an elder brother, who was at once advocate and attorney, opened to him a ready-made business at Riom, in Auvergne. There he fell in with De Morny, who obtained for him Guizot's patronage, and that of Madame Adelaide, Louis Philippe's sister. She was more King of the French than her august brother. These relations brought the lawyer into politics. When the Revolution of 1848 came, Rouher went up to the Assembly as a Republican. He had no political views beyond those of any ordinary well-to-do tradesman, but an old bias in favour of the Empire. As nearly all the great speakers at the Assembly were poets or prophets in the sense of being far beyond their time, or else mere artistic rhetoricians, his verbosity and prosaic standpoint carried him far. Those who set up to drive the State car preferred horses with blinkers to horses that could see before, around, and almost behind them. The future Vice-Emperor stuffed his brain when a law student with the speeches of that king of rhetorical artists, Guizot. But as he

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was only a copyist, the breath of life which keeps products of the mind going long after the day is past was not in him. This morning I went over a file of the *Officiel* containing his most famous orations. They are, in point of form, ridiculous fustian, and quite old-fashioned. Events have proved the falsity of the views set forth in them. M. Rouher was only a pseudo-orator, and the worst blunder Thiers ever made was to betray a fear of him in the Versailles Assembly.

M. Rouher was the heaviest eater I ever came across. The first time I saw him was at Mrs. Cobden's, at the Maison Valin. He was holding forth with Michel Chevalier, who was tall, lean, of rueful countenance, and dyspeptic, beside a table on which cakes and sweet drinks were laid out. Every comma was marked with the taking of a mouthful of sandwich; every semi-colon with several mouthfuls; every colon with two bites and a pause; and every full stop with another sandwich and a gulp of red syrup. Again I saw him at a small dinner at the American Minister's, so absorbed, from the moment he sat down to table until he rose from it, in the viands placed before him, as to forget that he owed duties of politeness to the hostess. What a trencherman, to be sure, he proved himself! After dinner there was a reception and a hospitable buffet. Rouher found his way to it at once. When the United States Minister spoke, Rouher listened. When he waited for a reply, the Vice-Emperor stuffed and restuffed his mouth, and then drank and stuffed again.

Mdlle. Louise Rouher, who is still unmarried, was at that time singularly independent for a French girl. Madame Rouher had the good sense to remain a plain bourgeoise and a *bonne femme*. Her capacity for keeping State secrets was tested when the *Coup d'État* was being planned, and when she was asked to draft for press the negotiations of the Cobden-Rouher treaty of commerce.

Rouher abandoned the Empress on the 4th of September. Nevertheless, he was attached to the Imperial family in a prosaic, honest way. After 1870-71 he became like a man in a new and strange world, who had got old in the transit thither. The robust frame gave way, the cheeks hung down over his shirt-collars, and the memory was slippery, and often quite at fault. But he conspired and plodded on as head of the Imperialist party, until Prince Louis Napoleon was killed. From the hour in which he heard of that event he washed his hands of politics. His last serious occupation was gardening.

QUEER STORIES.

A BITER BIT.

PEOPLE wondered that poor Bob Montressor should have appointed the Hon. Marmaduke Carruthers his executor. Bob was a gentleman, and a man of the strictest honour and integrity, while the Hon. Marmaduke, unfortunately, did not enjoy a spotless reputation. But those who knew Bob Montressor best, and appreciated his delicacy of feeling and kindness of heart, suspected what his motive was. He had been touched by the neighbourly attentions which Carruthers had shown him during his illness, and had sought to repay him by the only means in his power. It is due to the Hon. Marmaduke to say that he did what he could to relieve the monotony of Montressor's sick-room. The two men had chambers in the same building, and Carruthers devoted a good deal of his leisure to his friend. With all his faults, he was not ill-natured, and the occasional half-hours he spent at Montressor's bedside were highly appreciated. No doubt poor Bob's thoughtfulness suggested the idea that by making the Hon. Marmaduke his executor he would assist him to recover his footing in society. It was not unlikely that men would be disposed to judge him more leniently on hearing that a popular man like Montressor had deemed him worthy of his confidence and esteem.

The Hon. Marmaduke had some dim perception of this, though he was very much disgusted to find that he had not been left a legacy, and that Montressor's effects would barely suffice to pay his debts. But he soon realised that Montressor had really done him a very material service, for he could not help noticing a general disposition on the part of his acquaintances to treat him with forbearance, and to overlook past misdeeds. He was also agreeably surprised at receiving a letter from a well-known leader of fashionable society — the Hon. Mrs. Satterley, the wife of a Colonel in the Guards—referring to the fact of his being Montressor's executor, and civilly requesting him to call upon her at her residence on a certain day.

He regarded Mrs. Satterley's letter as an auspicious omen, especially when he remembered that she and poor Montressor had been lovers, if not actually engaged, before her marriage to Colonel Satterley. It was an old, half-forgotten story, dating many years back, but Carruthers recollected hearing at the time that the Hon. Mary Daincourt had jilted Montressor. Nothing seemed more probable than that this influential lady, out of respect and regard for the memory of the deceased, should be disposed to go out of her way to show kindness to the man for whom Montressor had apparently given a signal proof of regard. Her friendship implied admission into the most exclusive social circles, from which the Hon. Marmaduke had been an outcast for years; and the privilege was not to be despised by a man in his desperate circumstances. He, therefore, did not fail to keep the appointment, and presented himself at Grosvenor-square one afternoon, quite prepared for a sentimental interview. Judging from appearances, however, Mrs. Satterley was not overcome with grief or emotion. The Hon. Marmaduke felt vaguely disappointed at being greeted with quiet composure, and he remarked that no trace of mourning was visible in her attire. She was a handsome woman, with regular features and a haughty expression, and Carruthers fancied that she looked at him a little superciliously.

"I am much obliged to you, Mr. Carruthers, for calling upon me," she said, inviting him by a gesture to be seated. "I shall not detain you long. I suppose, as poor Major

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Montressor's executor, you have possession of all his papers?"

"Yes, that is so," said the Hon. Marmaduke, rather surprised at the question.

"Have you been through them?"

"Not at present," said the Hon. Marmaduke.

His curiosity was suddenly aroused to the keenest pitch, and he wished he could see her face better. Her voice was calm and collected, but he imagined that a tinge of colour was rising to her cheeks. Unfortunately he could not be certain, for she had seated herself in a shaded corner of the room with her back to the light.

"I wish to ask you, as a man of honour, to return to me unread any letters of mine that you may find," said Mrs. Satterley, in unmoved tones.

"If you had mentioned that in your note——," began the Hon. Marmaduke, rather curtly.

"I thought I had better see you, and explain exactly what I wished," interrupted Mrs. Satterley, with a royal disregard for his convenience. "My husband——"

"He does not know of them, I suppose?" interrupted the Hon. Marmaduke, in his turn, watching her carefully.

"That is not what I was going to say, Mr. Carruthers," proceeded Mrs. Satterley, a trifle less calmly. "My husband, at the time, disapproved of my friendship for Mr. Montressor, and consequently our acquaintance came to an end. That was many years ago, and, of course, there was nothing approaching to a scandal. It is hardly necessary for me to say this; but still, I am anxious not to give you a false impression."

The Hon. Marmaduke bowed his head, and said nothing; but there was a mischievous gleam in his eyes which revealed that he was more interested than he cared to show.

"The letters were perfectly harmless, of course; such as any married lady might write to a gentleman she had known from childhood," said Mrs. Satterley. "But I don't wish them to get into the hands of any servant or unscrupulous person."

"How shall I send them to you?" inquired the Hon. Marmaduke, innocently.

"Would it be troubling you too much to call and bring them yourself?" inquired Mrs. Satterley, rather less imperiously.

"Not the least," said the Hon. Marmaduke.

"Very well. The probability is that the letters are not in existence, but I know how careless Major Montressor was, and I wished to make quite sure. I rely upon your honour, Mr. Carruthers."

Mrs. Satterley rose as she spoke, to signify that the interview was at an end, and, as she did so, the Hon. Marmaduke perceived that his impression was correct, and that her colour had risen considerably since she had entered the room. This discovery reconciled him to his abrupt dismissal, which he was inclined to resent. It was clear that she had not invited him to call upon her with any benevolent or sentimental object. She barely condescended to give him the tips of her fingers, and it struck him that she wished to get him out of the house as quickly as possible, as though fearful of any of her friends encountering him under her roof. She asked no details whatever about poor Montressor's illness, and had evidently quite outlived her old affection for him.

The Hon. Marmaduke felt in a very mischievous and vindictive mood as he strolled back to his chambers. He was surprised to learn that Mrs. Satterley's ardent friendship for Montressor had been continued after her marriage, and he chuckled at the haughty lady's uneasiness about her correspondence. He went straight to his dead friend's rooms, and carefully searched through his papers. His investigations proved fruitless, however, and his first impulse was to write and relieve Mrs. Satterley's mind. But, on second thoughts, he refrained from doing so, chiefly from sheer pettiness of spirit, yet with the underlying purpose of ascertaining whether Mrs. Satterley's anxiety was really genuine.

The result was that a few days later he received another note from the lady, reminding him of his promise, and urging him to reply immediately. This communication made the Hon. Marmaduke thoughtful, for it showed that Mrs. Satterley attached serious importance to recovering her letters. The temptation to levy black-mail presented itself to his mind, and proved too alluring to be resisted. Mrs. Satterley was rich—or at least her husband was—and would not feel the loss of a few hundred pounds. The risk of detection seemed comparatively trifling, for it was evident that Mrs. Satterley would not take her husband into her confidence. This was not the first time the Hon. Marmaduke had committed an unscrupulous action, and his conscience caused him no inconvenience. After consuming half-a-dozen cigarettes over his meditations, he rose and wrote the following letter:—

Dear Mrs. Satterley,—Pardon my silence, which has been due to a very awkward circumstance. After my interview with you the other day, I made a search, and found a bundle of the documents you refer to. I carefully sealed them up in a packet, intending to bring them to you next day, but that night my man disappeared, taking with him everything he could lay his hands on from Montressor's rooms (to which he had access), as well as from mine. He appropriated the packet of letters, thinking, I suppose, it contained valuables. The man is a shrewd rascal, and by this time he has probably discovered that the letters may be turned to account. I have employed a detective, with instructions to bribe the man, if necessary, to restore the letters. Under the circumstances, I cannot prosecute him for theft, and I think I may fairly look to you to pay the price he may put upon the letters. I am afraid you must be prepared to spend £500, and it may save time if you will authorise me to offer that sum, in case of necessity.—Yours faithfully, M. Carruthers.

The Hon. Marmaduke's frank opinion as he read over this composition was that it was the hollowest sham that an intelligent man could have devised. Still, it was of no moment to him whether Mrs. Satterley believed the story of the theft or not. The main point was to convince her that £500 was the price he demanded for his allegiance. This she could not fail to understand, and if she chose to pay the money, so much the better for him. It would be £500 in his pocket, and he would have no difficulty in satisfying her that the letters had been destroyed, so as to obviate handing them over to her. If she refused, no

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harm would be done; and even should she show his letter to her husband, he could furnish *prima-facie* evidence of the truth of his statements, for his man had actually disappeared a few days ago in the manner indicated, and it rested with him to prosecute or not as he chose.

Altogether the Hon. Marmaduke considered he was playing a tolerably safe game, especially as he did not doubt that Mrs. Satterley desired, above all things, to keep the matter a secret from her husband. He therefore despatched his letter without any misgivings, and awaited the result with tolerable equanimity. Rather to his surprise several posts elapsed without any communication reaching him from Mrs. Satterley, and while he was wondering whether his letter had miscarried, he received a visit from a sharp-eyed, grey-haired little man, dressed with prim neatness, and wearing a flower in his buttonhole, who gave the name of Mr. Gimblet.

"Are you a detective officer?" inquired the Hon. Marmaduke with sudden alarm, as his visitor entered the room.

"Not now," said Mr. Gimblet, modestly. "I retired from the police years ago. I am now in private practice."

"To be sure. I remember," murmured the Hon. Marmaduke, by no means reassured, as he recalled to mind that Mr. Gimblet had been one of the most astute detectives in the force. "You were mixed up in that affair! Ah! some years back. Yes, yes. To be sure."

The fact was, he was so much taken aback by Mr. Gimblet's unexpected appearance, which struck him as being extremely ominous, that he hardly knew what he was saying. The ex-detective apparently rather enjoyed his discomfiture, though he contented himself with a transient smile of amusement.

"We appear to know all about one another, Mr. Carruthers," he said, quietly; "I can certainly return the compliment."

"What brings you here?" demanded the Hon. Marmaduke, with a faint attempt at dignity.

"I called with reference to certain letters," said Mr. Gimblet, looking him straight in the face. "Mrs. Satterley came to consult me an hour ago. It appears that not knowing how to raise so large a sum as that mentioned in your letter, she applied to her husband. I suppose her agitation betrayed her. At all events she told her husband everything."

"Then what did she want to consult you for?" said the Hon. Marmaduke, quickly.

Mr. Gimblet smiled: "It is a case of wheel within wheel," he said. "Colonel Satterley does not object to pay the money; in fact, he is determined to obtain the letters at any price. But he insists upon taking the matter in hand himself, and employing the police to help him."

"That is my affair," interposed the Hon. Marmaduke, visibly perturbed. "The letters are mine, as Major Montressor's executor, and no one else has a right to interfere."

"The Colonel considers that he has, and means to. You may expect a visit from him at any moment, probably in company with an officer from Scotland Yard. Though he said nothing to his wife about it, I fancy he doubts the story altogether," said Mr. Gimblet, in an offhand tone.

"What made Mrs. Satterley come to you?" inquired the Hon. Marmaduke, feeling as uncomfortable as he had ever been in his life.

"She wants me to checkmate the police," said Mr. Gimblet, with a confident smile; "at least, she is anxious to prevent the letters coming into her husband's possession. I have a commission to intercept them."

"The police will not discover them," said the Hon. Marmaduke, rather rashly.

"Pshaw! They will find your rascal of a man's hiding-place in a few hours," said Mr. Gimblet, carelessly. "Besides, the detective you spoke of will assist them. Of course, your letter stated the facts correctly," he added, with an innocent air—"I mean as far as you can vouch for them."

"Suppose it should turn out that the man has not got the letters after all," suggested the Hon. Marmaduke, with a sickly smile.

"Then it will be a bad job for him. A barefaced attempt to extort money," said Mr. Gimblet, briskly. "What is his name, sir?"

The Hon. Marmaduke pretended to be very busy rolling a cigarette; but the truth was he did not know what to reply. He perceived that he was on the point of being convicted of a deliberate fraud; and, under the circumstances, he could hardly expect mercy from Colonel Satterley. The police could not fail to detect the imposture, and Mr. Gimblet's manner showed that he, at all events, was already on the right scent.

"I consider that my duty is to decline to give any information whatever," he said, at length. "In fact, I shall refuse to discuss the matter with Colonel Satterley."

"That won't prevent him from tracing your man on his own account," returned Mr. Gimblet, whose demeanour resembled that of a cat torturing a mouse.

"Can you suggest anything then?" demanded the Hon. Marmaduke, desperately.

"Yes. The letters must be produced when Colonel Satterley calls," said Mr. Gimblet, promptly.

"How?" inquired the Hon. Marmaduke, still further dropping his mask.

"I have them here," said Mr. Gimblet, calmly, producing a packet from his pocket. "And also your own letter, which you would, no doubt, like to see destroyed."

The Hon. Marmaduke started in amazement, and stared at Mr. Gimblet for a moment, open-mouthed. But there was a knowing expression on the ex-detective's face which caused him to say, laconically:—

"How much?"

"A hundred," said Mr. Gimblet, composedly.

"Done," said the Hon. Marmaduke, with a twinkle in his eye. "I will advise Colonel Satterley to pay that."

"Excuse me. I could not think of taking money from my own client—which Colonel Satterley is, in a sense," said Mr. Gimblet, virtuously. "Here he is," he added, as a hansom cab drove up to the door.

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"You want the money down?" asked the Hon. Marmaduke, who had suddenly turned sulky.

Mr. Gimblet smiled blandly, and the Hon. Marmaduke, hurried, no doubt, by the sound of footsteps on the staircase, unlocked a drawer in the table by his side, without another word. He selected two fifty-pound notes from several smaller ones, and handed them to Mr. Gimblet, with a scowl.

"I heard you had a stroke of luck at the Phœnix last night," remarked the ex-detective, affably, as he pocketed the notes.

"Confound you! You've robbed me of the best part of my winnings!" said the Hon. Marmaduke, as the bell of the outer door rang. "That packet must be burnt, of course," he added, quickly.

"Yes. You will see that I place in the centre your own letter. The handwriting on the outside of the packet you may observe is Mrs. Satterley's. I took the precaution to procure a specimen, thinking it might come in useful. It is written, please notice, in thin ink, on an old sheet of paper, so that no one would imagine it was written only to-day. The packet must not leave your hands, of course, and the sooner it is thrown behind the grate the better."

While Mr. Gimblet, in a tone of great complacency, was giving these directions, the outer door had been opened, and the Hon. Marmaduke's new servant announced Colonel Satterley and another gentleman. The visitors did not wait to be invited into the room, but entered rather abruptly. The Colonel's companion looked a trifle crestfallen when he beheld Mr. Gimblet, with whom he exchanged a nod of recognition.

"I called, Mr. Carruthers," said Colonel Satterley, after a very cool greeting, "about a letter you wrote to my wife. This is an inspector from Scotland-yard."

If the Colonel expected this announcement would disconcert the Hon. Marmaduke, he must have been considerably disappointed. The latter was, of course, on his guard, and had completely recovered his composure. He assumed an expression of mild indignation, and said quietly:—

"There was no occasion whatever to trouble the police. I mentioned to Mrs. Satterley in my letter that I had already engaged the services of a detective. Owing to Mr. Gimblet's energy and tact, I hold the letters in my hand at this moment."

Mr. Gimblet took a step forward to indicate that he was the person referred to, while the ghost of a wink quivered for an instant on the eye which was turned towards the police inspector. Colonel Satterley looked as guilty as though he had been convicted of a crime.

"I—I am very much obliged to you," he said after a pause, with a glance at the packet of letters which showed that he recognised his wife's handwriting.

"I have no authority to give them up to you," said the Hon. Marmaduke, hesitatingly, as the Colonel held out his hand. "In fact," he added, as though speaking after reflection, "I think you will agree with me that the best plan is to burn them on the spot. That will be satisfactory to Mrs. Satterley and to all parties."

"By all means," said the Colonel, evidently anxious to avoid any appearance of jealousy or distrust regarding his wife.

There was a glowing fire burning in the grate, thanks to the judicious stoking of Mr. Gimblet. The packet of letters was dropped by the Hon. Marmaduke into the centre of it, while Mr. Gimblet, poker in hand, accelerated the work of destruction.

"I am really very much obliged to you, Mr. Carruthers," said the Colonel, heartily. "You have saved my wife and me a good deal of anxiety. How much am I indebted to you in respect of Mr. Gimblet's services?"

"I made a good job of it, Colonel," interposed Mr. Gimblet, before Carruthers could answer. "Inspector Craik there will tell you I have a persuasive way with me. Contrary to my expectations, I got the letters without paying a cent."

"What has become of the party?" growled Inspector Craik, apparently not relishing his late colleague's success.

"Bolted!" said Mr. Gimblet; and he added, with a significant glance at the Inspector, "a five-pound note will pay for my trouble and expenses, Colonel."

Colonel Satterley at once produced the money, and appeared well satisfied at getting off so cheaply. Inspector Craik apparently saw reason for approving of the termination of the affair, while Mr. Gimblet was evidently delighted. The Hon. Marmaduke alone looked a trifle downcast and sulky.

GIRLS' GOSSIP.

DEAREST AMY,—Have you heard about the Grand International Peasant Festival which is to be held at the Albert Hall on the 14th, 15th, and 16th of this month? I suppose it is to be a sort of bazaar, as I see that the stalls are to "symbolise the various countries." The proceeds are to be given to the West-end Hospital for Nervous Diseases in Welbeck-street, and are to be devoted to its enlargement. The ladies who preside over the stalls will be dressed in the peasant costumes of the different countries. China is to be represented by the Dowager Marchioness of Waterford, assisted by Lady Auckland, Mrs. Kendal, and others. Chinese dresses are very becoming to Englishwomen, you know. There is something piquant in the contrast between soft Anglo-Saxon outlines with blonde colouring, and the angularities and strong tones associated with the daughters of the Flowery Land.

The costume of Russian peasants has been familiarised among us Londoners by the play "Les Danischeff." It is rather severe in style, but becoming to tall and slender figures, such as was poor Hélène Petit's, who played in the French version. These peasants are to be represented by the Dowager Countess of Aylesford, the Duchessa di Marino, the Countesses of Warwick and Dartmouth, and others. Viscountess Tarbat, Countess Lützow, and several other ladies are to be Swiss peasants; while Lady Churchill, the Hon. Emily Cathcart, and Lady Maud Conyngham adopt Denmark and Iceland as their fatherland for the three days.

Refreshments are to be dispensed at the International Stall—a sensible and witty arrangement, since all nations have a habit of eating and drinking, and "one touch of nature makes the whole world kin." Mrs. Ronalds takes charge of this onerous post, and will be assisted by Lady Wharncliffe, Gladys Lady Lonsdale, Lady Mandeville, Lady Randolph Churchill, and several others. English, Scottish, and Irish peasants are not to be omitted. Lady Seymour, Lady Sophia Macnamara, Mrs. Wheeler, and several other ladies adopt France as their native country.

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Baroness von Bissing takes charge of Germany. Australia, even, is to have an innings. I suppose there are peasants there, but I never heard of their wearing a distinctive costume. Possibly that of the aborigines is to be copied; but one would imagine it might be insufficient. Perhaps that is the reason that no ladies have as yet volunteered to represent Australia. Mrs. Charles Waring is going to wear a very becoming dress as a Hungarian peasant, and Mrs. Michell becomes a Tyrolese for the occasion. The picturesque Spanish dress is to be displayed by Mrs. Coghlan McHardy and her assistants. Mrs. Adrian Hope has chosen India for her country, and many ladies have selected Canada.

There is to be a hospital stall, at which Lady Tankerville, Lady Robert Montagu, Mrs. Proctor, and Mrs. Sackett will preside. It will certainly be a pretty sight, and there are all sorts of dramatic and musical entertainments thrown in to tempt the public to charity. I only hope some one will arrange for the proper circulation of the crowd. Its congested condition on previous occasions of the kind has been partly ludicrous and partly irritating. The latter sentiment prevailed over the former in the neighbourhood of the refreshment table. There were tea and strawberries in sight but out of reach. "So near and yet so far," that thirsty souls suffered some of the tortures of Tantalus.

I saw a quite lovely dinner dress the other day. It was black and pink. I *love* black and pink! The bodice and train were made of black velvet brocade, and the front of the skirt was composed of blush-pink satin merveilleux, arranged in graceful little puffings and shell-like folds under occasional little clouds of black Spanish lace. Here and there, the pink shone out like sunshine on a rose; while at times it was faintly obscured by the lace. The effect was excellent. The bodice was low, and was trimmed with ribbon and lace on one side, and with perfumed roses on the other. The sleeves just turned the point of the elbow, where they were finished off with lace and pink ribbon.

Now, was not that pretty?

Flowers are now scented by our best modistes with the odour of the originals. You take up a carnation, unconsciously put it to your nose, so life-like is it, and the illusion is complete when the delicious, clove-like perfume reaches your senses.

Rosebuds are to be on everything this year. Perhaps the fashion has originated in the fact that at the opening ceremony of the Fisheries Exhibition last year, the Princess of Wales wore a dark blue velvet gown strewn with tiny rosebuds, embroidered in natural colours. However that may be, the Rosebud Dress is to be very fashionable. Here it is: The front and side breadths, made perfectly plain, are of brocaded shot satin, with a black background scattered over with the most infantile of rosebuds, with small, baby leaves. The back is made of plain black satin, very gracefully arranged in those long folds which come down almost to the edge of the skirt, and are then caught up to the top again. All round the edge of the skirt run three rows of narrow, fan-like pleatings in black satin. A short, pleated tunic, also of plain satin, comes down in a little point in front, and, crossing the hips, ends under the back drapery. The bodice has a waistcoat of the rosebud satin.

Every material, whether for morning wear or evening, is to be made with these tiny rosebuds, placed closely together. So now you know what to expect, which is always comfortable, is it not? It is all very well to expatiate on the "charme de l'inattendu," but in a world where realisation is often but a poor affair, one may as well try to get something out of expectation.

We saw some cheap dresses at Doré's. They are to revert to their original prices when the season begins, so I shall describe them for you, in case you should like one sent down.

One is made of brown cloth with two narrow flounces round the edge. These flounces are trimmed with rows of gold stitching. A very long polonaise is draped so as to reach to the top of this trimming, and it is also edged with some rows of gold-coloured stitching. The bodice is trimmed to match the skirt, and has a turned-up collar with lapels, like a man's. The basques are short, and shaped like a coat-tail at the back.

Another is of black cloth, with a pleated skirt, and a long polonaise brought high on either hip, and edged with black braid put on in an elaborate design. The drapery at the back is loose in style, and the bodice, which has a habit-basque, is braided to match.

A third is made of cloth, in a shade of smoke-grey. A trimming of pleated velvet runs, plastron-fashion, down the front, and where the side breadths of the cloth adjoin it they are trimmed horizontally with rows of grey and silver braid. There is a waistcoat of tucked velvet, and the bodice, which is of the shape which appears to be a little loose from the side breadths, is trimmed with braid to match the skirt.

Lilla has been in to tell us how the Dares' dance went off. She says everything was delightful, except the heat, which was almost intolerable, and made every one frightfully thirsty. Lilla says that hostesses would find it an economy to provide for the opening of the windows between each dance. If they would give more fresh air they might give less champagne. That, of course, is a sordid, if practical, view to take, but it is quite certain that those who want their dances to be a success ought not to neglect the ventilation. The present system is dreadful; the rooms get hotter and hotter, until, at last, some one in desperation opens a window in the middle of a dance. The cold air pours in on over-heated bodies, and the great army of C's bear down upon them: Cold, Cough, Catarrh, Consumption, Chills, and Congestion—to say nothing of ear-ache, tooth-ache, swollen face, and sore throat—an unpleasant list that might easily be extended.

The French, you see, are at last following the English lead, and giving up high heels; in fact, they are now beginning to resume the erect attitude that nature designed for women as well as for men, instead of being apparently on the point of dropping on all fours.

The event of the week (not *in* Paris, but near it) has been the theatrical representations at the country place of the Baronne de Poilly. Lily tried every means of getting an invitation, but did not succeed, and has been obliged to put up with the account given by a young *attaché*. Heaps of guests went down from Paris, and at the dinner, representation, ball, and supper the most lovely toilettes were worn. All the men wore red coats, silk stockings, pumps, and white ties—a decided improvement on the orthodox waiter-like costume.

One of the prettiest dresses had a pink silk skirt covered with white lace, draped with knots of black velvet; a short tablier of pink china crêpe, with a scarf of the same, falling on the left side; at the back, a graceful mixture of black velvet and pink draperies forming an elongated puff, with knots of black velvet, and a large knot on the right hip. The open bodice was of black velvet, and a fichu of pink crêpe was crossed over it, and secured by two tiny black velvet knots on the shoulders. The sleeves were of black velvet with lace trimmings.

I have received the following letter from Dublin. As I know it will interest you, I send it on for you to read:—

Dearest Madge,—Have you ever seen a Drawing-room in Dublin Castle? Decidedly it is an experience worth indulging in—at least once in a lifetime. Here, this function sacred to Majesty and Millinery is, greatly to the advantage of the latter and its wearers, held by night. No cruel garish light of day plays on bare necks and shoulders, and on arms so freely exposed by the prevailing sleeveless bodices. By the way, are those few inches of material, without either tuckers or sleeves, which, according to the present fashion, so carelessly conceal and amply reveal feminine charms, still called bodices with you good people in London?

But to return to Dublin Castle. Such a crowd as it was, and such a pretty scene last Wednesday! The whole suite of apartments thrown open, brilliantly lighted, and filled with decorative guests; bright uniforms of all kinds, and the sombre splendour of civilian black velvet blending well with the Court dresses of the

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fair sex! Those who, not understanding Celtic ways, had expected a small Drawing-room, were confounded; but action is not often the sequence of threats amongst the landlord party—unless with regard to evictions. Otherwise, they never seem to know their own minds. Can it be that there is nothing for them to know?

Lord Spencer, in his gold clothes and orders, looked a very fitting representative of Royalty, and Lady Spencer looked charming. One fancies they have a special talent for the Viceregal state, and for those ornamental duties which are its leading features. The Household, too, both unpowdered and powdered, fulfilled its mission pleasantly and well. The reputation for Celtic beauty was well upheld; there would have been little difficulty in forming the ideal garden with "pretty maids all in a row," and probably an outer plantation of pretty matrons. One hears that the decree of Fashion is still set against girls, but there were several sweet faces before whose charms the sternest tyrant must have relaxed and relented. The toilettes were, in many instances, exquisite. Lady Spencer, who was in mourning for Lord Hertford, wore a rich black train, plentifully ornamented with jet. Her diamonds were magnificent.

Mrs. Guinness literally glistened with brilliants, which studded her peach-colonred costume. Lady Donoughmore was in green velvet and brocade, with tiger-lily trimmings. The toilets of Mrs. James and her sister, Miss Millais, were real triumphs of high art, the one of velvet, shading from brown to orange, being quite wonderful. Lady Castletown wore white, Lady Drogheda black, and Lady Leslie and her daughters wore black and white respectively. There were some pretty grey and shrimp-pink costumes, and the usual amount of ingénue white, which, perhaps, amidst all the changes of fashion, remains most effective for evening wear, especially if the wearer be still in the "beauté du diable" stage. Of course, all the back hair was scraped up, but it showed less than usual under the floating veils and waving Court plumes.

To think that any one could have had the wickedness to suggest boycotting any such pretty function as a Drawing-room, or one so charmingly calculated for the display of beauty and toilets, only shows that some parties are just as black as they are painted, if not more so. Don't you hate politics when they won't keep in their own place? As we women have no political rights, we should have no wrongs either. I am sure you say Amen to this.—Yours ever,

JULIE.

Good bye, dear! Your loving cousin,

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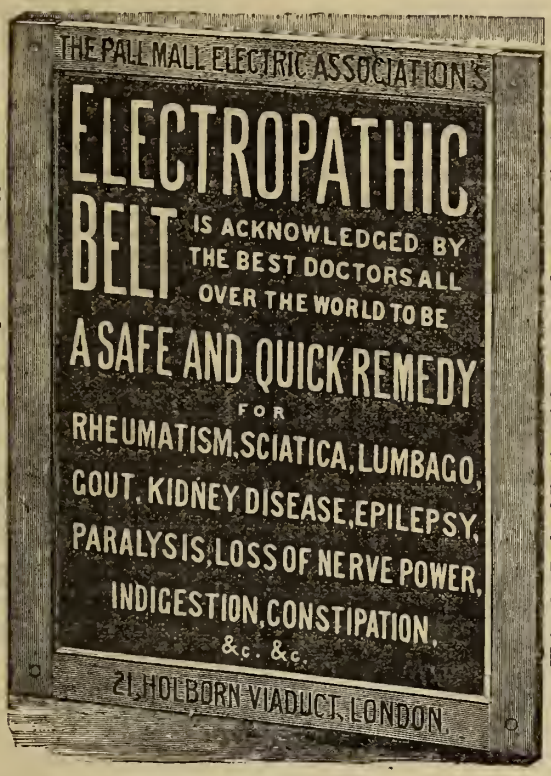

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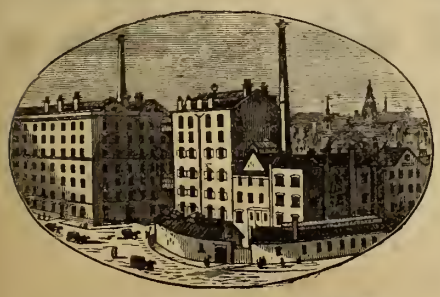

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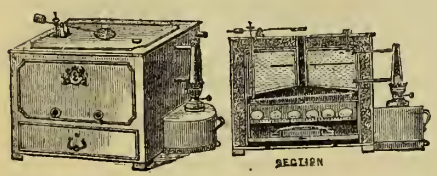

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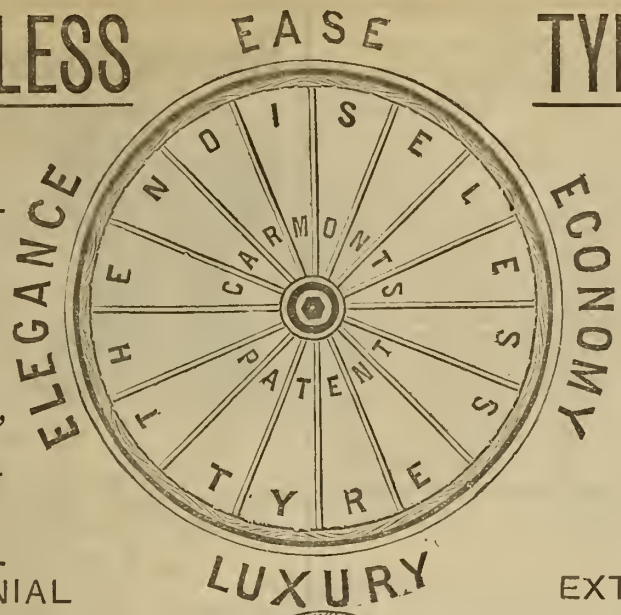

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Ours have been in use for some considerable time, and, though greatly tried by unusually rough roads, show no perceptible sign of wear.

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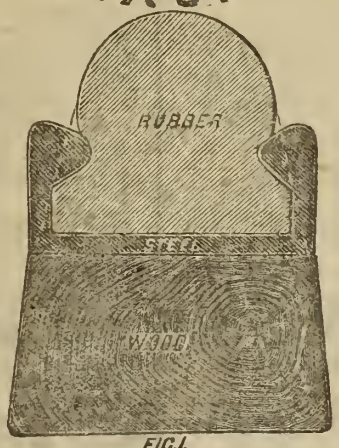

FIG.1

EXTRACTS.

Sheffield Lodge, Botley, Hants,
Sir, Sept. 24th, 1883.

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Not only is the Tyre a great boon to invalids, but to anyone who would enjoy a quiet drive, without shake or jolt.

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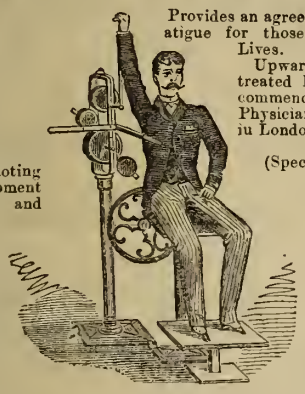

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Albert Burgess Brooks, Esq., Chairman of the Capital and Counties Bank.
These Shares are also entitled to participate in profits after payment of 5 per cent. divided on ordinary Shares.

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The Preference Shares are offered at par, or £10 per Share, payable as follows:
£1 per Share payable on application; £2 on allotment; £2 on 1st March, 1884; £2 on 1st April, 1884; £3 on 1st May, 1884—£10; with option to applicants to pay all instalments on allotment.

These Preference Shares will be transferred to subscribers free of charge.

The interest at the rate of £5 per cent. per annum is payable quarterly on the 30th March, 30th June, 30th September, and 30th December in each year, and will be paid from the dates of payment of the instalments; the first payment will be on the 30th March next.

The estimated traffic shows a net revenue equal to 6½ per cent. per annum on the total share capital of the Company.

The first section of the railway, from Swindon to Cirencester, was completed and opened for public traffic on December 18th, 1883.

Applications may be made on the prescribed form, accompanied by a payment of £1 per Share on the number or Preference Shares applied for, and be forwarded to the bankers, the Capital and Counties Bank, 39, Threadneedle-street, E.C., or to any of the following banks, who will receive subscriptions in their respective localities:

Bristol	The Capital and Counties Bank, Limited.
Southampton	
Portsmouth	
Swindon	
Salisbury	The Gloucestershire Banking Company.
Cirencester	
Cheltenham	
Worcester	Messrs. Berwick & Co., the Old Bank.
Birmingham	The Birmingham, Dudley, and District Banking Company, Limited.
Manchester	The Consolidated Bank, Limited.

If any applicant receives no allotment the deposit will be returned in full, and if a less number of Shares than are applied for be allotted the surplus of the deposit on application will be applied towards the amount payable on allotment.

Prospectuses, with form of application, may be obtained of any of the banks above mentioned and of the secretary at the offices of the Company.

The Act of Parliament and contract for construction, together with trust-deed with the above-named trustees, may be seen at the offices of the solicitors.

DIRECTORS.
Ambrose Lethbridge Goddard, Esq., The Lawn, Swindon.
Lord Robert Thomas Brudenell Bruce, 21, Eaton-square, S.W.
Lieut.-Col. Francis Douglas Grey, East Sheen, Surrey.
Henry William Cobb, Esq., Salisbury, Wilts.
William Edward Nicolson Browne, Esq., Chisledon House, Swindon.
Marcus Staunton Lynch Staunton, Esq., Cheltenham.

Bankers—The Capital and Counties Bank, Limited, 39, Threadneedle-street, E.C., and their Branches.

Consulting Engineer—Charles Liddell, Esq., 24, Abingdon-street, Westminster.

Engineer—James R. Shopland, Esq., Swindon.

Solicitors—James Copleston Townshend, Esq., Swindon; Messrs. George Davis, Son, & Co., 80, Coleman-street, E.C.

Secretary—Charles Langley Brooke, Esq.

London Offices—4, Great Winchester-street Buildings, E.C.

Swindon Offices—Newport-street, Swindon.

By order of the Board. C. L. BROOKE, Secretary.
4, Great Winchester-street, London, E.C., 30th January, 1884.
The Subscription Lists will be Closed on or before Saturday, the 9th February, 1884.

THE OURO PRETO GOLD MINES OF BRAZIL, LIMITED.

Incorporated under the Companies Acts, 1862 to 1880, whereby the liability of the Shareholders is limited to the amount of their Shares.

Capital, £400,000. In 80,000 Shares, of £5 each, of which 26,600 will be allotted to the Vendors as hereinafter mentioned, and 53,400 are now offered to the public. (Applications have already been made for upwards of 26,000 Shares, thus amply securing the working capital required.) Payable: 5s. on application; 10s. on allotment; and 15s. one month after allotment. The Balance in Calls of not more than £1 per Share and at intervals of not less than Six Months.

DIRECTORS.

Edmund A. Pontifex, Esq. (Chairman of the Cape Copper Mining Co., Limited), Chairman.
* M. H. Belloc, 78, Rue de Courcelles, Paris.
Sir Charles Clifford, Hatherton Hall, Stafford.
* M. Alexandre Ellissen, 41, Boulevard Haussmann, Paris.
Le Marquis de Faletans, Château de Faletans, Jura, France.
John Taylor, Esq., 6, Queen-street Place, London, E.C.
* Richard Ward, Esq., 21, Onslow-square, London, S.W.

* Will join the Board after allotment.

BANKERS.

London—Messrs. Smith, Payue, & Smiths.
Paris—Messrs. Belloc & Cie.

MERCANTILE AGENTS IN RIO DE JANEIRO—Messrs. P. S. Nicolson & Co.
SOLICITORS—Messrs. Campbell, Reeves, & Hooper, 17, Warwick-street, Regent-street, W.
BROKERS—Messrs. Laurie, Milbank & Co., 22, Threadneedle-street, E.C.
MANAGERS—Messrs. John Taylor & Sons.
SECRETARY—W. G. Williams, Esq.
OFFICES—6, Queen-street-place, London, E.C.

PROSPECTUS.

This Company is formed for the purpose of acquiring and working the extensive Gold Mining Estates of Raposos, Espirito Santo, Borges and Passagem, situated in the Province of Minas Geraes, Empire of Brazil, and comprising four important Mines, three of which are in full working order, with large reserves of Ore, and from which regular returns are now being made.

The right to work these Properties was obtained by a few French and English Capitalists about three years ago, since which time the operations have been steadily carried on, and the great value of the Mines definitely proved.

After the prosecution of the Works for upwards of two years Messrs. John Taylor & Sons were consulted, when they carefully considered the reports made by the different Engineers who had visited the Properties, and, having obtained the confirmatory evidence of an agent of their own recommendation, arrived at the opinion that these Mines were of very great value, and presented unusual prospects of success.

Acting under the advice of Messrs. John Taylor & Sons the Mining Operations have since that time been continued with vigour, and considerable additions have been made to the Machinery and Appliances necessary for the development of the Mines and the treatment of the Ores raised.

The following statements as to the several Mines are founded on the Reports of Messrs. John Taylor & Sons, Dale, Henty, Monchot, Partridge, and Wendeborn, extracts from which accompany this Prospectus.

RAPOSOS

Is a property of great extent, being three miles long and two miles wide.

The Vein is unusually powerful, being from fifteen to twenty feet wide.

The Mine has been opened up by means of adit levels driven into the side of the hill, and the existence of several deposits of mineral proved, which are found to increase both in size and richness as depth is attained, making it appear evident that they will ultimately unite and form one continuous and very valuable body of Ore.

The drivage of a deeper adit level, to intersect the Ore Deposits about 200 feet below the present workings, has already been commenced.

A Mill with eighteen heads of stamps is working at this Mine, and it is proposed to increase the number as quickly as possible.

ESPIRITO SANTO.

This Estate is also very extensive, being about four miles in length by three in width. It lies between Raposos and the Morro Velho Mine, of the St. John Del Rey Company, and will be worked in conjunction with Raposos, thus greatly facilitating the exploration and reducing the expenses.

From the success which has up to the present attended the development of the Raposos Mine it is estimated that an ample supply of Ore will be obtained from these two Mines alone to keep two hundred heads of stamps in continuous work, and to afford an output of 150oz. of gold daily, which it is calculated would leave a profit of £100,000 per annum.

BORGES.

This Property, which is about two miles in length and one mile in width, is situated ten miles to the east of Raposos, and contains three known Gold-bearing veins. Upon one of these certain exploratory works have been carried on, and although only to a limited extent, yet with considerable success, and from the powerful nature of the Vein and the richness of the Ore brilliant results may be looked for almost immediately.

A Mill with sixteen heads of stamps is nearly ready, and will be put to work within a very short time upon Ore which an experiment upon 100 tons of rock has proved to be of an average richness of over 16 oitavas (about 1¾ ounces) of Gold to the ton. Subsequent trials show that the Ore becomes still richer as greater depth is attained.

PASSAGEM

Is situated about five miles to the east of the city of Ouro Preto, the capital of the province of Minas Geraes, the property covering an area of two and a half square miles.

The Vein is very powerful in its character, being traceable for more than a mile at the surface, and being in some places as much as 40 feet in width.

Recent experiments show that by far the larger proportion of Gold at this Mine exists in pyrites which is exceptionally rich, and may be readily treated either on the spot or in Europe by the methods now in use.

An investigation made by Messrs. Johnson, Matthey, & Co., upon six cwts. of this Ore shows it to contain 5·925ozs. of Gold per ton; the certificate of the Ecole des Mines, Paris, and of Messrs. P. Morin et fils aîné, Assayers to the Bank of France, confirm this result, and a letter from Messrs. de Long & Cie., of Paris, states the value of the concentrated pyrites sent to them for assay to be 3,407 francs per 100 kilos, or £1,362 per ton. Copies of these certificates will be found herewith.

There is at present a Mill of twelve stamps working at this Mine, but the quantity of Ore already raised and in sight calls for a large increase of the milling power without delay.

If the anticipations of the Engineers who have examined this Mine are even approximately verified, the results to be attained from it will be almost unprecedented.

GENERAL REMARKS.

Since the month of May last remittances of Gold amounting to 167,402 francs have been received in Paris, which result has practically been obtained by working only the twelve stamps at Passagem, as the Raposos Mill has been but recently started.

With the forty-six heads of stamps which are already constructed, all of which are expected to be in operation in a few weeks, a sufficient quantity of Ore may be treated to admit of the payment of moderate dividends almost immediately, the amount of which will steadily increase in proportion as additional heads of stamps are brought into operation.

The expenses of working these Mines are exceptionally light, and the circumstances attaching to them highly favourable. There is ample water power available, and steam power is not therefore required; labour is abundant and cheap, miners' wages being from 2s. 6d. to 3s. per diem; supplies of every kind are easily procured at very moderate prices, and the climate is excellent.

The Railway is already opened to Queluz, a distance of only 30 miles from the city of Ouro Preto, and will shortly be continued to Sabara, passing through the Raposos property, where there will be a station.

Of the capital of the Company a sum of £80,000 will be reserved for the working of the Mines, which sum has been secured by the applications already made.

The Vendors are the Promoters of the Company, and have fixed the price of the Gold Mining Estates of Raposos, Espirito Santo, Borges and Passagem, with Mills, Canals, Machinery, Plant, Buildings, Stores and Supplies at £187,000 in cash, and 26,600 fully paid Shares in the Company, which includes the original amount paid for the Properties and the outlay on the Mines during the last three years, whereby their value has been enormously increased.

Attention is especially called to the fact that the fully paid up Shares taken by the Vendors are only to receive dividends of the same amount per Share as will be paid upon the Shares subscribed for, although these latter be only partially called up and paid.

It should be clearly understood that this purchase includes Four extensive Estates, comprising over 8,000 acres of land much of which is well wooded, in opening up the Mines on which large sums of money have been recently expended, together with valuable water rights and timber.

Each Property is of sufficient magnitude to have justified the formation of a separate Company, but the whole can be more advantageously dealt with under one management.

The services of Messrs. John Taylor & Sons, of No. 6, Queen-street-place, London, whose large experience as Mining Engineers and Managers is well known, have been secured on behalf of the Company, and they will undertake the general management and superintendence of its affairs. Their Report upon the Properties together with extracts from the Reports of the different Engineers who have examined the Mines, accompanies this Prospectus.

The only agreement entered into is dated the twenty-ninth day of January, 1884, between Hippolyte Belloc of the first part, Joseph Robey Partridge of the second part, and William Gunter Williams as a Trustee for and on behalf of the Ouro Preto Gold Mines of Brazil, Limited, of the third part.

The full Reports on the Mines, together with specimens of the Ores may be seen at the Company's Office.

Copies of the Articles of Association and of the said agreement may be seen at the office of the Solicitors.

Applications for Shares on the accompanying form may be forwarded, together with a deposit of 5s. per share to the Company's Bankers, Messrs. Smith, Payue, & Smiths, 1, Lombard-street, London, E.C., or to Messrs. Belloc & Cie., 78, Rue de Courcelles, Paris.

All expenses up to and including allotment will be borne by the Vendors.

Where no allotment is made the deposit will be returned in full, and where a less number of Shares is allotted than applied for, the balance of the deposit money will be applied towards the amount due on allotment.

Prospectuses and Forms of Application may be had of the Company's Bankers and Brokers, or at the Office of the Company, in London; or of the Bankers in Paris.

January 31st, 1884.

The List of Applications will be closed on or before Saturday, February 9th, 1884.

LONDON, PARIS, and AMERICAN BANK, LIMITED.

Incorporated under the Companies Acts, 1862 to 1880, by which the liability of Shareholders is strictly limited to the amount of their Shares.

CAPITAL, £1,000,000 Sterling, in 50,000 Shares of £20 each. First Issue of £500,000, in 25,000 Shares of £20 each, of which 7,500 Shares have been applied for by the Vendors, in accordance with their Agreement. The remaining 17,500 Shares are offered for Subscription. £1 per Share payable on Application; £2 on Allotment; £5 in One Month from Allotment; £3 in Two Months from Allotment; and the balance as required, with One Month's Notice of Call.

DIRECTORS.

William Patersou, Esq., Messrs. Paterson & Simous, 39, Lime-street, London, and Singapore.
James Whittall, Esq. (late of Messrs. Jardine, Matheson & Co., China), 22, Redcliffe-square, London, S.W.
James La Fontaine, Esq. (Administrator Société Ottomaue, Constantinople), 112, Cromwell-road, London, S.W.
Sigismund Louis Simon, Esq., 60, Old Broad-street, London, E.C.
*Simon Lazard, Esq.
*Elie Lazard, Esq.

The above named are appointed Directors by the Articles of Association, but the gentlemen against whose name an asterisk is placed, being Vendors to the Company, will not act until the sale has been completed.

MANAGERS IN SAN FRANCISCO.

David Cahn, Esq., Manager. Eugene Meyer, Esq., Sub-Manager.

BANKERS—Bank of Scotland, Lothbury, London, E.C.
SOLICITORS—Messrs. Hill, Son, & Rickards, 39, Old Broad-street, London, E.C.
BROKERS—Messrs. Helbert, Wagg, & Campbell, 18, Old Broad-st., London, E.C.

AUDITORS.

Ludwig Wiese, Esq., 9, Mincing-lane, London, E.C.
William Christian, Esq., (late of Messrs. Peel, Cassells, & Co., Bombay), 21, Queen's-gardens, London.

SECRETARY—James W. Moscrop, Esq.
OFFICES—Temporary Offices, No. 60, Old Broad-street, London, E.C.

PROSPECTUS.

THE LONDON, PARIS, and AMERICAN BANK, LIMITED, has been established for the purpose of acquiring as a going concern the Banking Business of Messrs. Lazard Frères, at San Francisco, California.

The Vendors have agreed to transfer to the Company the goodwill of their business at San Francisco, the business premises, and all the assets, other than such (if any) as the Company may decline to take over. The value of the assets transferred to the Company will be paid to the Vendors in cash, but nothing is to be paid for the goodwill of the business, nor are there any Founders' Shares to be issued, nor is any promotion money to be paid. The Company will pay the preliminary expenses, which will be strictly limited to the brokerage, printing, advertising, legal, and other expenses incidental to its incorporation.

The Directors other than those who are Vendors have appointed Mr. Balfour, of Messrs. Balfour, Guthrie, & Co., of San Francisco, as their representative, and there will be associated with him a Consultative Committee of three persons, being Subscribers for Shares in the Company, resident in San Francisco, chosen by the Directors. The Vendors will submit to Mr. Balfour and the Consultative Committee a statement of the assets and liabilites of the business, showing the value or amount of the same respectively. The Directors' representative will have the option of declining to take over any of such assets or liabilities which in his opinion are not of the value or amount appearing in the statement or are undesirable.

A statement of the assets and liabilities so declined by the Directors' representative will be forthwith submitted to the Directors in London, who will decide whether any of such assets or liabilities shall, or not, be purchased and taken over by the Company.

By the purchase agreement, as adopted by the Company, the Vendors agree to apply for and take 7,500 of the first issue of 25,000 Shares, and they have applied for 7,500 Shares accordingly.

The Directors are informed, by telegram, that applications have been made for 10,000 Shares by some of the principal merchants and residents in San Francisco, which may be considered an indication that the present business is likely to be increased and developed.

Mr. Simon Lazard, and Mr. Elie Lazard, two of the Vendors, are named Directors in the Articles of Association, but, being Vendors, they will not act until the sale is completed. As Directors they will give to the Company the benefit of their long experience. Mr. David Cahn, the Managing partner of the Vendors' house in San Francisco, will continue for a time to act as Manager of the Bank there.

The Vendors have, by the Contract for sale, reserved to themselves the right to take Shares, at par, to the extent of two-fifths of any further issue of Shares, part of the remaining 25,000 original Shares in the Company.

The following Contracts have been entered into, namely: an agreement dated the 7th day of January, 1884, and made between Alexandre Lazard, Simon Lazard, Elie Lazard, Alexandre Weill, and David Cahn of the one part, and William Stiles for the Company of the other part; and an agreement dated the 21st January, 1884, and made between Alexandre Lazard, Simon Lazard, Elie Lazard, Alexandre Weill, and David Cahn of the first part, William Stiles of the second part and the London, Paris, and American Bank, Limited, of the third part. Copies of those Contracts and of the Memorandum and Articles of Association may be seen at the Offices of the Company and of the Solicitors for the Company in London.

Applications for Shares must be accompanied by the deposit of £1 per Share, which can be forwarded to the Bankers or to the Secretary of the Company, from whom, as well as from the Brokers, Prospectuses and Forms of Application can be obtained.

Subscribers who desire to pay up the full amount of their Shares on allotment, can do so upon the terms of receiving interest, at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum, upon all sums paid in advance of Calls made upon their Shares.

Where no allotment is made, the deposit paid on application will be returned in full.

THE

GRESHAM

LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY.

ST. MILDRED'S HOUSE, POULTRY, LONDON, E.C.

FUNDS.

Realised Assets (1883)	£3,351,200
Life Assurance and Annuity Funds	3,265,000
Annual Income	664,094

The Directors are prepared to receive from Local Boards and Corporations applications for Loans upon Rates. The Society also grant Loans upon Security of Freehold, Copyhold, and Leasehold Property, Life Interests, and Reversions.

Prospectus, Reports, and Proposal Forms, on application to the Society's Agents and Branch Offices; or to
JOSEPH ALLEN, *Secretary.*

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JEWSBURY & BROWN'S CELEBRATED ORIENTAL TOOTH PASTE.

IN USE IN THE HIGHEST CIRCLES HALF A CENTURY, FOR CLEANSING, BEAUTIFYING, AND PRESERVING THE TEETH AND GUMS TO OLD AGE.

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Is composed only of the purest vegetable substances blended with exquisitely fragrant and rare compounds. It is distinguished by its extraordinary efficacy in removing tartar, insuring to the teeth the most BEAUTIFUL and PEARLY WHITENESS, and inducing a healthy action of the gums. It gives peculiar FRAGRANCE TO THE BREATH, and will

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Pots, 1s. 6d., or double size, 2s. 6d. Of all Perfumers and Chemists.

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Imperfect glasses, together with the haphazard plan of selection employed by the mere vendor, is the cause of most cases of Blindness and Defective Vision. Sir Julius Benedict writes:—"I have tried the principal opticians in London without success; but the spectacles you have adapted suit admirably. The clearness of your glasses as compared with others is really surprising." Testimonials from Earl and Countess Lindsay; F. D. Dixon Hartland, Esq., M.P.; Sir Graham Briggs; Dr. Radcliffe, Consulting Physician, Westminster Hospital, &c. &c.

Mr. HENRY LAURANCE, F.S.S., Oculist Optician, having made the scientific adaptation of Spectacles his especial and sole study for upwards of thirty years, *personally adapts his Improved* Spectacles.

Pamphlet, "Spectacles: Their Use and Abuse," post-free.

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They give new life and vigour to the aged and infirm. To all whose employments cause irregularity of the bowels or urinary organs, or who require an Appetizer, Tonic, and Mild Stimulant, these Bitters are invaluable, being highly curative, tonic, and stimulating, without intoxicating.

Balmy sleep, good digestion, rich blood, and perfect health in Hop Bitters.

It is no vile drugged stuff, pretending to be made of wonderful foreign roots, barks, &c., and puffed up by long bogus certificates of pretended miraculous cures, but a simple, pure, effective medicine, made of well-known valuable remedies, that furnishes its own certificates by its cures. The purest and best of medicines ever made.

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OUR PUZZLES.

RULES.

1. The sum of £2. 2s. will be given every week for the best Epigram, Conundrum, Lifogram, Bouts-Rimés, or whatever the announced subject of the competition for the week may be.

2. The Puzzle Editor reserves the right, however, of dividing the above sum between two or more competitors, or of withholding the prize, should exceptional circumstances render such a course desirable.

3. The decision and award of the Puzzle Editor must be considered final and irrevocable, and, for obvious reasons, no appeal from his critical judgments can be entertained.

4. In every instance the Prize will be given in money, subject to no condition whatever, except the publication of the winner's real name and address in this journal.

5. Competitors will be allowed eight days for the composition and despatch of their efforts; but all such communications must, at the latest, be received at the Truth Office by the first post on Friday morning in the week succeeding the publication of the subject for competition.

6. Not more than one Prize will be given in a Quarter to the same competitor.

7. All New Contributors are Required to Forward with their First Answers their Real Names and Addresses for Registration; such names and addresses will not be published except in the case of Prize-winners.

8. The *nom-de-plume* chosen by competitors should not exceed 12, and must under no circumstances consist of more than 14 letters.

9. Competitors must on no account change the noms-de-plume they have once assumed.

10. On the announcement of the Prize-winner's *nom-de-plume*, the successful competitor must write and make formal application for the Prize, stating the address to which the cheque must be sent. Any competitor failing to do so within three months of winning the Prize will forfeit all claim to the same.

11. No communication can be received on post-cards, by telegraph, or by hand. They must all be sent by the time named above, all post letters addressed—

PUZZLE EDITOR OF "TRUTH," Carteret-street, Queen Anne's-gate, S.W.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 259.—BURYING A FOUR-LETTERED WORD.

Cactus (Will Cactus please forward her address again?) £2 2 0

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 256.

As I announce below the winner in Competition No. 253, I will now also name the successful competitor in the writing of those Phonetic verses which formed the subject of this contest. Old Squaaa's lines were perhaps, on the whole, the most ingenious, but they were not sufficiently consequent in their meaning to merit the prize, no connection between stanzas 1 and 2 being apparent. Many other competitors seem to hold strange views as to the real sound of the letter "r." Thus such cockneyisms as "hornt" for "haunt," "awr" for "aw" "letters" for "let us," "mar" for "ma," "north" for "gnawth" were not infrequent; whilst in some cases my warning hint about the use of the aspirate was forgotten. On the whole, I think the verses sent by Almione were the best, for it is only due to this competitor to say that two "r's" were omitted in lines five and eight by mistake, the words "O" and "soa" being in the copy "or" and "soar."

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 258.

I am at last able to announce the result in this competition. As I anticipated, the task of examining the hundreds of answers has been a severe one. At the end, after eliminating all the replies in which there were more than ten mistakes, I had about a score left which had to be compared with each other line by line, so closely did the competition go. Ultimately, I found two sets of verses remaining, which were slightly more correct than all the others, viz., those of E. Y. W. and Skrikar, and it was only after what was literally a word-by-word comparison that I found that the former contained the more accurate interpretation of the two, and that instead of a tie, which I for some time anticipated, E. Y. W. had really won the Prize. I may add, for the consolation of unsuccessful competitors, that there were many of them who came very close behind Skrikar. It would take up too much space to mention all the names, but amongst these were Camac, Ariel, Guinea Pig, Rotey, Malignant, Observer, Fly-by-Night, Ouis, Diera, Roggee Shurt, Plumepiraar, and at least a dozen others.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 260.

The Valentines do not need much comment. I would specially commend those sent by Camurie, Colin Clout, Sealing-wax, Rector, Wraa Gifford, Littla Billar, Repraler, Daphnis, Moonshine, Observer, Ramasamy, Bon Rinlay, Effam Jay, Roggee Shurt, Moaalist, Malignant, Bono, and Darny. The Prize is divided between Skaiker and The Gardenar.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 263.

Truth for this week, it will be found, consists of thirty-six white pages, exclusive of the cover, and each of these pages, it need scarcely be said, contains a large assortment of words. Well, the ingenuity of our puzzle-solvers is to be tested by seeing which can

Form the Best Sentence of Thirty-six words by taking one that is to be found on each consecutive page from 185 to 220.

Competitors may take any word in the page they please, be it in the text or paragraph advertisement; but it must be distinctly understood that the word taken must be altered neither in spelling nor sound. It will be easy, of course, to string together more or less loosely thirty-six words taken in the proposed manner; but the Prize of Two Guineas will be given for a sentence that is constructed with the most care, and with the least clumsiness of expression. If by any means the sentence formed can be made to relate to any subject of current interest, or to resemble any well-known quotation in prose or verse, so much the better chance will the ingenious competitor who constructs it have of the prize. Let me repeat that the thirty-six words must be arranged exactly in the order in which they are taken, and that the use of even one word not found in its proper page will suffice to render the whole sentence ineligible for a prize.

Answers to Correspondents.

H. H.—I will certainly consider your suggestions, and see if anything can be done.

Iceberg.—Many thanks for your notion.

Psycho.—See answer to "Mermaid" below.

Gamma Phi.—Your Valentine was too late for publication.

A. C. P.—Thanks for your good wishes. I will make the note you desire.

No Favour.—Quite so; no member of the Royal family or of the Cabinet will be eligible for competition No. 261.

Oriel.—1. I will consider your various suggestions. 2. Tarbox did not suggest the puzzle you name.

Mermaid.—I can tell you what you wish to know. The prize was won by The Royal, whose real name and address were "A. Reeves, Esq., Hotel Washington Riviera de Chiaja, Naples."

Query.—Many thanks for your suggestion.

C. H. Walpole, Rednick Station, Marion, County Florida, U.S.A.—Doctors now recommend ladies to learn to ride on either side a horse; so it is quite possible the *Illustrated London News* was right. The Puzzle Editor.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 261. ASSORTED SPECIMENS—GOOD AND OTHERWISE.

ANTICIPATORY VERSION OF THE QUEEN'S SPEECH.

*** It will be of course understood that the following speeches were received on or before Friday the 1st inst. The Puzzle Editor.

My Lords and Gentlemen,

I have much satisfaction in again inviting your aid and counsel in the conduct of public affairs.

I continue to maintain the most friendly relations with all Foreign Powers.

The communications with the Government of France relating to certain occurrences in Madagascar, to which I made reference in August, have, I am glad to say, resulted most satisfactorily, and have been concluded in a manner honourable to both nations.

Further, and so far satisfactory, progress has been made in the reorganisation of the Government of Egypt, but the termination of the occupancy of that country by my military forces has been unavoidably postponed in consequence of serious reverses to the army employed by the Khedive to repress the rebellion in the Soudan. I have taken such measures as seemed best calculated for the protection of the lives and property of British and other European residents in that disturbed district. My efforts towards the establishment on a sound basis of the authority of the Khedive, the maintenance of order in Egypt, and for promoting the future prosperity of its people, and the security of the Suez Canal will be earnestly pursued.

It gives me great gratification to inform you that comparative tranquillity now prevails in Zululand. The Envoys of the Transvaal Government, now in this country, are still in communication with my Ministers on the question of frontier policy. The security of my colony of Natal, and the establishment of peace and order in the surrounding districts, shall be objects of my vigilant care and attention.

Papers on these subjects will be laid before you.

Gentlemen of the House of Commons,

The estimates for the Service of the year are in an advanced state of preparation, and will be promptly submitted to you.

My Lords and Gentlemen,

I have been in communication with Spain on the subject of a new Commercial Treaty. Though the negotiations have been interrupted, I am not without hope that they may be resumed and lead to a Treaty favourable to extended intercourse between the two nations.

The mild winter has been favourable to farming operations, and the important interest of agriculture has to some extent recovered from recent depression. The general trade of the country is in a healthy condition, and the public revenue has not fallen below expectation.

The marked improvement in the social condition of Ireland gives me the highest gratification. While, however, there has been a cessation of agrarian crime, the utmost vigilance of the Executive continues to be exercised in the preservation of order. I trust that under the operation of the Land Act, and other measures of recent Sessions for the amelioration of the condition of my people in that part of the United Kingdom, they will enjoy greater prosperity.

A Bill for the Amendment of the Laws relating to the Representation of the People in Parliament will be immediately submitted to you, and I rely on your giving it that careful consideration which the importance of the subject requires.

Owing to more urgent demands on your time and attention in previous sessions, you have not been able to deal with the Reform of the Corporation of London. A measure for this purpose, and designed to bring the Local Government of the Metropolis generally into greater harmony with the Municipal Institutions which have worked so successfully in other large communities in the United Kingdom, will be laid before you, and I trust time will permit of this advance being made in the direction of Local Government Reform.

The great loss of life among the seafaring population has been the cause of much anxiety to me, and believing that the risks of their hazardous calling are in some measure preventable, I have directed that a Bill dealing with the Obligations of Shipowners to provide for the Safety of those in their Employment, be submitted for your consideration. I feel assured that you will warmly sympathise with the object in view.

Other measures not disposed of in previous sessions will also be brought under your consideration. Among these are Bills for the Establishment of a Court of Criminal Appeal; relating to the Conservancy of Rivers and Prevention of Flood; the Police in Scotland; and the Universities in that part of the Kingdom.

Commending these and other measures to your care, and confident of your desire to promote the best inte-

rests, the prosperity and happiness of my people, I fervently pray for the blessing of Almighty God on the work before you. Harold.

My Lords and Gentlemen,—

I am glad to inform you that my relations with all Foreign Powers continue to be cordial and satisfactory.

The measures which I adopted for the remedy of grievances in Ireland have led to a considerable diminution in the number of crimes and outrages in that part of the United Kingdom, and I have reason to hope that in due course of time I shall be able to repeal the Act which is now in existence for the repression of such crimes and outrages.

The unexpected course of events has led me to prolong for a time my temporary occupation of Egypt, with a view to assisting the Government of that country in the restoration of order and stability, and to the protection of the lives and property of my subjects.

A measure will be laid before you for the extension of the Electoral Franchise to all resident householders in the United Kingdom. Also measures for the extension and improvement of Local Government in Counties, for the better government of the Metropolis, and for the better provision of a supply of water to its inhabitants.

Bills will also be laid before you providing for the improvement of university teaching in Scotland, and for a Minister whose business it shall be to attend solely to the conduct of affairs in that country.

Usual reference to Ways and Means Bill to House of Commons, and devout conclusion.

The Fife Pastaidge.

My Lords and Gentlemen,

I am happy to inform you that the harmony of my relations with foreign powers continues undisturbed.

The defeat of the forces of the Khedive in the Soudan, in an expedition undertaken without my advice, has given me the deepest regret, and in order to prevent the recurrence of such a catastrophe, I have recommended the abandonment of those distant provinces. At the same time, all possible steps are being taken to relieve the garrison at present besieged, and due precautions will be used against the revival of the slave trade.

The course of administrative reform in Egypt has meanwhile been advancing steadily, in spite of adverse circumstances. While recent events have rendered the immediate evacuation of the Soudan impossible, my intentions as to the ultimate withdrawal of my troops remain unchanged.

At the end of last session I informed you that confidential Envoys had been dispatched from the Transvaal to arrange a settlement of question rising out of the convention. I have the pleasure of informing you that there are good hopes of concluding an agreement by which all reasonable grievances of the Transvaal Government will be removed, while the utmost regard will be paid to the wishes of the native chiefs.

Papers on this subject will be presented to you.

Gentlemen of the House of Commons,

The estimates for the Services in the coming year are in a forward state of preparation, and will be speedily laid before you.

My Lords and Gentlemen,

The improvement in the state of Ireland to which I referred at the end of the last session is still a cause of satisfaction. The operation of the Land Act and other remedial measures, together with the strenuous enforcement of the law, has to a large extent removed the previous discontent and insecurity.

Nevertheless I regret to say that the ill-advised action of some of the inhabitants of Ulster, while their loyal intentions deserve my utmost thanks, has unfortunately been the cause of considerable embarrassment.

A measure will promptly be submitted to you for the extension of the franchise, by which it is intended to give equal electoral rights in counties and boroughs alike in every part of the United Kingdom.

A measure will also be submitted to you for the completion of the electoral reform you undertook last session by an amendment of the Ballot Act.

My sympathy has been deeply stirred by the reports of destitution among the poor in certain districts of London. A measure will be submitted to you for the reform of the above in the government of the metropolis, owing to which the excellent Acts at present in existence have become entirely ineffectual.

A Bill will also be introduced proposing to extend and simplify the system of local self-government throughout the kingdom. It is hoped thereby to enable the people to control the sale of alcoholic liquors in their district.

A measure will also be introduced for the closing of public houses in Ireland on Sunday.

I rely upon your proceeding with energy, and patience, and I beseech Almighty God now, as heretofore, to bless your labours. Bain-go-Baagh.

My Lords,

My Government continue to maintain friendly relations with all Foreign Powers.

The marked diminution in crime, and the successful working of the Land Act have shown beneficial results in Ireland.

The disastrous defeat of the Egyptian army in the Soudan, and the subsequent revolt of the tribes in that country, induced my Government to countermand the order for the immediate withdrawal of my troops from Cairo, at the same time to advise the Khedive's Government to evacuate that country. With this object General Gordon has been sent with full powers to treat with the tribes.

A new Convention with the Transvaal delegates will shortly be laid before Parliament, whereby I have sought to secure peace in Zululand and on the Natal border, at the same time the fulfilment of our engagements with the loyal tribes in Bechuanaland.

The operations of the French forces in Tonquin and our vast commercial interests in the Chinese trade have led to an exchange of views between my Government and that of the French Republic. Papers will shortly be laid before Parliament.

Gentlemen of the House of Commons.

Bills on the following subjects will be laid before you:—(1.) London Municipal Reform; (2.) County Franchise; (3.) Redistribution of Electoral Seats; (4.) Criminal Appeal. M. O. C. K.

My Lords and Gentlemen,

It is with much pleasure and satisfaction that I invite your counsel and assistance in the conduct of public affairs.

I continue in relations of friendship and goodwill with all Foreign Powers.

The state of Egyptian affairs continue to have my most earnest consideration and attention. Notwithstanding the lamentable disaster to the forces of the Khedive, I hope, with the assistance of the trusty and experienced officer whom I have despatched to the country, that I shall be able shortly to reorganise and consolidate the Government that it may conduce to the welfare and prosperity of the people.

Arrangements are being made for the better protection of the friendly tribes in South Africa; also for the maintenance and security of my commercial relations. Papers on these and other subjects will shortly be laid before you.

Gentlemen of the House of Commons,

The estimates of the Services of the coming year are in a forward state of preparation, and will be speedily submitted to you.

My Lords and Gentlemen,

The continued improvement in the social state of Ireland affords me great satisfaction. The remedial measures having the effect I desired.

You will be invited to deal with measures relating to the Franchise. Bills will be placed before you for the Assimilation of the Counties with the Borough; also for the reduction of that of Ireland to the rest of the United Kingdom.

Your attention will be called to the Government of the Metropolis, and a Bill be submitted to you for the consolidation of the different authorities in the metropolitan area.

Measures relating to the insurance of ships and the loss of life at sea, for the amendment of the Criminal Law, the perpetuating and improvement of the Ballot Act, and various other Bills relating to Ireland and Scotland will be submitted for your consideration.

I commend these and other subjects to your energy and prudence, and beseech Almighty God that, by his blessing, your labours may add to the welfare and prosperity to this great Empire. Tento.

My Lords and Gentlemen,

It is with great satisfaction that I meet you again in Parliament, and have recourse to your assistance and advice.

My relations with Foreign Powers continue to be on a friendly and satisfactory footing.

I regret that the condition of affairs in Egypt consequent upon the rebellion in the Soudan should have necessitated the continued presence of my troops. I trust, however, that I shortly may be able to withdraw them.

According to the request of his Highness the Khedive I have despatched to the Soudan a trustworthy person, on whose judgment I place the most explicit confidence. He will report to me the condition of affairs, and will advise me what further steps to take.

The Powers of Europe, confident that in all my dealings with Egypt I think only of the welfare of that country, have not questioned me as to the future course I shall pursue.

I regret that the President of the French has been compelled to take action in Tonquin. I assure you that it shall be my earnest endeavour to heal the rupture between that country and France.

Gentlemen of the House of Commons,

I have directed the Estimates for the ensuing year to be laid before you. They have been framed with a due regard to economy, and to the efficiency of the several branches of the Public Service.

My Lords and Gentlemen,

Measures will be laid before you for amending the laws which regulate the representation of the people in Parliament, and for placing that representation upon a broader and firmer basis.

A measure will also be laid before you for reforming and strengthening the Corporation of London; which measure will, I trust, remove the many anomalies which at present exist.

Various other measures of public usefulness will be laid before you.

I confidently commit the great interests of my Empire to your wisdom and care; and I fervently pray that the blessing of the Almighty may attend your councils, and may guide your deliberations to the attainment of the object of my constant solicitude—the welfare and happiness of my people. Hova.

My Loads and Gentlemen,

I am happy to state that our relations with all Foreign Powers are in a very satisfactory condition.

Notwithstanding some recent unforeseen difficulties which have arisen in Egypt, and its present somewhat unsettled condition, we hope before long to establish a firm and solid Government there. To this end, have sent out General Gordon, the man best calculated from his experience of the country to solve the Soudan question, with the almost certainty of success.

The preservation of peace and order in Zululand is maintained.

The opening of a second Suez Canal we can now consider as an established fact, and feel sure it will be the means of increasing the prosperity of our international relations.

The success of the Fisheries Exhibition was most gratifying in its results; and I trust no effort will be spared to render the forthcoming Hygienic Exhibition equally successful and interesting.

I am pleased to note the improved condition of Ireland since the opening of last session. The Land Act has produced a remarkable increase of energy in all the operations of Irish tenants, disturbances are rarer, and we have every reason to look for further improvement.

Your attention during the present session as to the advisability of enforcing the Franchise Bill in Ireland.

To the improvement of the general supervision of the dwellings of the poor, and general better government in the Metropolis.

To the determining of the armed force to be maintained in Egypt, and for what period.

I rely on your efforts, and pray God to crown them with success. Miz Maze.

[Enter Councillors, thirsting for information as to the future programme of the Powers-that-be.]

My Loads and Gentlemen of the House of Commons,

I have purposely summoned you late
'Till I'd settled some matters of weight,
Now, I've called you together
To talk of the weather
And other great matters of State.

I'm pacific, as all must confess,
On the blessings of peace I lay stress,
I'm on friendly relations
With all other nations,
(*Sotto voce*) What matters a war more or less?

Gentlemen of the House of Commons,

There 're a few "little Bills" to be met—
Their nature just now I forget—
On the eve of Vacation
They'll make a sensation,
You'll hardly hear much of them yet.

My Lords and Gentlemen of the House Commons,

Notwithstanding "hard times" I am told
"Penny buns" still for pennies are sold.
Thus food is abundant,
And copper's redundant,
And "coppers," if saved, become gold.

I feel a remark should be made
On the singular absence of shade,
For the "glass" at "set fine"
Is an excellent sign
Of a rapid revival in trade.

Your labours are heavy and pressing,
I trust you won't find them distressing,
Avoid long debates,
Pass what William dictates,
And accept, please—per proxy—my blessing.

[Exeunt Councillors of the Lower House, grateful for the information thus generously bestowed.]

Weaa-Giffoad.

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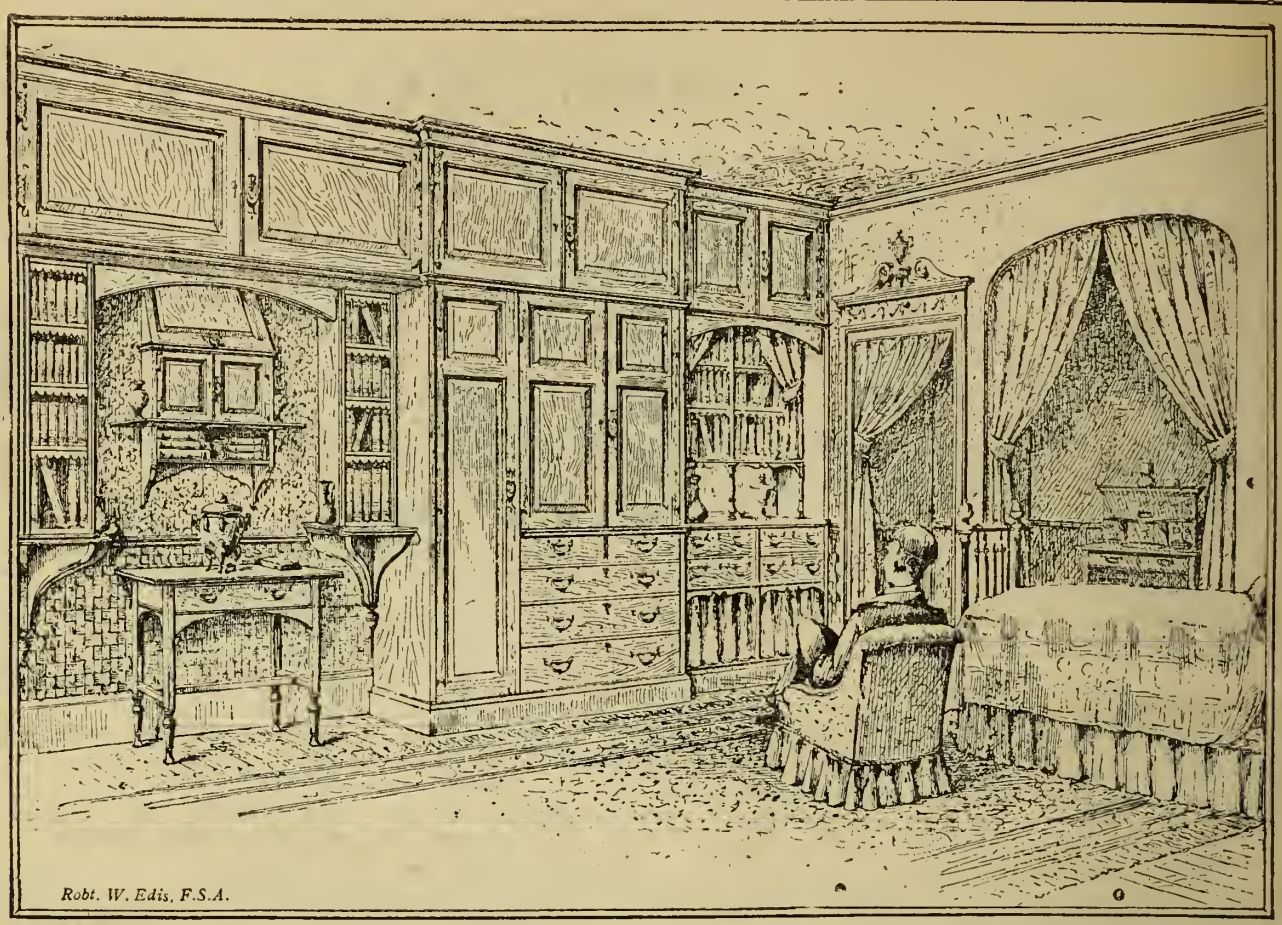

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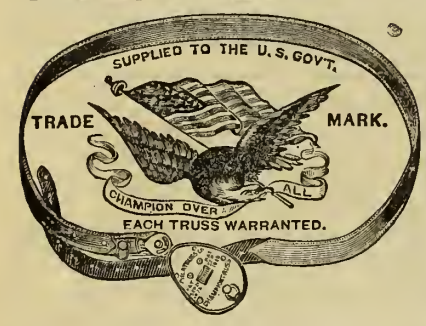

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• TRUTH •

"Cultores Veritatis Fraudis Inimici."—*Cicero.*

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ENTRE NOUS.

THE precise date of the Queen's departure from Osborne will not be settled before Saturday next. Her Majesty will not revisit the Isle of Wight before the middle of July, as her trip to Germany will prevent her usual spring sojourn at Osborne.

The commencement of the Court mourning for Princess George of Saxony was postponed till Saturday in order that Princess Beatrice might attend the fancy ball at Hampton Court Palace on Friday evening.

Last week the Queen sent to the Sailors' Home at Portsmouth a portrait of herself, with autograph, in a carved oak frame. The picture is from a drawing on stone, by Karl Staub, taken from the portrait by Angeli which was painted in 1877, and which hangs in the private dining-room at Windsor Castle. The Queen has been a liberal contributor to the funds of the Sailors' Home ever since it was established.

The Queen has been much concerned during the last week by the serious illness of her favourite collie, who has been in her possession twelve years, and who is her invariable attendant in her walks and short drives.

During Whitsun week the Prince of Wales is expected to visit Maidstone in order to inspect the annual show of the Bath and West of England Agricultural Society of which H.R.H. is the patron.

The Prince and Princess of Wales will give a dance at Marlborough House on Monday, March 10, the anniversary of their wedding. This entertainment will nominally be for "juveniles."

The Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud of Wales, and the Princesses Marie and Melita of Edinburgh, were present last Sunday at the children's service at Berkeley Chapel, Mayfair, when Mr. Teignmouth Shore preached.

Prince George seems to have been received with the utmost enthusiasm at every island which the *Canada* has visited during her West Indian cruise. At St. Kitts, after a cricket match, the Prince found great difficulty in getting away from the ground, as an immense crowd of natives swarmed all round him, shouting and cheering like maniacs. There was a capital regatta while the *Canada* was at St. Kitts, and in the evening the Admiral gave a most brilliant ball. At Antigua the Prince distinguished himself in a cricket match, in a paper-chase, and also in the "officers Derby," which was ridden on donkeys, in fancy costumes. A grand ball was given at Government House, where the Prince and Captain Durrant were guests for several days. The *Canada* and the other vessels of the squadron (all of which are now cruising in this quarter), will return to Halifax early in April.

When the Princess of Wales visited Cambridge the other day, H.R.H. expressed a particular wish to inspect Newnham College; and she was accordingly driven there, and stayed for some time with Miss Clough and Miss Gladstone, who conducted her through the principal apartments.

The supposed insult to the Duke of Albany at Dorking turns out, after all, to be a purely accidental occurrence as the presumably intoxicated individual who threw the water appears to have meant it for some one else. It would have been better if certain gushingly-loyal contemporaries had waited for the whole facts of this storm in a pewter before they raved about the terrible scandal, and insinuated that the men of Dorking ought at the very least to be declared outlaws. For my part, I should be sorry were the Duke of Albany insulted, and neither more nor less sorry were a Dorking greengrocer to be insulted.

A succession of visitors have been staying at Dublin Castle since the commencement of the season, Lord and Lady Drogheda, Lord and Lady Headfort, Lady A. Taylour, Miss Wilson-Patten, Lady and the Misses Leslie, &c., being amongst the number. Miss Agar-Ellis will probably remain with her aunt, Lady Spencer, for the entire season.

The Viceregal festivities last week included a dinner, or rather banquet, in St. Patrick's Hall and a dance in the Throne Room. The latter was somewhat crowded—a fact which did not seem to interfere with the enjoyment of the dancers: in dancing, possibly, as in the more serious occupations of life, difficulties only act as stimulants to further exertions. There were many charming toilets, with which the crimson and gold of Guardsmen mingled well, as did the picturesque costumes of Lancers, Hussars, and Highlanders. The voluminous Scotch plaid, if decorative, can hardly be considered a suitable dress in a ballroom; it certainly taxes very fully the ingenuity of its wearer to steer a safe course through the mazes of a valse. Miss Ellis looked charming, and so did Miss Leslie, and scores of other maidens. Lady Donoughmore's costume was very handsome. Lady Castletown wore white tulle

studded with butterflies. Certain other ladies, however, should remember that some female charms are best left to the imagination, which often suggests more than reality supplies.

The Kildare Hunt ball at Naas was an unusually bright and festive social event. Every house in the county was filled with guests for the occasion, besides which special trains supplied large contingents from Dublin. Lady Kildare made her first appearance in Irish society since her marriage. She looked a fair Geraldine indeed, in her exquisite white toilet.

Last week an interesting decorative art exhibition was opened in Dublin, in connection with the Irish Art Needlework Institution, for which Lady Cowper did so much when in Ireland. The attendance on the opening day was numerous and fashionable, Lady Spencer being present with a large Viceregal party. Princess Christian and Lady Spencer gave special prizes to be competed for. Besides the loan exhibition, the display of modern work, in the form of screens, chair-backs, &c., shows that even amidst the more ambitious feminine avocations of this age the art of needlework is not neglected.

Lady Stanhope's will again be the Tory "house" during the early season, and she will be "at home" on most Saturday evenings till Easter. Lady Salisbury will not give any parties before April. The Duchess of Bedford has a party to-night and another next Wednesday. Lady Granville, Lady Harcourt, and Mrs. Gladstone will also receive on certain evenings during the next six weeks.

The Duke and Duchess of St. Albans, who came up to town last week from Bestwood, intend to start for the Mediterranean on Thursday the 28th. They will remain abroad for six weeks.

Mr. Milner Gibson has been staying at Gibraltar for the last fortnight, on board his yacht, the *Resolute*.

Three yachts left Southampton last week for the Mediterranean. The *Zingara*, hired from Sir Donald Currie by Mr. Lonsdale; Baron Oppenheim's *Margaret*; and the *Myrtle*, hired by Sir Charles Strickland.

The Duke and Duchess of Beaufort gave a very pleasant servants' and tenants' ball at Badminton the other evening, to celebrate his Grace's birthday. About two hundred and fifty were present, and the members of the family and the house-party joined in the dancing for several hours. The entertainment did not terminate till daylight. Lord Edward Somerset presided at the supper, and responded to the toast of "The Duke and Duchess and their Family," which was drunk with "three-times-three."

It is quite a novelty to hear of a private ball in London in February, but Lady Alice des Vœux found her experiment a great success. Dancing commenced about eleven, and did not cease till long past the small hours; and the rooms, which looked very pretty, were never too much crowded, nor was the heat oppressive. The company included a number of young ladies who are to be presented at the March Drawing-room, and all of them were in white. The dresses of Lady Constance Combe and of Lady Sykes excited general admiration.

The Dorking Ball was by far the most successful ever given there. A contingent of eighty went down by special train from Victoria. The Public Hall—where the dancing took place—and the supper-rooms were most beautifully decorated with flowers and plants from Box Hill nurseries. Prince Leopold drove from Claremont in a carriage and four, stayed till past three, and danced several times. The Prince opened the ball with Lady Egmont.

The Meynell Hunt Ball, which came off at Derby last Wednesday night, was a distinct success, the attendance being both numerous and fashionable. The meet next morning at Park Fields, Mr. George Wheeldon's place, was also well attended, there being present, among others, the Duke of Portland, the Earl and Countess of Shrewsbury, Count Kinsky, the Earl of Harrington, Lady Flora Hamilton, Sir John Hardy, Lady Alexander Paget, and the Hon. W. Bagot.

A very successful hunt breakfast was given on the 8th inst., by Mr. and Mrs. Robert Ashton, who are at present occupying Steephill Castle, the beautiful residence of Mr. Hambrough near Ventnor.

There is no truth in the curiously-circumstantial story about the Empress of Austria having taken Cottesbrooke Park for a month's hunting in Northamptonshire. The Empress has no more idea of coming to hunt in England than of going to shoot tigers in India. Her Majesty's health has been in a very unsatisfactory condition for several months, and she is going to pass the next few weeks at Meran, in the Tyrol; and in the spring she may probably visit Wiesbaden in order to take the baths.

It is probable that Lord Lonsdale will succeed Mr. Coupland as Master of the Quorn Hounds.

The committee of the Old Berkshire Hunt are endeavouring to induce Lord Waterford to accept the Mastership, which is vacant by the death of Lord Craven.

I hear that Lord Sefton has decided to give up coursing, and his kennel will be sold next month.

Lord Dudley has become a life member of the Hereford Herd-Book Society. The principal Hereford breeders are about to take steps to bring about a more equitable system of selecting judges at fat-stock shows. Several recent decisions have given great dissatisfaction.

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Plymouth is to be *en fête* to-morrow, when Mr. Boehm's statue of Sir Francis Drake, which has been erected on the Hoe, will be unveiled by Lady Drake, of Nutwell.

The statue of Lord Frederick Cavendish, which is to be placed in the Town Hall square, at Barrow-in-Furness, will be unveiled during Easter week by Lord Spencer, who will be the guest of the Duke of Devonshire, at Holker Hall.

The term for which Mr. Heywood Bright has rented Ardmaddy Castle, Lord Breadalbane's place in Argyllshire, has expired, and it has now been let to Mr. Orr-Ewing, of Glasgow. Ardmaddy itself is rather a tumble-down sort of place, but the grouse-shooting is good, and there is capital fishing. The scenery all round is very fine.

The weather has seriously interfered with the opening of the Scotch fishing season. The Tweed has been too much flooded for angling, and the nets have not produced much; and little has been done so far on the Tay, which is also running very high. In the upper reaches about a score of salmon have been caught. On Sir D. Currie's water, on the Lyon, a newly run fish of 23 lb. was caught, and on the Glenlyon stretch several fish have been landed. At Stobhall the keeper was out one day, and killed four fish, the aggregate weight being 80 lb. Loch Tay is five feet higher than is usual at this season, and sport will not be good till the water falls. The best fish so far have been taken on the Ben Lawers Hotel water (30 lb.) and on the Kenmore Hotel water (34 lb.). Lord Breadalbane's reserved water near Taymouth Castle has not yielded well. All the hotels are full of anglers, and the boats have been out daily.

There is to be a great sale of timber next month on the Duke of Wellington's estate at Strathfieldsaye. About 4,000 trees will be sold—principally oaks.

The *World* is quite mistaken in stating that the estate of Logie Elphinstone has been "broken up in order to establish a scheme of peasant proprietary"; nor has the property been valued at £150,000. The estate, which belongs to Sir James Elphinstone, extends over 5,500 acres, and has a rental of £5,100. It was offered in one lot at Aberdeen the other day at the upset price of £125,000, and as there was no bid for the whole, it was then offered in eight separate lots, according to the usual practice under such circumstances. Only three lots were sold, and the average obtained was £28 per acre. There was no idea of any "scheme" whatever, for the only object of the vendors was to obtain the highest possible price.

Rosa Bonheur is now quite well again, and has removed to her favourite Château de By, at Fontainebleau, where she has already set to work at her unfinished pictures.

I am glad to hear that Mr. Jardine, M.P., has quite recovered from the attack of bronchitis which has recently confined him to the house at Castle Milk.

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The death of Sir Edward Archibald, which occurred at Brighton on Friday last, will cause general regret to a large circle of friends on both sides of the Atlantic. Many Englishmen will recall the kindly courtesy and ready help Sir Edward was ever willing to bestow on any of his countrymen arriving in New York. In American society he was universally popular, and the banquet given to him last year, on his retiring from the Consular service, by the leading men of the city, testified to the high esteem in which he was so deservedly held.

Mr. Chenery, the late Editor of the *Times*, whose death is announced, was not so universally known as his predecessor, Mr. Delane, for he did not go much into general society. He was a man of great and varied learning, and of sound judgment. He passed much of his time at the Athenæum and Reform Clubs, where he was more given to listen than to talk. No one would—had he not been aware of the fact—have supposed that the quiet, unassuming gentleman, whose only wish apparently was to pass unnoticed through the world, was the redoubtable Editor of the *Times*.

The announcement which has been made, with an air of authority, that Mr. Hayward has left neither diaries nor memoirs has caused much surprise; for when he reviewed the Greville Memoirs in the *Quarterly* with unwonted asperity, it was the common talk at the Athenæum that his ill-temper was caused by the fact that Mr. Greville had anticipated a great deal of his own private recollections. Mr. Hayward enjoyed the most ample opportunities for collecting really valuable gossip, both on political and literary matters; but I doubt if we have lost many good anecdotes of celebrities, as most of his stories which were not scandalous have been embalmed in his sparkling articles. The late Bishop Phillpotts was one of the few men who were both liked and admired by Mr. Hayward, and one of his antipathies was Mr. Bernal Osborne, who had frequently made him the subject of bitter jests.

A pleasant post for a literary man fond of residing abroad is rendered vacant by the death of Mr. Rawdon Brown, Editor of State Papers at Venice for the Record Office. Curiously enough the most likely successor to Mr. Rawdon Brown is also a Mr. Brown—a young Oxford man, who has been living for some years in Venice, and studying Venetian history, and who, I see, is about to publish a volume of Venetian sketches.

The Corporation of Bath have presented copies of "The Bathes of Bathe's Ayde" to the Queen and to the Princess of Wales. The volumes are beautifully bound in morocco and satin, ornamented by a Grolier design, adapted from one belonging to Baron Rothschild.

A monograph on the Princess Charlotte will be published shortly. It will contain ten miniature portraits of the Princess, taken, between 1799 and 1815, by Miss Jones, who was "preceptress" to her Royal Highness.

The Langham Hotel, Portland Place, W., redecorated throughout combines every modern improvement and luxury. Accommodates more than five hundred guests.

The essays of George Eliot, which will be published in a few days, ought not to be described as her "unpublished writings." All, or certainly most, of these brilliant essays originally appeared in the *Westminster Review* and other publications of the same sort, and a few months after her death they were disinterred by an enterprising firm of American publishers, and were forthwith published in New York in a small volume, of which many copies were in circulation in London last year.

The whole of the *édition de luxe* of that interesting and beautiful work, "Don John of Austria," by Sir William Stirling-Maxwell, was sold within a few weeks of its publication, and copies are now so scarce that the other day one fetched £40. It was published two years ago at £25.

The lecture on the "Hygiene of the Voice," which Dr. Morell Mackenzie recently delivered at the School of Dramatic Art, is to be published in a few days by Messrs. Macmillan & Co.

A Chicago correspondent writes:—

At Matthew Arnold's first lecture here he had an audience of 400, at his second of 700—this in a hall seating nearly 2,000. He has done poorly, except in small country towns, where the visits of celebrities are like those of angels, few and far between. Irving did splendidly in Chicago, and cancelled several engagements so as to return. Charles Windham has played to full houses at Howley's Theatre. Abbey's Opera Company has had packed houses, and seats for Mapleson's Company with Patti and Gerster sold for forty dollars each. You will say, perhaps, that we prefer theatrical entertainments to sweetness and light. Perhaps we do; but the main reasons for Arnold's failure are that his delivery is bad, and that what he says is more interesting when read in a book than when heard *vivâ voce*.

The famous Bewick collection was sold at Newcastle last week, and excellent prices were obtained for the majority of the lots. A splendid copy of Bewick's "History of British Birds," with notes by the author, was sold to Mr. Mounsey, of Darlington, for 100 gs.

Mr. Belt told a friend of mine a truly singular circumstance in connection with his notorious libel case. Whilst under cross-examination he was naturally in a state of extreme nervous tension, and he frequently happened to put his left hand to his left eyebrow. On returning home that evening he was amazed to discover that the eyebrow had turned almost entirely white since the morning. Should Mr. Lawes be successful in his appeal I am afraid that the whole of Mr. Belt's hyacinthine locks will assume a snowy hue. I recommend the above fact to the attention of the Society for Psychical Research, or some kindred association for minding other people's business. If any one doubts the truth of the statement I can only refer him to Mr. Belt himself.

In the course of the Coronation Festivals at Berlin last month, 800 decorations and 540 badges of distinction were distributed by the Emperor.

It would seem that Lord Garmoyle, in his letter to Miss Fortescue, breaking off his engagement with her, alleged as one of his reasons, that the Duke of Richmond had said that she never could be received at Court, and that his lordship could not bear the idea of his wife not being allowed to pay her respects to her Sovereign. Are we to understand that his Grace is himself of opinion that, because a young lady has been on the stage, she is not a fit person to enter the charmed circle in which he is a bright particular star? or did he express authoritatively the determination of her Majesty? The former is the more probable, for the Queen is the last woman in England to inflict a social stigma upon any profession, or to allow her name to be used in order to afford a young man an opportunity to desert his intended bride. Be this as it may, assuredly a little reflection ought to have convinced his Grace of Richmond that he is the very last person in the kingdom to give himself airs, or even to allude to presentations at Court. History tells us that in the reign of Charles II., to use the language of Macaulay, "a handsome, crafty, and licentious Frenchwoman, whom our rude ancestors called Madame Carwell," was sent over to England by Louis XIV. to become the mistress of Charles, and to reveal his secrets to the French Court. It is to the presentation of this improper female, who to frailty added treachery, that the Duke owes his existence and the estates which enable him neither to toil nor to spin.

Had one of Miss Fortescue's ancestresses made her money in the same fashion, the young lady would not have been obliged to adopt the stage as a profession, and it would have been impossible for the descendant of "Madame Carwell" to have aided and abetted in breaking off her marriage, on the ground that she ought not to be allowed to come between the wind and his nobility.

You say, Edmund, that although you are nearly a hundred years old, the Lord has kept your memory green, and therefore that you remember "Camaralzaman and Badoura" being played thirty-five years ago, because the date is marked by some lines spoken by Miss Woolgar as Camaralzaman, which remain in your memory. They may "remain" in it, but how they got there is the mystery, considering that when the burlesque was produced on December 26, 1848, the part was played by Miss P. Horton, and continued to be played by that lady during the whole of the run.

The *Theatre*, like James I., raises its voice in a counterblast to tobacco. It objects to cigarettes in theatres, because these edifices may be set on fire; because ladies dislike the fragrant weed; and because theatres ought not to be music-halls. 1. Actors generally smoke in their dressing-rooms, and scene-carpenters secretly smoke in odd corners. Their cigar-ends are thrown aside when any one in authority passes—often into some heap of rubbish. There they smoulder, and a few hours later there is a conflagration. It is impossible that a theatre can catch fire from cigarettes in a passage. 2. Most

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Vanity Fair says:—"Mr. Benjamin is still the Prince of Ulster and Stalking-Coat Makers." Ulster House, Conduit-street, W.

ladies like the smell of smoke; those who do not are behind the age, and would do well to accustom themselves to it. The modern nuisance is not the smoker, but the lady who objects to him. 3. Let us at once clear our minds of the notion, that a place is more or less respectable, or more or less *comme il faut*, on account of tobacco. The one thing in which a music-hall is better than a theatre, is that smoking is allowed in all parts of it.

The Gentlemen of Philadelphia, who are coming over for a cricketing tour in this country, will play their first match on June 10, in the Phœnix Park, against the Gentlemen of Ireland. Their opening match in England is at Lord's, on the 16th of the same month, against the Gentlemen of the M.C.C. They decline to oppose professional players, as they naïvely say, they "do not wish to lose the chance of an occasional victory." A couple of first-class English professional bowlers are going over to America to coach the team a little before they start on their trip. In saying that they hope to play some of the strongest public school elevens, they little know, I fear, that such elevens are often as strong as those composed of professionals.

The time of the 'Varsity Boat-race this year will probably be about a quarter past nine a.m., as on April 5, when the contest takes place, it is high water at Putney at 10.18 a.m.

There are eighty American students at the University of Berlin this winter.

The debate in Convocation last week on the grant for Dr. Burdon Sanderson's laboratory led to one of the most stormy and painful scenes that have been witnessed in Oxford for years. There was a larger muster last term over the Horton question, but that debate was conducted with much better temper. The imputations which members of Convocation made upon each other last week, the impatience with which the speakers were listened to, and the uproar which prevailed, were all thoroughly discreditable, and it would be hard to say whether the "Vivisectionists" or "anti-Vivisectionists" behaved the worse.

On the merits of the case, there can be no sort of doubt, and it was something that so bad a meeting should come to the right conclusion. It would have been monstrous to have elected Dr. Sanderson to the professorship and then to have withheld the money for his laboratory; and as to the objections of the "anti-Vivisectionists," why is the law of the land insufficient at Oxford? As a matter of fact, Dr. Sanderson has expressly pledged himself never to resort to vivisection in *teaching*, and to strictly confine any experiments he may make to purposes of research.

A familiar figure is lost to Oxford by the death of Mr. J. H. Parker, Keeper of the Ashmolean Museum. Mr. Parker entered the well-known firm of booksellers sixty years ago, but very soon distinguished himself as an antiquary. His researches in Roman archæology gave him European celebrity, and his handbooks on architectu have had a large sale. Mr. Parker was a member of Exeter College, and was given an M.A. degree by the University, *honoris causâ*, in 1867.

Very tardily it has been decided to erect a memorial to Gray at Cambridge. The author of the "Elegy" ought to have been honoured by his University in some adequate way at least a century ago, but his contemporaries there were more inclined to disparage him than to glorify him, as he had never concealed his indifference to the University and his dislike to its members. It is proposed to place a marble bust by Mr. Thornycroft in the Hall of Peterhouse, and a bronze replica of it in the Fitzwilliam Museum.

Canon Liddon preached at Cambridge on Sunday afternoon, in Great St. Mary's, before the University. There was a vast congregation, and many hundreds of "strangers" were unable to obtain admittance. The seats appropriated to the undergraduates were crowded, and almost every Don in the University attended the service. Prince Albert Victor was present. In the course of a very eloquent and most masterly sermon, Dr. Liddon alluded at some length to the contrasts of wealth and poverty, as exhibited between the East and West ends of London.

The statement that the Prince of Wales "refused" to lay the foundation-stone of the new buildings at Peterborough Cathedral is quite untrue. The Prince informed the Dean and Chapter that his engagements would not permit of his visiting Peterborough before the first week in June, but if that was not too remote a date he would then be happy to meet their wishes. It is, however, desirable that the works should be commenced at once, so the ceremony will be performed by Lord Fitzwilliam.

Dr. Jacobson, the retiring Bishop of Chester, started in life as a Methodist minister, and he once preached "on approbation" before the congregation of a chapel at Norwich. An equally remarkable fact is that in 1850 the Bishop of Peterborough was an unsuccessful candidate for the Chaplaincy of Crediton.

Why, I am requested to ask, has the Bishop of Norwich allowed the Rector of Southam, near Swaffham, to absent himself from his parish for five years, and to draw the salary of £700 during all this time? What would be said if an official in any other department except the Church were to treat his duties in this fashion?

Mr. Stopford Brooke, who is staying at Clifton, has preached on the last two Sundays in the principal Unitarian Chapel there. His eloquent sermons have attracted very crowded congregations.

The other day the Archbishop of Canterbury sent a lithographed circular letter to the clergy on certain matters. Many copies of the letter were returned through the Dead Letter Office, owing to change of residence, &c. Several of the envelopes in which they were enclosed bore the address, "Mr. Ed. Cantuar, Addington Park."

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The Bishop of Sydney leaves to-morrow for Australia in the P. and O. steamer *Valetta*. It has been decided at the last moment that Mrs. Barry is not to accompany him, as she has been unwell lately, and the state of her health renders it inexpedient that she should attempt so long a voyage at this season. She will go out later on.

The *Valetta* is one of the finest and largest vessels in the Company's service, and the arrangements for the comfort of passengers are really a marvel of ingenuity. I hope that the Bishop may have a good passage, and find time and inclination to replace some of his lost sermons on the way.

I hear that Mrs. Stapleton-Bretherton, who recently left £400,000 to the Pope, omitted to act upon the excellent proverb that charity begins at home, as she had several near relatives who are in extremely poor circumstances. The late Pope once relinquished a sum of nearly £100,000, which had been left to him by an individual who was equally regardless of the claims of his family, and it is hoped that his successor will not insist on exacting the whole of his pound of flesh.

In certain circles, where the wish, perhaps, is father to the thought, it is rumoured that Mr. Errington, who has just returned from Rome, is to be raised to the peerage in compensation for the certain forfeiture of his seat in the House of Commons, and in reward for his quasi-diplomatic services to the Government. Mr. Errington has lately inherited a large addition to his fortune, and is now, his friends urge, in a position to maintain the dignity of a peerage. The politician who has done service to a Minister at a personal sacrifice has at least an equal title to sit in the House of Lords with a poet whose services to the public have brought him not loss, but gain.

Mr. Haweis has printed a "Key"—to what? To doctrine and practice. As the one is too often unintelligible, and the other much disputed, a key of some sort is, no doubt, desirable, providing it unlocks anything. Mr. Haweis's "Key" is a cheap form of condensed utterances, which presumably sums up the gist of his teaching. He allows himself the full liberty claimed by the late Dean Stanley, under the considerably—I may say almost entirely—relaxed form of clerical subscription. On all questions of theology he maintains that history must be consulted first. Every obsolete and deterrent form of Church dogma will then be found to aim at some truth; and to disengage and represent any recoverable portion of that truth is the business of the religious teacher. History reconciles Mr. Haweis to everything. It draws the sting even from dogmatic theology—he would no more mutilate the Athanasian Creed than he would trifle with the Magna Charta in the British Museum. As doctrine it may be unintelligible or false or barbarous; but as a step in the evolution of religious thought it seems to him invaluable.

The "Key" deals with a number of social topics, including "Girls," "Women's Work," "Holidays," "The Reformation," and "Luther." Those sanguine persons who believe that the English Church can still be saved by common-sense and common honesty, will, no doubt, read the "Key" with satisfaction. It is, at all events, a sign of the times, for if the "Key" can be taught in the English Church, there is but one answer to the question "Where is the line of advanced religious thought to be drawn?" Why, I should say "Nowhere."

At Southport a "Staff-Captain" of the "Salvation Army" observed:—"Those who have gold will, I trust, be helped by God to give it; those who have no gold, can give silver; those who have no silver, can give copper, and those who have nothing to give can rise and go." This is a singular way of putting the avowed mission of the Army, which, as I understand it, is "to save sinners."

By the way, I have never yet had a clear answer to my inquiry, whether "General" Booth and his family live by Salvation-Armying? I have seen a paragraph in a newspaper stating that the General and his family are maintained by a special fund given for that purpose by an individual who does not wish his name to be known. If so, this individual would, I presume, give to the Army the amount which he now gives to the Booth family, were the family not to be in want of funds. The explanation, consequently, if true, is a mere evasion of my question, which is, "What does the Booth family receive, directly or indirectly, for commanding the Salvation Army?"

Sir E. Reed has been engaged in a controversy with the *Newcastle Chronicle*. A contributor to that journal alluded to something which Sir E. Reed had written about the Russian Navy in the *Illustrated London News*, whereupon the member for Cardiff accused him of having concocted a "singularly foolish invention." It turns out however, that the *Chronicle* was right, for Sir E. Reed wrote about the Russian Navy in the special "War Number" which the *Illustrated* published in 1877, but he appears to have forgotten the circumstance, and it must have been rather awkward to find his old opinions raked up against him after he had denied that he had ever held them.

A few months ago Sub-Lieutenant the Hon. Philip Tyrwhitt was dismissed the Navy by a court-martial for insubordination and misconduct. As this officer was able to command powerful interest, "my lords" at Whitehall quickly reinstated him in the service, and almost directly afterwards he was appointed, by an exercise of the grossest favouritism, which seems congenital at Whitehall, to the *Opal*, on the West Coast of Africa. Mr. Tyrwhitt is now coming home, as this unfashionable station does not suit the tastes of so fortunate an officer, and no doubt we shall soon hear of his appointment to the Mediterranean, or, perchance, to a Royal yacht. Officers with interest can do anything in the Navy; but if a man has no interest he may as well put a millstone about his neck and jump into the sea, as depend entirely on his profession.

Minton's China.—Thomas Goode & Co., Artists and Designers in Porcelain, South Audley-street, Grosvenor-square.

"Once on the staff always on the staff," is as true a saying now as in the good old days before the Crimean War. On the 18th of January last Colonel H. J. Buchanan vacated his appointment as Assistant-Adjutant-General of the South-Eastern District on completion of five years' staff service. In the next "London Gazette" he was appointed Quartermaster-General in Ireland. Such an appointment, in the face of the five years' rule, could only be justified on very special grounds. No such grounds, however, exist in this case. Colonel Buchanan is an upright gentleman and an honest soldier, but his past services have not been of such a nature as to justify a glaring evasion of the regulations in order to do him a good turn.

The patronage of the Army during peace is in the hands of the Duke of Cambridge. He has hitherto had (except for a short time when Mr. Childers was War Minister) uncontrolled authority over all appointments and promotions in the military department. To assist his Royal Highness in his patronage duties the country gives him a Military Secretary with a salary of £2,150, and an Assistant Military Secretary with a salary of £1,100. The abolition of the Military Secretariat in its present form would be a distinct gain to the cause of Army reform. The Adjutant-General, assisted by one or two subordinate officers, should be held responsible to the Secretary of State for promotions and appointments in the Army as well as for its discipline. The House of Commons would then be able to exercise a direct control over the officers whose salaries it annually votes. Parliamentary control is the only real safeguard against jobbery. Until some radical change in the direction I have indicated is made, the country will never get its money's worth for the enormous sum annually voted for its military forces.

The Army is not an institution maintained by a benevolent State to provide lucrative sinecures for deserving gentlemen. Yet this idea seems to be uppermost in the minds of those whose duty it is to give away appointments. As Sir Patrick McDougall recently pointed out, the success of a policy depends on the men who are selected to execute it. If successive Liberal War Ministers have found their policy thwarted at every step, it is because the chief executive officers of the Army, with one notable exception, are secretly opposed to the reforms which they are appointed to carry out. How can it be expected that short service, or any other system of service, will succeed under such conditions? What chance, to put a parallel case, would the Irish Land Act have of receiving fair play, if the commissioners and sub-commissioners appointed to administer it were known to be opposed to tenant right?

General officers on the Half-pay Active List are paid quarterly in arrear; officers on the Full-pay Active List receive their pay monthly in advance. What are the objections to half-pay officers being paid monthly or quarterly in advance? The advantages of having ready money wherewith to make purchases over the credit system are so obvious, that it does not require any argument to prove how great a boon this change would be to the officers in question.

I hear there is a strong and growing feeling among the junior officers of the army in favour of abolishing regimental messes. When Mr. Childers was Secretary of State he persuaded the Duke of Cambridge to issue orders for the regulation of mess entertainments, which have always been so heavy a burden on young officers. These orders are not now getting fair play. They were never thoroughly approved of in high quarters, and it is hopeless to expect them to be enforced, if general officers commanding districts are encouraged to let them slide. The junior officers, on economical grounds, support the new rules. The opposition comes as usual from the seniors, and especially from the married senior officers, who find they can return hospitality in a cheap and convenient way by promoting balls and parties at their regimental messes.

If the bachelor officers of the Army were asked to vote to-morrow, for or against the maintenance of messes, and if the votes were taken by ballot, I doubt not there would be a large majority in favour of abolition. It is said that messes are cheap. This is a fallacy. They are nearly always badly managed, and there is much waste below stairs. As long as separate regimental messes are allowed to exist, each corps will seek to out-bid its neighbours in acquiring a name for hospitality. In this way, young officers are compelled, at the instigation of their seniors, to join in giving entertainments about which they care little or nothing, and which they cannot afford to pay for.

I should be glad to see regimental messes superseded by military clubs. In London the military clubs are very popular. Similar institutions would be equally so if established in our provincial garrison towns. At his club a man can live as he likes; at his mess he must live as others wish. In a club there is room for all tastes and all incomes. The restraint of messes is much complained of by officers in the army. It certainly must be tiresome to be compelled to sit down evening after evening, in the same room, at the same time, and with the same companions. Such a mode of life cannot fail to cramp the mind and narrow the intellect. It begets, moreover, that spirit of exclusiveness which is characteristic of the English regimental system, and which is often mistaken for *esprit de corps*. In other branches of the public service Government officials are not ordered to live and dine together, and I do not see why military officers should be compelled to do so.

The number of resignations by Volunteer officers is becoming monthly more numerous, and is causing serious anxiety at headquarters. In January, for instance, there were 71 retirements as against 57 new commissions. During the last quarter, ending Jan. 31, there were 250 resignations and 136 new commissions; and, in the first week of February, 38 officers resigned and only 25 joined the force.

I wonder whether there is any connection between the exceptional amount of leave given to officers of the Foot Guards, and the exceptional amount of crime amongst the soldiers of these regiments?

Sanitary Inspection.—Fee, 2 Guineas. Improvement works undertaken. The Sanitary Engineering Co., 115, Victoria-st., Westminster.

Lord Wolseley treated us the other day to a most gushing description of our army, which, he informed his audience, could not be matched in Europe either for quality or appearance. At the same time his lordship said there was not the slightest cause for uneasiness as regards the much-talked-of "waste," as recruits were coming in at a rate practically unprecedented. It is, therefore, somewhat singular that the War Office should have just determined to reduce still further the age and chest measurement of recruits. Boys are now to be enlisted at eighteen instead of at nineteen, and thirty-three inches chest measurement is substituted for thirty-four. It would almost appear as if the statistics from which Lord Wolseley drew his conclusions were somewhat inaccurate.

I understand that the Secretary of State has sent no new order to Malta in connection with the proceedings of Council. His dispatch in question was written in reply to a most aggressive and unreasonable demand put forward by the newly-elected Opposition, that all the speeches and proceedings in Council should in future be in the Italian language only. Hitherto it has been optional for the members, official or otherwise, to use English or Italian, whichever they preferred, as the circumstances demanded. Lord Derby supports the Governor in adhering to this practice, and very rightly refuses, at the bidding of a few narrow-minded and oligarchical gentlemen, to banish the English tongue from the seat of government of an English dependency, in order to give sole possession to another foreign tongue—Italian being, for the great mass of the Maltese people, even more of a foreign language than English itself.

An inquest held last week at Portsmouth Prison, on the body of a prisoner named Charles Wyatt, merits the attention of Sir E. Du Cane. The deceased was under sentence of seven days' hard labour, and was placed on the treadmill the day after his arrival. He managed to get through his morning's task, but, after being for an hour on the wheel in the afternoon, he dropped down dead. At the inquest a brother proved that deceased had suffered from heart complaint for years. In reply to the Coroner, the Medical Officer of the Prison stated that he had "examined deceased on admission and considered that he was fit for work." By the prison regulations the Medical Officer is instructed to ask every prisoner on admission whether he suffers from heart complaint or other organic disease. Were these questions put to this man Wyatt? The medical examination of prisoners is, in too many prisons, a complete farce. The sooner it is put on a proper footing the better. The best way, probably, would be to put the medical inspector on the treadmill for a week whenever any one who can be shown to be suffering from heart complaint or any other organic disease is found to have been put to work on the wheel.

The Court of Queen's Bench has decided most properly that a foreign Duke is not within the category of distinguished personages to whom exceptional facilities ought to be given for bringing actions. Considering that a ducal title may be bought for about £6,000, any person might have become a distinguished person in the eyes of the English law by this outlay, had the decision been a contrary one.

The paragraph of which the Duke of Vallombrosa complained, which said that his grandfather had been an army contractor, and that in this capacity he had been nearly hanged by Napoleon during his last campaign in France for supplying the French army with bad meat, was based upon a misapprehension, one Duke having been named for another. When the Duke's solicitors wrote to me to complain, I told them that I would make inquiries. Personally I knew nothing about the matter, and the contributor who wrote the paragraph was abroad. As I could not get hold of him, I sent to one of the best genealogists of Italy for information, and if the Duke's solicitors had not been in such a hurry, and given him such erroneous advice, he would have been saved worry and trouble.

Individually, I should prefer a successful contractor to a Duke as an ancestor, particularly if the former had made money by his contracts and left it to me; and I should be especially proud had this ancestral contractor been hanged by Napoleon on a charge of supplying bad meat, for Napoleon's invariable habit was, when things were going ill with him, to avert blame from himself by sacrificing some honest man. This actually nearly occurred in the case of a contractor during the retreat from Russia. When the army reached Smolensko, Count Ségur relates that on this able but unscrupulous rascal finding that the soldiers were complaining of the want of provisions, he was with difficulty prevented from executing the Chief of the Commissariat Department, although he was entirely guiltless.

As, however, the Duke of Vallombrosa may not share my views in regard to ancestry, and as every one has a natural right to complain if by any inadvertency his ancestors are stated to have been contractors, and to have been nearly hanged by a despot, when in point of fact they were Dukes who never engaged in trade, and who never were threatened with hanging, I hasten, now that the matter has left the courts of law, to say that, having had the genealogy of the Duke looked into by an independent expert, I have convinced myself that his family is an ancient one, and that his Dukedom is an authentic title which has come down to him through a number of ancestors. I am sorry, therefore, that a misstatement should have appeared in Truth regarding them, which seems to have given the Duke annoyance, for he is an amiable gentleman, residing at Cannes, where he exercises much genial hospitality.

So the case has gone against Mr. Jenks and his young friends. Common-sense tells one that if an individual is the proprietor of a club, which not only exists by gambling, but which enables him to make about £50 per night profit out of the gamblers, and if, in addition to this, he facilitates gambling by advancing money to the members of the club at "modest" interest, he is keeping a gambling house. There cannot, to my mind, be a more self-evident proposition. Mr. Jenks may be the possessor of unnumbered virtues. This is not the question; nor is it the

The Belgrave Laundry, 194 & 196, Ebury-street, Belgravia. A laundry for high-class families.

question whether it be desirable or not that there should be gambling establishments in England. The law says that there must not be, and laws are not made to be evaded.

I must say, however, that, considering that baccarat clubs have gone on without let or hindrance for many years, and that to a certain extent this particular case was a test one, the fines seem to me to have been excessive.

The first baccarat club was the Corinthian, which was opened at least fifteen years ago. This was followed by the opening of the London and County Club, the Civil and Military Club, the Arlington Club, the Cavendish Club, and the Stratford Club. All these were proprietary baccarat clubs, and died a natural death. They were succeeded by the New Lotus Club, the Cercle des Nations in Langham-place, the Argus Club in Park-place, and the St. Andrew's Club, Holborn Hill. All these clubs were in full blast when proceedings were commenced against the Park Club.

The authorities at Scotland-yard seem to have sent for Mr. Jenks and informed him that a warrant had been obtained against him, and that it would be served if baccarat were continued at his club. After consulting his legal advisers, he notified the police that, being informed that his club was not an illegal one, baccarat would still be played. Fifty-nine summonses were issued and left at the club. During the nights on which baccarat was played, by a sort of agreement with the police, 150 members played. On the committee there were nine members, and subsequently three more were added. If not a test case, all those held to be guilty ought to have been summoned and fined; but only four members of the committee were fined, and only three members of the club who had played, whilst it was stated in court that Peers, Baronets, and other eminent personages were members of the club. Why, then, this distinction? What is sauce to the plebeian goose ought to be sauce to the aristocratic gander. I think that the police were quite right in putting down this club, and that they ought to act in the same manner with regard to all baccarat clubs; but, looking at all the circumstances, and the fact of a few scapegoats out of the herd having been selected, a nominal fine would have better met the case, coupled with the announcement that in future a substantial fine would be imposed.

After all, the operations of the baccarat clubs are on an almost contemptible scale compared with the gambling at Crockford's sixty years ago, and then, be it remembered, all transactions were in ready money, except in the case of customers of known wealth. In 1824 there were two "clubs" in London where French-hazard was played with a nightly bank of £10,000, and with stakes of from 10s. to £200. There were three gambling-houses where the banks were £2,000, and the highest stakes £100. There were five each with a bank of £1,000. Altogether there were twenty-five houses for French-hazard and rouge-et-noir, half of which were in Pall-mall and Bennett-street. This sort of thing went on for more than twenty years, and then for a time play went out of fashion.

In full season a million of money was often "turned" in one night at Crockford's. The net profits of the season were £150,000, and yet the weekly expenses averaged £1,000. The fitting-up of the house cost nearly £50,000. Crockford's was ostensibly organised as a club, and the committee elected the members, but any one who had a fortune to lose could easily obtain admission. The Duke of Wellington was an original member, but was never known to enter the hazard-room—which, of course, was the aim and end of the establishment. Ude presided over the kitchen for several years. The waiters at Crockford's always received a Christmas-box of £1,000, which was divided amongst them, and £500 was given to the Steward.

For ten years before Crockford's was started there was very high play at Watier's (the principal *habitués* of which were hopelessly ruined) at Brookes', and also at White's, where the late Lord Granville (*le Wellington des joueurs*) was the great player. He is said to have been nearly a quarter of a million to the bad at the end of his career, although at one time he had won £110,000. Lord Granville once lost £23,000 at hazard at a single sitting of seven hours, and £10,000 at one night's whist; and Mr. Hayward relates how he once lost a rubber and £3,700 by forgetting that the seven of hearts was in.

The Court over which Vice-Chancellor Bacon presides has been occupied for thirty days with the arguments in the action brought by the London Financial Association against Sir John Kelk and others, in which over forty counsel are engaged. This time has been absolutely wasted; for it is quite certain that, whatever may be the Vice-Chancellor's decision, the case will be carried to the Court of Appeal, where all the arguments will commence afresh from the beginning, and then the same process will be repeated in the House of Lords. It is really a pity that some means cannot be devised to prevent this frightful waste of time. Of course, it would be impossible to bring any case into the Court of Appeal in the first instance, but obviously that would be the most rational course to adopt, and the result would be a vast saving of both time and money.

A judge may be a good lawyer without being a very wise man. Mr. Justice Manisty would have been a wiser man had he not announced at the Hertfordshire Assizes that he should temper justice with mercy, in spite of "miserable scribblers" finding fault with his decisions in the public press. Having made this remark he exemplified it by sentencing a clerk and cashier to five months' imprisonment for falsifying books and embezzlement. It might be well that he should in future temper mercy with justice, for, with all respect to the learned judge, the sentence seems to me, "a miserable scribbler," to have been most inadequate. This evidently was his opinion, otherwise he would not have prefaced it with a little preliminary abuse of those who, he thought, might criticise it. *Qui s'excuse s'accuse.*

Liberty's Art Fabrics.—For Curtains, Chintz, Upholstery, and Furniture Stuffs. Patterns post-free. Chesham House, Regent-st., W.

I do not accuse the Claimant either of felony or of perjury. I merely say that he was convicted of the latter, and that consequently no magistrates would give him a public-house licence. They have to accept facts. A conviction legally assumes the guilt of the person convicted.

Sir,—Your paragraph in last week's Truth, saying the conviction of the Claimant renders him incapable of holding a licence, is rather hard on him. He was not convicted of felony, only of perjury. The Act you cite, I presume 33 & 34 Vict., c. 29, sec. 14, enacts that a person guilty of *felony* shall be disqualified. To accuse a person of felony, as you by inuendo do, may be resented even by the Claimant. Robt. A. Ward.

Maidenhead, *Feb.* 6, 1884.

I am not surprised that after hearing the evidence brought forward last week in the case of an unfortunate pauper charged with neglecting to complete his allotted task of oakum-picking, a severe comment was passed by Mr. Bridge upon the conduct of the parish authorities of St. George's, Southwark, by whom the prosecution was instituted. It was clearly shown that the poor fellow, who had been employed as a clerk, was compelled to enter the workhouse owing to ill-health, and on two previous occasions, when brought up at the police-court for the same offence, the divisional surgeon had pronounced him totally unfit to perform any work. Still a third summons was applied for, in discharging which the learned magistrate very properly protested strongly against the scandalous attempt to secure a conviction in the face of what had occurred.

The Master of Liverpool workhouse reported to the guardians last week certain disgusting scenes which take place almost daily in the mortuary. It appears that rival undertakers are admitted to this chamber of horrors, and that they are in the habit of scrambling for the corpses of paupers lying there. Dead bodies are hauled about, and crammed first into one coffin and then into another, according to the respective strength of arm and language of the competitors. Anything more scandalous or more revolting to decency it would be difficult to imagine, and it seems a matter for much regret that the guardians cannot take any stronger measure than merely excluding the offending undertakers from the precincts of the workhouse.

A lady recently placed her luggage on a cab which was to take her from her hotel in Paris to a railroad station. The luggage had disappeared when the cab reached the station. The French police have been unable to recover it. They state that in several recent cases which have occurred, the cabmen and the thieves are supposed to have been in league. By law, a Paris cabman has to give his fare a ticket with the number of the cab on it. This should always be insisted on when luggage is placed outside the cab.

A correspondent writes to say that the "suicides" at Monte Carlo are inventions of the Nice newspapers:—

The only case of suicide that has occurred this winter was that of a Pole. He had run through a large fortune at Berlin, and came here in November with his last four or five thousand francs. He at first was lucky, and won one hundred and twenty thousand francs, but he lived at a corresponding rate, so the money soon came to an end, when he blew out his brains in the Hôtel de Paris.

Screens, with tea-cup shelf on each fold, from 21s. A large variety of screens in Japanese leather paper, needlework, stained glass, and hand-painted in all sizes and styles.—C. Hindley & Sons, 290 to 294, Oxford-street London

The ire of the Corporation has been greatly roused by a statement of Mr. Firth at the Exeter Hall meeting of the London Municipal Reform League. Mr. Firth remarked that "he did not believe the whole of the City would oppose the Bill. He knew that several Aldermen were already prepared to come over." Under these distressing circumstances "Monckton" has been deputed by the Special Committee to write to each member of the Court of Aldermen, and inquire if he be one of those Iscariots to whom Mr. Firth has alluded. Now, I quite fail to see what either "Monckton" or the Special Committee has to do with the private opinions of the Aldermen. An Alderman is not, I suppose, of necessity an idiot, and it is quite possible that a few among them may have been converted. At the same time, I hope that one or two of the backsliders will have the courage to avow their convictions, for I am very curious to know what terrible punishment will be meted out to them by this dictatorial Special Committee.

Having Boycotted Mr. Corrie Grant, the Commissioners of Sewers have been turning their attention to Mr. Baylis, their official solicitor. This gentleman's offence is that he is in partnership with a Mr. Pearce, who, like many others, does not think the present Corporation the best of all possible Corporations. It is a well-understood thing that Mr. Baylis's connection with the Commission is purely personal, not in any way extending to his firm. Nevertheless, at last week's meeting of the Commission he was hustled and harried for half-an-hour on the subject of his connection with the heretic Pearce. In vain he protested his own loyalty to the Corporation, the Commission, Gog and Magog, the Ship and Turtle, and all the rest of it. But the Commissioners insist on getting to the bottom of the "mischief," and have voted a formal inquiry into the relations of their solicitor with his partner.

I do not think that I shall take shares in the Company to which the following circular alludes:—

47, Old Broad-street, London, E.C., Feb. 1, 1884.

Dear Sir,—A new Joint-Stock Land Company is in course of formation. Gentlemen willing to co-operate and to invest may obtain applications for Founders' Shares, of which only a limited number will be issued, with a prefcrential dividend of 20 per cent.

Gentlemen having leisure to attend meetings of the Board may become candidates for the Directorate. The Directors' remuneration will be reasonably liberal.

Those desirous of co-operating as auditors, secretary, manager, or in any other official capacity, are requested to communicate with the Sec. *pro tem.*

Complete particulars will be furnished to intending investors upon application to the Sec. *pro tem.*, London and Middlesex Land Company, 47, Old Broad-street, E.C. G. H. Salmon.

"One touch of nature," &c. Last week, in the Irish Landed Estates Court, Lord Leitrim proved that under similar circumstances a peer and a peasant are strangely like. He seems to have viewed the raising of his rent by the corporation of Trinity College very much as a peasant views that same process when resorted to by his landlord. His lordship evidently considers himself a deeply-grieved individual, because he is obliged to pay.

At Liverpool the other day a piece of building-land near the new docks at Bootle was sold for £61,000, which was

at the rate of £2. 10s. per yard. The property belongs to Lord Derby, and is leased for seventy-five years at an annual ground-rent of £620.

I am glad that the Prince of Wales has had the happy idea of putting himself at the head of a Committee to decorate the new "Place" at Hyde Park Corner with money obtained by private subscriptions. This will afford an excellent opportunity to the great London landlords to return to the metropolis a small portion of their unearned increments. Should this not suffice, a few Baronetcies will secure large cheques from some of our wealthy snobs. I cannot conceive a better use of Baronetcies than to use them for decorative purposes.

A very good Bill has been brought in to reform the Yorkshire Registry of Deeds, and notice has been given by Sir H. Giffard of a similar one for the Middlesex Registry. The chief object of the Bills is to abolish the absurd doctrines of the Equity Courts, which defers a man's registered security to an earlier one not registered, if his solicitor happened to have come across the deed in some examination of the same title, which he had perhaps forgotten all about. At present these registries are no earthly good, except to give solicitors more work to do, and enable them to charge more and support a few clerks in useless labour. The real reform wanted is to make registration compulsory, and a registered deed an absolute security all over the country. The present Bills err in being permissive, but they would be a step in the right direction, and, emanating as they do from Conservatives, they are a significant sign of the times.

Considering the abundant denunciations of obstruction and the Ministerial complaint of the time "wasted on the Address," it is somewhat significant that the first night of the debate was entirely wasted because it was thought beneath the dignity of a Minister to speak to a thin House, whilst the greater part of the sitting on the second day was occupied in a discussion whether this was Parliamentary etiquette or not.

Doubtless when Lord Coleridge, in the Bradlaugh-Gosset judgment, said that no precedent existed for Mr. Bradlaugh's contention, he referred exclusively to English history. A very recent and striking precedent has been established by an American court at Washington. Two years ago, a lobbyist, when examined as a witness by a Committee of the House of Representatives of the United States, refused to answer certain questions. Whereupon the Committee reported his contumacy to the House, which voted him into custody. For this action the lobbyist brought a suit for false imprisonment against the Serjeant-at-Arms of the House; and in due course of procedure recovered the sum of one hundred thousand dollars (£20,000) in damages.

The suit was hotly contested by the House, and much legal talent appeared on both sides. For the Serjeant-at-Arms it was contended that Congress was supreme, and stress was laid upon that absence of precedent to which Lord Coleridge alluded. The Court, however, said it would establish a precedent. It decided, as matter of law, that the Committee and the House, by their action against the lobbyist, had exceeded its Constitutional jurisdiction and had committed an illegality. This, of course, left the question of damages open to the jury. Rule for a new trial, however, was made absolute, on account of excessive damages; but the Court in Banco upheld the ruling of Nisi Prius as to liability. A new trial on the merits resulted in another verdict against the Serjeant, and by last accounts the amount which he has to pay is to be provided for in the General Appropriation Bill.

It is somewhat remarkable that the fact of an oath, when superadded to a promise, being regarded by many persons whose orthodoxy is above doubt as an unnecessary form, should have apparently burst upon Mr. Forster, M.P., as something strange and almost incredible. And yet the argument is a very plain one. The Deity forbids falsehood and punishes it. The words "So help me, God," at the end of a promise, if they mean anything, mean that the person using them calls upon the Deity in one particular instance to punish him if he lies—that is to say, he claims the right to dictate to the Deity when a lie is to be punished and when it is not. If this be not the meaning, then no sort of meaning can be attached to the use of the words.

Rhadamanthus, by an express statute, forced the Cretans to swear by the gods. Socrates declined to do so, but swore by a goose.

The financial Jingoes on the Liberal side of the House of Commons would have done well not to expose their weakness by signing a memorial to the Prime Minister urging more direct interference in the affairs of Egypt, for a memorial which, with the most eager touting, could only obtain twenty-five signatures is not a very formidable demonstration. The originator of the manifesto is understood to have been Mr. Pender, M.P., a gentleman whose financial connections with Egypt and things Egyptian naturally lead him to wish us to assume a Protectorate over that country. With every wish, however, to fill the pockets of Mr. Pender and his friends—which, of course, is the business of English taxpayers—it is hardly likely that the policy of the country will be squared to attain this end.

My impression on reading the Egyptian Blue-Book is, that things have gone wrong owing to Egypt falling between the two stools of the Foreign Office and the War Office. Ministers collectively never seem to have been able to decide whether they really intended to remain or intended to withdraw. On the morning of January 4, Lord Granville writes to Sir E. Baring:—

> It is of the greatest importance that the Egyptians should, without delay, make up their minds as to the policy they are ready to adopt.

On the afternoon of the same day he writes:—

> It should be made clear to the Egyptian Ministers and Governors of Provinces, that the responsibility which for the time rests on England, obliges her Majesty's Government to insist on the adop-

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tion of the policy which they recommend, and that it will be necessary that those Ministers and Governors who do not follow this course should cease to hold their offices.

Here, then, on the very same day, we have Lord Granville requesting the Egyptian Ministers to make up their minds as to their policy, and telling them that they are to be dismissed if they do make up their minds as to their policy: in fact, that we, not they, are to have a policy.

We saw the soldiers of Arabi's defeated army sent off in chains to the Soudan; we knew that the Soudan was disgracefully governed by the Egyptians; and we again and again predicted that the Egyptian army would be destroyed, but we elaborately declined even to express an opinion. Sir E. Malet writes:—

I am debarred by my instructions from giving advice; the policy of her Majesty's Government being to abstain as much as possible from interference with the action of the Egyptian Government in the Soudan.

When Hicks's army was destroyed, we prohibited the Egyptians from sending another army to the Soudan, or even from sending troops to aid the garrisons to withdraw. At that time these garrisons might have withdrawn, but we did not even suggest this until the possibility had become almost impossible. Here the War Office seems to have been in fault.

Not satisfied with this, whilst we allowed—indeed, directed—General Gordon to make his way to the Mahdi without an escort, his safety being dependent upon the Mahdi being convinced of our peaceful intentions, we allowed Baker to advance from Souakim with an army against the Mahdi's forces. Utter, hopeless imbecility can go no further.

Were it not for a strong feeling of loyalty to Mr. Gladstone, for a conviction that the Conservatives would compromise the country even still more than the present Cabinet, and for a dislike to do anything which may endanger the Reform Bill, I verily believe that the Government would be beaten on Sir Stafford Northcote's resolution.

What would Mr. Gladstone have replied, when he was denouncing the Imperial policy of Lord Beaconsfield, had one of his audience risen and said?—"You will soon find yourself Prime Minister with an assured majority in the House of Commons; you will send a fleet to bombard Alexandria; you will send soldiers to destroy the Egyptian army; you will establish yourself in Egypt. This you will do because the Egyptians wished to vote their own Budget. You will announce that you remain in Egypt to force a Khedive upon an unwilling population, and to establish liberal institutions. After being there eighteen months you will inform your Khedive that all Egyptian Ministers or Governors who venture to object to your orders to them to surrender one of their provinces to men whom you designated as rebels, must at once be removed from office." Would not his answer have been "Is thy servant a dog, that he should do this great thing?"

How history repeats itself!—*cœlum non animum.* All the old twaddle that was furbished up to prove to us that we ought to fight to hinder the Russians from advancing South, is now adapted to the situation in Egypt. "If Khartoum is taken," I read in an article in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, "the reverberation of its fall will resound throughout the whole of the Arab world. In that case we may be fighting for our lives in Egypt before many months are over." We used to be told that if Kars were taken, the reverberation of its fall would resound throughout the whole of the Mahometan world, and in that case we should soon be fighting for our lives in India. Kars belongs to Russia. Its fall has reverberated nowhere, and we are precisely as strong in India as we were before.

Another trick of the financiers and the Jingoes, who are making common cause to force us to annex Egypt and "open out Africa," is to tell us that we are bound to look after the garrisons in the Soudan because there are English officers there. Now, as a humanitarian, I should rejoice to hear of the safety of these garrisons and of these officers. We must not, however, fall into the snare of supposing that the safety of the officers in any way regards our honour. They are soldiers of fortune. Of their own free will they took service with the Khedive. The reason was that they received better pay and higher rank than if they had remained at home. If it be contended that their safety is our special business, then all that a half-civilised Monarch will have to do in future will be to hire an Englishman to serve in his army; as, if the army and the Englishman are in any danger, he will be able to count on our assistance. I trust that the garrisons will be saved, just as I should trust that a shipwrecked crew would be saved, and I should be glad if we could—without assuming any further responsibilities—aid in saving them by means of our forces in the Red Sea. This would only be to follow the dictates of humanity, without prejudice to our political position.

The latest trick is, however, to send home "interviews" with the Khedive. I had thought that this had been sufficiently exposed by the *Standard* and *Times* correspondents telegraphing interviews with the poor creature on the very same day, in which he was made to say black and white. Not so, however. Only last Saturday there was a Khedival interview in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, in which Tewfik is made to discourse like Solon turned penny-a-liner. The real truth is that the man is possibly well-intentioned, but grossly ignorant, and so weak and feeble, that he has a tendency to intrigue, cannot be trusted, and can be made to say what any clever interviewer pleases.

I hear that in order to avoid any further misconception about the Barrère connection, Nubar has decided to give his daughter in marriage, with a suitable dower, to an English General now at Cairo. He hopes this will make him still more "practically an Englishman," and less of a Frenchman, an Egyptian, and an Armenian.

Riding Habits.—Specialty of John Redfern & Sons. Ladies' Tailors by Appointment to H.R.H. the Princess of Wales, 26 Conduit-street, London, W. Also at Cowes and Paris.

Minton's China.—A visit to Messrs. Goode's Depôt in South Audley-street will at once show the immense superiority of their collection, both as regards taste, extent, and lowness of price.

SCRUTATOR.

THE QUEEN'S NEW BOOK.

A HASTY glance at the Queen's New Book, "More Leaves from the Journal of a Life in the Highlands," proves how imaginative have been most of the prophecies as to its contents. The new work does not "differ in some material respects from its predecessor." It does not "contain much less of trivial incident, of picturesque impressions of Highland scenery, of visits to the cottages of peasants, and the palaces of nobles;" it does not "abound in reflections on the public events of the last twenty years, in criticisms of character, and in views of statesmen and statesmanship." The Queen has not "in her second Journal devoted more space to her opinion of the public men of the day." Her reference to Dr. Macleod is not "very early in the book." "All the circumstances attending the fall of the Second Empire" are not "dwelt upon at considerable length;" and her Majesty has not "recorded in some very clear and even incisive paragraphs, her estimate of the character of Napoleon III." "The episode of the serious illness of the Prince of Wales" is not "dwelt upon," and the general character of the book would be very wrongly described if "we were to speak of it as a running commentary on the social, artistic, literary, and political history of more than the two decades which have elapsed since her Majesty was left a widow." And, lastly, the three points which we were informed would "be read with the deepest interest," viz., "the narrative of her visit to Lord Beaconsfield, her impressions of the General Election of 1880, and her impressions at the time of Lord Beaconsfield's death, and her general estimate of him as a statesman and a man," are not even alluded to.

As I stated would be the case, the Journal is dedicated to John Brown. The dedication runs thus:—"To my loyal Highlanders, and especially to the memory of my devoted personal attendant and faithful friend, John Brown, these records of my widowed life in Scotland are gratefully dedicated.—Victoria, R.I." The book contains thirteen illustrations, which include portraits of the Queen, Princesses Louise, Helena, and Beatrice, Lady Churchill, General Grey, John Grant, John Brown, and two collie dogs.

The "Leaves" deal exclusively with her Majesty's life in the Highlands. A very graphic account is given of a carriage accident on Oct. 7, 1863, when the Queen, who was accompanied by "Lenchen and Alice," were turned over. Brown, who had jumped off before the accident, called out in despair when it happened, "The Lord Almighty have mercy on us! Who did ever see the like of this before! I thought you were all killed." Fortunately no serious harm came of it, though the Queen "came down very hard, with her face upon the ground."

In the description given of the unveiling of the Prince's statue at Aberdeen, it seems that the fact of being a Queen did not save her Majesty from a clerical infliction, as she remarks, "Principal Campbell's prayer was very long which was trying in the rain, but part of it (since I have read it) is really very good."

Kilts seem to be anything but pleasant things to wear in wet weather, as the Queen "was much distressed at breakfast (Oct. 11) to find that poor Brown's legs had been dreadfully cut by the edge of his wet kilt, on Monday, just at the back of the knee, and he said nothing about it; but to-day one became so inflamed and swelled so much that he could hardly move." There can be no doubt that the leg was bad, for three days afterwards one reads, "It was really most distressing to me to see what pain poor Brown suffered, especially in going up and down hill. He could not go fast, and walked lame, but would not give in. His endurance on this occasion showed a brave heart indeed, for he resisted all attempts at being relieved, and would not relinquish his charge."

Whilst staying at Dunkeld the Queen tasted haggis for the first time, and "really liked it very much. The Duchess was delighted at my taking it." But, as the Prince Consort always said, "things taste better in small houses."

October 3, 1870, is spoken of as an eventful day. "Our dear Louise was engaged to Lord Lorne. The event took place during a walk from the *Glassalt Shiel* to the *Dhu Loch*. She had gone there with Janie Ely, the Lord Chancellor (Lord Hatherley), and Lorne." The Queen arrived home first. "Louise, who returned some time after we did, told me that Lorne had spoken of his devotion to her, and proposed to her, and that she had accepted him, knowing that I would approve. Though I was not unprepared for this result, I felt painfully the thought of losing her. But I naturally gave my consent, and could only pray that she might be happy."

On one occasion when the Queen was on a visit to Inverary, "Louise introduced me to a good old lady—a Miss McGibbon—who was too ill to come out and see me; she patted Louise on the shoulder, and said, 'We are all so fond of the Princess; she is a great pet.' Louise said, 'Lorne was her great pet,' and she answered, 'Yes; he is, and so you are a double pet.' She died soon after."

The Queen pays a most affectionate tribute to Dr. Norman Macleod, saying, "I am anxious to put on record all my recollections of my dear and valued friend, Dr. Norman Macleod, who has been taken from us, and whose loss is more deeply felt every day." Her Majesty therefore gives extracts from her Journal since 1861, when "my heavy misfortune brought me into very close connection with him." These extracts clearly show how great was the loss she sustained by his death. The announcement of his death is thus described:—"We had come home at five minutes past eight. I had wished Brown good night, and was just going to my dressing-room when he asked to come in again and say a few words to me. He came in and said very kindly that he had seen Colonel Ponsonby, and that there was rather bad news of Dr. Macleod, who was very ill; in fact, that they were afraid he was *dead!* Oh, what a blow! How dreadful to lose that dear, kind, loving, large-hearted friend! My tears flowed fast, but I checked them as much as I could, and thanked good Brown for the very kind way he broke this painful and most unexpected news to me. I sent for and told Leopold, who was quite stunned by it, and all my

Princess's Theatre. — Every Evening, at 8, "Claudian." Preceded at 7 by "A Clerical Error."

Theatre Royal, Drury Lane.—Augustus Harris, Lessee and Manager. Every day at 1.45.; Every evening at 7.45. Cinderella.

maids." And on the following day the Queen adds:—"When I awoke, the sad truth flashed upon me, which is doubly painful, as one is unaware of the reality in first waking. After breakfast, when I thought of my dear friend Dr. Macleod, and all he had been to me—how in 1862-63-64 he had cheered, and comforted, and encouraged me; how he had ever sympathised with me; and how much I always looked forward to the few occasions I had of seeing him when we went to *Balmoral*, and that this, too (like so many other comforts and helps) was for ever gone—I burst out crying."

The Doctor on one occasion, speaking of the blessing of "living on with those who were gone on before," told the following anecdote:—"An old woman whom he knew, had lost her husband and several of her children, and had had many sorrows. And he asked her how she had been able to bear them, when she answered, 'Ah! when *he* went awa' it made a great hole, and all the others went through it.'" The Queen adds to this, "And so it is, most touchingly and truly expressed; and so it will ever be with me."

Speaking of Dr. Macleod, the Queen mentions that on Oct. 2, 1870, "He gave us such a splendid sermon on the war; and, without mentioning *France*, he said enough to make every one understand what was meant (when he pointed out that God would punish wickedness, and vanity, and sensuality; and the chapters he read from Isaiah xxviii., and from Ezekiel, Amos, and one of the Psalms, were really quite wonderful for the way in which they seemed to describe *France*). It was all admirable and heart-stirring."

Referring to her last visit to Sir Thomas Biddulph, the Queen says that, although looking very ill, he was able to speak quite loud. "'I am very bad,' he said. I stood looking at him and took his hand, and he said, 'You are very kind to me,' and I answered, pressing his hand, 'You have always been very kind to me.'" Three days after, whilst the Queen was sitting writing, "Brown came round with a note in his hand crying, and said, 'It's all over.' It was from Sir William, saying that dear Sir Thomas passed away at twenty minutes past twelve. We were so distressed that we had not remained at the house [they had called that morning], and Brown was so vexed, and so kind and feeling. Dreadful! Such a loss! Dear Sir Thomas was such an excellent, honest, upright, wonderfully unselfish, and disinterested man—so devoted to me and mine. Under a somewhat undemonstrative exterior, he was the kindest and most tender-hearted of men."

Almost the last chapter in the book deals with the death of the Prince Imperial, and it is thus described:—"At twenty minutes to eleven Brown knocked and came in, and said there was bad news; and when I, in alarm, asked what, he replied, 'The young French Prince is killed'; and when I could not take it in, and asked several times what it meant, Beatrice, who then came in with the telegram in her hand, said, 'Oh, the Prince Imperial is killed.' I feel a sort of thrill of horror now while I write the words. I put my hands to my head, and cried out, 'No, no! it cannot, cannot be true! It can't be!' And then dear Beatrice, who was crying very much—as I did, too—gave me the telegram from Lady Frere. . . . Oh! it is too, too awful! The more one thinks of it the worse it is! I was in the greatest distress. Brown so distressed; every one quite stunned." . . . "To think of that dear young man—the apple of his mother's eye—born and nurtured in the purple—dying thus is too fearful—too awful—and inexplicable and dreadful that the others should not have turned round and fought for him. It is too horrible!"

The original telegram sent by Sir Garnet Wolseley to the Queen after the battle of Tel-el-Kebir is given. It says, "Arabi's strongly entrenched position was most bravely and gallantly stormed by the Guards and Line. . . . Enemy completely routed, and his loss has been very heavy; also regret to say we have suffered severely. Duke of Connaught is well, and behaved admirably, leading his brigade to the attack." Seeing that the Guards did not "storm the entrenched position"—that we did not "suffer severely," and that the Duke of Connaught did not lead his brigade to the attack—one wonders where Sir Garnet could have acquired his information. He certainly could not have witnessed the battle. Her Majesty dwells with all a mother's love over the anxious moments that she passed when she heard that her son was about to encounter the Egyptian Army. She might have been spared this anxiety had she known what Baker's rout has since disclosed—that Egyptians when attacked do not even defend themselves, but lie down and scream in abject terror.

The "Conclusion" deals with the death of John Brown. "The faithful attendant who is so often mentioned throughout these leaves is no longer with her whom he served so truly, devotedly, untiringly. In the fulness of health and strength, he was snatched away from his career of usefulness after an illness of only three days on March 27, respected and beloved by all who recognised his rare worth and kindness of heart; and truly regretted by all who knew him. His loss to me (ill and helpless as I was at the time from an accident) is irreparable, for he deservedly possessed my entire confidence; and to say that he is daily—nay, hourly—missed by me, whose lifelong gratitude he won by his constant care, attention, and devotion, is but a feeble expression of the truth.

> A truer, nobler, trustier heart,
> More loyal and more loving, never beat
> Within a human breast."

Already there is a tendency amongst the supercilious fools of society, who fancy that their doings alone are interesting, to sneer at her Majesty's frequent allusions to John Brown, and at the kindness which has prompted her to dwell upon the sterling qualities and rough fidelity of this lowly dependant. This proof of her indifference to birth and rank, and of her recognition that the poor gillie who revered her stood higher in her esteem than the Lords and Ladies who cringed before her, will increase the respectful sympathy which is entertained for her by those who are not amongst the world's great ones.

THE ASH WEDNESDAY FARCE.

We are on the eve of Ash Wednesday, the First Day of Lent, the day of secular sackcloth and social ashes, when the Court official who has the direction of the amusements of the people solemnly decrees that thousands of theatrical *employés* shall be thrown out of work, and deprived of a day's salary, at the very busiest moment of the London dramatic season. Supposing a foreigner to

land in England on Ash Wednesday next, a foreigner of an inquiring mind, this is exactly what he would find. He would discover Mr. Wilson Barrett solemnly forbidden to play that sacrilegious drama called "Claudian," or to preach his sentimental sorrows to an admiring crowd on account of the scandal that would be caused by such a proceeding on a public fast, and on the very same night he would see the popular manager of the Princess's Theatre taking the chair at the anniversary festival of the Dramatic and Equestrian Sick Fund Association, where actors, actresses, and ballet girls feast, drink champagne, dance, and enjoy themselves until five or six o'clock on the following morning. He would turn his steps in the direction of King William-street, Strand, to laugh, after the sorrows of a Channel passage, with the eccentric and genial Mr. Toole; but, alas! the closed doors would testify to the religious zeal of low comedians and their partiality for salt fish and parsnips. Judge of our foreigner's surprise the next morning when he read of the great success of Mr. Toole and his talented company at Nottingham, or at some provincial town, enterprising enough to have the first call on the services of our banished comedian. Disheartened at his failure with our theatres, our foreign friend might turn in despair to the music-halls. On the Middlesex side of the water he would find them all closed; but on the Surrey side, to his intense astonishment, he might see every music hall and singing-room open, with their forces recruited by an additional "lion comique" from the West-end, where it is lawful on Ash Wednesday to enter a gin-palace or a restaurant, but in the highest degree discreditable to listen to music anywhere or to hear a comic song. The monstrous anomaly of causing Mr. Augustus Harris to dismiss his patrons, to alter his booking-sheet, and to dock the salaries of hundreds of hard-working men and women employed in the Drury Lane pantomime, whilst music-halls are brazening out their songs and dances on the Surrey side, and where no doubt Mr. Herbert Campbell and Mr. Harry Nicholls, comedians of Drury Lane, are welcomed with open arms, is only a little more absurd than the custom of making the form of amusement sinful in London which is highly proper and decorous in the country.

Mr. Pinero thinks that all this absurdity and anomaly is due to an obstinate Act of Parliament too harshly interpreted. It is nothing of the kind. It is owing to the fact that the amusements of the people in London and the country are swayed by two contradictory rules, one ordered by the Lord Chamberlain, and the other by the bench of magistrates. The folly arises in this way. When the last theatrical Act of Parliament was passed, it was the custom of the people to observe, with some show of reverence, the first as well as the last days in the season of Lent. Ash Wednesday and Passion Week were generally set apart for fasting and solemnity. Men with blind faith swallowed salt fish with egg-sauce—a hideous absurdity if they wanted to fast in the Catholic fashion, seeing that eggs are meat, and fish cannot be taken with meat at the same meal—and women wore mourning. Under this last theatrical Act of Parliament, the Lord Chamberlain was empowered to grant licences to London theatres, but he refused to do so unless the manager undertook solemnly never to open his theatre on Ash Wednesday, on Christmas Day, on Good Friday, or during Passion Week. A recent liberal-minded Lord Chamberlain cut out the proviso about Passion Week from his licences, but Ash Wednesday remains, although there is no religious sect that pays any deference whatever to the devotional aspect of Ash Wednesday, and many Protestants have the greatest possible objection to the Commination Service, with its unlimited reviling. The country or provincial theatres are only partially under the sway of the Lord Chamberlain. They are under the immediate control of the local magistrates; but presumably they are called upon to pay the Examiner of Plays a fee for licensing any new play, although, if they played it without a licence, the Lord Chamberlain would be powerless in the matter, since he has no jurisdiction over the country theatres, and cannot stop their licences—his one and only punishment.

The music-halls are, of course, on a different footing. They have nothing whatever to do with the Lord Chamberlain. Their programmes and entertainments receive no licence from anybody. Their songs may be gross, indecent, disloyal, blasphemous, or libellous, but no earthly power can stop such songs until the next licensing day comes round, when a huge conflict of evidence takes place. The music-halls of the Metropolis are under the magistrates. Now it would be quite competent for the Middlesex magistrates to allow any music-hall or place of entertainment on the north side of the Thames to do what they liked on Ash Wednesday, although every London theatre was closed by the order of the Lord Chamberlain. The London Pavilion might call in the public by thousands, whilst Mr. Edgar Bruce over the way, and Mr. Bancroft down the street, would be compelled to put out their gas. The Moore and Burgess Minstrels, too, might revel in comic songs on the first day of Lent, and advertise Mr. Lionel Brough, Mr. Harry Paulton, Mr. Arthur Roberts, and all the comic men had it not been for a courteous, but by no manner of means necessary, adherence on the part of the Middlesex magistrates to the Lord Chamberlain's silly old rule. They have adopted the Lord Chamberlain's clause, as it is called, and they order a closing when the Lord Chamberlain does. Not so, however, the Surrey magistrates, who snap their fingers in the Lord Chamberlain's face, and allow any place of amusement under their jurisdiction to open on Ash Wednesday.

If Ash Wednesday were a day of solemn religious observance, or were held in sacred esteem by the country at large, there would be no need to say another word about the mattter. But it is not. It is not a day of obligation, or even a day of devotion, in the Catholic Church. People all over the United Kingdom buy and sell and go to work as usual on Ash Wednesday. Business is suspended nowhere. The public offices—even that of the Lord Chamberlain—are wide open for work—or play—on Ash Wednesday. Why, then, if it be lawful to buy and sell, to keep open shop and to trade generally on Ash Wednesday, should it be considered so very wrong to keep the theatres and music-halls open on that day?

To the public generally it is immaterial. It is no very great hardship to be kept out of a theatre for one almost isolated night in the year. To some, indeed, it may be a very great relief. Nor do the actors with comfortable salaries raise much complaint. Mr. Wilson Barrett would

probably prefer to make speeches at a public dinner than to declaim the woes of Claudian. Mrs. Stirling has no objection to a little oratory instead of acting on this day of the year. The Gaiety ballet-girls prefer to dance with mashers at a public ball rather than that the mashers should see them dancing on a public stage. It is not there at all where the shoe pinches. It is the rank and file of the theatrical army that suffer, the very people who can the least afford to have their weekly salary reduced by one-sixth. A manager who is compelled to close his theatre on one night of the week, obviously cannot pay salaries when he has no receipts out of which to take them. Consequently thousands of people are thrown out of work by an arbitrary proceeding on the part of an official whose act is inconsistent with general practice. It is not likely that Mr. Wilson Barrett would shock the prejudices of his countrymen by taking the chair at a public banquet, or by giving his countenance to a theatrical ball or smoking-concert on any day that had any solemn significance in it; it is not probable that Mr. Toole would act at Nottingham or perform in the provinces on any sacred day. And it is inconceivable that the Surrey magistrates could sanction the opening of music-halls on the first day of Lent if a public scandal would thereby be provoked.

The sooner that all places of amusement, whether theatres or music-halls, whether in London or the country, are placed under one administration, the better it will be for justice in general and the public at large. All who cater for pleasure ought to be tarred with the same brush. We should hear no more of the scandals connected with fires in theatres, with failures in inspection, with ballet-girls' skirts, with useless exits and entrances, with censors of plays and unexamined music-hall songs, with one rule for the country and another rule for town, with liberty on one side of the Thames and prohibition on the other, if the Lord Chamberlain, who is merely a Court official, would gracefully hand over his theatrical department to some one who, when he made laws, could carry them out, and who was less amateurish in his enforcement of order, decency, and discipline.

NOTES FROM PARIS.

THE PRINCESS GEORGE OF SAXONY.

THE Princess George of Saxony was a Saxe-Coburg of the Portuguese branch, and fourth child of Maria da Gloria and Dom Fernando, now the husband of Theresa Ellsler. She fell a victim to the *erbfeind* of her house, typhoid fever, which carried away three of her brothers more than twenty years ago. The residence she occupied at Dresden is one of the healthiest and most beautifully situated in Germany. Her life was placid, without the tedium that arises from stagnation. In Royal Saxony the State bark is like a painted ship upon a painted ocean, Bismarck having relieved the King from the worry of State affairs. The so-called *reigning* family are immensely rich, addicted to sentiment, though of tranquil tastes, and fond of poetry, painting, and the drama. The Queen has a passion for pickling vegetables, and preserving fruit in candied forms and in jams. She has no children, but takes a motherly interest in those of the Prince and Princess George, the eldest of whom is heir-presumptive to the throne and an officer in the German army. Her late Royal Highness was not such a frequent guest at the Tuileries as her sister, the Princess Hohenzollern, but she was privileged to use that palace as an hotel when she made trips to Paris. She was called "la Princesse Poulette" because she was always in a fever about her children when absent from them, and had a figure that early spread out. Her husband was a meditative, pipe-smoking, beer-drinking German, very solemn on State occasions, and a good, simple-mannered fellow in private. He married the Portuguese Infanta because the Queen, his sister-in-law, had no children. She was an old flame of Louis Napoleon at Carlsruhe. A morganatic wife would have suited best the Royal George, but as he stood next to the throne he was called upon to sacrifice to position the affection that gave zest to his life. The late Princess had not Saxe-Coburg luck as a match-maker. She wished to be the mother-in-law of the Austrian Crown Prince, who went to Dresden to propose marriage to her daughter Matilda, but, finding her not to his taste, he hastened away to Brussels. The disappointment was a cruel one to the Princess George. When the King-Dowager, Fernando, and the Countess of Edla were last in Saxony she pressed them to stand in the way of a match between the Archduchess Valeria and the Duke of Braganza, and so secure the Duke for her second daughter.

In virtue of what law of nature is it that German Princes think themselves happier with *frauen* and *fräulein* than with women of their own station? The King of Saxony leaves his wife, who is of the Royal house of Vasa, to her preserving-pans, and goes quietly off to enjoy the society of a white and pink complexioned beauty, the widow of an officer who served in his brother's regiment. His Majesty was forced to the hymeneal altar by his father. His then lady-love was pensioned and obliged to leave Saxony. She made a brilliant match abroad, and has become stout and almost jovial. A few winters ago she fell in with her whilom admirer at Monaco, and was vexed to find that he was unpleasantly surprised on learning from her who she was. In cases of this kind, ladies should be slow to dispel old and cherished illusions. I once saw a middle-aged Guardsman placed in a cruelly embarrassing position through the too sudden recognition of him by an old love. He was on his honeymoon trip, and was showing to his wife a picture-gallery. When thus engaged a square woman rushed up to him, and, seizing him by both hands, exclaimed "Edward, don't you know me?" She had a couple of raw girls, and a gawky lad behind her. "Edward" stared coldly, made a bow to intimate that she had the advantage of him, and prepared to go on. But in her ignorance of men's ways, she persevered in reviving his remembrance of happier days; and when, to cut her short, he pointed to his companion and said, "My wife," she burst into tears, informed him that she was a widow, and left him to infer that it was for the dear defunct she was weeping. The poor little woman, whom the ancient adorer was bound to hate for the rest of his life, had a most pleasant face, but was dowdy and dumpy. What she ought to have done

was to have followed him to his hotel, there entered quietly into conversation with him, startled him with retrospective knowledge of things which concerned him, and when he had grown accustomed to her altered face and figure, and showed sympathy for her, told him who she was. Whist-table relations of an agreeable kind might have sprung up, and if fate decreed that the Guardsman was to be a widower, perhaps he might have made up a second time to the widow.

I talked to-day to M. Raffaelli about the law of nature which forces German princes to look for happiness in morganatic marriages. M. Raffaelli is a painter of eminence, and leads what is known here as the *caractériste* school of art. He said that the law in question was easy to explain. To make others feel, we must first be deeply stirred ourselves. Women bred in affluence and too well cared for, are like a sultan's or a pasha's wives—their empire is based on convention. If a beauty who has been buffetted with misfortune gets into their circle, and becomes well anchored in the Three per Cents., she altogether eclipses them. Frances Countess of Waldegrave, Maria Fagniani, the Misses Gunning, Harriet Mellon, Madame de Maintenon, Madame Adam, Madame Edmond André (Nellie Jacquemart), the Baroness Meyer, *bonne amie* of the first King of the Belgians, were given as examples. Said M. Raffaelli :—"Go to the Exhibition of Water-Colour Paintings, and if you there analyse your impressions, you will find for my theory in them support."

The painter was right. Those flowers which had grown in the Valley of Humiliation, and which had made their way up against harsh, repressing weather, had the most fragrance. First-class amateurs, born with golden spoons in their mouths, are among the exhibitors. They have technical skill, high aims, love their art, but in shooting at pigeons they only manage to kill crows. Baroness N. Rothschild has gone to Venice, Holland, Rome, Naples, and Calabria in search of the picturesque. She is up to every knack and artifice of the craft—draws well, colours well, and makes good selections. Yet she never rises above uninteresting mediocrity. One feels of her work *que ce n'est pas cela.* There are things worse done in the exhibition that are, nevertheless, better. A woman who had a son working before the mast would have looked at the sea with different eyes, and felt acutely its cruel power as well as its beauty. In the marine views of the Baroness is a *bon bourgeois*, who, seemingly, has no other task to accomplish than that of carrying richly-laden argosies from port to port. Madeleine Lemaire was, in hard times, consoled by cheap flowers, and one sees in her paintings that they both speak to her heart and delight her eyes. She is not, I am sorry to say, an exhibitor this year. Neither is the Prince de Joinville nor his daughter. M. E. de Beaumont has won a *succès d'estime.* Dubuffe exhibits types of opulence and poverty that are remarkable. The former are full-length portraits—cabinet size—of two ladies, who subscribe to the Tuesday evening entertainments at the Français, the Italian Opera, and the Opera. One is sure to see them at the Mirletons' *fêtes.* Their dresses and their surroundings form "symphonies" or "harmonies" that are executed with *brio* by the painter. Both reach the highest degree of *chic* or *pschutt.* They would be, and indeed are, invaluable as advertising wives to financing husbands. Not that they are fast or flaunting. But they have the stamp of wealth and of hot-house luxury. Are they interesting? Are they lovely in the sense of being loveable? I do not like to answer such harsh questions. But I could imagine that if a beauty like either embarked in an adventure, and ran away to some romantic vale, the person going with her would in a few days sigh to return to his club. The gitana, who typifies the other rung of the social ladder, is, in the feeling of Regnault's "Salome," seated on a table with her bare feet hanging down and carelessly crossed, and strums a guitar. She is gaudy, ragged, healthy, joyous, shock-headed, black-eyed, red-lipped, amber-complexioned, and a very sorceress in magnetic power. I am told that she is just what Émilie Ambré was when an Algerian waif, and engaged in a café concert at Algiers. Émilie was left-handed Queen of Holland after Madame Musard (another waif, by-the-by) was discarded.

Claude is faithful to Park-lane and Rotten-row, and to Centaurs, and Centauresses habited by West-end tailors, and belonging to well-ordered English households. Claude's fair flowers of Mayfair have not a hothouse air. Peeps at low life in the nineteenth century are given with comic spirit and great cleverness in a series of small pictures by the lamented Maurice Leloir. They are to serve as models for vignette illustrations of "Jacques le Fataliste" of Diderot. Leloir, when painting them, was dying of cancer. How his brain must have strained in fighting against the disease. The scenes are joyously *gauloises*, and yet not coarse. In the elaborate minuteness of the touches there is no artifice to hide cerebral strain. The pictures must have been well in the painter's head ere he began them, and the crisp, decided touch with which he carries out his conceptions places him in a line with Meissonier. Detaille's little Indian-ink pictures of military subjects will not spoil in getting bistrous with age. He, as did Leloir, freely uses *gouache* or body-colours in the high lights, and in the dark shades the etching-pen. His manner of working is better adapted than oils to fix fugitive ideas or effects, and it can be worked up more neatly than unaided water-colours.

Madame Adam tries to win the peace-makers' blessing. And she may go on trying. What would Rochefort be without his vitriol-squirt, or Paul de Cassagnac if he gave up his deep-mouthed baying? He is nothing if not an obstreperous watch-dog of the Bonapartists, and he knows it. Rochefort's vitriol-squirt enables him to bet at Longchamps, bid at the great sales at the Auction Mart, breakfast at the Café Helder, and dine in the Maison d'Or. Paul bays because it is his nature, and to please a Marseilles millionaire who intends to leave him his fortune. Liking what is *bien caracterisé*, I should be sorry were French journalists to leave barking and biting to the canine race, and all agree to feed amicably at the same manger. Not that I mean to liken the hospitable table of Madame Adam, at which the brightest intellects of our time often give out what is best in them, to a manger. Her peace dinner came off in the large room that precedes her chief *salon.* There were, perhaps, too many diners for the

Old Artificial Teeth Bought.—Parcels sent by post will receive prompt attention, & P.O.O. per return. E. Browning, 133, Oxford-st., W

flow of soul. About, however, was in high spirits, and well disposed to amuse and be amused. The new Academician is in all things genuine. In congenial society he likes to please, and does not try to pose. Latterly he has been cutting his beard square, which gives his head a picturesque character. After dinner there was a reception, which the hostess took care should not be overcrowded. But there were too many for the lions to come out well in conversation. Feeling this, Madame Adam called upon famous musicians and vocalists to entertain her guests with a concert, which they gave at the farther end of the big drawing-room. When this was over, a theatrical entertainment was given at the other end, which made people shift about. Mdlle. Kalb ran in from the Variétés in the charming pink dress and bonnet which she wears in 'Diane de Lys," to play in a one-act comedy of Labiche. Actors and actresses of the Français recited fables, verses, and a patriotic poem. If they afforded an angle of vantage to criticism, it was in underlining too much. The lady of the house was able to chat with most of those who were gathered in her *salon*. Her long stay in the country has quite restored her elasticity. She was gay without effort, and laughed heartily in finding she had made a conquest of that fine-looking and eloquent American, Theodore Tilton. T. T. is a very handsome elderly man, and over six feet in height. He is original, and does not think that language is best employed in hiding what is in one's mind. Madame Adam asked him, when a violin was sighing and a violoncello groaning, whether he liked music. "No," was the answer, in a fine, full, strong voice. She laughed and continued talking. Mr. Tilton scanned her as if she were a fine picture, and then said, in the same audible tone, to the person next him: "I tell you what, she's a splendid lady, and, only for her language, I'd take her for an American. I didn't think before I saw her that such a woman could be raised in Europe." I need not give you a sketch of Mr. T. T. His reputation has travelled before him to Europe.

The course of true love never did run smooth. Sarah has had a bitter quarrel with Richepin, who has shaken the dust of her theatre from off his feet. The *casus belli* was a Palais Royal actress. Richepin was tired of tragedy, and wanted to *se dégourdir* with the comic muse. He had the courage to say so, and perhaps it may be added, the cruelty.

SPORTING NOTES.

LORD FALMOUTH has finally decided to sell his racehorses at Newmarket on Monday in the First Spring week, so that Harvester will not carry his colours in the Two Thousand. This is a very sagacious arrangement, for if Harvester wins the Biennial in the Craven week he will no doubt become first favourite for the Two Thousand, and he has only Royal Fern and Wickham to beat. Of course, he *might* follow up his success by securing the great race; but it is more prudent not to run the risk of his being defeated, and no doubt he will fetch a sensational price if all goes well with him in the interval. Harvester has no pretension to first-rate form, and last autumn he was a long way behind Busybody, who is unluckily omitted from the Two Thousand entry; but there is every reason to anticipate that the Two Thousand will be contested by a most moderate field, and will be a very much easier race to win than the Derby. Busybody might possibly represent Lord Falmouth in the Biennial, but I apprehend that she is more likely to be kept quiet; and if she has trained on she ought to fetch a higher price than the colt, for if the Dewhurst Plate running was quite correct, it will be the nearest possible thing between Busybody and Adelaide filly in the One Thousand and Oaks. She has a number of valuable engagements, including the Payne Stakes at the Second Spring Meeting; the Epsom Grand Prize, the Prince of Wales's, Coronation, and Hardwicke Stakes at Ascot; the Sussex and Nassau Stakes at Goodwood; and the St. Leger and Parkhill at Doncaster. Lillibullero might very well win the Column Stakes at the Craven Meeting, as Reprieve is hardly likely to be sent to run, and, having kept Magdalen so long, Mr. Chaplin would not sacrifice her maiden allowance for so paltry a stake. After the two crack three-year-olds, the two-year-olds will excite the most interest, and no doubt they will realise enormous prices. There are twelve, and they include a half-brother, by Hampton, to Jannette; a filly by Silvio—Jannette; a half-sister, by Childeric, to Galliard; a half-sister, by Childeric, to Atlantic; a brother to Lillibullero, a filly by Silvio—Palmflower, a filly by Silvio—Lady Golightly, and a filly by Skylark—Wheel of Fortune.

The death of Caller Ou is announced. She was the heroine of one of the most sensational Legers on record, and afterwards became quite a "popular" mare; her name will be long remembered in the North. She won the Northumberland Plate as a five-year-old and as a six-year-old; and in the next season she was only beaten by a neck by Brown Bread. Caller Ou won a prodigious number of Queen's Plates during the latter part of her career; it was with her that the great Blair Athole was tried before the Derby, and she had the honour of leading him in his preliminary canter at Epsom. Caller Ou was as profitable to Mr. I'Anson at the stud as she had been on the Turf, as her yearlings always fetched very high prices, but she greatly disappointed him, as he had fully expected that she would turn out to be a second Blink Bonny; and, although she cannot be called a failure, yet she certainly was not a brilliant success. Mr. I'Anson would not sell Pandore or Pearl (her earliest produce), but only leased them to Mr. Chaplin for their racing career. The *Sporting Times* describes Pearl as having been most highly tried for the Derby won by Cremorne. It was the year before, when Favonius was successful, that Pearl was so much fancied, and it was in consequence of the heavy investments on her that Baron Rothschild's colt went back in the betting on the day of the race. Pearl had not really been highly tried. Steppe, who had run a bad second to Hannah in the One Thousand, was bought from the late Lord Anglesea expressly for the trial, and Pearl was found to be about two stone her superior; but over this course Hannah could have given Steppe two stone when she was at her best, and Favonius was considerably better than Hannah. Mr. Chaplin afterwards admitted that he had over-rated the

Hunting and Riding Dress for Ladies and Gentlemen at Ulster House, Conduit-street.

trial most preposterously. Pearl was not upset by her trial, but when she went to the post at Epsom she was badly amiss. She was a delicate filly, and at the end of her three-year-old career, Mr. Chaplin sent her back to Malton, thinking that her breeder might better understand how to manage her; and the event proved that he had acted wisely, for she came out the next August at York, and beat a large field for one of the T.Y.C. handicaps, to the great profit of Mr. Chaplin, who won nearly £5,000 on the race. Next year, Pearl won the Cambridgeshire Trial Handicap at Newmarket. Next to Pearl, the best produce of Caller Ou was Roysterer, who cost 1,500 gs. as a yearling, and who won last year's City and Suburban, in which race I am inclined to think he was lucky. His victory surprised nobody so much as Lord Rosebery himself. Pandore won several races, and if Peffar, another daughter of Caller Ou, did nothing on the turf, she is known to fame as the dam of Sweetbread. The *Sporting Times* states that Caller Ou's Leger victory "was the real cause of a definite weight, in the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire, being assigned to the St. Leger winner." I rather think that this is incorrect, for unless my memory is playing me false, it was not till ten years afterwards that the definite weight system was introduced, and what led to it was the Leger victory of Hawthornden, who was in the Cesarewitch at a very light weight, but nevertheless he ran badly. When the late Mr. I'Anson's stud was sold off three years ago, Caller Ou was bought by Lord Wolverton, who, I hear, owns a yearling colt out of her by Altyre.

The Americans manage their horses in a wonderful sort of fashion. It was given out that Iroquois had retired from the turf, and he has been at the stud farm at Rancocas for several months, and has a list of twenty mares; but Mr. Lorillard has now decided that he is to be trained again in the spring, when the breeding season is over, and a number of engagements have been made for him. If he is to win any races, his opponents will have to be of low calibre; and the plan seems entirely fatuous and eminently calculated to lead to his ignominious failure at the stud. Iroquois was very hard-worked as a two year-old and as a three-year-old; and it would have been wiser to relegate him straight to the farm last summer, as soon as he arrived from England, in order that he might have the benefit of a few months' rest before commencing his stud career. The Americans are vastly mistaken if they suppose that the defeats of Iroquois since his return afford proof that their horses are superior to those in England. He has never been looked upon as first-class. In the Derby and Leger he really beat nothing better than Geologist (who was a very bad horse) and Scobell, who was a non-stayer, for Tristan's running at that period may be ignored, as he evidently did not come into form till the late autumn; and of Peregrine one really knows nothing that would justify his being described as a "flyer." I have certainly no reason to depreciate either Peregrine or Iroquois, for I gave a "plumper" for the former for the Two Thousand several days before his name had been mentioned in the betting, and the American colt was my sole selection for the Derby. But it is a flagrant fact that when Iroquois came to run against a good horse he was easily beaten, as Bend Or literally walked away from him in the Champion Stakes, and he was backed for an enormous amount for that race; and next day he showed that he was not out of form by easily winning the Newmarket Derby. Last year, at Ascot, in the Hardwicke Stakes, Tristan beat him without a struggle, and there was nothing very meritorious about his Stockbridge Cup victory.

Lord Falmouth evidently entertains a high opinion of Galliard's prospects at the stud, for no fewer than twelve of the Mereworth mares have been sent to him, including most of the cracks of that famous stud. Amongst these are three which will not be sold in July with the rest of the breeding stud—Queen Bertha (barren to Wenlock), Silverhair (barren to Skylark), and Hurricane (in foal to Skylark). Among the others are Cantinière (in foal to Galopin), Silver-ring (in foal to Hampton), Jannette (in foal to Isonomy), and Wheel of Fortune (in foal to Springfield). The Duke of Westminster has again sent Rouge Rose (dam of Bend Or) to Doncaster, and she is in foal to him. This horse now occupies the box at Rufford which was lately filled by Cremorne, and formerly by Parmesan. Among the early foals are sisters to Rookery and to Elizabeth. At Blankney Mr. Chaplin has a sister to Marden and Abbot, and a brother to Althotas. Mr. T. E. Walker has sent three grandly-bred mares to Galopin, including Solitude, by Blair Athole—Hermit's Dam, for which an enormous price was paid as a yearling, but she never won a race. The Duchess of Montrose has sent Boundary (dam of Out of Bounds) to Galopin. She has a filly by Isonomy. Lord Falmouth has turned his three-year-old, Olive Branch (Queen's Messenger—Palm Flower) out of training, and she goes to Skylark. This filly had nearly forty engagements, and her forfeits amount to over £500. The Duc de Castries has sent three mares from France to George Frederick, at Marden Park, one of which is Frolicsome, dam of Frontin.

THE BARREL ORGAN.

Tune.—In Memoriam.—A Collie Dog.

[The following lines were sent yesterday, accompanied by a note written by a well-known—perhaps, indeed, by the best known—imperial robe-maker in London. The purport of his communication was simply the statement that the lines he enclosed had been found in his cutting-room on sweeping it out at the close of a heavy day's business, consequent upon the number of new Peers he had to attend to.]

"THESE to its Memory—since from all I hear
It was a dog most dutiful and dear—
These simple lines, in which will p'rhaps be found
Some lasting image of a faithful hound,
I to its mourning mistress consecrate,
Hoping therewith her sorrow to abate;
Aye, hoping to console her for its fate,
With mingled doubts and fears I dedicate
These verses.

"And indeed it seems to me
A most ideal kind of dog to be
Which she has lost; not highly bred, indeed—
But who, with sense, cares aught for birth or breed?
I, as a poet, such vain things despise,
And hold them low as titles in my eyes;
Enough to know the dog at heart was true
To her that long as mistress fond it knew;

Phillips' China and Glass.—Simply the largest Stock in London of Common and Best Services, Ornaments, and Duplex Lamps.—W. P. & G. Phillips, 175, 177, and 179, Oxford-street, W.

So true, in sooth, that others oft it spurned,
And with a savage snarl upon them turned
When they, with dainty bribe or gentle pat,
Would try to pass it, watchful on its mat.

"It loved her only, and with bounty kind
She in its favour e'er was much inclined
Since first she sadly called it to her side
When its dear master, and her husband, died;
And, gladly finding it come at her call,
Put trust in it thenceforward, all in all.

"But now her staunch, devoted hound is dead,
And she has vainly sought one in its stead,
Refusing comfort as she mourns it still
As one who guarded her and did her will;
And thinks of it as it was wont to be,
Close at her heels, or crouching at her knee,
Ready to fly at those who caused alarm,
Prompt to attack her foes who threatened harm,
And prone, too, with its deep and echoing bay,
To even scare her truest friends away.

"But she this failing willingly forgives,
Sad that her 'Laddie' true no longer lives,
And that she cannot call it as of yore,
Nor trust to its most wondrous instinct more.
And this recalling, little cares, in sooth,
That it was rough, and rugged, and uncouth,
Remembers not its elephantine ways,
Nor recollects those not unfrequent days
When in its doggy stubbornness it made
Even its tender mistress much afraid;
But gladly pardons faults which must proceed,
In dogs and men alike, from want of breed.

"Yes, she prefers to rather bear in mind
How clever 'Laddie' was, how strong, how kind!
Not seeking to be pampered at her hand,
But standing out in native roughness grand
Amongst the fawning curs that hoped to share
The bounty of their mistress and her care.
Ah, yes! she recollects that rugged head,
The strength which through that powerful frame
was spread;
And thinking what a watch-dog she has lost,
Fears that she dares not hope, at any cost,
So true and brave a one again to own
To guard her life so sorrowful and lone;
Or in a canine favourite to find
Such strength, such instinct, and such force combined.

"Yet would I bid that mistress to take cheer,
Nor mourn too much that dog which was so dear.
Nor o'er its empty collar still to weep,
Nor its void kennel still unfilled to keep.
For though 'mongst dogs about her she detects
No one like 'Laddie' was, in *all* respects,
Yet, as the ocean yields, without a doubt,
Fish equal to the best ones taken out,
So, too, 'mongst dogs that have not had their day
May be as good as that one passed away;
Quite as devoted, quite as strong and true,
And possibly less rough and awkward, too.

"Let, then, the mistress of this much-mourned pet,
If she another collie still would get,
Learn that amongst the dogs that crowd around
Another 'Laddie' may with ease be found,
Which if not quite so roughly fond, indeed,
May points as good combine with better breed."

The appreciation accorded by the highest circles during the last half century to the Original Oriental Tooth Paste proves the efficacy of this refined toilet luxury. It is compounded of rare and fragrant herbs in an especial manner known only to the sole proprietors and manufacturers, Jewsbury & Brown, Chemists, of Manchester. Its use keeps the teeth and gums in a state of preservation and soundness to old age, while its rare aromatic properties render the breath exceedingly pleasant. Perfect in all Climates.

MAMMON.

AMERICAN RAILROADS.

Mr. Vanderbilt, I see, now explains that the shares of the New York Central Railroad are worthless. Not long ago he sold £10,000,000 worth of these shares to an English syndicate, which retailed them to the British public. Vanderbilt gained, and the syndicate gained, but the British public have considerably lost by this transaction. Is it not curious that these purchasers should not have perceived that Mr. Vanderbilt must have had good reasons for selling the shares?

I receive frequent letters from correspondents asking me whether American railroads have not reached at last their bottom price, and whether it is not time to buy them?

There is no time at which such a purchase is a wise one. Railroads in America are not made for the benefit of shareholders, but in order to enable directors and others to plunder shareholders. Railroads are built and equipped out of the money obtained by the sale of bonds. The shares are merely counters invented for purposes of gambling. Each railroad is in the hands of some Railroad King. By arrangements between themselves as to traffic, &c., these Kings can raise or depreciate the shares of any particular railroad. Sometimes they quarrel, when the Stock Exchange becomes their battle-ground; but, as a rule, they find it more remunerative to combine against the public. This is how the enormous fortunes have been made, which throw into shade those of European millionaires. An American Railroad King has very likely his own code of honour, but it is a peculiar one. He considers that he has a perfect right to make money out of his best friend, and if he can do so by betraying him, this increases his pleasure. If any one were to protest against this view of ethics, the King would reply that the game of speculation has its rules, and that like brag or poker, its essence is to deceive friend and foe. How, then, can Englishmen suppose that they are likely to get the better of these astute and large-minded Monarchs?

When an Englishman buys an American Railroad share, it is exactly an even chance whether it will be worth more or less that day year. Intrinsic value has absolutely nothing to do with market value. The latter is entirely dependent upon the operations of the "Kings." Shares are now low, possibly they will go lower, but some day those who buy them will probably be able to sell them at a profit, because there is necessarily an ebb and flow in their price. When high, the "Kings" sell "bears" and depreciate them; when low, the "Kings" become "bulls," and push up prices.

This fact is the only thing to guide a speculator in buying or selling these shares. If, however, he cannot stand a loss, he should never touch them. They are in no sense of the word an investment.

John Shaw, Stock and Share Dealer, Wardrobe-chambers, Queen Victoria-street and Doctor's-commons, deals at tape prices.

Options.—Explanatory Pamphlet on Stock Exchange Options, post-free. John Abbott & Co., Stock and Share Brokers, 21 and 22, Palmerston Buildings, London, E.C.

in a tone of undisguised admiration. "The lawyer swallowed the bait and wrote this letter."

"Yes, and I've come straight from his office, where I've seen the will," said the Major, with impressive earnestness. "Think of that, Sol! I've seen the will, which is practically as good as if it was proved, because my brother is off his head, and is sinking fast. He may be dead in a few hours, but a good deal may be done in that time."

"Doesn't the lawyer suspect?" asked Mr. Lazare, striving in vain to appear calm and unmoved. "He must find out the imposition sooner or later."

"Not necessarily; but even if he does, what then? For the sake of his professional reputation he will keep his mouth shut. Imagine what a breach of confidence he has been fooled into committing. Depend upon it he will not open his mouth. Besides, I've taken every precaution to prevent his tracing the telegram he received from St. Leonards to me, and I shall take precious good care to keep his letter."

"You may be right, of course," said Mr. Lazare, producing a gold toothpick, and thoughtfully exploring his mouth with it.

"Right! Good Lord! it's a fortune! There's thousands in it!" cried the Major, throwing away his newly-lighted cigar in his excitement. "By George! man, if you won't take the thing up I'll be off. There is no time to lose, and lots of men in your business will be glad of the chance."

"It's young Frobisher, I suppose," said Mr. Lazare, with ill-assumed carelessness.

"No infernal nonsense of that kind, Sol!" returned the Major, sharply. "You are not going into it except upon my terms. They shall be moderate enough, but I'm not going to be left out in the cold."

"Your brother may recover," said Mr. Lazare, sulkily.

"He can't. His life isn't worth a day's purchase," insisted the Major, with vehemence.

"Any way, there is a risk. I suppose it is young Frobisher. It's all right. I'm straight," added Mr. Lazare, dropping the appearance of indifference which he had endeavoured to maintain.

"Well, yes. It is young Frobisher. He collars the lot, except a few legacies, including a beggarly £500 to me," said the Major.

"Collars the lot, does he?" exclaimed Mr. Lazare, with glistening eyes. "By Jove! I wonder what he would sell his chance for?" he added, with a grin.

"You've only to name your price—only don't put it too high," said the Major, with exquisite irony. "But you must settle with me first, or I'll spoil the game. This is my figure," he added, pencilling a memorandum on the money-lender's blotting-pad.

"Oh! Bah! Utterly ridiculous," ejaculated Mr. Lazare, holding up his jewelled hands in protestation.

"I only want a trifle down in cash. The rest I am willing to wait for," said the Major, lighting a fresh cigar.

"But think of the risk! It's twenty to one if I pull it off," said Mr. Lazare.

"Pshaw! my nephew will jump at any offer."

"That may be, but there's the law. You don't know anything about the law, Major," said Mr. Lazare, with an expression of disgust.

"Well, you must steer clear of it. It will be a perfectly fair bargain—on the face of it. If my brother dies a few hours after the youngster has assigned his share and interest to you, what of that? Of course, you will employ a respectable solicitor, who will prove that everything was above board," said the Major.

"That is all very well, but bargains with expectant heirs—as the law calls 'em—are constantly set aside. 'Pon my word, a man hardly knows which way to turn," grumbled Mr. Lazare, with an air of injured innocence.

"Look here, Sol, take it or leave it, but don't waste valuable time talking nonsense," said Major Lapwing, getting up in a very peremptory manner. "My nephew will come in for a cool twenty thou., or I'm a Dutchman. Assume the worst, won't there still be money to be made? You can always compromise. It only resolves itself into a question of amount. There is absolutely no risk whatever."

"Well, well, I'm on," replied Mr. Lazare, abruptly. "As soon as I've made terms with young Frobisher I'll write you a cheque. I'll go and see him at once."

A day or two afterwards Major Lapwing called upon Mr. Bold again with a very lugubrious expression of countenance, assumed for the occasion. In the interval his brother had actually died—on the very evening, in fact, of the day of his former interview with the lawyer. The Major felt considerable inward trepidation on presenting himself at Mr. Bold's office, for his brother's death had been duly recorded in the papers, and he was naturally apprehensive that the lawyer might have been struck by the discrepancy in the date. To his great relief, however, Mr. Bold greeted him in a perfectly natural manner, and, remarking his gloomy aspect, asked him what was the matter.

"I won't take a seat, thanks," said the Major, in answer to a gesture from the lawyer; "I only looked in to tell you that it is as I feared about my nephew. I find he has assigned any interest he takes under my brother's will for a mere song to a money-lender named Lazare. I'm just off to see the fellow."

"Dear, dear me!" exclaimed Mr. Bold, looking much concerned. "You don't say so? When was that?"

"Oh! not very long ago, I believe. I'm now going to ascertain full particulars," said the Major, taking up his hat with a business-like air. "The worst of the matter is that my nephew is forced to admit that everything is quite fair, and that he knew what he was about."

"Tut! tut! tut!" ejaculated the lawyer, apparently deeply distressed. "In that case it might be well for me to see this Mr.—this money-lender. Could you bring him here? We might talk the business over amicably, and arrive at some arrangement. Surely it is possible to compromise! Bring him here if you can, and we will see what we can do."

"Well, it is an idea," said the Major, struck by the suggestion. "I will endeavour to persuade him to come. Shall we say three o'clock?"

"That will suit me admirably," said the lawyer, glancing at his watch.

Minton's China.—A visit to Messrs. Mortlock's extensive collection in Oxford-street and Orchard-street will conclusively prove the superiority of taste and lowness of price for which this house has been so celebrated during the last century and a half.

The Major meant what he said, for, to tell the truth, he felt very nervous about his share in the transaction coming to light, and he was anxious to get the matter settled without a scandal. Besides which he had the grace to be a trifle conscience-stricken about his treachery towards his own flesh and blood, and was disposed to assist in curbing Mr. Lazare's rapacious spirit. Since the lawyer evidently took a reasonable and business-like view of the affair, the Major resolved to insist upon the money-lender putting himself into communication with him immediately with a view to a speedy and private adjustment of his claim.

He found some difficulty about this, however, for Mr. Lazare entertained an instinctive horror of a respectable solicitor. But the Major assumed a very high tone, and, as he had stipulated for a share of the profits of the venture, he certainly had a right to interfere. He finally succeeded in prevailing upon the money-lender to accompany him to the lawyer's office at the appointed time, and Mr. Bold seemed extremely gratified to see them.

"Pray be seated, gentlemen," he said, with a beaming countenance. "Since we parted, Major, I have had a visit from young Mr. Frobisher. He came to inquire about his uncle's will, and I took the opportunity to ask him about this charge. He does not attempt to impugn the transaction."

"I am very glad to hear you say so, sir," said Mr. Lazare, with unctuous obsequiousness. "I did not expect he would."

"He was absolutely ignorant of the testator's intentions with regard to him at the time he made the bargain with you," continued the lawyer, "and I don't think a whole bench of judges could discover a flaw in the arrangement."

Mr. Lazare glanced triumphantly at the Major, who, however, seemed uncomfortably puzzled by the lawyer's tone and manner.

"Now about this telegram," said Mr. Bold, holding up as he spoke the dispatch he had shown the Major on his first visit. "A curious thing happened regarding it. To begin with, it is dated the 19th inst., and the testator did not die till the 20th."

"A mistake of the telegraph clerk's, doubtless," murmured the Major.

"I think not. However," said the lawyer, smiling more amiably than ever, "the very curious fact I was going to mention is this. The telegram was handed in at St. Leonards at 2 p.m., and at that very hour I arrived at St. Leonards and found the testator very ill, but certainly not dead as here stated."

Mr. Lazare and the Major exchanged glances of speechless dismay, but neither ventured to say a word. In fact, they had no time, for Mr. Bold at once proceeded:—

"I was summoned to St. Leonards as the testator wished to execute a codicil to his will; but that is by the way. On my return I found this astounding telegram, and, putting two and two together, I at once scented fraud."

"Sir!" cried the Major, with a start.

"I remembered that on his return from India, the testator had executed a will appointing Major Lapwing sole executor," said Mr. Bold, gradually working himself up into a state of indignation. "That was before he *knew* his brother, and when he believed his nephew to be a worthy young man. He discovered his mistake and revoked the will long ago, and has made two or three others since."

"What! It was all a plant! The will didn't exist!" cried Mr. Lazare, startled out of his obsequiousness.

"What was that you read to me, then?" inquired the Major, fiercely, though he was as white as a sheet.

"The draft of the will in question, which I had preserved," said Mr. Bold, with a grimly humorous smile. "I thought it was such a capital joke of yours that it was worth keeping up."

"Then, sir, allow me to tell you your conduct was disgraceful and unprofessional to the last degree," cried the Major, talking loudly to hide his confusion.

"And allow me to tell you, gentlemen, both of you, that your conduct is criminal, and I can have you both indicted for conspiracy," retorted Mr. Bold, turning very hot and red.

"I had nothing to do with it, sir, 'pon my word," interposed Mr. Lazare, humbly. "There *was* a will, wasn't there, sir?"

"The late Mr. Lapwing's will affects neither Major Lapwing nor his nephew," said Mr. Bold, sharply. "As regards Mr. Frobisher, I had no intention of being the means of putting money into his pocket; but a bargain is a bargain, and I have consented to protect his interest should Mr. Lazare make any attempt to recover what he paid him. And now, gentlemen, I must request you to leave my office immediately, or I shall send for the police."

GIRLS' GOSSIP.

DEAREST AMY,—We have spent our morning—a wet and windy one—in trying some new music; and, as you, living in the country, may often be at a loss to know what new songs to order, I will give you the results of our examination. "Shadows in Shadowland," a new song by Ciro Pinsuti, is charming for a contralto or mezzo-soprano voice. The words are not of the "sickly sentimental" order, though they *do* refer to a flirtation on board ship. It ought to be sung with a certain dash and brilliancy, alternating with expressive softness. The time is *allegretto*. "As a Token," by Bernard Farebrother, is a more ambitious composition. The words are somewhat mystical, though set here and there to waltz time. There are some alternative notes that would delight the possessor of a deep contralto organ, notably a sustained G below the line, on the word "wall." "The Parting Kiss," by Annie Tait, is of the passionate order, and would lose all meaning if sung in school-girl fashion, with careful correctness as to the notes and utterly ignoring all feeling. The harp-like accompaniment is skilfully arranged to unobtrusively assist the voice.

By the way, the lover is rather exigent in this ditty. In the first verse, he desires the beloved one to "drop a tear," and in the second, he commands her to "weep not so," as though the unfortunate creature could arrange, at a moment's notice, for one tear and no more.

"The Coble's Coming In" is a man's song. The words, by Byron Webber, are stirring and dramatic, and the music, by Florian Pascal, suits them. "Undying Leaves," a soprano song, composed by P. de Faze, and written by Byron Webber, is in the style, so far as sentiment goes, of a dear old song you may remember as "Ruby." The

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Old Lace.—The finest collection in London at A. Blackborne & Co.'s, 35, South Audley-street, Grosvenor-square.

music is above the average. I am sure you would like it, but if you order it you must get the setting in D, as your delightful contralto could never climb to the F sharp in the setting in E. I hear Maud still practising "One Smile, One Word," with which she is enchanted. The words are by Henry S. Leigh, and the music by Ciro Pinsuti. There is a simply delicious phrase on the words, "Ah, grant me, grant me only One smile, no more, love." The song is for a soprano or mezzo-soprano voice. All these songs are published by J. Williams, Berners-street. Miss Elizabeth Philp's new song, "Somebody By," is very taking. It is published by Weekes & Co., Hanover-street, in the keys of B flat and C.

The children will be delighted with a set of quadrilles called "The Little Friends," and with a picture on the title-page of two kittens. The music is very easy, and is adapted to fingers of limited size and strength. The composer is Arthur Grenville, and all the "tunes" (if you will allow me in these advanced times to use that nice old-fashioned word) are familiar to nursery walls, which, of course, have ears, like other walls—and "little pitchers." "Songs of Love" waltzes, by Conrad Huber, are admirable to dance to. I have been spinning round partnerless while Maud played them over, but Tim, our terrier, evidently regarded the whole business as being got up for his amusement, and tore about, barking so noisily that I had to leave off, and administer biscuit as a sedative. These waltzes can be had arranged as a duet. "Love in Idleness," by the same composer, is also a good waltz, with the time well marked. The frontispiece is embellished with the picture of a very lazy young woman réclining in a hammock. Judging from the surrounding foliage and from her by no means surrounding dress, the climate appears to be a tropical one. Perhaps the rose in her hair may be meant to make up for deficiencies elsewhere. All this dance music, together with a delightful minuet, "La Joyeuse Réunion," by Henri Roubier, is published by J. Williams, Berners-street. The "Three Blind Mice" waltz is a good idea well carried out. The composer is W. Nicholl, and the publishers, Muir, Wood, & Co., of "Glasgie."

Enough of music for one letter, especially as I have something deeply interesting to tell you of. You remember Kate's waist, and how hopeless we all thought it? Well, my dear, it is quite a reformed character now, having become quite a nice little sloping thing, yet not unnaturally small, nor compressed like the waists of those depressingly tight sisters in blue I told you of that we saw at the Marquis of Kildare's wedding. I went with her, the other morning to Madame Worth, where she gets her corsets, and there we saw some lovely dresses that I want to describe to you. One was a ball-dress of ivory white satin, with a side drapery of white jet worked on white net, and with large flowers of white plush veined with white jet. Draperies and flounces of *point de gaze* covered a great portion of the skirt, which was also trimmed up the side with four perpendicular flounces of satin veiled with the lace. The skirt was set out at the back by means of three double box-pleats of satin and a carefully negligent knot of *point de gaze*. In the front a double frill of the lace, arranged jabot-fashion, was tied here and there with satin ribbons. The square bodice and short sleeves were trimmed to match the skirt. To be worn with this were white gloves, reaching to the shoulder, and embroidered with pearls throughout their entire length. The shoes were also of white satin, embroidered with pearls, jet and silk, and adorned with small bows of white satin, fastened with buckles of white jet. White open-worked stockings were to be worn with these. Now, is not that a beautifully consistent ball toilette?

Another white ball-dress was of ivory satin, with the front arranged in long, narrow pleats. A graceful drapery was formed of a bridal veil, the lace being Honiton appliqué on Brussels net. The back, arranged in long, straight folds, was composed of white satin broché, with three perfectly sweet ostrich plumes, and at the side a corner of the veil was deftly draped. A bunch of ostrich plumes was fastened on one shoulder of the satin bodice.

Liberty's Art Fabrics.—For Ladies' Spring Costumes and Toilets. Patterns post-free. East India House, Regent-street, W.

And here is an adorable tea-gown. The front is of flesh-coloured satin merveilleux with a loose plastron of antique Valenciennes, pleated on and caught across with straps of the pink below the waist. The rest of the gown was of biscuit (a colour that is to be much worn this season) satin, with a jabot of lace down each side where it adjoins the flesh-coloured satin. The sleeves are of the Valenciennes, caught up below the elbows with bows of flesh-coloured ribbons. Pink satin shoes and pink silk stockings are to be worn with this.

One more gown. It is of mouse-coloured plush, over pale pink satin merveilleux. The skirt is plain in front, and the edge is cut out in tabs over a kilted flounce of pale pink satin. The back falls in plain straight folds, the sides being turned back as *revers*, showing their lining of pink satin merveilleux. Each of these *revers* is edged with a thick chenille fringe. The front of the bodice has graduated points of the mouse-coloured plush, showing behind them the pink merveilleux. A large Gainsborough hat of silver-grey plush is to be worn with this, the trimming consisting of long mouse-coloured feathers, tipped with pink, and a soft, lovely pink plume in front. The brim of the Gainsborough is lined with pink gathered satin. The gloves are mouse-coloured.

Would not that be a pretty dress for a pretty girl to wear at a pretty wedding?

And, apropos of weddings, Captain Barrington Foote and Miss Glyn are to be married on Saturday, the 23rd, at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge.

It appears that a fancy-dress ball is to be given at Willis's Rooms on Monday, the 18th, for the West-end Hospital for Nervous Diseases. The ladies who hold stalls at the Grand Peasant Festival for the same charity are to attend this ball in costume. The band of the Grenadier Guards is to make the necessary music.

We are looking forward to the fun of the Peasant Fête, and will tell you all about it next week. Miss Mary Anderson is to help at the American stall, together with Lady Wolseley and her sister, Miss Murphy. Mrs. Hughes-Hallett is to have charge of the stall. Dr. Lynn is to add to the attractions by taking a live man to pieces and making him up again in instalments. I see that Colonel Hughes-Hallett has charge of the afternoon dramatic entertainments.

Are you not glad to see that Mr. Hwfa Williams is getting better at last? What months of suffering he has passed in consequence of the wretched lunatic's shot; his wife must have been terribly anxious.

Charlie has just told us that he has heard that Miss Mary Anderson, far from paying for her photographs, charges one hundred and fifty guineas for allowing the photographer the privilege of taking it. What an invaluable gift, commercially considered, is beauty nowadays!

Coiffures poudrées, it seems, are more and more the fashion in Paris. Last Saturday Lily was present at an evening party given by a literary celebrity, and *all* the ladies, without exception, had powdered their hair, the general effect being curious and pretty. Of course, the aforesaid powdered hair was for the most part raised on cushions, and the faces were "slightly made up" with paint and patches; nineteenth century ball-dresses were worn. An odd feature in this soirée was the presence of a young negro, Dr. Janvier, whose brother is minister at Haïti. The "black man," who is very erudite, possesses a fine, athletic figure, and dances remarkably well, made use of his opportunities, and waltzed with the prettiest women in the room, the contrast between his black face and the powdered feminine heads being very original.

In London, the fashionable flower is a rosebud, in Paris it is an anemone. They are thrown in heaps on white tulle or white satin dresses. The brunettes wear yellow anemones in their black hair, and the pale five-petalled flower will be

Notice of Removal.—Le Roy et Fils, London and Paris, Watch Manufacturers to the Queen, T.R.H. the Prince and Princess of Wales, and the royal families of Europe, are removing to 57, New Bond-street, W.

worn this spring on parasols, bodices, and even in buttonholes.

To those who can eat eels, there can be no more delicate or delicious way of cooking them than by following the accompanying recipe :—

Buy your eel the day before you require to eat it, and have it cut in pieces about two inches long, and *not* skinned. Wash it well and put it in a stewpan with a good-sized onion-slice, a piece of lemon-peel and pepper and salt, and only sufficient water to cover it. Let it boil gently till quite tender, then take out the eel and put it on a dish, and pour the stock into a basin, where it will settle into a jelly. Then, before using next day, all the fat which makes a dish of eels so objectionably rich can be skimmed off, leaving only the pure jelly (this jelly will keep in cold weather for several days). When you want to prepare your dish, you put your eel and the jelly into a stewpan, and have ready in a basin a couple of eggs well beaten-up, *yolk and white* together, with a small cup of milk, some chopped parsley and chervil, and a large tablespoonful of tarragon vinegar. When the eel and jelly are *boiling*, pour in this mixture, and keep it well stirred while it boils. In a very few moments it will be ready to be dished. The mixture forms a sort of curd, which is exquisitely delicate in flavour.

Good-bye, dear! From your loving cousin,

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CHINNOCK, GALSWORTHY, & CHINNOCK will SELL by AUCTION, at the Mart, Tokenhouse-yard, E.C., on Tuesday, March 4th, at 2 o'clock the excellent CORNER RESIDENCE, No. 8, Rutland-gate, substantially built, occupying a most cheerful position overlooking Hyde-park, and containing a spacious hall, large dining-room and library, butler's-room and bath-room, all on the ground floor, ; a principal front stone staircase to first floor, with two large drawing-rooms overlooking the park and the ornamental gardens of Rutland-gate; a secondary stone staircase and 11 bed and dressing rooms, together with an excellent range of servants' offices on the basement, all in capital order. The stables contain four stalls, double coach-house, three men's rooms, &c. The property is held for terms of 51 years from Christmas, 1883, at the nominal ground rent of £28. 10s. per annum. Particulars may be obtained of G. A. Holme, Esq., Solicitor, 40, Chancery-lane, W.C.; of Messrs. Holland & Sons, 23, Mount-street, Grosvenor square, W.; at the Mart; and of Messrs. Chinnock & Co., Land Agents and Surveyors, 11, Waterloo-place, Pall-mall, S.W.

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DEAR VANITY,—I will begin my letter this week by singing the praises of a medicine which has the valuable property of curing what all the world is suffering from at this season more or less—namely, a cold in the head. Surely that complaint is one of the lesser evils that flesh is heir to; and I think the man who has discovered a sure remedy for this plague ought to be ranked among the benefactors of the human race. The other morning I awoke with that most uncomfortable of feelings, a general oppression, which is the certain precursor of a catarrh. At first black despair seized me; but luckily I remembered that, if taken in time, the mystic contents of a little green glass bottle might save me from the prospect of many days' discomfort to myself and others. I sped to the nearest chemist's, and found the longed-for remedy, and before night was cured. It is called GLYKALINE, a colourless, tasteless fluid, three drops of which, taken at intervals of an hour, will infallibly do away with the most obstinate of colds. All this sounds rather like an advertisement, so I beg you to understand that I have no personal or pecuniary interest in the sale of Glykaline, and only sing its praises with a wish to spread its healing properties around, and, by recommending it, confer a boon on the suffering human race.—Talon Ronge. (*Vanity Fair*, March 17, 1877.) Glykaline, prepared by LEATH & ROSS, 5, St. Paul's Churchyard, and 9, Vere-street, W. All Chemists, 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d.; by post, 1s. 3d. and 3s.

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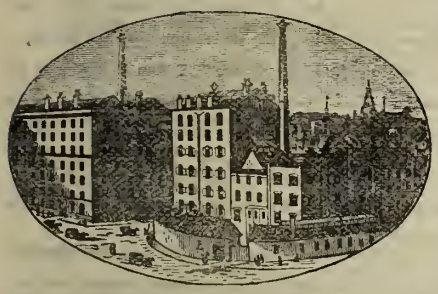
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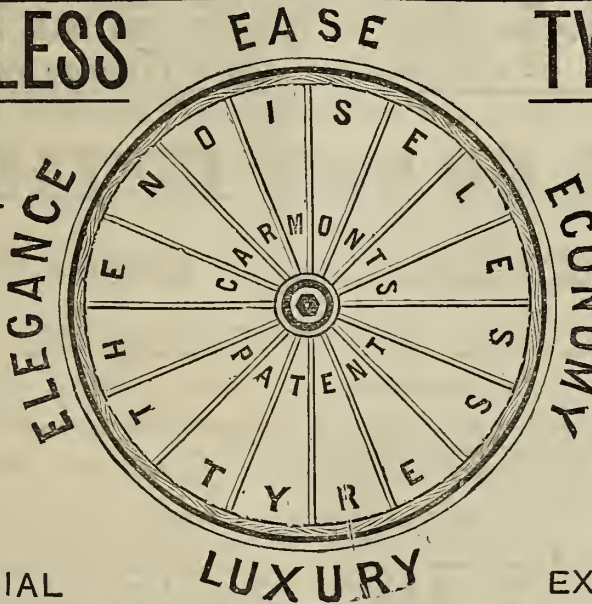

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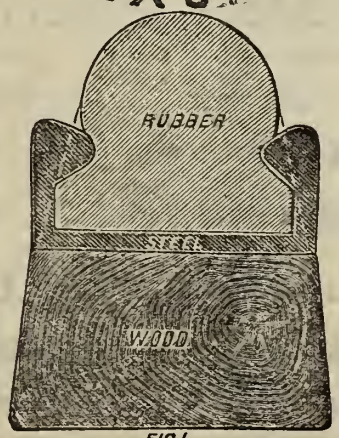

FIG.1

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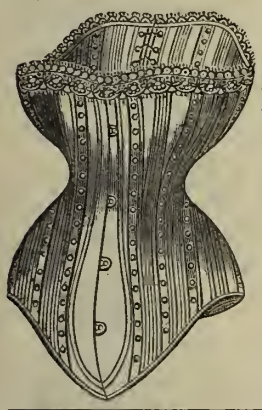

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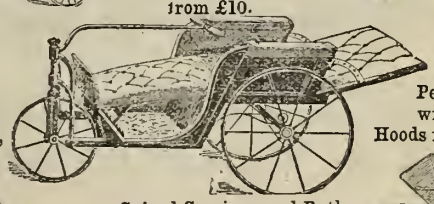

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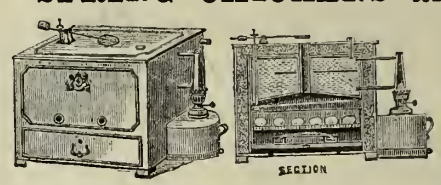

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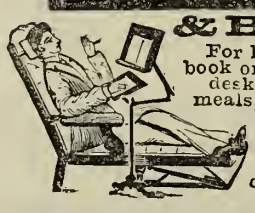

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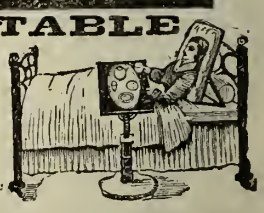

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CLARKE'S
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They will then be able to judge for themselves whether LEWIS'S, of Market Street, Manchester, praise their Velveteens more than they deserve.

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OUR PUZZLES.

RULES.

1. The sum of £2. 2s. will be given every week for the best Epigram, Conundrum, Lipogram, Bouts-Rimés, or whatever the announced subject of the competition for the week may be.

2. The Puzzle Editor reserves the right, however, of dividing the above sum between two or more competitors, or of withholding the prize, should exceptional circumstances render such a course desirable.

3. The decision and award of the Puzzle Editor must be considered final and irrevocable, and, for obvious reasons, no appeal from his critical judgments can be entertained.

4. In every instance the Prize will be given in money, subject to no condition whatever, except the publication of the winner's real name and address in this journal.

5. Competitors will be allowed eight days for the composition and despatch of their efforts; but all such communications must, at the latest, be received at the Truth Office by the first post on Friday morning in the week succeeding the publication of the subject for competition.

6. Not more than one Prize will be given in a Quarter to the same competitor.

7. All New Contributors are Required to Forward with their First Answers their Real Names and Addresses for Registration; such names and addresses will not be published except in the case of Prize-winners.

8. The *nom-de-plume* chosen by competitors should not exceed 12, and must under no circumstances consist of more than 14 letters.

9. Competitors must on no account change the noms-de-plume they have once assumed.

10. On the announcement of the Prize-winner's *nom-de-plume*, the successful competitor must write and make formal application for the Prize, stating the address to which the cheque must be sent. Any competitor failing to do so within three months of winning the Prize will forfeit all claim to the same.

11. No communication can be received on post-cards, by telegraph, or by hand. They must all be sent by the time named above, all post letters addressed—

PUZZLE EDITOR OF "TRUTH," Carteret-street, Queen Anne's-gate, S.W.

"TRUTH" PUZZLES.

No. 256. "Phonetic Verses."—Almione (Miss F. Addison, Market Harborough, Leicestershire)	£2	2	0
No. 258. "Interpretation of Above."—E. Y. W. (E. Y. Watson, Esq., The Ferns, Tivoli, Cheltenham)	2	2	0
No. 260. "Political Valentines."—Skriker (E. H. Osborn, Esq., Rochdale)	1	1	0
" " The Gardener (J. J. Ridley, Esq., 8, Draper's Gardens, Throgmorton Avenue, E.C.*)	1	1	0

* *This Prize-winner very kindly requests that the sum due to him may be handed over to the* Truth *Toy Fund.*

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 261.

The subject of this competition failed to induce any very large number of competitors to take part in it; and of those who did essay to forecast the contents of the Queen's Speech few did it at exhaustive length. After a due comparison of the anticipatory versions with the real document, I had no difficulty in coming to the conclusion that the prize must be awarded to Harold. Both in the subject-matter of his paragraphs and the order in which they occur he managed to be generally accurate. Thus, his first three paragraphs are well-nigh identical with those of her Majesty's message, and his references to Egypt and the Transvaal also go on all-fours with those in the Queen's Speech. His allusion to the Spanish Treaty is in the wrong place, it is true, and he has no reference to the Congo or Mexico; but in his latter sentences he manages to allude to well nigh all the legislative points mentioned by the Government. It is, on the whole, a most creditable performance, I consider. I would also specially commend the forecasts made by Erin-go-Bragh, Tento, and Hova. The satire of Wear-Giffoan's metrical version, I may add, was very amusing.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 264.

For this week's competition it is proposed to ask competitors to write

A Rhyming Parliamentary Alphabet in which each Letter shall Refer to some Thing or Person Connected more or less directly with the Session just commenced.

The model I have always referred to in giving such a competition as this is the well-known Nursery Alphabet:—

"A was an Archer, who shot at a frog;
B was a Butcher, who had a large dog," &c., &c.;

And, on the present occasion, it is the metre that must be used, one line being devoted to each letter of the alphabet, and the total being, therefore, six and twenty. The letter "X," of course, presents a special difficulty; and, if any competitor can legitimately overcome it, without having to fall back on the compromise of some such word as "Ex-member," "Ex-citement," &c., so much the better for his chance of the prize. Proper names of well-known members or officials may be used in the alphabet. Competitors will, of course, remember that each line must rhyme with some other, the next to it for choice.

Answers to Correspondents.

*** I have to apologise to the winner of Prize 257, for the misreading of her name. It should have been printed as "Mrs. F. Matchett, Rose Bank, Edgbaston, Birmingham."

*** The real name and address of "Cactus," winner of Prize No. 259, are, "Mrs. A. Cyril Pearson, Drayton Parslow Rectory, Bletchley Station."

Tar Box.—I have read your letter with much interest; and admit that you have grounds for your contention. I still hold, however, that the faults you point out in the winning stanzas were less in degree than those I characterised as cockneyisms. My mouth is certainly not "an Irish one," but for all that I do not pronounce "haunt" as though it were spelled "hornt." Nor do I think you will find that such a pronunciation is as common as you suggest.

Wild Thyme.—No. I acknowledged all I received.

T. Griffiths.—I thank you for your suggestion, which I will consider with pleasure.

Georg Nella.—I have made the alteration you asked.

Colin Clout.—I must, in defence of the often-blamed printer, say that the printing of the word "Pat" for "pax" in your valentine was due to your indistinct caligraphy. The couplet, as corrected, certainly gains in significance:—

"But yesterday fair *Pax* you sued,
But now you have Soud-an!"

Admirer.—I have never heard that the soup you name can be procured in London.

THE PUZZLE EDITOR.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 262. ASSORTED SPECIMENS—GOOD AND OTHERWISE.

RHYMED ADDRESSES TO "OLD TONGUE."

All hail, "Grand Trunk" Director! proved divine
By many a passing strange and wondrous sign:
A brow (or Mister Gaylord tells a flam)
"Expanded"—like a C.N. telegram;
A tail (tale) that, towards the end, gets rather "flat"
Though, 'faith, there's not much novelty in that!
Then, infant as you are among your peers,
You're still a prodigy in point of (y)ears.
What if your claim to perfect whiteness fails,
Except, of all that bulk, some twenty "nails,"
With sundry patches marking trunk and poll?—
Methinks a "patch" is best, upon the whole!

Colin Clout.

To thee—composed by "Weg," p'rhaps—had been sung
A hymn of welcome in the *Tusk*-an *Tongue*,
But that fair Truth could not remain *tongue-tied*,
Nor keep close *lid* dark facts about thy *hide*;
Hence London's bitter *cry* against thy *hue*,
When *Sacred white* proved merely *sacré bleu!*
A *dirty dapple!* we, more *foully dun* (done),
But butts for Barnum's elephantine fun.
No longer *mugs*, let's dash false Phineas' *cup*,
Shame on his *shams*, we'll *show* this *show*man up;
So may our *patter* prove the *premier pas*,
Allons! Old Tongue Taloung—a long ta-ta!

W. E. MacCarthy.

O sacred Tongue! O grave and reverend beast!
By squire attended and by holy priest,
Thy praises oft by Yankee Barnum sung
Each day to peer and peasant, old and young!
Thousands have flocked of late to Regent's Park,
And looked to see thee light and found thee dark.
We needed not *thy* presence here to teach
That people seldom practise what they preach.
The things we think are white, we find, alack!
Would "more correctly be described as black,"
And other Tongues have told us wrong is right,
Nor thou the first to swear that black is white!

Thorn.

Hail! Pa(t)chyderm—for such in truth you be
(The "Barrel Organ" on this subject see),
That in the "House"* must make your mark, as all
Know you can answer well a "Raddi"-call;
While some cry "sacred blue," some "sacred" white,
Whene'er your "Holiness" appears in sight.
To me your colour matters not one jot,
As I can prove an elephant you're not.
(Nor are you Siamese, for 'tis confessed
You seem a Hung(a)ry 'un, a "Bud(dh)a" Pesth).
For let your tint be white, grey, drab, or blue,
You're certainly the "Lion" of the "Zoo!"

* The Elephant House at the "Zoo."

Crystal Palace.

Greeting.

Poor shivering beast! Well may you look amazed
On the cold welcome of the Jumbo-crazed;
Wondering that o'er a sacred thing we jest,
And still the wicked Jumbo love the best
(That so uncourteous is old England's shore
To strangers, many of her sons deplore);
Yet, to be candid, on the other hand
"Your sacredness" we don't quite understand.

Reply.

What ignoramuses I've come among!
Easily mastered is the Burmese Tongue!
Taught by that simplest method, "Look and say,"
You should have known me well before to-day.

Beryl.

Welcome Old Tongue! Britannia's royal guest
From the far East. We give thee of our best—
Not now in tossing hunk condemned to pine,
The State Apartments of the Zoo are thine.
There take thine ease, and rest thy lordly joints
While carping scientists discuss thy points.
Or black or white, who knows, when humankind
As all should learn, are mostly colour-blind.
Profane or sacred—Phineas T. Bar*num*
Accepts the odium theologicum.
Safe passage to thee o'er the Atlantic foam:
To Jumbo, kind regards from all at home!

Prima Donna.

Welcome, Great "Tongue"! we hail thee to "the Zoo."
Old "Jumbo's" gone—we wanted something new;
'Tis not for grace or beauty that we care
(As Barnum knows), we must have something "rare."
Great Barnum says thou'rt *white*, then who shall say
Thou'rt black, or blue, pink, slate, dun-brown, or grey?
P'rhaps *tongues* that "slate" thee "Tongue" may change their note,
If they but give thee time to change thy *coat*.
Black is not black we know to all men's sight,
There are who sometimes tells us that "black's white!"
So thou, in Barnum's light, was brought to town
"White as the snow," tho' John Bull was "done Brown."

Moonshine.

We bid thee welcome, sacred Tongue, but say,
Why did you stop so long upon the way?
For none will now deny that I am right
In saying that your *trunk* at least is *light*.
Let your complexion be whate'er it may,
Light blue, or mottled, pink, or speckled grey,

Or any colour either dark or pale,
Still will we wish thee from our hearts, all hail!
But if you're dun, though washed from toe to crown,
Then they who pay to see you are dun-brown (done brown).
Friar Tuck.

O white (?) and sacred (?) Buddha! though we know
'Tis *but a* showman's joke to call thee so;
What matters colour—pink, or white, or brown—
If thou but spread'st bold Barnum's wide renown?
If Bartlett runs the show and makes it pay,
While cits and country cousins buns purvey?
Receive then British homage and green *baize*,
And aid our hards in trumpeting thy praise;
Bid Oscar, with æsthetic soul aflame,
Sing of the Fierce One changed—the "Wild(e)" grown tame;
And let our rising statesmen learn from thee,
How well and wisely ruled a "Tongue" may be.
Daphnis.

Across the storm-tossed seas the dark fraud came,
Great hopes of *terra firma*, buns, and fame
Preponderating in its sapient skull.
They filled its copious trunk with rum to dull
Tongue's sea-born *terror*. *Firmer* faith found root,
When Albion's coast appeared. Poor *tongue-tied* brute!
Great sell to thee; to us, but greater sell,
To thy dark seller who sold thee so well!
And Barnum, too? Well, Barnum perhaps forgot,
A *colourable* fib's a fib, if not,
What say'st thou, great imposture of Siam?
"Well, as I'm here, just take me *as I am!*"
F. A. Sw.

In sooth, "Old Tongue," your sponsors prophets were,
For "tongues" have freely wagged since you came here:
"You're black, not white"—"*not* sacred—not the least,"
"You're quite an everyday and common beast."
But oh! unkindest *cut* * of all to hear,
Which must to shreds your reputation tear,
You're seen in *Punch*—the shock to you I dread—
Portrayed as Bradlaugh punching Gladstone's head.
Well, never mind, "Old Tongue!" we don't much care
If you're not sacred, still, you're something rare;
And whilst you're with us we shall try to cheer
Your heart with *British* brandy, rum, and beer.
Plumpierre.

* See the "cut" in *Punch* of Feb. 2.

Sacred art thou? and white? 'Tis very plain
Our language wants remodelling again.
Henceforth a claim to whiteness, I suppose,
Will rest upon a complement of toes.*
None will a claim to sacredness uphold
Who has not dined off plates of heaten gold.†
With epithets thus altered, is it strange
To give the principle a wider range?
Not white! *not* sacred! Next it will befall
That you are not an elephant at all!
In one respect your claims I won't deny,
For white you are, a regular white lie!

* One of Tongue's defenders argues that a white elephant differs from ordinary ones, not necessarily in colour, but in having more toes.

† It seems that sacred elephants do not exist. Those which claim to be so are certainly most sumptuously maintained and cared for. Yebrak.

Welcome! great beast from foreign climes arrived,
Now you in Zoo with others will be hived,
A sacred emblem of the Siam crew.
You give to Barnum advertisement new,
'Midst thundering cheers success you cannot fail!
You'll *reign* supreme, for all cry out, "All *hail*."
Strange you may feel in this, a foreign land,
Yet with your "trunk" you need no "helping hand,"
Altho' your liking for the bottle's great,
We must respect your very high estate;
But, if you wish to clear away your blotch,
Give up your brandy and go in for "Scotch."
Egbrg.

O, "sacred" beast, Great "Tongue"—P. Barnum's pride;
To all appearances, that *tongue* hath lied,
Which in most certain terms proclaimed thee "white."
(Or was it some affliction in his sight?)
Yet certain is it, I may say, at least
Thy charms do *not* belong to *every* beast
Of Elephantine tribe. Thou hast a skin
Of matchless softness, which all praise must win.
Attention paying even to details—
I can't help noticing how white thy nails!
Be this my prayer—if ere again among
Thy wilder friends—thou lt not be "potted" Tongue!
Malignant.

Prodigious pachyderm! The wond'ring West
Salutes with proffered buns her mighty guest,
Whom fame has blazoned with a trumpet-tongue
As strident as thine own, Taoung Taloung.
Thy hue, may be, is open to attack;
Let petti'oggers prove that white is black;
Let savants summon science to their aid;
Let pundits dub thy rites a masquerade;
All swell the fame they vainly strive to baulk,
For "Tongue" in every mouth must form the talk.
A Templar.

Welcome, "Old Tongue!" but wherefore newly come
To this old land? No answer! Art thou dumb?
Say, art thou "sac-red?" Also "white?" O fie!
Thou liest sleeping, but *men* waking lie.
But "(!) truth" will out. Without thy tongue, we know
Thou art not here for speaking, but for show.
Pack the trunk shortly, thou ere long must sweep
Thy wondrous tail (tale) across the briny deep.
In vain shall "Jumbo" to eclipse thee try,
For, if not white, thou'rt not too black to dye (die),
And leave, unrivalled—if thou diest young—
A living wonder, "Barnum" short of "Tongue."
Nestor.

Oh, Toung Taloung, we welcome thee, although
Thy fair fame blackened be, once pure as snow;
Though standard that displays thee white, in sooth,
Doth prove no lofty standard of the truth!
Poor beast, no wonder, list'ning, in amaze,
To Davis' tales, thy face be all a-blaze;
While gazers, point by point inspecting thee,
In Gaylord now a gay deceiver see!
The showman's tall-talk fain wouldst thou forestall,
Thy simple story trumpet forth to all;
But nature of her laws makes this odd breach,
Creates a "Tongue," and then denies it speech.
Repealer.

"What's in a name?" We prove Will Shakespeare's right,
And welcome grand "Old Tongue," the miscalled white (wight);
Though neither whitey-brown nor browney-white,
He is the sacred one! and precious dear
To *buy; great* Barnum's *sold*, or *we(e)*, that's clear,
Else black is white. No, Truth avers *he's slate*.
Yet none *with truth* can say "Great Tongue" *is late*,
When he's *in time* for papers to debate.
Before our senator's debates set in,
This "Tongue" will *not* be heard when *theirs* begin.
Let none his sacred smuttiness decry,
No lapsus linguæ—he's a big *white lie*. Eva Yorke.

Aha! Old Tongue! Like many a tongue, we know
Thou art equivocal, given up to show
Of honest most rare worth when hugely false!
Fie, fie! A sacred beast, yet versed in valse!
We wonder at thee, standing on thy head,*
Like stump-haranguer Party-Barnum led!
Yet wherefore wonder? Do not well-trained tongues,
Like trumpeters who blare from mighty lungs,
Gyrate facetiously, twist left to right,
And topsy-turvey fact till black looks white?
So, Tongue familiar, welcome to the Zoo
Thou elephantine cause of such *a-do!* Observer.

* It has been remarked that Old Tongue shows signs of "performing" at the sound of music!

A change comes o'er the spirit of thy dreams.
Adored erewhile, by Burmah's sacred streams,
The beings who surrounded thee are gone,
Their homage fled, their fealty withdrawn.
Thyself, so late so lordly, compassed round
With hatred and contention; awe profound,
And kneeling veneration, prayer, and praise,
No longer thine, relentless critics raise
Irreverent question of thy sanctity,
Deride thy colour, even with ribaldry.
Yet gleans through dark assertions one stray light,
Thou'lt prove, at least to *Barnum*, very "white."
Ramasamy.

All hail! thou Royal Beast of Sacred Line,
Of quite too wondrous tint, of hue divine;
Attended by thy priests, whose ancient rites,
In ignorance base the British public slights;
Thou'st deigned our poor benighted Isle to bless
With the fair vision of thy Holiness!
And yet are found rude scoffers who upraise
Their voice in otherwise than heartiest praise;
Who dare in bold, unblushing print to say,
Thou art a Royal Humbug, "made to pay."
Oh! I adjure thee by thy whited skin,
Don't cheat us thus, who thought we took *thee* in.
Paste.

Drawn from thy native clime, successful quest
Has placed thee in our midst, a welcome guest.
The search was long, and we appreciate
No matter *wherefore!* "London's *had* to wait."
To call thee pretty scarce would meet thy case,
'Though noble is thine elephantine face.
In thine old home thy claims were surely great,
Sagacity and instinct highly rate;
Here, on our hearths, thou art an emblem, too,
Of what we call the "logical" and "Zoo."
Prolong thy visit, honor's in thy wake:
Stay for thy visitors' and Barnum's sake. T. S. A.

How can our tongues to thee full justice do
By way of "welcome" to the British "Zoo,"
Thou Royal elephant from Burmah's King,
Can aught of truth from that fell Monarch spring?
Sacred thou may'st be, *wholly* white thou'rt not;
Thy skin, like his dark mind, has many a spot;
And Barnum gave for thee vast sums, we're told;
If so, all must agree, *he* too was "sold."
Poor "Tongue," could thy tongue speak, perchance 'twould tell
Of lov'd ones left behind, in grief to dwell.
We'll gladly *feed* thee—this may soothe the pain
Of thy caste-*losing*, for a showman's *gain*.
Guelder Rose.

Why should we greet thee, O mendacious "Tongue?"
And wherefore in thy praise shall odes be sung?
Why—and I blush t' inscribe it on my page—
"Tongue" is the ruling spirit of the age,
For, from the Premier down to Henry George,
Verbosity is both a snare and scourge;
And Barnum, formerly for "cheek" renowned,
Following their lead, in thee his "Tongue" has found,
And dubbing "sacred white" thy whitey-brown,
Rouses the contradiction of the town,
Till Parliament, with all its thousand lungs,
Swamps "Tongue" in the confusion of their toogues.
You and I.

Hail, sacred Tongue! Yes, hospitably blind,
With gaping, marvel-mongering British mind,
A milk-white wonder! At "Truth's" bidding go,
In thee we greet! while loudly *truth* cries No!
Strange paradox! Ah, 'tis the "specs" looked through
That colour *all*, elsewhere, as at the Zoo.
But, Barney, don't we want just one small "*ell*,"
Your august measure all complete to tell,
In graphic "lingo" of "swate county Cork?"
For Blarney may come, *too*, from far New York.
Still as each crowling's white, to "Paddy's" eye,
This, after all, is but a "big white lie!"
Naiad.

I'm glad to see you, Tongue—I am indeed,
Although you may not be of sacred breed;
You're welcome, as you have, without a doubt,
Given us something fresh to talk about.
Our hopes, we must admit, are put to squash,
As even scrubbing wouldn't you whitewash.
But, though you're patchy, and your size is small,
The people flock to see you, one and all;
And when they write to say that you're a sell,
The readers think that they'll be done as well.
So my advice I don't think you'll find wrong,
I say to Barnum, "Showman! hold your tongue!"
Silly Suffolk.

Welcome to Britishland, Right Reverend Toung,
And take the place of Jumbo in our hearts;
His elephantine glories have been sung,
Therefore shalt thou be loved for thy good parts.
Where'er was seen such beauteous form as thine,
The "pink" and "cream" of all thy mighty race;
Thy trunk, thy nails, thy ears, and tail combine
To make thee favourite with the populace.
No priests are needed with their mumming show,
Adoring thee with questionable zeal;
For countless hearts with love of thee will flow,
And make thy sacred (?) life one endless meal.
W. Val. English.

Poor mottled stranger! Puny piebald beast!
Too soon thou'st come amongst us. Now at least
Leave us awhile; fly to that "boss" of men—
Thy Barnum; take the States by storm—and then—
When black is white, when those pink spots of thine
Can prove thee more than mortal—half divine;
Then come again; thy praises shall be sung
By ardent worshippers, "There's but one Tongue,
And Barnum is his prophet"; burning sighs
Shall hail thy blotchy trunk, thine amber eyes;
But *till then*, dusky snowflake, hear me swear,
We're not such fools as Barnum thought we were.
Esterel.

Forgetting poor old "Jumbo," must we bow
Before thee, oh! most "sacred" idol now?
Although thy boasted "white" complexion be
A "myth," as far as eyes profane can see.
Yes, England—dearly loving something new—
Has found for thee a shrine within the "Zoo,"
Where worshippers of every sect and age
Will homage pay so long as thou'rt "the rage."
Still, elephants (like dogs) have *but* "their day";
Then wisely make the most of thy short sway,
Before of public favour "turns the tide,"
And thou, like an old toy, art cast aside.
Cæsar's Corner.

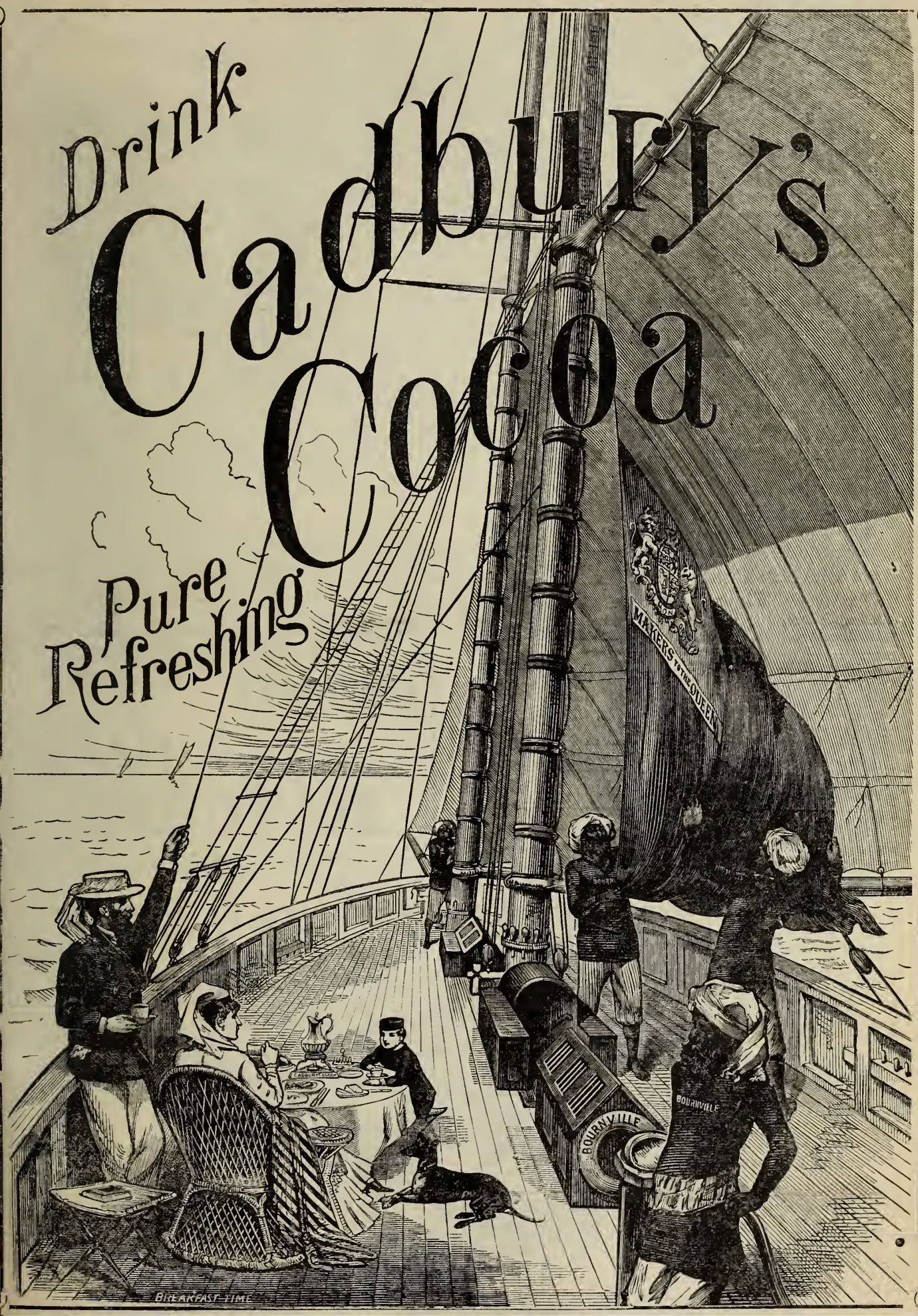
A welcome fair, great Taloung, to the Zoo;
Fair none the less, though falsehood trumpet you
A tone too white; since useless, as we see,
Would the ungrateful task of "slating" be.
Under that problem dark, your patchy hide,
The noblest qualities, 'tis clear, reside.
Strength, patience, gentleness; and, for a friend,
Unmixed devotion, loyal to the end.
Such human virtues, I need hardly state,
We *always* practise and appreciate;
Yet see them on a larger scale in you,
Last marvel and adornment of the Zoo.
Sir P. Felis.

Welcome, Toung Toloung, tho' alas! we know
That tongues too long are often cause of woe,
But were yours loosened to extent of speech,
A useful lesson it would surely teach,
For doubt dispelling, you with truth could tell,
If elephants deem you a "heavy swell,"
And save us long discussions, goodness knows,
Anent your colour, tail, head, trunk, and toes;
Prove your true origin from sacred germ,
Or that you're but a common pachyderm.
Moralist.

Hail! Old Tongue, hail! but this is not thy sphere,
Say, then, O beast, why hast thou wandered here?
Why hast thou left that far-off sunny clime
Where erst thou dwelt in majesty sublime?
There "sacred" thou wert called by royal command
And priests alone before thee dared to stand,
No sacred honours to thee here will fall,
Thou'lt simply be a gazing-stock for all.
Can I divine thy purpose? let me see,
As to thy colours men will not agree,
Thou'rt come to be (to this all are agreed)
To Barnum "a white elephant" indeed.
Sclanidge.

My friend, I've heard so much of you before
That now you're here to me you're quite a bore,
But (Jumbo-like) since you are at the Zoo,
I saw him, and suppose must see you too.
I hear that though you are a splendid beast
You are not white, not in the very least,
Your ears and trunk—yes, nothing else, I think—
A slight suspicion have of creamy pink.
I'll go and see you, but I won't applaud,
I look upon you as an awful fraud.
Pack up your trunk, sir, go back to Siam,
Everyone's as cross with you as I am.
C. F. Reid.

Answers have been received from Ivy Green, Initium, H. Marsh Green, S. Stanley, Cæsar's Corner, Sir P. Felis, Padifromcork, Sealing Wax, Eva Yorke, St. M., Moralist, Repealer, Georgina, Guinea Pig, Paste, Silly Suffolk, Naiad, W. Val English, Colin Clout, You & I, W. E. MacCarthy, Moonshine, Sclanidge, Thorn, Crystal Palace, Beryls, Simla, Prima Donna, Golly, Friar Tuck, Guelder Rose, W. A. P. Nigell, Brian Boru, Daphnis, Poppetta, Gnome, Nemesis, Kratsca, F. A. Sw., S. Crawshay, Observer, Esterel, Risk, Skeddaddle, Nestor, R. M. E., Sans Changer, Bishop Bedell, Attic, Pears' Soap, Ramasamy, Yebrak, C. F. Reid, Bodo, Wild Thyme, Forget-me-not, A Templar, Keltic, Malignant, Egroeg, T. S. A, Plumepierre.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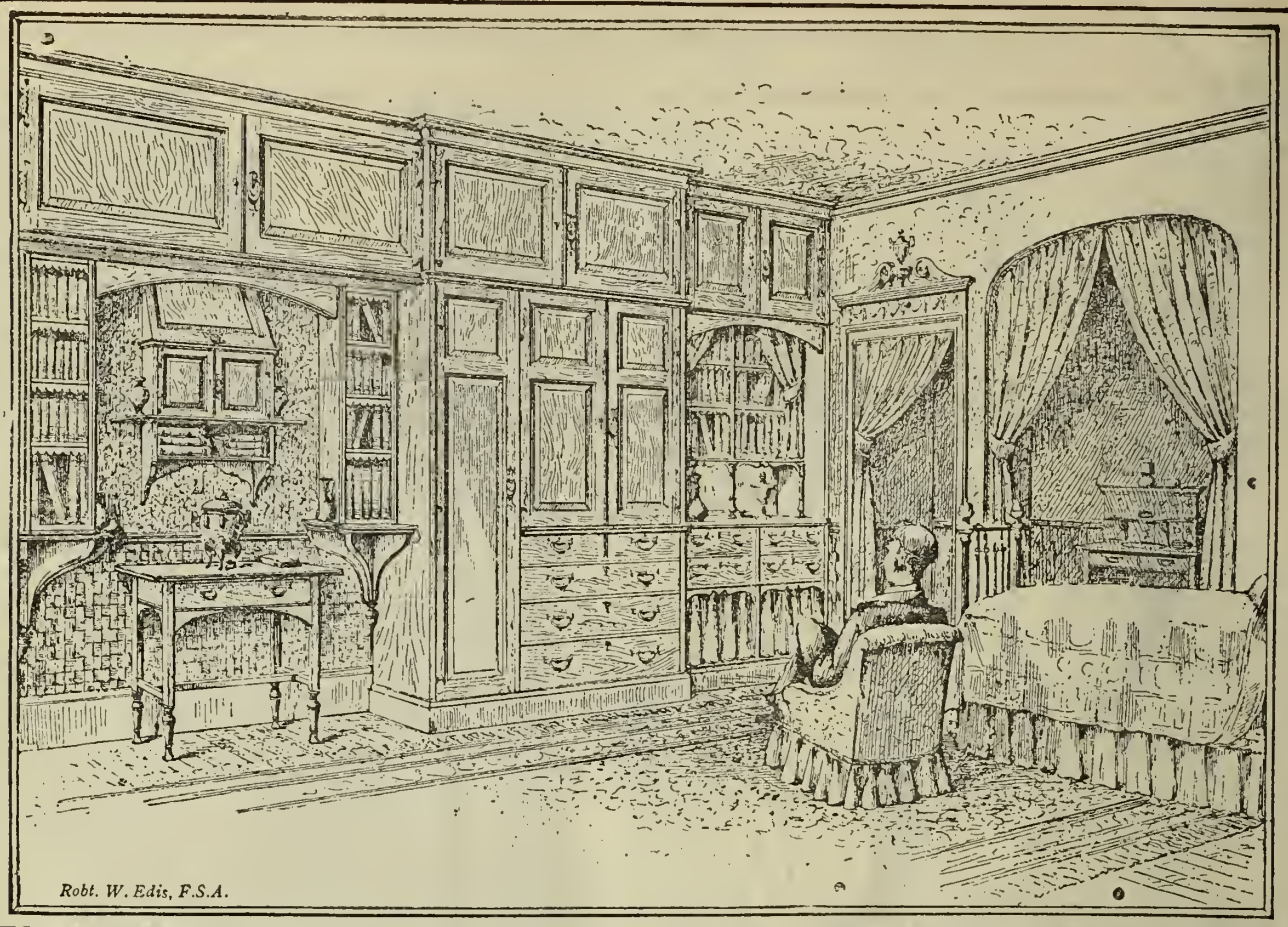

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• TRUTH •

"Cultores Veritatis Fraudis Inimici."—*Cicero.*

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ENTRE NOUS.

THE Queen and Princess Beatrice are to leave Windsor Castle for Germany on April 2 or 3. They will cross the Channel in the Royal yacht *Osborne*, which will be escorted by the *Alberta*, by the Trinity yacht *Galatea*, and by the Admiralty yacht *Enchantress*. The Queen will be absent from England for precisely four weeks. It is possible that her Majesty may cross from Gravesend to Flushing or Antwerp, and travel to Darmstadt through Holland or Belgium, or up the Rhine.

According to the *Gazette*, the March Drawing-rooms are to be held by the Queen, but I am enabled to announce that her Majesty does not intend to be present at either of these functions, and she will be represented by the Princess of Wales. Princess Beatrice will come up to Buckingham Palace from Windsor in order to attend the Drawing-rooms.

When once the date of a State function has been formally announced, it is hardly ever changed, although alterations of plans are frequent enough before the notifications are sent to the *Gazette*. A good deal of surprise has, therefore, been caused by the announcement that the Drawing-room fixed for March 13 has been postponed till the next day. I hear that there has been a great row about this affair, as the Queen was intensely annoyed that, owing to the carelessness of those whose business it is to remember all such matters, she suffered a Drawing-room to be fixed for the anniversary of the assassination of the late Czar, an inadvertence which is regarded by Court and diplomatic people (especially in Germany) as a *bêtise* of the grossest character.

In addition to the picture presented the other day by the Queen to the Sailors' Home at Portsmouth, to which I referred last week, her Majesty has sent a portrait of herself as a gift to the officers and crew of the *Hector*, the guardship off Osborne. The Queen has also forwarded two large engravings of herself and the Prince Consort to Mr. Ellis, the well-known tradesman at Newport, who is retiring from business, and who has served her Majesty for the last forty years. Mr. Ellis is a brother of the late Lord Mayor, Sir J. W. Ellis.

The Prince of Wales has given up his proposed trip to the Riviera in consequence of his numerous engagements at home. The Prince and Princess will, however, make some stay in Paris in April, both on their way to Darmstadt and also on their return journey.

The Prince is expected to visit Plymouth shortly in order to open the new buildings of the South Devon and East Cornwall Hospital. During his stay his Royal Highness will be the guest of the Earl of Mount-Edgcumbe.

Marlborough House opened its doors last week for the Duty dinner which the Prince and Princess of Wales always give the week after Parliament opens, and which was attended, as usual, by Ministers, Ambassadors, and other grave and reverend personages. The Duchess of Bedford's party on the same evening was well attended.

The Grand Duke Alexis of Russia is coming to England in May, on a visit to the Duchess of Edinburgh. The Grand Duke is High Admiral of the Russian Navy, and the real object of his expedition to this country is to inspect our dockyards and Government factories, and to make himself acquainted with all the latest improvements and novelties.

A memorial has been forwarded by the Town Council of Portsmouth to Lord Hartington, begging that Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar's term as Commander of the Southern District may be extended. The request is absurd and unreasonable, as the Prince's term (which expires March 31) has already been twice prolonged, and, however efficient and popular an officer he may be, it is manifestly unfair to those who might hope to succeed him, to grant him any such exceptional favour as is now asked.

The Prince and Princess and Maria Marchioness of Ailesbury (who has been staying with them at Government House) received a "dine and sleep" invitation to Osborne last week. The Prince will take a lengthened term of leave of absence when he quits Portsmouth.

The Princess of Waldeck-Pyrmont is expected to arrive at Claremont shortly from Arolsen, on a visit to the Duke and Duchess of Albany.

Prince Leopold of Bavaria's Alpine villa was broken into the otber day, and the whole of his collection of stags' antlers was stolen. It was supposed to be the

finest in Europe, and included a number of very rare specimens. There were ninety sets, all elaborately mounted. It is difficult to understand the object of the thieves in taking away such things, as the most valuable of them can easily be identified.

The first State Ball of the season was given last week at Dublin Castle, more than one thousand guests being present. The entire suite of reception-rooms was thrown open and handsomely decorated for the occasion. Dancing was in two rooms—a fact which (chaperons not having the gift of Sir Boyle Roche's bird) lent some extra difficulty to the task of chaperonage, but did not seem to interfere with the happiness of the dancers. Lord and Lady Spencer, with a Viceregal party and a large suite in attendance, entered the St. Patrick's Hall, as usual, "processionally," when all the guests were assembled. The banqueting-room of the Celtic Knights does not often present a prettier or livelier scene. The costumes were, generally speaking, charming, like a goodly number of their fair wearers. Lady Spencer wore grey, Lady Mary Trefusis was in black. The Hon. E. Paget's costume was lilac of a delicate shade. Many pretty frocks were of grey or pink, or both colours blended together. A white dress was trimmed with maize ostrich feathers, which looked effective with the wearer's large feather fan to match.

A Levée and Drawing-room will be held at Dublin Castle, on the 19th and 20th inst. respectively. Two charming brides are to be presented on Wednesday evening—Lady Kildare and Lady Fingall.

A scare now and again, attended by a doubling of guards and a fresh influx of detectives, is the only sign of troublous times in Dublin. Society is going its old way, and the season is in full swing. On Friday, Mr. E. Jenkinson, C.B., entertained the elect of society at a ball in his residence in Fitzwilliam-square, dancing being kept up until a late hour. Next week the Chief Baron and Mrs. Palles entertain Lord and Lady Spencer at dinner, a large party being invited to meet them.

The Danish Minister and Madame de Falbe have arrived in Grosvenor-square from Luton Hoo, where they have been staying since they returned from Cannes, and "Society" earnestly hopes that the doors of that hospitable house will shortly be opened for some "function" which will be lively enough to relieve the general dulness and depression.

On Saturday Lady Stanhope and Lady Hayter gave official parties, which were not particularly lively gatherings. In fact, the *salon* is dead in London—at least in the sense of Lady Palmerston's day.

Lord Houghton leaves London this week for Cairo, where he intends to spend three or four weeks.

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Lord and Lady Carnarvon have left Paris for the Riviera, on their way to Genoa, whence they go to Santa Margherita, on the Eastern Riviera, near Rapallo, where Lord Carnarvon is building a villa on a range of wooded hills, from which there is a magnificent view of the whole Gulf of Genoa. They will remain in Italy till the beginning of April.

Mr. Edward Marjoribanks, M.P., and Lady Fanny Marjoribanks will leave Dunse Castle in May, when their lease expires. They intend to remove to another place in Berwickshire, Ninewells, near Chernside, which they have taken for a term of years.

Lord and Lady Exeter are staying at Burghley with a small family party.

The Duke of Rutland is recovering from his recent attack of gout, which was a very severe one; but he is still confined to his rooms at Belvoir, and was quite unable to come to London last week, in order to vote for Lord Salisbury's empty and useless motion of Censure.

Lord Vivian has been seriously ill at Biarritz, where he arrived about a fortnight ago from Pau. The last accounts are more favourable, but his condition excites much anxiety.

Lord Hastings and his brother, the Hon. H. Astley, returned last week from a short visit to Madeira.

Mr. G. W. Bentinck, whose failing health has led to his retirement from Parliament, had long been one of the most respected and most popular members of the House of Commons, and his disappearance from his seat below the Gangway, is regretted by men of all parties. "Big Ben" was almost the last representative of honest and sturdy Toryism. He was one of the very few Conservative members who had the courage to ignore Mr. Disraeli, whose leadership he disliked and suspected, quite as heartily as did General Peel, and also Lord Salisbury in his unregenerate days. Mr. Bentinck never concealed his preference for Lord Palmerston, and it was entirely through the machinations of the wire-pullers of the Tory "caucus" that he found it expedient to resign his seat for Norfolk in 1865. If Mr. Bentinck had sat in the Reform Parliament, a Tory cave might have been formed, and serious results might have followed. He returned to the House in 1871, and might have kept his seat till the end of his life. For many years the mismanagement of the Navy was Mr. Bentinck's great topic, and he denounced the Duke of Somerset and Sir John Pakington with equal zeal. He is one of the oldest members of the R.Y.S., and has long been as popular at Cowes as he was at St. Stephen's.

Sanitary Inspection.—Fee, 2 Guineas. Improvement works undertaken. The Sanitary Engineering Co., 115, Victoria-st., Westminster.

Edmund relates how Mr. Hayward once wrote to him deprecating the description of himself as a professional diner-out, and he added, "as for the quality of the dinner, I am almost indifferent." This will amuse people who have met Mr. Hayward dining-out in London, or who have stayed with him in country-houses. So far from being indifferent, he was, as a rule, a most exacting critic both of the conception and of the execution of a dinner; and if the *menu* did not please him, or if the dishes were not to his taste, he was apt to express his dissatisfaction very loudly. Once at Dudbrook, Lady Waldegrave was quite angry with him because he amused the company at the dinner-table with vivacious criticisms on her cook's performances, and on the evident lack of supervision in the kitchen. "The same soup three days running, and what filthy stuff it is!"

Still they talk of Lord Garmoyle, and look forward with malicious pleasure to the reading of his Lordship's letters in court. What the verdict of the jury will be is, of course, still in the womb of the future. Lord Garmoyle has, I believe, £2,000 per annum of his own, and if he gets off with the loss of one-half of this, he will have to esteem himself fortunate. The funniest stories are current about Miss Fortescue's behaviour in the bosom of the Cairns household. They say that she would insist on addressing the ex-Lord Chancellor as "old chappie"; that she opened her eyes with surprise when Lady Cairns presented her with a Bible, as though she were a heathen; that she broke forth into the words of a music-hall song when a curate was playing a hymn tune on the piano; that she came down to breakfast with her hair down and in a pinafore; and that she generally opera bouffed the serious family into which she was introduced. All these tales are probably inventions neither *vero* nor *ben trovato*. I believe it is admitted that she had been engaged to an accountant before she accepted Lord Garmoyle, but I hardly see how this is any palliation of the conduct of the latter. Because a girl gives up a suitor, there is no reason why she should be thrown over by a jilter.

I am asked to say that a dramatic performance will take place on the evening of March 4 at St. George's Hall for the benefit of a destitute widow and her children, at which her Highness the Princess Helen Rhandir Singh, Miss Sheridan, and other amateurs will appear.

The papers, in reporting the ceremony which took place at Plymouth last Friday, when a statue to Sir Francis Drake was unveiled by Lady Eliott-Drake, of Nutwell, describe that lady as a descendant of the great Admiral. Nothing can be more absurd, for Sir Francis left no issue. Lady Drake's husband traces from the families of Eliott, Fuller, and Trayton, and has only a remote connection with Drake's through Thomas, the brother of Sir Francis, who was known in his day as "a man not over wise." There are, however, some very interesting relics of the great Sir Francis at Nutwell Court; and the owner of that charming place is, no doubt, the representative of the old Drake stock; but that is a very different thing from being descended from the hero of the family. The statue has been placed on the spot where Sir Francis was playing bowls when the Armada came in sight.

The people of Brighton have decided—somewhat tardily, surely—to place a suitable inscription on Chantrey's statue of George IV., which stands in the Old Steyne. If they consult the first volume of Mr. Greville's "Journal" they will find George the Magnificent therein described as "a most contemptible, cowardly, selfish, unfeeling dog," while "the littleness of his character prevents his displaying the dangerous faults that belong to great minds; but with vices and weaknesses of the lowest and most contemptible order it would be difficult to find a disposition more abundantly furnished." As to his Court, "a more despicable scene cannot be exhibited than that which it presents—every base, low, and unmanly propensity, with selfishness, avarice, and a life of petty intrigue and mystery."

Mr. Greville adds some general remarks on Royal personages, which are profoundly true:—

"Princes have only to behave with common decency and prudence, and they are sure to be popular, for there is a great and general disposition to pay court to them. I do not know anybody who is proof against their seductions when they think fit to use them in the shape of civility and condescension. The great consolation in all this is the proof that, so far from deriving happiness from their grandeur, they are among the most miserable of all mankind. The contrast between their apparent authority and the contradiction which they practically meet with, must be peculiarly galling, more especially to men whose minds are seldom regulated, as other men's are, by the beneficial discipline of education and early collision with their equals. Take them one with another, they are of an inferior character."

Nobody can fairly accuse the English aristocracy of lack of enterprise. They seem to be embarking in every species of commercial undertaking. The American papers announce that Lord Aylesford has purchased a large bar-room at Big Springs, Texas, and they predict that it will be a profitable speculation "to run a lordly saloon."

Sir Richard Glyn's long and successful Mastership of the Blackmoor Vale Hunt terminates at the close of the season, to the infinite regret of all classes in the county. As a sort of farewell *fête*, a grand ball is to be given at Leweston on Friday, to which several hundreds of invitations have been sent out, and all the houses in the neighbourhood of Sherborne will be full for it.

Mr. Forbes, of Callendar, has intimated his intention of resigning the Mastership of the Kildare Hunt at the close of the season—a decision which is greatly regretted throughout the county.

Lord Yarborough is still unable from illness to take his place in the hunting-field as Master of the Brocklesby Hounds. During his absence, Lady Yarborough has been out regularly, and has ably sustained the reputation of the family.

Rowland's Macassar Oil contains no lead, or mineral ingredients; sold in golden colour for fair-haired children and people.

There is no foundation whatever for the widely-circulated report that the Prince of Wales has offered £5,000 for Mohican, the favourite for the Grand National Steeplechase. The whole story is pure fiction, for the Prince has never expressed any desire to buy Mohican, and will be quite satisfied to be represented in the Grand National by The Scot.

Mr. Houldsworth, of Coltness, has decided to sell his valuable stud of Clydesdale and half-bred horses, in consequence of his having let the Home Farm. The Clydesdales are a particularly choice lot, and include the noted sire Baron Renfrew, and among the mares are representatives of all the best strains. No doubt most of the stud will go across the Atlantic, as there is a great demand for pedigree Clydesdales both in the United States and in Canada.

The well-known St. Bernard dog, Rector, which was recently sold at Leeds for £250 to go to America, has just been resold in New York for £800.

Salmon-fishing on the Aberdeenshire Dee opened last week, and the prospects of sport are excellent, as the river is swarming with salmon, even up to Linn of Dee, above Braemar, where fish are seldom seen so early in the season. The Balmoral water was fished, and two salmon which were killed were dispatched to the Queen at Osborne.

The herring, mussel, and sardine fisheries in France are of more importance than is generally taken into consideration. For instance, the money value of the herring harvests of the four years ending 1882 was 34,771,000 f. The sardine fishery ranks at half the value of the herring, and has fallen off very sensibly of late years. Comparing the published statistics, I find that whereas in 1820 the number of fish taken was 628,478,248, in the last report, viz, for 1881, it had come down to 372,940,031. The cultivation of mussels has been a notable feature in French industry. Its total value comes up to no less than 1,822,610 f.

I see it is announced that Mr. Mackenzie has given leave for about an acre of land to be cut off from Poplar Point, in order that the course at Henley Regatta may be made straight. This is presumably good news for amateur oarsmen, whose chance of success at the regatta will now no longer depend upon their good luck in securing the choice of stations; but operations of this nature must be looked upon with grave suspicion by those who care to preserve the beauty of the Thames unimpaired. The river is not meant for the exclusive benefit of the competitors at Henley, who form an extremely small proportion of the boating world, and long straight reaches, however suitable for racing purposes, are extremely fatiguing and monotonous to those who take their pleasure after a more leisurely fashion. Almost every recent alteration of the river has tended to destroy some natural beauty, and it really seems time to protest before the Thames is reduced to the unredeemed ugliness of a canal.

Yet another ingenious method of swindling at baccarat has been invented. At a certain fashionable French watering-place, where baccarat was much in vogue, it was noticed that an individual who wore a formidable pair of blue spectacles invariably won heavily whenever he took the bank. His luck was phenomenal, and excited suspicion, but nothing was discovered. One day, however, he happened to drop a card, and a bystander, on stooping to pick it up, was astonished to notice certain luminous spots on its back which shone in the darkness under the table. On examining the card, he found that the spots were particles of phosphorus, and corresponded in number with its face value. It then became apparent that the astute banker, thanks to his darkened spectacles, was enabled to know the exact value of every card he dealt. *Verbum sap.*

The Russian police, like other police authorities, have not much sense of humour. They take a sad view of life, which to outsiders is also sometimes a funny one. A friend of mine assures me that a professor of English, long resident in St. Petersburg, published a class-book of extracts from favourite English authors, amongst them a quotation from Hamlet. It was immediately suppressed by the police; and the Professor himself ran the risk of a political arrest. Why? Because Hamlet was thought dangerous to political morality.

However, it is just as well that Mr. Irving should know this. He might be tempted to act at St. Petersburg, and I am sure we none of us wish to hear of him expiating his crime in Siberia, although we may not approve of his Hamlet on other grounds. However, soon after snubbing the English teacher of languages, the Russian police outdid even this folly. A French teacher published a class-book, in which he spoke rhetorically—too rhetorically—of the "majesty of nature." The book was instantly suppressed, as containing a direct infringement of the Imperial title! As Mrs. Gamp remarked, "Some is Rooshuns." Truly some is.

The German Governments are really becoming extravagantly paternal in their notions. The Würtemburg Minister of the Interior has issued an order instructing the police authorities that nobody under sixteen is to be allowed to dance in places of public amusement, and the only exception to this rule is in the case of wedding *fêtes*, and then only when the social position of the givers of the dance offers "a moral guarantee." In Saxony it has been ordered that in future no female singer under twenty-one years of age, and no actress or dancer (whether native or foreigner) under seventeen, will be allowed to appear in any place of amusement.

Woods' Hotel (within Furnival's Inn, Holborn, E.C.) has been considerably modernised and improved. Families and Gentlemen will find in this Hotel *home comforts.*

Vanity Fair says:—"Mr. Benjamin is still the Prince of Ulster and Stalking-Coat Makers." Ulster House, Conduit-street, W.

Meissonier is painting a large picture, which represents Francis I. and the Chevalier Bayard in the midst of a gorgeous company. I hear, by the way, that there is "a hitch" about the loan of the Queen's picture, "La Rixe," to the gallery of Meissonier's works, which is to be opened in Paris in the spring.

A good many connoisseurs went from England, Belgium, and even Spain, to be present at the sale of the Marquis d'Osmond's celebrated Sèvres collection. The gem was a pair of vases with Boucher's compositions. They sold for three thousand four hundred pounds. The sale of the whole collection produced seventeen thousand pounds.

The large picture of "The Holy Family," described as Raphael's, which has lately been on view at the National Gallery, has experienced numerous vicissitudes. It was brought from Italy about 1750 by the first Lord Scarsdale, and for more than seventy years it hung in the gallery at Kedleston. Sixty years ago, the second Lord Scarsdale presented it to his daughter, Mrs. Beaumont, of Barrow Hall, and ten years later, when she sold her collection, in consequence of her having resolved to devote herself to a religious life, it passed into the possession of Mr. Tate, the eminent engineer, who paid £800 for it. The picture has been quite lost sight of for the last thirty years.

Mr. Laurence Barrett has had to explain in America that he never said that he had, when in England, been the intimate friend of the Prince of Wales, and that the Princess of Wales had fallen in love with him. What Mr. Barrett may be as an actor I only know by repute, for I never saw him in this capacity, but I knew him when he was in England, and a more quiet, unassuming gentleman I never had the pleasure to meet.

Messrs. Herman and Jones's new piece, to be produced by Mr. Edgar Bruce at the Prince's Theatre, is a very free adaptation, by Ibsen's special permission, of "Nora." The English version will most probably be entitled "Breaking a Butterfly."

The false nose which in "Paw Clawdian" so greatly aids Mr. Toole in his caricature of Mr. Wilson Barrett, was modelled by Mr. Richard Belt. It certainly shows "artistic merit"—of a sort. It is a pity that instead of Mr. Belt doing a bust in court at the recent trial, he did not show his talent by making Mr. Charles Russell up as Sir Hardinge Giffard, and, say, Sir Hardinge Giffard as Mr. Gladstone. He might then have called the latter as a witness that the resemblance showed a "clever impersonation."

The case of Harley *v.* Henderson raises the question whether a singer can himself tell when he is singing false. Witnesses stated that even the best artists occasionally sing false. The real fact is, that an artist, if he has a correct ear, can always tell when he sings off the key. The best of artists will sing flat when physically ill, and sharp when overworked with rehearsals. Mr. Harley seems to know as little about "intervals" as the counsel who examined him. "Is singing wrong intervals," asked Mr. Crump, "singing out of tune?" "If the instrument accompanying me," replied Mr. Harley, "is playing B flat and I sing B natural, then I am singing a wrong interval." An interval is the difference in the octave between the tones, and has nothing to do with time or measure. Mr. Harley might be singing B natural and the band be playing B flat; he would be out of tune, but not necessarily out of time.

I am glad to see that the Local Sunday Society is carrying on a vigorous campaign in Glasgow, which is a very stronghold of narrow-minded Sabbatarianism. A concert is given every Sunday in the Victoria Hall, and the entertainments have so far been most successful, the hall being crowded and hundreds of people being unable to obtain admission. It is needless to say that these proceedings are viewed with the strongest disapproval by the various Glasgow Presbyteries, whose members are holding meetings at which they rave against the horrible profanation of the Sabbath, and threaten its authors with every variety of Divine and human vengeance. Such, in fact, is the perturbation of the "unco' guid" at this outrage upon their prejudices, that for the moment the dreadful sins of bathing or going by train on Sunday have become almost trivial in their eyes by the mere force of comparison.

The clergy and laity of the Diocese of Worcester are about to present Bishop Philpott with his portrait, which will be placed in the gallery at Hartlebury. Mr. Ouless has been commissioned to paint the picture.

The story repeated in the *World* last week, that the Duke of Westminster pressed the appointment to Chester of Canon Fleming on Mr. Gladstone, is pure fiction. I have reason to believe that the second name sent in to the Queen was that of a popular and successful "head" at Oxford, who, however, is comparatively a young man and can afford to wait.

Mr. Gladstone's last two appointments to bishoprics are hardly equally happy. The election of the Head Master of Winchester for the new see of Southwell is an excellent one, for Dr. Ridding is a man of great force of character, and well versed in practical business; but no one can pretend that Dr. Stubbs is marked out by natural aptitude for a bishop, and his pre-eminence as an historian is so unquestioned that there is no reason for crediting him with other qualities which he does not possess. Indeed, I observe that his appointment has mostly been praised

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because the Bishopric of Chester is an easy one, and leaves its holder free to pursue private studies. The truth is, that Dr. Stubbs is the very incarnation of the reserved and retiring student, and granting that his knowledge of ecclesiastical history deserved ecclesiastical preferment, I should say that he was just in the right place as a Canon of St. Paul's.

However, Mr. Gladstone will now have the chance of strengthening the preaching element at St. Paul's. The metropolitan Cathedral is, from this point of view, very much what the Americans would call a one-horse concern, for although Dean Church's sermons are excellent in matter, they are very few in number.

Another valuable post vacated by Dr. Stubbs's appointment is the Regius Professorship of Modern History at Oxford. Every one is agreed that the choice lies between Mr. Freeman and Mr. S. R. Gardiner, and the selection of either would be unexceptionable.

If Dr. Ridding shows himself as good an organiser at Southwell as he has done at Winchester, he will amply justify his selection. In his ten years' Head-Mastership he has completely reformed, or rather re-created, Winchester. One of his first acts entailed a considerable loss of income to himself. It was to substitute Masters' houses of 35 boys apiece for the old Head Master's house of 100 boys, a substitution which might almost be described as a substitution of civilisation for barbarism. He has given the school at his own expense a new cricket-ground, larger and better lighted than the playing-fields at Eton, a racquet-court, and a gymnasium. He has modernised the teaching on the classical side, relegating the Chinese puzzle of composing Latin verse to a subordinate place, and bringing history to the front. He has instituted a modern side, and has introduced science and natural history, and greatly enlarged and improved the mathematical staff. The spirit which he has infused into masters and boys is amply evidenced by the successes of Wykehamists at the Universities and elsewhere, and by the reputation of the school.

The Head-Mastership of Winchester is one of the big prizes of the scholastic profession. It may be taken for granted that a governing body of which Lord Selborne is the moving spirit will not use its new power of appointing a layman; and it is probable that a Wykehamist will be preferred to an outsider. These considerations make it likely that the choice will fall on the Rev. W. A. Fearon, who was for many years Master of the Lower Sixth under Dr. Ridding, and was lately appointed Head Master of the Durham Collegiate School. If, however, Mr. Wickham cared to exchange Wellington for Winchester, he would, no doubt, have the best chance of being elected.

The Pall Mall autocrats have at last been awakened to the many incongruities in the regulations by which the different departments of the Army are governed. Representatives of all departments have been formed into a Standing Committee for the discussion and settlement upon some common basis of the principles of departmental administration. The idea is an excellent one, and should be productive of most desirable results. It is a gross anomaly that officers in one department should find themselves oppressed by rules or traditions from which another is entirely free. The subordination of private interests to public necessities is a principle of which no officer will lightly complain; but when the degree of inconvenience is regulated not so much by public necessities as by departmental traditions, there is a substantial grievance created, which some common system of administration will go a long way to remove.

Although published a year in advance, the new regulations for admission to the Army have been issued none too soon. The examination for admission to Sandhurst has very rightly been increased in severity. The principal change in the scale of marks consists in the increased value that is given to modern languages. At present, French and German count only 2,000 each, while Latin is accorded 3,000; but, under the new *régime*, each of these languages are put at 3,000 marks. Thus, a candidate for Sandhurst must be proficient in French and German, supplemented by Latin or mathematics, and he can only qualify with one of the modern languages by taking up both English composition (tested by the power of writing an essay, letter, or *précis*), and drawing (free-hand and geometrical), which are otherwise alternative.

The Staff College was established some years ago to train officers for the Staff of the Army. Last year, the sum of £8,800 was paid out of the taxpayers' pockets towards its maintenance. I believe the Institution is an excellent one, and I do not, therefore, grudge the amount which it costs; but I think the country has a right to look for an equivalent for the outlay. Now, the most successful students at the college are officers of the Scientific Corps. The Duke of Cambridge, however, for certain reasons of his own, does not consider these officers eligible for army commands and appointments at home. Consequently, the country loses the benefit of the services of these officers after paying for their training.

His Royal Highness considers that officers of the Scientific Corps have sufficient departmental appointments of their own, without encroaching on the "rights" of the Cavalry and Line. Now, the only "right" which an officer has to an appointment in the service of his country is his fitness for the work which he is paid to do. If Engineer and Artillery officers prove themselves at the Staff College to be more fit for employment than their brethren of the Infantry, they ought not to be passed over. The country

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wishes to secure the services of the very best men available for the money which it pays them. It does not care who they are or what Corps they belong to.

I am not concerned to advocate the claims of Artillery, or Engineer, or any other officers. These gentlemen are well able to take care of themselves. In their clubs in London, in their mess-rooms at Woolwich and Chatham, and through their representatives in the Press, they lose no opportunity of ventilating their grievances. With these grievances I have nothing to do. The efficiency of the public service is the only question with which I am concerned. Is it, or is it not, therefore desirable, in the interests of the service, that the Scientific Corps should be represented on the staff of the army?

The Channel Squadron was to have left the Mediterranean next week, on a cruise to Madeira and Lisbon, but the Duke of Edinburgh has now been ordered to stay where he is, in order that Lord John Hay's fleet may be at liberty to proceed to Egypt. The affected indignation with which Mr. Campbell-Bannerman "repelled" the report that the Duke was to be sent to the Red Sea was foolish and absurd, for after the ridiculous and scandalous manner in which the Ministry has persisted in favouring the Duke of Edinburgh and the Duke of Connaught, at the expense of many of their hard-working seniors, it would not have caused the least surprise if it had been announced that H.R.H. was to supersede Sir William Hewett. I need hardly add that the report excited universal indignation not only among Radicals, but also among Tories.

Those irresponsible tribunals, Naval Courts-Martial, appear utterly unable to temper "justice with mercy." Last Wednesday a Court-Martial was held on board H.M.S. *Victory* upon able-seaman William Colliston, for striking his superior officer, ship's-corporal Wolfe. The prisoner pleaded guilty and begged the Court to give him another chance. His certificates were excellent, the only thing against him being that he had once been sentenced to ten days' cells. The Court, however, sent him to prison for nine months with hard labour. Surely, "My Lords" might reconsider the case of this man, many of whose certificates were endorsed "conduct exemplary."

The case of the Attorney-General *v.* the Newport Harbour Commissioners is an excellent instance of that extraordinary incapacity for distinguishing between *meum* and *tuum*, which is so common a disease amongst directors and individuals to whose care other people's money is entrusted. The Commissioners, it appeared, had accumulated several thousand pounds, and instead of devoting the sum to the reduction of harbour dues, they invested it, and proceeded to dispose of the income on their own gratification. They spent £300 on buying portraits of their chairman and vice-chairman wherewith to adorn the Board-room; they bought a steam-launch in which they took trips, and on one occasion they chartered a steamer for £25 and went sixty miles to Ilfracombe, spending £96 on wines and refreshments on the journey. This was a little more than the local shipowners could stand, and the result of the action has been that the Commissioners will have to pay the bill for the portraits, drinks, and other little luxuries themselves. This is, of course, consonant both with justice and common sense, and I cannot help thinking that certain railway shareholders would do well to take the hint, and endeavour to recover some of the money which their chairman has expended on treating his friends to champagne lunches and such-like entertainments. Those Companies also whose destinies are ruled by Mr. John Pender might with equal advantage institute an inquiry into the cost and legality of the yachting trips which that great man annually enjoys at their expense.

Dr. Price, the Welsh Druid, has just experienced a very striking proof of the shifting character of the *popularis aura*. He cremated his child, as it appears he had a perfect right to do, and was very nearly lynched by an infuriated and idiotic mob. When, however, he was tried for the offence at the Cardiff Assizes, he was promptly acquitted, and, on leaving the court, was tremendously cheered by a large crowd! What objection can be made to cremation is more than I, or I should hope than any sensible person, can comprehend. I am very glad that this silly prosecution has failed, and I hope that before long the man who cremates a corpse in a decent manner, instead of burying it, will be regarded as a public benefactor.

The late Mr. Justice Byles always took his notes of evidence in shorthand, and he was therefore enabled to get through cases with most exceptional rapidity. At Bristol Assizes, a few years before his retirement, he was once quite floored by his own hieroglyphics, and after a delay of some minutes he turned for aid to the reporters' box. "Can you gentlemen kindly assist me with a word here? I have not put in the vowels, and what I have got in my book looks as if the witness had said, 'Go and call the baby.'" It turned out that the witness had been referring to a policeman, which the Judge had rendered "bobby."

Alexander Tapp, aged twelve, was driving a horse and trolly in Bromley the other day, when another little boy ran off the pavement, and was run over by Tapp's trolly and killed on the spot. The driver Tapp, being so small, observed nothing of this, and was quite unaware that he had run over "anything." Mr. Lushington therefore said that, as far as he could see, Tapp was not in fault at all. Perhaps not. But who was responsible for allowing the child to be in sole charge of the "horse and trolly"?

Further scandalous disclosures have been made about pauper burials at Liverpool. It seems to have been no uncommon thing for the friends of a deceased pauper to remove his body for the purpose of drawing any insurance money that happened to be due to him, to indulge in the pleasant festivities of a "wake" with the proceeds, and then to leave the ceremony of burial to the parish. Cases are

mentioned in which, by this process, as much as twelve pounds has been realised on a pauper corpse for purposes of conviviality, and the body has been returned to the parish after four or five days' interval. It does not say much for Liverpool workhouse management that this system can have been carried on for so long a time without detection.

The Master of the Rolls has most properly severely censured "General" Booth for his conduct in regard to the Eagle Tavern. The "General" purchased a lease of a house with a covenant to keep it up as a public-house, and then set to work to destroy the value of the house as a public-house. His defence seems to have been that his motives were good. This higher law view of the "General's" rights over property did not recommend itself to the Master of the Rolls, and the "General" finds himself out of pocket by several thousand pounds. This loss will, of course, have to be borne by the treasury of the Salvation Army, or in other words, the "General," having by his folly—to use a mild term—incurred a loss of a large sum of money, will decree that his followers are to pay it. Surely this will convince all Salvationists of common sense that their funds ought to be in the hands of trustees, and not in those of the "General," who claims to spend them as he pleases, and to furnish no accounts which are intelligible of his expenditure.

A correspondent writes:—

Here is a story of a high-handed police outrage which deserves notice. A respectable working-man of my acquaintance left work in London a week or two ago and went to stay with a brother at Tunbridge. A night or two after his arrival, as he was going home, two men in plain clothes sprang on him in the dark and seized him with a cry of "We want you." After a struggle, in which he managed to knock one or both of them down, he found himself handcuffed. This was the first intimation he got that he was being assaulted in the name of the law. No explanation was given. The man was refused leave to send a message to his friends, and was removed by rail to Tunbridge Wells. Here he was charged with being concerned in a recent robbery, and he was locked up for the night. The next day he was brought up before the magistrate at Tunbridge Wells. An apparently intelligent witness swore to his identity with the man who committed the robbery. He was, however, remanded under bail. At the next hearing he proved a conclusive *alibi*. He then very justly protested against the indignity with which he had been treated, and the loss of time and expense which he had incurred. The Bench saw that there was some hardship in the case, and, in a burst of magisterial generosity, the man was privately presented with—half-a-crown!

In "Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper" there is an account of the manner in which tramps are treated in New Jersey, which I would recommend to our authorities:—

In the city of Trenton, the capital of the State, the police have taken hold of the matter. Up to a recent period an average of some thirty tramps have applied nightly for shelter at the police stations. They are examined, and if they are found to be other than professional tramps, they are furnished with one night's shelter and a breakfast, after which they must move on. If they return, or if they prove to be professionals, they are adjudged by the Police Justice to be disorderly persons, and are committed to the gaol at hard labour for a specified term. The term, "at hard labour," means just what it says, the tramp being set to work at breaking the hardest kind of stone, and left at it for eight hours. An Assistant-Warder of the County Gaol, being interviewed, said:—"We have had here at one time last winter as many as 129 vagrants, of whom at least 90 were professional tramps, but now we have got only 22. We set them to work as fast as we catch them, and this is frightening them away. The fellows who are incarcerated for petty offences, such as drunkenness and fighting, who belong about here, we put to sawing and splitting wood. But the regular tramps we set to breaking stones; when we began working them it almost broke their hearts. They were prepared for anything except that. The dungeon in total darkness day and night, with only bread and water to eat and drink, brought them to terms. A number of them held out for four days before they would agree to labour, and one chap endured the dungeon for seven days before he weakened. But they had to come to it, or they would be in the dungeon yet." Eight tramps came under our reporter's inspection. An iron ball weighing 18 lb., attached to a heavy chain 5 ft. long, was made fast to a shackle on each man's leg. Each iron ball had a handle to carry it when the wearer moved. The tramps worked under an open shed, breaking big chunks of Goat Hill stone, which is famous as the hardest stone in the State.

Would it not be well for our police authorities to lay hands on all the professional beggars in the streets, and subject them to this discipline?

Reuben May seems more than usually active just at present in touting for money. I observe that he is now attacking the "Charitable Organisation Society" on much the same grounds that a housebreaker would gladly attack Scotland-yard. Reuben has been for long in the black books of the Society, and any one who wishes to learn about him would do well to apply to the Society. His present procedure apparently is to endeavour to obtain contributions from ladies. A lady sends me the following letter, which she has received from him:—

Mission Hall, Great Arthur-street, Golden-lane, London, E.C.
Jan. 18, 1884.

Dear Madam,—I go to rest and get up with a heavy heart, surrounded as I am with distress and wretchedness, long days, seven days a week. I would that my faith was stronger. Yet I am cheered by the consolation that is given to others, and I am saved by the preaching of the word. I wish more of God's people could see their way clear and feel it their duty to help bear the burden in such matters, then there would not be the need there is to call upon those so often who do assist.

I am in most urgent need of about £65 to £70 to clear off last quarter's accounts, such as rent, &c.—a small sum compared to the great work we do. There is many a charity official who receives more for doing little or nothing, than our whole institution and work costs. I thank you for what you have done.—I am, yours truly,

Reuben May.

I don't remember of what colour the Belgian official tape is, but from the following story it must be at least as red as ours. It appears that at this moment the people of Grammene, between Deynze and Thielt, on the borders of Flandre Orientale, are dying like flies of small-pox. The district is very poor, and the local authorities at once applied to the Provincial Committee of Public Health for the necessary disinfectants and appliances. This respectable body, after a lengthened investigation, drew up a report to the effect that they entirely approved of the application, and in due course forwarded the papers for confirmation to the representatives of the Government, who applied for Governmental instructions to the Minister, who will, in due time, send an answer to the representatives, and so on back through the various official channels; by which time, no doubt, much expense and bother will be saved, as most of the good people of Grammene will probably be dead. This is at all events one of the most original applications of the great principles of "red tape" ever heard of; but though economical in some ways, I cannot recommend it to my own country. The lives of poor peasants may not be of much value, but still they are of some—in the opinion of English folk, at least.

I have been glancing through a work issued by the City Corporation with the motto, "Strike, but Hear." As an instance of the unfair attacks of the Press, it quotes a

Terms of Subscription.—Truth will be sent (on the day of publication), post-free, to any address in the United Kingdom, on the following terms:—Three months, 7s.; six months, 14s; twelve months, 28s.

paragraph from Truth, in which it is stated that the City is about to build a monster hotel at High Beech, in Epping Forest. What is the explanation? One certainly that, so far as I can see, admits the soft impeachment. The City bought a pot-house with six acres attached to it, and the Corporation, as "it is quite unsuited now to the public wants, have advertised it to be re-let for re-building as an hotel on a building lease. They have not cut off the six acres to let them for building purposes, but all is to go with the hotel as it did with the public-house." A hotel is worth very little except when near a station. This land would let for more if there were a station close by. Assuredly, then, the Corporation did support the High Beech Railroad scheme of last year from interested motives.

The book contains a vast number of statistical tables to show how usefully the City has expended its funds. Let us have one, stating clearly how much was expended during 1883 in festivities, and particularly how much by Chairmen of Committees in feeding themselves, the members of the Committees, and their friends.

I heartily sympathise with the "Anxious Father" who wrote to the *Times* a day or two ago to complain of the way in which geography is excluded from the subjects taught at the public schools. The Geographical Society, it appears, has been obliged to withdraw the prizes which it has hitherto offered, because the number of candidates is steadily decreasing. This is a great pity. The main object of education, some one has said, is to teach a man where he is in the world, and it is certain that few things are more useful than a knowledge of geography. But few things are less ignored in our schools, and it is not a little remarkable that the country which has most possessions in all parts of the world should be the one which knows the least of their whereabouts. The ordinary public schoolboy is generally entirely ignorant even of the geography of England, and I have often thought that Bradshaw would be an excellent substitute for Euclid. It would be quite as good as a piece of "mental gymnastics," and if intelligently taught, would be far more useful.

Last week at Portsmouth two members of the School Board met an assembly of the ratepayers, and proceeded to give them an account of their stewardship. This seems to be a new departure in the right direction. It is a pity that the members of the London School Board cannot be induced to come forward and satisfy the ratepayers of the metropolis in the same manner.

I publish the following letter with pleasure, as I think the Board School Children's Free Dinner Fund is a charity well deserving encouragement and support:—

44, Marlborough-hill, N.W., *Feb.* 13, 1884.

Dear Sir,—Could you possibly make it known, for the information of those of your readers who were so good as to send you subscriptions last year for the "Board School Children's Free Dinner Fund," that our first annual report is now ready. It contains our audited accounts, and I shall be happy to forward a copy to any one who may desire to see it. We now have five branches in operation, which are either wholly or in part supported by our fund, and, up to the time of the preparation of the report, had been able to give some 8,400 dinners. Of these branches two are situated at the East-end, one at Saffron-hill, one in the Strand, and the remaining one in the neighbourhood of Lisson-grove. As our balance in hand is largely pledged for sustaining these five dinner-table, and the amount of distress among the industrious poor, through want of employment, is at the present time well-nigh unprecedented, we should be thankful for any renewed support that the readers of Truth who approve of our movement might be disposed to give. We have no paid staff, so that all that is given, after certain trifling expenses for postage and stationery are defrayed, goes direct to the children.—Yours faithfully,

Henry E. Allen, *Treasurer*.

A prophet is not without honour, save in his own country. A proposal has been made, I see, in the Paris Town Council to call one of the new streets in the Quartier des Écoles after the name of "Darwin." Imagine a "Darwin-street" in London!

The French papers, by the way, publish a curious statistical table, one of the most striking items of which seems to me the gains of the dustmen. Your lucky dustman makes from £100 to £150 a year, which is pretty well, considering that his education for his special trade is of an inexpensive kind, and that he is not obliged to keep up an appearance—in the daytime, at least. Even the carriage he drives is not at his own expense. These gains are partly accounted for by the annual sales of refuse articles found in the gutters and bins. The sale of these off-scourings of social and domestic use realises the prodigious annual figure of £1,840,000. This is divided amongst the scavengers.

I should like to know what our dustmen earn. They are rather fonder of picking my pocket than picking up problematical treasures, or, in fact, anything else out of my dustbin. I may write and I may storm through many a hot summer's day, but the cook still looks out, and "she only saith, he cometh not." Perhaps in Paris the prospect of picking £1,840,000 out of the unsavoury mass makes the dustmen more regular in their attention.

The King of Italy drinks Italian wine in order to prove to the world that it is worth drinking. Good wine needs no bush and no King. Italian wine has a peculiar taste, which we do not like. It is not, therefore, probable that we shall drink it until this taste is altered. Can it be? I doubt it. It is dependent upon the soil. Bordeaux vines have been planted in Italy. The wine, however, produced from these grapes is Italian, not French. Rhine vines have been planted in Australia. The wine made from these grapes is too strong; it is Australian, not German.

The wine business has been undergoing a change lately. Most of the old-fashioned wine merchants are nearly ruined. They were people who understood very little about wine. They bought "brands" and sold them. It occurred to the owners of the brands, when the wine merchants had made these brands household words, to do

The Langham Hotel, Portland Place, W., redecorated throughout combines every modern improvement and luxury. Accommodates more than five hundred guests.

without intermediaries. The wine merchants have only their own folly to thank for this. Bordeaux has become a huge wine factory. It imports wine and exports it as claret. A wine merchant who understands his business has brokers who go to French villages. The brokers taste wine, and send home samples. The wine merchant tastes the samples; if he approves he gives an order, and only pays when he has made certain that the wine sent comes up to sample. There is so strict a police of public opinion and of competitors in every village, that it is known at once if a vine owner imports into the village one single cask of wine.

Sherry is going out. The only wines really largely consumed in England are claret and champagne. The Spaniards declined our proposal in regard to Spanish wines because we limited the reduction of duty to 30 proof. There is hardly any wine made in Spain which is less than 36 proof.

Last Wednesday, the Highland Railway ran a special train from Alness to Aberdeen, consisting of twenty-four waggons, laden entirely with whisky.

Any one who has correspondence with Australia will welcome the fact that special direction for Australian letters is no longer necessary, and that in all cases they will be forwarded weekly by the proper mail. It is one of the mysteries of post-office management why this was not done before, instead of keeping letters not specially addressed, for the monthly mail *viâ* San Francisco.

The following letter is interesting:—

Sir,—Your mention, in a recent "Entre Nous," of Mr. D'Israeli's "crib" from an article by M. Thiers on Marshal St. Cyr, which was the best bit in his (D'Israeli's) eulogy on the Duke of Wellington, recalls to my mind an epigram published at the time in, I think, the *Examiner*, and written by poor "Willie Adam" (the late William Patrick Adam), which will bear reproducing:—

> "In singing great Wellington's praise,
> Dizzy's grief and good faith well appear;
> For a great flood of "*Thiers*" he lets fall
> Which was *certainly* meant for *St. Cyr*."

Yours truly, Sunbury-on-Thames.

M. Clémenceau will not leave London without renewing his acquaintance with the great English Opportunist in Downing-street, for whom he entertains a great deal more respect than he does for the professors of the art across the Channel. M. Clémenceau has been working very hard since he came to London, and has seen a large number of representative men, besides being initiated into the mysteries of workhouse management, and listening to debates in the House of Commons. On Friday he will be present in the House of Lords to hear Lord Salisbury speak on the Homes of the Poor question. Meanwhile M. Clémenceau has charmed every one who has been invited to meet him by his powers of lively and interesting conversation.

Admiral Maxse, with whom M. Clémenceau is staying, has a wide acquaintance with French politics and politicians. In particular, he is one of the very few English men who took the trouble to inform himself about the real history of the Commune. In home politics Admiral Maxse is a staunch Radical, and I am glad to hear that he is likely to contest Plymouth at the next election.

The stories in the Tory papers about the continued ravages of foot-and-mouth disease are outrageous exaggerations. At the present time the total number of infected places throughout Great Britain is smaller than the number which existed in a single county a short time ago. The pest is steadily decreasing. I hope, however, that Ministers will press Lord Carlingford's Bill through Parliament as rapidly as possible, for their supposed apathy on the subject has certainly injured them in the counties.

Mr. Chaplin may be interested to learn that his motion to restrict the importation of foreign cattle is creating much concern among the Jewish fraternity. If the importation were prohibited, the Jews in London would have to depend for Kosher meat upon a dead meat supply, which, beside the uncertainty, would involve considerable loss upon the poor, who would not be able to purchase the offal, and the well-to-do Jews who are orthodox in their observances would have to pay "famine" prices for Kosher meat.

Mr. Farnan, an Irish tenant of the Marquis of Bath, has written to complain that a year or more ago the local agent suddenly "scattered broadcast over the estate" lawyers' letters demanding the rent then due, plus five shillings, the cost of the letter. The majority of the tenants were foolish enough to pay the whole amount demanded. Farnan, however, tendered his rent without the five shillings. The agent refused to accept this, and at once served him with process in an action to recover the amount of the first demand. Farnan, of course, won his action with costs, but not till after a year of trouble and inconvenience. As he intimates that the noble landlord himself is popularly supposed to be ignorant of the amount of petty annoyance with which his agent is chargeable, I hope the publicity given to this little piece of contemptible persecution will attract his lordship's active attention. I also hope that similar impudent attempts at extortion on the part of agents and solicitors who apply for amounts due, plus "five shillings the cost of the letter," will be treated as Mr. Farnan treated the one addressed to him.

I noticed a clever article in the *St. James's Gazette* one day last week on the decay of "Nervousness" in England, as shown by the remarkable indifference of the British public about the submission of the Merv Turcomans to Russia. The writer, of course, drew conclusions of his own; but it is extraordinary that the true moral should not be realised in other quarters, and that the complete disappearance of the Merv bogey should not suggest an attitude of incredulity about the Soudan bogey. For my own part, I shall certainly not feel any great fears about events in the Soudan "reverberating" throughout the East until I hear, at any rate, a rumbling from the fall of Merv.

I am not surprised at the Tory triumph in West Somerset. When Lord Kilcoursie was selected as Liberal candidate, it was pointed out in Truth that nothing could be more unreasonable than to expect that the party would be able to return a stranger (known only as "the beaten horse" at Taunton), when they had failed at the General Election with so strong a candidate as Mr. Acland, the son of one of the most popular landowners in the district.

The gross absurdity of attempting to ascertain the result of an election while the ballot is going on by means of cards and other devices, is proved by the fact that late on Friday night the Liberal Committee at Taunton announced to their friends that, after a careful calculation, they were able to state that Lord Kilcoursie had a majority on the gross poll of 176; while the Tories were equally confident that their man had won by 400. The contest in 1880 cost over £10,000, but the total outlay on last week's election is less than a fourth of that sum.

Sir Kenneth Mackenzie has refused to stand for the counties of Ross and Cromarty at the General Election, for the seat to be then vacated by the Hon. Alexander Matheson, but the Liberals have obtained an excellent substitute in Mr. R. C. Munro-Ferguson, of Raith and Novar, who is one of the most popular landlords in the county. The Tories have decided to bring forward Mr. Allan Mackenzie, of Kintail. The seat has been in undisputed possession of the Liberals for nearly forty years.

The Conservatives of Paisley seem to be of a contented disposition. The Liberal candidate won the election by 3,049 to 1,806, or not far short of 2 to 1. It was announced, however, in the *Times*, that "the Conservatives regard the result of the polling as highly satisfactory."

A significant and satisfactory feature about the elections of last week was that in Radical Paisley and Tory West Somerset alike, hard-working men well known in the constituency beat a lordly stranger. This double defeat of the lordlings goes to show that the arguments for retaining the House of Lords to prevent the Lords swamping the House of Commons is unfounded. The abolition of the House of Lords would probably lead to a very slight increase in the number of Lords in the Commons, while those who were there would be governed, as they are not governed now, by a sense of responsibility to the people.

Another sign which shows the way the wind is blowing is that the Tory candidate at Paisley (a son of the Duke of Abercorn, moreover) should have been so severely "heckled" about grants to Royalty that he was obliged to promise that, if returned to Parliament, he would not vote for allowances to any of the Queen's grandchildren. Lord Ernest Hamilton added, with evident sadness, that her Majesty's family "are certainly very prolific."

The pleasure-trip to British Columbia which the Marquis of Lorne took while he was Governor-General of Canada cost the Dominion the sum of 10,871 dollars.

Professor Tyndall evidently possesses a typical specimen of the "cross-bench mind," as satirised by Lord Granville. About two years ago the Professor proclaimed himself a Conservative, in good set terms, at a public meeting. A week or two back he described himself to the editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette* as not merely a Liberal, but a Liberal of longer standing than the Prime Minister. Being asked to reconcile these two statements, he takes the bull by the horns, nothing daunted, and answers that in his opinion "the truest Liberal is at the same time the truest Conservative." This is something like a scientific definition. Men have been Conservative first and Liberal afterwards, or *vice-versâ*; but very few before Professor Tyndall have contrived to be both at once.

The election of Lord Randolph Churchill as President of the Union of Conservative Associations, and the fact that his opponent was a representative man of the official Tories, is very important. It shows clearly that the rank and file of the party are in thorough disaccord with Sir Stafford Northcote and Lord Salisbury. This does not surprise me. Both are good enough men in their way; but if the right men, they are in the wrong place. Sir Stafford ought to be leading his party in the House of Lords, and Lord Salisbury ought to be the Opposition leader in the House of Commons. There is always likely to be a Tory party, and it would greatly conduce to the efficiency of business in the House of Commons were it thoroughly organised. On the front Opposition bench there really is no man who possesses the qualities requisite to lead. Some are clever, some are amiable, some are good administrators, and some are tolerable speakers. Not one of them, however, seems to have the Parliamentary instincts and the readiness to seize opportunities of Lord Randolph. *Timeo Danaos*, perhaps it will be said. But were I a Conservative I should, in the interests of my party, advocate the leadership of Lord Randolph. He lacks, perhaps, judgment in inaugurating a policy, but he understands far better than his nominal leaders the Opposition tactics. Between storming a fortress and defending a fortress there is a very wide difference. Lord Beaconsfield, for instance, was a master of the former arts; when, however, he got inside the fortress, he was most unquestionably a failure. A man may be an excellent politician when out of office, and yet a poor statesman when in office.

If a Conservative leader must be chosen from amongst the occupants of the Treasury bench, the choice would, so far as merit is concerned, lie between Sir Michael Hicks-Beach and Mr. Gibson.

Screens, with tea-cup shelf on each fold, from 21s. A large variety of screens in Japanese leather paper, needlework, stained glass, and hand-painted in all sizes and styles.—C. Hindley & Sons, 290 to 294, Oxford-street London

Rimmel's Perfumed Valentines, all choice and elegant. List on application.—96, Strand; 128, Regent-street, 24, Cornhill.

The Opposition had a good case against the Government, but they spoilt it. Any one reading the Egyptian Blue Books would come to the conclusion that if Lord Granville were sent with a portmanteau to Brighton, in a week he would turn up at Ramsgate, and in a fortnight his portmanteau would turn up at the Land's End. But the Opposition floundered. They never really tackled the Blue Books. By trying to cover too much ground, they failed to make any impression.

Mr. Gladstone's speeches and attitude have been satisfactory to those who desire the speedy evacuation of Egypt. There is no doubt that they may count upon the Prime Minister doing his best to carry out his and their views. I doubt if there is a man in England more anxious to withdraw, bag and baggage, than Mr. Gladstone. He feels that he is bound in honour to do so, and that were he to remain he would prove false to his entire life. I only hope that he will realise the fact that the country is entirely with him, and that if he finds any of his colleagues opposing him, the vast majority of Liberals will feel indebted to him, if he relegates them to a back bench and to the charms of private life. All the Jingo trash that appears in the newspapers, and which finds an echo in London Clubs, is merely a repetition of that which applauded the "Imperial instincts" of Lord Beaconsfield. Like Neptune, Mr. Gladstone reduced it to silence with a *quos ego*, and those who supported him then are ready to support him now. He is called self-sufficient; but it is a curious fact that he entirely under-estimates his personal strength in the constituencies. Whigs, Conservatives, Jingoes, and bondholders could not hold a candle to him.

Sir Charles Dilke made a good debating speech, but I was amused at his references to the slave trade, as an argument in favour of maintaining the rule of Egypt in Suakim and the other sea-ports of the Soudan. Whenever a Liberal, inclined to Toryism, is forced to the wall, he calls the inevitable nigger to his aid. Slaves are not shipped across to Arabia from the Soudan ports. The Red Sea is very narrow, the slaves are brought down to the coast, an Arab dhow lies off, and then ferries them across in a night. If we are to prevent this, it will not be by laying hold of the ports, but by having a few gunboats cruising about.

Any person who ventures to protest against Jingoism is regarded as a sort of pernicious idiot by the London Press. Special reasons are invariably given for wasting the taxpayers' money in soldiering, in expeditions, and in covert annexations. And yet if there is one thing more certain than another, it is that Jingoism only exists as a permanent factor in London, and that in all other parts of the country it is merely a temporary madness. What abuse was too strong for Mr. Gladstone when he took the field against Lord Beaconsfield's Jingoism? His windows were broken; and the London Press were divided in opinion whether he was mad or only wicked. And yet the General Election proved that his views, and not those of his opponents, commanded a majority.

SCRUTATOR.

"PERIL."

With so strong a company as that which Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft have collected at the Haymarket, a play must be bad indeed to fail. "Peril," however, is by no means a bad play. The first two acts are somewhat heavy and overloaded with trivial incidents: too much is made of the breakfast-table; Dr. Thornton is somewhat of a bore with his moral saws and fables; and the dialogue drags, for though much is said, very little is worth listening to. The interest commences with the end of the second act, and the two other acts are decidedly better than their predecessors. Mrs. Bernard Beere, as the heroine, would be perfect were not her delivery too hysterical in the impassioned scenes, and her gestures too monotonous in their studied grace. She is at her best in her first love scene with Bradford in the second act, and in her "peril" scene in the third act. I could not help thinking, whilst this latter was being played, what might have happened had the Captain persisted in his refusal to go on to the balcony, in order to elucidate the noise which the lady pretended that she heard in the garden. There is no nonsense about Mrs. Beere's feelings. Her dresses are superb. The first I thought somewhat too æsthetic, with its sash, its fringes, its frills, and its flounces. A lady with such a dress in a country house would be supposed to be wife of a pre-Raffaelite painter, who in her maidenhood had played a long course of cloudy fairies at pantomimes. In another act she has a brocaded satin dress of mermaid hue, with an entire loom of Mechlin lace hanging about it from sleeve to ankle, and a Watteau back. But why is it so fashioned as to give her a square waist? The Greek statues had, we know, square waists; but they do not play in modern drama, nor array themselves in modern dress. I suppose that a square-waisted woman has as good a right to be emotional as her round sister, but it decidedly destroys the illusion, as we are accustomed to associate strong feeling with suppressed ribs. Her most effective toilette is that of the third act. It is a dinner dress of flame-coloured tulle and satin. I could not quite make out its cut, for she looks a wavy mass of light and colour in it, but it certainly becomes her well.

Mr. Bancroft scored a success as the Doctor; in fact, Bancroft entirely disappears in the medical practitioner. These doctors are more appreciated in France than in England. They arrest the march of the piece by their disquisitions. Doctor Thornton, however, when he is not posing, is of use, for he is the *Deus ex machinâ* which keeps all the machinery of the piece together. Mr. Forbes-Robertson, too, plays the part of the husband exceedingly well, and with all the confiding credulity which is a characteristic trait in many of the c personages. He is very happy in the scene where his intimate friends suggest to him that his wife and the Captain are getting a little

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Princess's Theatre. — Every Evening, at 8, "Claudian." Preceded at 7 by "A Clerical Error."

Theatre Royal, Drury Lane.—Augustus Harris, Lessee and Manager. Every day at 1.45.; Every evening at 7.45. Cinderella.

too friendly, even for the kindest of hostesses and the most fever-stricken of guests. Mr. Eversfield, as Percy Grafton, a boy of fourteen or fifteen years old, is so very overcome by his first cigar, that he painfully reminded me of my own early experience with the seductive weed.

Why does not Mrs. Bancroft play the "Lesson" at the end of "Peril," instead of making it a *lever du rideau?*

"PAW CLAWDIAN."

This is an ingenious and clever parody in Mr. Burnand's happiest vein of humour. He has danced round the Princess's play, and given it a better advertisement than it would ever receive from the pictures of Mr. Wilson Barrett as a muscular archangel, with outstretched arms and a star on his forehead. A great deal of nonsense is talked about the want of reverence in burlesque writers. Why, irreverence is their stock-in-trade! What the caricaturist is to the fashionable portrait-painter, that the burlesque writer is to the dramatist. And why should not "Claudian" be burlesqued? What heresy is involved in the process? Inflated writers, however excellent their intention, have always been chaffed, and there is a comical side to the most serious situation ever devised. If well-deserving gentlemen in the interests of dramatic art write speeches "as tedious as twenty sermons," and bore their brethren, for the life of me I cannot see why they should not be laughed at. Everything has been burlesqued in its time, and the fittest subject has survived the ridicule. Serious drama and serious opera have been treated from time immemorial with scant ceremony by the audacious parodist. Robson has made past generations die with laughter over Shylock and Medea; Wright and Paul Bedford have played the fool as Norma and Adelgisa; Nelly Farren has danced as the little Faust; and Marie Wilton has beaten a showman's drum as Pierre Gringoire, the poet of the play called "Esmeralda"; but I do not on that account fling my Euripides, my Shakespeare, my Goethe, or my Victor Hugo into the fire with disgust. Great subjects, like great minds, smile at the Burnands of their period and pass on. The smaller minds, on the other hand, turn with gratitude to the comic writer for giving them a good laugh. Mr. Burnand has done this.

Claudian lends itself immediately to ridicule. The airs and graces of Mr. Wilson Barrett are comically reproduced in the extravagant attitudes of Mr. J. L. Toole. Miss Marie Linden positively photographs the tediously hysterical style of Miss Eastlake, Mr. E. D. Ward sings a comic song in the garb of a holy hermit as well as a comic song can be sung; Mr. Shelton is admirable as an Irish Henry Irving turned Tetrarch of a Byzantine province; and Miss Emily Thorne, as a portly slave girl, is funny without extravagance or offence. The value of the parody is that all the performers do funny things in a very serious fashion. Here it is where most modern burlesque fails, and creates sadness instead of hilarity. It is only by a miracle that your Terrys and Farrens are really funny when posing as the representatives of what is called burlesque-drama. They parody nothing, they laugh at nothing, and they have nothing to do but trade upon their own hard-worked personality. In "Clawdian," however, Mr. Toole and his companions have some legitimate opportunity for the exercise of their fun. They almost lose their own individuality in the boldness of the caricature. Written with excellent spirit, aided by some capital songs, never tedious, and not a minute too long, this burlesque may certainly be recommended as an aid to digestion. If playgoers cannot laugh at Mr. Toole as a Bithynian reprobate, clad in classical costume, with a Roman nose and the style of a music-hall singer; at Miss Linden, "the maiden with the towzled hair," dogging the footsteps of her abandoned "masher," and imploring him for a remnant of his accursed love; at Mr. Ward dancing fandangoes and singing ditties as a hermit of Cremorne; or at the Hibernian Tetrarch, or the comic earthquake, then the age is surely duller than it seems to be. Whether Claudian be enacted by Mr. Wilson Barrett or Mr. Toole, it is an amusing work. Some people can swallow physic without making a wry face. I admire their heroism. But why should we deny those who cannot do so the consoling sugar-plum?

"NELL GWYNNE."

It is all very well to abuse poor Mr. Farnie for writing a dull book purporting to be the history of the graceless orange-girl, but what opera book ever conceived could bear up against the infliction of three tenors? Your opera tenor, to my mind, is the greatest nuisance ever inflicted on a long-suffering public. He is self-conscious, affected, mincing, and tedious. No matter what character he acts, he is nothing in the world but a tenor in costume. He brings to the stage the silliness of his drawing-room tricks, and imparts, unnecessarily, the airs and graces of the platform. Be he Buckingham or Rochester, Falcon, the strolling player, a wandering minstrel, or a troubadour, his original sin of light-tenordom is only covered by the thinnest veneer. He will soon declare his individuality. A London detective might just as well pretend he was not a policeman in plain clothes as a tenor make believe he was an actor because he appeared in costume. Down he will come to the footlights, waving his arms and beating his breast, giving out his squeaky notes with a ridiculous flourish, and talking in a high falsetto. A tenor of opera, comic or uncomic, is not like anything on earth but a tenor. Mr. Farnie has burdened his new play with three of these gentlemen. One is called Dwyer, one Cadwaladr, and one Walsham. But they are all precisely alike, with no notion of assuming character, with no humour, no force of comedy, and no idea of doing anything but give out their songs just as they would behind a piano at an afternoon party. As the whole fun of Moncrieffe's old play of "Rochester" depends upon the efforts of these three gentlemen, it may be guessed what a dull business it is. The story is that two rakes from the Court of King Charles II. go down to a village inn in disguise to "play the devil" with the village lasses, and are there detected by their mistresses, also in disguise. It is not at

"Advice to Dyspeptics."—Symptoms of Dyspepsia, and Indigestion with special advice as to diet.—"This little pamphlet appeals *forcibly* to those who have allowed the palate to decide everything for them, and have paid the inevitable penalty of their folly."—*Globe.* Sent for one stamp. J. M. Richards, Publisher, 92, Great Russell-street, London.

Minton's China.—A visit to Messrs. Mortlock's extensive collection in Oxford-street and Orchard-street will conclusively prove the superiority of taste and lowness of price for which this house has been so celebrated during the last century and a half.

all a bad idea if understood, but a tenor can understand nothing but his top notes. His brains have been sacrificed to make his voice. The helpless tenor trio flounder through the opera and make a dreadful hash of it, as they could not fail to do. I am inclined to consider Mr. Farnie almost as overrated a stage-manager as Mr. Gilbert. The long experience of these gentlemen has taught them literally nothing of stage effect. The one can teach an army of silly-looking girls to do the "goose-step" in an aimless fashion. The other can drill young women to "flop" mechanically. But they know nothing of the stage. Had Mr. Farnie known his business, he would have promoted Mr. Lionel Brough and Mr. Arthur Roberts to the leading characters, he would have made his best comedians appear as Buckingham and Rochester, and then he might have got the same fun out of the story as Elliston did in the days of our fathers. But to attempt to squeeze humour out of an operatic tenor would require a severe surgical operation. Mr. Brough and Mr. Arthur Roberts do what they can with in different material. One is a kind of Paul Pry beadle, and the other a parsimonious pawnbroker; but the situations in which they are engaged are not amusing, and their fun is consequently forced. The time will come when Mr. Arthur Roberts will be recognised as one of our cleverest comedians. He has that best of all gifts, a comical face and a power of quaint expression. He makes people laugh instinctively—a rare gift, for your recognised low comedian is often the dullest of dull dogs. Mr. Roberts reminds me of the late James Rogers, who had only to come to the footlights and look at a Strand audience in order to make the people roar.

Where, then, is the success of "Nell Gwynne," if the tenors are weak and the low comedians are working against the grain? It is found in Nell Gwynne herself—Miss Florence St. John, who charms and continues to charm without effort. She smiles so sweetly, dresses so prettily, and assumes such a wonderfully innocent air, that she conquers even in her carelessness; for it must be admitted that a less earnest artist never won success. In her various disguises this captivating young person is always Miss Florence St. John, and she is clever enough to have discovered that this is exactly what her audience requires. She is not Nell Gwynne, or anything like her; she is not Lady Falbala, of the Court of King Charles; she is not Joan, the rustic dairymaid, nor Zaphet the Gipsy; she is merely the pretty Miss Florence St. John, whose portraits are so popular in the shop-windows; and she sings so sweetly and with such ease that she softly soothes an after-dinner audience. Miss Giulia Warwick is a good singer, and Miss Victoria Reynolds a funny little actress; but the not unwholesome crust of this newly-baked pie is made up of Lionel Brough and Arthur Roberts; the fruit is Florence St. John. As to the music, by Planquette, it is not so attractive to me as that in "Rip van Winkle."

Get a Bottle To-day of Perry Davis' Pain Killer.—It instantly relieves and cures severe scalds, burns, sprains, bruises, toothache, headache, pains in the side, joints, and limbs, all neuralgic and rheumatic pains. Taken internally cures at once coughs, sudden colds, cramp in stomach, colic, diarrhœa, and cholera infantum. Pain Killer is the great household medicine, and has stood the test of 50 years. Any chemist can supply it at 1/1½ and 2/9.

THE BARREL ORGAN.

Tune.—The Licence of Charity.

When women of wealth and of rank and repute
Forget what to woman's position is due,
Apologists, eager to censors refute,
Whilst owning the charge is undoubtedly true,
Go on to declare, though such women are fast
And flippant, and childish, and silly, and bold;
And though each Fancy Fête quite out-brazens the last
With doings more daring and still less controll'd—
We yet for such faults full allowance should make,
Because they're committed for Charity's Sake.

Well we, hitherto, let us frankly confess,
Have gladly accepted excuses thus made,
Not wishing by aught we might say to repress
The strangest attempt to humanity aid.
Nay, more, we have even been tempted ere this
A Charity *fête* on that ground to defend,
And spite of those features we reckoned amiss,
Have swallowed the means for the sake of the end;
Resolved to regard as a venial mistake
Any blunder committed for Charity's Sake.

But, as we have witnessed at *fête* after *fête*
To what *outré* folly good women have stooped;
How Pertness has flaunted be-rouged and elate,
Whilst Virtue has faltered and Modesty drooped,
We've often considered the moment was near
When Censure perforce could no longer be dumb;
And, after the *fête* of last week, 'twould appear
That moment we looked for has certainly come.
And stern Common Sense must indignantly break
The spell of that fetish, "For Charity's Sake!"

Yes, Charity covers, as every one knows,
Of sins and offences a multitude great;
But since to such lengths bazaar enterprise goes,
No more can it hide all the faults of a *fête*.
And vain will it be for those ladies who ape
The tricks and the manners they ought to despise,
In Charity's cloak their excesses to drape,—
'Twill furnish no longer sufficient disguise.
No! Decency, now, is aroused and awake
To the outrages sanctioned for Charity's Sake!

Too long has Society, parlously kind,
Let Folly and Nonsense do just as they've pleased,
If only they aided "The Indigent Blind,"
Or, maybe, the pangs of paralysis eased.
Too long has it winked at extravagant scenes,
Where women, forgetting their sex and their sense,
Have eagerly tried the employment of means
To name even which might be fraught with offence.
Too long has it shared in the common mistake
That all is permitted—for Charity's Sake!

And owning its error—of kindness begot—
Will now be prepared to decidedly hold
That, even for Charity, women should not
Be so foolishly fast or so thoughtlessly bold!
That even for Charity worthy old souls
Should not of themselves make a ludicrous show;
Nor, painted and powdered, fill juvenile *rôles*
They might have essayed some five decades ago.
That no one, in short, should be tempted to break
The rules of Decorum for Charity's Sake!

For those in a Charity *fête* who may mix
May rest well assured that success they would gain,
Although they resorted to no senseless tricks,
And no giddy pretexts to money obtain.
They would not at home to such actions descend;
No; there they would be far too modest and proud;
Then how can they try foolish acts to defend
By pleading they're better if done in a crowd,
Or seek what is wrong in itself right to make
By urging they do it for Charity's Sake!

NOTES FROM PARIS.

GAMBLING IN THE PARIS CLUBS.

AND so the Rue Royale scandal is to be hushed up! High influences, some of which are feminine, others banking, others Imperial, others diplomatic, have been brought to bear on the Committee, on the Prefect of Police, and on the magistrate charged with the investigation of the affair. Tears have been shed, but they would have probably failed to wash away guilty stains from the backs of cards if they had not been supported with threats. Two very high ladies, who are no longer in the bloom of youth, went to talk round, in the interest of a great political party, some irate clubbists. One of them argued to this effect: Do you really believe that if the tower falls it will only crush the three discovered accomplices of the valet? Are you not afraid that you will be buried also under the ruin? I am, and with reason.

There are a great many Princes members of the Rue Royale Cercle. It is not true that the title of the one who has been accused of being a *grec* is not French. His wife only is a foreigner. He is a Frenchman, and used to be the almost inseparable companion of the Prince de Wagram before the latter married. The Vicomte has had academical connections, and was brought up by the late Bishop of Orleans. He used to pass for a *petit saint*, but on coming in for some money, he suddenly broke out, and has never since been able to reform his ways. He was able to make a haul in the Union Générale, when that institution was deemed highly respectable and religious. I have not heard who the professional *grec* is beyond that he has lived a good deal at Vienna and used to attend the musical parties at the Austrian Embassy when Count von Beust was there. There is, however, nothing extraordinary in this. The Cercle Royale is the club most particularly frequented by diplomatists. Ambassadors, Ministers Plenipotentiary, and chargés d'affaires are not obliged to submit to the ordeal of the ballot if named by the committee, which is sure to give them a hearty welcome. A Republican has never crossed the door as a member, and of this the Rue Royalists are very proud. This club is called Le Petit Jockey and *Les Moutards*. In the Empire, when Prince Demidoff, Khalil Bey, Grammont Caderousse, and Daniel Wilson used to play there, the gambling was faster than in any other club in Paris.

An inter-club association, having cheating for its object, has been denounced to the police. But it is sure not to be brought to book. Paris clubs, of which there are seventy-two which are authorised, can only exist by the card-tables. A large number of gamesters are certain to be ruined, and when they are penniless, they are as certain to combine to cheat. I know a great deal about clubs, from information which a Prefect of Police and his secretary gave me within this decade. I was shown, I remember, a report about "square dinner-parties" which a Napoleon among *grecs* used to give at a well-known first-class hotel. At one of these dinners there was a Prince, a Duke, a Polish or Russian nobleman, and the *grec*. Their object in coming together was to receive lessons from the blackleg, so as to be up to the cheats practised at the leading clubs in Paris and at private tables. The Prefect of Police suspected another motive; but it was not his business to take a charitable view. The only establishments in which there is anything like fair play are the public gambling houses, and even there I suspect the croupiers of increasing the chances of the roulette tables by their address in throwing the balls. Were it not so, why should they during the dull season take no holiday, but slave away keeping their hands in practice?

The Prefect of Police who was so kind as to furnish me with information about the seamy side of the card-tables in the great clubs, told me that *nuits blanches* are very frequent—*i.e.*, gamblers sit up all night and continue playing through the forenoon and afternoon. Comte de Dion, whose name was associated with those of the late Duchesse de Chaulnes and M. Aurélien Scholl, played during two nights and a day. Those club servants known as *valets de jeux*, who furnish the cards, buy their places of dishonest managers and committeemen at high prices, and yet make large fortunes rapidly. I have heard of outside brokers who had relatives and connections who were *valets de jeux* at clubs and the richest members of their families. Menials of this class are often reared to be usurers, and are frequently members of cent.-per-cent. "banking" firms. When they have not money of their own to lend, they tell hampered but not yet insolvent gamblers where they may borrow. The indirect profits of the servant who provides players with packs of cards, and helps them, by marking them, to swindle, are often greater than the direct. If he is an intelligent fellow—and he is pretty certain to be so—he levies black mail on his noble accomplices. To do this he contrives to get hold of proofs of their guilt. As their nerves and brains are in a state of perpetual agitation and excitement, he has the advantage over them of being cool-headed, and is able to do with them what he likes.

Entrance-fees and subscriptions to the best French clubs are more expensive than in London. The most costly is the Jockey. To enter there, one pays 1,050 f., and 500 f. a year, of which 100 f. is a turf subscription. As it does not do to burn the candle at both ends, *jeux d'enfer* are not encouraged there. The racecourse must not be impoverished too much by the card-tables. A Royalist Duke of grand air and large fortune, is, when the Presidency of the Committee is vacant, sure to be elected. The last President was the Duc de Biron. He was an uncle of the soldier-preacher, Comte de Mun, and had been a Guardsman of Charles X., was stately, formal in his courtesy, used, when he was young, to take off his hat to his own image whenever in the street he chanced to see it in a looking glass, and affected to believe no gentleman ever cheated. By gentleman, he meant a person who was *born*, and had never got into a dishonouring scrape. Yet it was said that the handsome brushes and nail-brushes used to disappear from the club lavatory, and that it was not the valets who stole them.

The glory to some extent of the Cercle des Champs Elysées (formerly Cercle Impérial) is departed. But its

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cuisine retains its old superiority, and the *chef* turns out a vast number of culinary pupils every year, and asks heavy fees. The gambling is brisk, and the *cagnotte* enormous. There are seven hundred members. This club is no longer a market of official sinecures and emoluments, as it used to be in the reign of the late Emperor. It was usual for club men who had been to dine or dance at the Tuileries to drop in, wearing Court dresses or official uniforms. Membership there costs 300 f. a year and 300 f. entrance-fee. The Rue Royale is dearer, the subscription being 350 f. and the fee 400 f. L'Union is called "the terror of mothers and wives who have fortunes to lose." The annual payment there is 500 f. and the entrance-money 450 f.

I know of a club which was started on borrowed money four or five years ago. It spends nearly £60 a day, pays about seventy-five thousand francs a year in rent and taxes, and clears annually about three millions of francs, to say nothing of *les petites bénéfices des garçons de jeux*. Members can introduce any one they please, and it is suspected that when they bring "pigeons," the director sends them a golden token of his thanks at the end of the month. For three francs as good a *déjeuner* is provided as one might obtain for ten francs at a restaurant. So many complaints are made of the way in which pockets are cleaned out in this authorised *tripot*, that I believe it will soon be shut up. Society (*côté des dames*) cries out for keen police surveillance at the card-tables of clubs. Why, there are already *commissaires de jeux*, who have staffs of spies to help them. All the good this arrangement does is to enable the *mouchards* to live on the fat of the land, and to afford them the means of black-mailing *grands seigneurs*. So long as men are adored by women because they fare sumptuously, and do nothing but amuse themselves, there will be gambling in clubs, on the Bourse, and on horse-races. Also, so long as men of business go on heaping up fortunes to keep their sons in idleness, card-tables and roulette will be in full swing. One of the most delightful sensations a young and idle millionaire can experience, is that afforded him by a game of chance, which may beggar him in the course of an evening. It gives him a keen appetite for the wealth with which he has been sated. What was enterprise in the father who earned the fortune becomes a gambling mania in the son. It is not by any means the lowest races who best enable gaming establishments to flourish, but the richest and most unoccupied men of the higher ones. The ex-Prefect of Police whom I have already cited told me that Russians were the best clients at gambling tables, then Hungarians, after whom came Spanish Americans and sons of rich Americans; and, fourthly, Roumanians. Russian ladies are passionately fond of gambling. French ladies gamble on the Bourse. The American adventuress is nearly always more or less a card-sharper. She finds her match in a certain class of Jewesses. Spanish American and Mexican ladies delight in the sensations of a *jeu d'enfer*. All poor or impoverished gamblers will, if they can, cheat. The political gambler is, whether rich or needy, sure to be dishonest.

Complaints have been made in the papers of the frequent non-delivery of letters addressed to foreign countries, and sent through the French Post-office. Early in January the *Figaro* had a paragraph on the subject. Since then the Radical papers have spoken of mishaps of this kind. Rochefort naturally jumped to the conclusion that the Cabinet Noir was at work. We now learn that letters have been filched from post-office pillars for the sake of the stamps on the envelopes. I have been a victim of post-office irregularities on two occasions. One letter was posted at about one o'clock on the morning of January 15, and the other towards midnight on January 28, at the district post office at the corner of the Rue Monceau and the Boulevard Malesherbes. They were heavily stamped. I have spoken to M. Cochery on the subject, after making a Circumlocution Office complaint on a printed form. The active and obliging Minister of Posts and Telegraphs at once placed himself at my disposal to get the matter looked into, and to take steps to prevent a recurrence of the grievance, should the English P.O. not be in fault. I hope, therefore, to be more fortunate in the future.

SPORTING NOTES.

THERE are excellent acceptances for all the spring handicaps, but they cannot be regarded as satisfactory or creditable productions, and the City and Suburban is as perniciously and scandalously "flattering" as any handicap ever framed by Mr. Frail or Mr. Merry. Royal Angus carries 7 st., which, for a four-year-old, is a proper weight for a decent plater. This horse ran once as a two-year-old, when he beat Beau Brummel by a neck, in the Mottisfont Stakes, at Stockbridge. The two-year-old form of Lord Hastings's horse was quite first-class; moreover, it was generally considered that when Royal Angus ran for this race he was backward and capable of great improvement. As a three-year-old Royal Angus ran twice. He started second favourite for the Leger, in which race his collapse was complete and ignominious, although he was probably backed for more money than anything in the field—principally by "the public," no doubt, as his party could scarcely have lost on the race, considering the excellent hedging they obtained. And last November he was nowhere in the Derby Cup—a mile handicap, in which he carried 8 st., and apparently was not backed "for money." He is "thrown in" at Epsom, and if Taylor had been allowed to handicap the horse himself, he could scarcely have given him so light a weight. It may be useful to remember that when Macheath made his *début* in the Hurstbourne, on the day after Royal Angus's victory in the Mottisfont, it was announced that he was a stone better than his stable companion. If there was ever any affinity to reason in the Leger craze for Royal Angus, how on earth is St. Blaise to give him 26 lb.? It was said after Doncaster that Royal Angus only lacked stamina for the Leger course, and if this is correct, he must have a

I certainly recommend Mr. & Mrs. Hart, 15, Stockbridge-terrace, Pimlico, S.W., as the most just and liberal purchasers of Cast-off Clothes, Jewellery, and every description of property. They punctually keep appointments, and remit P.O.O. for articles per return.

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great chance at Epsom, supposing, of course, he has been doing well during the winter. Master of Arts (6 st. 2 lb.) is perhaps a worse case than the other. This horse's early form was decidedly equivocal, as was that of his stable companion, Don Juan, on several occasions, but he was backed for a great stake in the Cambridgeshire, in which he carried 5 st. 13 lb. Master of Arts was nowhere, but he went very badly in the betting on the day of the race, and probably there was something wrong. For what reason, therefore, he is now let off with this sort of weight I am quite unable to conjecture. It seems evident that the Epsom handicapper is not only not guided by fixed principles in his calculations, but that he is guided by no principles whatever; for it is impossible to justify such fantastical aberrations as these to the satisfaction of any competent critic. Next there comes Mr. Vyner's Lambkin (3 yrs., 6 st.). This colt ran twice last year. At Doncaster he won the Rous Plate in a common canter, and he had been so highly tried, that he was backed at evens in a field of ten. At Derby he was nowhere in a Nursery, for which he was not backed for a *sou*. There are several other flagrant examples of the same sort, arising out of carelessness, or pure and simple ignorance and stupidity. Apologists say that Admiral Rous was fond of "chancing" infirm and uncertain horses, but the handicappers of the present day are not worthy to tie the Admiral's shoe-strings; and their attempts to imitate him remind one "of all the contortions of the sibyl, without one particle of her inspiration."

The Lincoln Handicap will not be run for five weeks, and yet there are no fewer than twenty-five horses in the betting, although the market has been so limited that the investment of £100 would make a favourite. Tonans stands at 10 to 1, and as this horse is the property of a bookmaker who lost money over him last autumn, one may at least admire the Ney-like courage of the addlebrains who have brought him up to his present preposterous price. Even if his market position were thoroughly satisfactory, I fail to discover anything in the form of Tonans which can be bedevilled into making him into "a good thing." He is merely a handicap horse, and by no means a good one, nor has he been at all favoured by the handicapper, for he seems to me to be weighted up to his very best form. Cosy has been the great Newmarket tip for this race, but she certainly will not run unless her owner can get his commission executed to his satisfaction. I doubt whether Energy would quite stay this course, and Fulmen is more likely to come to the fore at Ascot. The Lincoln course will just suit Toastmaster, who, I hear, has "wintered" well, and if he goes on all right he is sure to run, for Lord Zetland can afford to race irrespective of all sordid considerations, and the horse has a better chance here than he is likely to get later on in the season.

As soon as the Waterloo Cup settling is over, many new books will be opened, and owners will have an opportunity of backing their horses; but up to the present time I apprehend that the great majority of the transactions recorded in the sporting papers represent nothing but the harum-scarum fancies of "the public." Many people think that a man who bets at any time is, *primâ facie*, a fool; but I am sure that few would deny that an "outsider" who backs horses weeks before the race is in a very bad way, while if he backs several his case is desperate indeed.

St. Blaise is favourite for the City and Suburban, and he has been backed for a lot of money during the last fortnight; but I do not for a moment believe that this rush is inspired by Lord Alington or by Sir Frederick Johnstone, neither of whom is in the least likely to back the horse for a large stake until he has been tried. St. Blaise has not run since Ascot, when he was "lost" in the Derby by Ladislas and Ossian—a sadly misleading race for Leger speculators; but his defeat there need not be noticed, for he had run a severe race in Paris three days before, and the journey across the Channel was not calculated to restore his form. He looked a truly lamentable object, and he certainly would not have started favourite if the "plungers" had taken the trouble to inspect him before the race. He has since enjoyed a long rest, but of his present form nothing certain can be known, and it would not in the least surprise me if Geheimniss turned out in the end to be the representative of Kingsclere. Quicklime (7 st. 5 lb.) seems decidedly well in, when one remembers that two years ago he ran a good second to Shotover both for Two Thousand and Derby. He carried very little stable money in the Cesarewitch, but he is a difficult horse to train, and ought not to be touched until he is seen at the post. Thebais, at even weights with Geheimniss, will not lack backers if she represents Mr. Manton; but Keir or Royal Angus may carry these colours. Blue Grass, at 7 st. 12 lb., is one of the "picks" of the handicap, for last autumn there was little or nothing between him and Ossian; and if he had kept well they would have run first and second for the Leger. I believe, however, that Blue Grass is supposed to be a stayer, and best in a long race, so the City and Suburban may be too short a distance for him. This event really ought not to be touched until the Craven week, and the Lincoln race should be left alone till the day; but if any one is resolved to speculate, I would advise him to lay the present ridiculous odds against Tonans for the one race and against St. Blaise for the other.

At Eaton Hall Farm, Fenella has foaled a sister to Douranee, and goes again to Rosicrucian. It is announced that the subscription to Bend Or is nearly full, and the lists of Foxhall, Lowlander, and Tibthorpe are closed. At Marden Park, Ma Belle (who now belongs to Sir Tatton Sykes), has foaled a brother to Beau Brummel, and goes again to George Frederick, to whom has arrived Baron Rothschild's Penitent, which was bought for 500 gs. last July, at the sale of Prince Batthyany's stud. Among the mares sent to Moorlands to that handsome and well-bred horse, Camballo, are Cashmere (dam of Camlet), Scarf (dam of Cashmere), Apology (who so far has not been a brilliant success at the stud), and Jenny Diver, by Buccaneer (the dam of Jenny Howlett,

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who won the Oaks in 1880, beating as bad a field as ever started for that or any other great race). Ladylike (dam of Don Juan) has been sent to John Davis, who had only three foals last year, but Don Juan's Cesarewitch victory ought to give a lift to the last of the Voltigeurs.

It is settled that Lord Falmouth's breeding-stud will be sold at Newmarket during the July week—probably on the Monday afternoon. It is to be hoped that the best mares will not be allowed to leave the country, but unless the Duke of Westminster, Lord Ellesmere, Lord Rosebery, Mr. Chaplin, and the Rothschilds are disposed to bid freely, we shall certainly lose them. The Americans, the French, and the Germans are all eager to secure the Mereworth blood, and Count Festetics is desirous of buying several of the gems for his stud in Hungary, and he will not let money stop him. Russian bidders may also be expected. Cantinière, Spinaway, and Jannette will fetch the best prices in the opinion of experts, and although the last has not yet bred a winner, she is perhaps on the whole the finest mare in the stud; still there is but little difference between her and the pair I have mentioned, and they have each bred winners. Cantinière has apparently succeeded Queen Bertha as "gold-mine" of the stud.

I hear from Germany that the net profits of the Royal Stud at Graditz on last year's transactions amounted to £6,200, which sum, by order of the Emperor, is to be distributed in extra stakes to the fourteen meetings at which horses bred at the stud have been running. Berlin receives £3,000, Hanover £600, Charlottenburg £400, and Leipsic, Frankfort-on-the-Maine, Breslau, Gotha, and Hamburg get £300 each.

Lord Alington has purchased Reprieve from the executors of Lord Grosvenor. She is engaged in several stakes, for which she was nominated as a yearling by her breeder, Matthew Dawson, and of which the most important is the Column at the Craven Meeting, which is at her mercy if she has trained on.

I hear that Lord Falmouth does not intend to run Harvester during the Craven week, and it is to be feared that his colours will not again be seen on the turf.

MAMMON.

TELEPHONES.

I HAVE been reading the report of the Chairman of the United Telephone Company. It would seem that the cost of a telephone message averages one penny, and that 1,697,447 messages were sent last year in the metropolis. The Chairman swaggers a good deal about the patents of his Company. This is natural. When a Company has paid a large sum for a patent, its Chairman has to insist upon the value of such patent. My own impression is that, for all practical purposes, the patents of the Company are worthless, as good telephonic instruments may be made without infringing them. The advantage to a Company of a patent is that every one who is supposed to infringe it is threatened with expensive legal proceedings.

I accept, however, the fact that, patent or no patent, the Company is doing a fairly good business. Now, to my mind, it would be a mistake to allow vested interests to grow up in regard to telephones. Telephones, telegraphs, gas, and water, should all belong to the entire community. The postal authorities do not like the idea of their telegraphs being superseded by telephones, because they paid a huge sum for the former. But, if telephones are better than telegraphs, we must accept the fact. It is idle to suppose that we can permanently remain without the best mode of conveying messages because we bought, on extortionate terms, another mode. The Postmaster-General should bring in a Bill to acquire all existing telephones, not, of course, at the price that would be asked for them, but at their actual existing value. Having done this, he should allow each town or locality that pleases, to start telephonic communications within its limits, and should himself connect one town with another. What I mean is that the telephones connecting towns should be in the hands of the central authority, and that those connecting houses with each other in towns should be in the hands of the local authority. Eventually, I foresee that we shall have to buy up the telephone companies. We can do so for a mere trifle now, therefore we ought not to wait until we shall have to pay a much larger amount.

FRENCH LOANS.

The last French loan was applied for five times over, and no sooner were the allotments made than it fell below par. The reasons for these apparent anomalies are that up to now the French Government has been in the habit of bringing out its loans slightly below their probable market value. Those, therefore, who got allotments were certain of making one or two per cent. upon them. It was "stagging" upon a large scale. In the last loan there was a miscalculation. It was brought out at too high a figure. This will not affect the Government at present, for they get their money, and the loss falls upon the "stags"; but when next a loan is brought out, it is probable that there will be very few applicants. France, no doubt, is borrowing too much money. Her financial strength lies in the fact that her loans are held by her own citizens, and therefore the interest upon them is merely a transference of money from one French pocket to another. A Frenchman is the most saving of creatures. His delight is to half-starve himself in order to buy Rentes, and he hardly seems to perceive that, owing to the heavy taxation, he practically himself pays the interest on his investment. When this dawns upon him, he will insist upon a far more rigid economy than at present prevails. Why French Rentes are not largely held in this country is because there have been so many revolutions in France that a revolution is regarded as a recurring factor in French politics. At each of them Rentes fall in price. Any one buying them then is pretty sure to make money, for they invariably recover from the fall. One of two things, however, is certain—either the great military empires on the Continent must reduce their armies, or they will sooner or later become bankrupt. These armies may be able to injure each other, but they are eating into the vitals of the States that have to pay for them.

John Shaw, Stock and Share Dealer, Wardrobe-chambers, Queen Victoria-street and Doctor's-commons, deals at tape prices.

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ANECDOTAL PHOTOGRAPHS.

MR. JOHN HARE.

MR. JOHN HARE and his friend Mr. Thomas W. Robertson discovered, to their great joy, that they were famous on the same evening. It was at the old Prince of Wales's Theatre, in the Tottenham Court-road, on Saturday, Nov. 11, 1865, on the occasion of the production of Mr. Robertson's play called "Society." As a matter of fact, it was not Mr. Hare's first appearance before a London public, as many people erroneously think for on Sept. 25, 1865, he had appeared in the character of Short, in a play called "Naval Engagements"; but "Society" made Mr. Hare, as it distinctly made the reputation of Tom Robertson. It was a memorable evening that November night in 1865. The theatre had not been doing remarkably well. The original scheme by which Mr. Byron, the then partner of Marie Wilton, was to write all the comediettas and burlesques, was not quite so satisfactory as it at first looked, and Byron, like a good-natured fellow, determined to give a chance to his old chum, Tom Robertson, one of the cleverest, but unluckiest, of the light literary band of that time. Tom Robertson, sham cynic and admirable *raconteur*, was very popular with his set. He was the veritable hero of his own "Owl's Roost." He had taken a very leading part in that famous anecdote about the borrowed half-crown, and all the press-men and club-men came to support their unlucky friend with his new play. They came from the Arundel Club in Salisbury-street, from the Reunion in Maiden-lane, and from the Savage located at some tavern in Covent Garden, a veritable home of wild Bohemianism long before the days when its members put on dress-coats and white ties, and entertained Princes of the Blood Royal and Lord Mayors. All wished Tom Robertson well with his venture, even Leicester Buckingham, the dramatic critic of the *Morning Star* and adapter of French plays in general, with whom he was perpetually sparring in the long sitting-room of the Arundel Club. It is an old story now, how "Society" succeeded, and paved the way to a new form of entertainment; but it is not too much to say that when "Society" was over, all the knowing ones were talking far more of the little man who had played Lord Ptarmigant, than of the play itself. Mr. Hare, whoever he was, had unquestionably made the hit of the evening. Who, then, was Mr. Hare? It soon was whispered about that his name was John Fairs, that he had recently taken to the stage, and that he had been discovered down at Liverpool by Byron and Robertson at the very time that young Bancroft was unearthed from provincial oblivion. Hare had not had nearly so much experience of the stage as Bancroft, but he had studied under that master of his art, Leigh Murray, and had evidently profited by his lessons.

It is not too much to say that nothing like the finish and completeness of gesture, attire, and individuality as exhibited by Mr. Hare had been seen by the playgoers of that era. Truth to tell, the stage in the year 1865 was in a wretched state, deplorably dull, and dismally dirty. Of course, there were great actors and artists. Webster, Buckstone, Compton, and Phelps were the leading spirits of the age, but detail had for years been scandalously neglected. Webster, who ought to have known better, was the principal offender. His "Adelphi guests," his "Adelphi moon," and the unkempt and dishevelled state of his stage, were the subjects of reproach and satire by young wags of the time, led by the irrepressible Mr. W. S. Gilbert, whose burlesque plays in *Fun* were the cleverest things he ever wrote. At that date an actor who dressed and looked like a gentleman was a rarity indeed. Mr. Hare found no difficulty in doing what was perfectly natural to him, and, in addition to the conscious existence of good breeding, had a nice sense of character—particularly of old gentlemen—that was developed at the outset of his career. In 1865 it used to be said that Alfred Wigan was the only gentleman that the playgoers of that time had ever seen on the stage, forgetting the existence of handsome Leigh Murray and lively Charles Mathews, and oblivious of the fact that Alfred Wigan was as badly-dressed a gentleman in ordinary modern clothes as it was possible to see. Hare's Lord Ptarmigant was something quite out of the common, and the name of the young actor was on every one's lips. From that day to this he never made a failure. He outgrew the nervousness that simply paralysed him on first nights, making him so ill that he had to be taken down to the theatre half dead in a cab, and he became one of the pillars and supports of the Bancroft management, as well as the most prominent and most popular actor in all Robertson's plays. No such Sam Gerridge is ever likely to be seen again. The part was created once and for ever; it was an incomparable bit of acting. Harmoniously and loyally Mr. Hare worked on with his old companions, knowing his own strength, but, like an artist, never abusing it, until Mr. Gilbert wrote for him the play known as "Sweethearts." It may not be known, but it is a fact, that "Sweethearts" was written for Mr. Hare and Mrs. Bancroft. Few actors on the stage could play a boy and an old man in the same piece. Mr. Hare could, for though the oldest of dotards on the stage, he is the most boyish of men off it. But it was conceived that Mr. Hare could not play the part. At any rate, he was not allowed to have a trial. He was naturally vexed at the decision, and so, without any overt misunderstanding, and still keeping the best of friends with his old comrades, he gradually drifted away to be his own master, to create his own fortune, and to develop his marvellous gift of stage management, in which he is unequalled in his line even by Mr. Boucicault and Mr. Henry Irving. The artists and the artist clique always stuck to Mr. Hare. He has ever been the binding link between painters and the stage, and this is the reason, no doubt, that he has selected his home in the Kensington art-quarter, amidst the Leightons, the Val Prinseps, the Marcus Stones, &c, who affect the stage, and dabble a little in it, as decorators or designers or authors, whenever they get an opportunity. There never has been a first night at the Court or St. James's Theatres, under the management of Mr. Hare, without the presence of several well-known men in the world of pictorial art, and this is, perhaps, why he inflicts upon the frequenters of the St. James's dismal daubs in what he is pleased to call a Picture Gallery.

Concerning the juvenile appearance of Mr. Hare—a complaint he has never got over—a good story is told. This

popular actor has a passion for horses and dogs. He attends every race-meeting he can, and he has always got a hound or collie at his heels whenever he takes his walks abroad. At a dinner-party, a friend promised to get him a bull pup. "It belongs to an articled clerk of mine. I will send him up in the morning with the dog, and it will be a capital opportunity, for he is always expressing a wish to see you off the stage. He admires you as an actor immensely." The articled clerk came and brought the dog. Mr. Hare saw him, but, not liking the animal, was compelled to decline to take him at the owner's valuation. The articled clerk returned to his office in high dudgeon. "Well," said his master, "did Mr. Hare like the dog?" "No," was the surly reply; "but that was not the worst of it." "You saw Mr. Hare, I suppose?" "No, I didn't." "Who did you see, then?" "I only saw young Hare. The old boy was in bed, and the young fool knew nothing about dogs at all!"

Stage-management becomes a special art in the hands of Mr. Hare. He has often expressed a wish to retire from the stage altogether, and to devote his entire attention to preparing plays for the stage. He is one of the very few creative stage managers. Others can improve upon French originals, and can add detail to the creations of Sardou and others; but Mr. Hare can do more than this. He can act himself, and teach others how to act. When he stage-manages a play he can act every part in it, and tell every one—woman as well as man—exactly when they go wrong. It is a curious study to see Mr. Hare at rehearsal. He is perpetually bouncing backwards and forwards between the stalls and the stage, for he considers that "distance lends enchantment to the view," and in the study of the art of dramatic effect this clever little gentleman is quite proficient. It is only necessary to recall the production of "Olivia" at the Court Theatre to show what can be done in reproducing with admirable exactness another period and century without a flaw.

There are few actors who have been such a social success as Mr. Hare, who has now dropped the "Fairs" altogether, and reversed the old order of things by taking his stage name for good and all. If he had not been an actor he would probably have been a sportsman and a country gentleman. He is extremely fond of racing and sport of all kinds; he likes a little "flutter" at a round game at cards whenever his friends are so disposed, and he is a most respectable whist-player, as will be acknowledged by veteran players at the Garrick. Best of all, he is one of the few actors whose whole conversation is not taken up by what is vulgarly called "shop." He can discuss politics, theology, and miscellaneous art quite as well as the affairs of the stage, and therefore he does not feel like a fish out of water in general society, where he is ever welcome. It may not be out of place to remark here that the pleasure of meeting Mr. Hare in society is enhanced by the fact that he is accompanied by a singularly handsome and most amiable wife, who has encouraged him and helped him to success from the first, seeing that it is whispered he ran away with this charming lady when she was a schoolgirl, and when the future actor and artist was little more than a schoolboy. There is only one very brief chapter in Mr. Hare's career that he would willingly erase. He once appeared in a burlesque at the Prince of Wales's Theatre as a woman, and in short petticoats! This is the only circumstance in his theatrical career that makes him shudder, for, as he owns, he played Zerlina in "Don Giovanni" extremely badly.

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QUEER STORIES.

AN EVENTFUL VALENTINE.

Miss Twitterbit was devoured with curiosity about her new lodger. For nearly six weeks he had hardly stirred out of the house, but had remained shut up in his room from morning till night, doing nothing, so far as she could observe, though he sometimes had a book in his hand. He received no visitors and no letters, and could not be induced to divulge anything whatever about himself, except that his name was Hunter. He appeared to be a gentleman, was well-dressed, and rather good-looking, and showed no outward traces of the ill-health to which he attributed his seclusion. As he gave no trouble, and paid his way with unfailing regularity, Miss Twitterbit had nothing to complain of, but her kind heart was touched by his loneliness, and she felt a sympathetic interest in him, which induced her to try the experiment of sending him a valentine.

She did this because she had arrived at the conclusion that the poor young man was pining away from the effects of an unrequited attachment. Having been herself cruelly jilted five and thirty years ago, Miss Twitterbit imagined that she knew the symptoms of a bruised and broken heart. This romantic theory commended itself to the worthy lady's sentimental mind, and seemed to explain Mr. Hunter's habitual dejection, his reticence, and his strange shrinking from contact with his fellow-men. The approach of St. Valentine's Day therefore suggested to her the idea of sending him a tender missive in a disguised hand, partly with the charitable object of enlivening his solitude, but chiefly, it is to be feared, in the hope that it might lead to his taking her into his confidence regarding his blighted affections.

Accordingly, Miss Twitterbit purchased a highly ornate and sentimental lucubration, and sent it up in an envelope on Mr. Hunter's breakfast tray. The lodger's name had been inscribed by the young lady at the shop where the valentine was purchased, and in order to enhance the mystery of the proceeding, Miss Twitterbit instructed the servant girl to inform Mr. Hunter, in case he asked any questions, that the letter had been left at the house by an unknown lady. Miss Twitterbit did not doubt that she herself would in turn be sent for and cross-examined, and she would then be able to form her own conclusions from the young man's manner whether she had rightly diagnosed his disorder, even if, in the fulness of his heart, he did not make a full confession.

Miss Twitterbit was as mild and gentle an elderly lady as ever existed, and nothing would have induced her to do anything knowingly to vex her lodger, quite apart from prudential considerations. She never dreamt that any harm could arise out of her little experiment, and conse-

quently she was quite upset when she learnt the extraordinary effect her valentine had had upon Mr. Hunter.

"He turned as white, Miss, as a sheet as soon as ever he saw the envelope," said the servant-girl, when she returned from the lodger's apartment in a great state of excitement. "He took it up as though he expected it to bite him, and when he saw the valentine, he swore dreadful, and ordered me out of the room double quick."

"Dear, dear me!" murmured Miss Twitterbit, deeply concerned. "Did he say anything or ask any questions?"

"He asked how the letter came here, and I mentioned what you told me," said the girl.

"I hope you did not bring in my name, Bridget?" said Miss Twitterbit, with sudden trepidation.

"I didn't let out anything, Miss, if you mean that," answered the girl. "In fact, he quite frightened me, and I hardly dared to open my mouth."

At that moment, a violent ring at the bell reverberated through the house, and Mr. Hunter's voice was heard on the landing above, angrily summoning Miss Twitterbit.

"I suppose I must go up to him, Bridget," said the poor lady, feeling unaccountably nervous.

"He seems a gettin' angrier every minute," said the girl, referring to the lodger's repeated vociferations.

Miss Twitterbit took the hint, and lost no time in hastening upstairs. Mr. Hunter's aspect plainly showed that he was agitated and out of temper. He was striding impatiently about the room, kicking the chairs and footstools viciously aside when they impeded his path, and biting his nails furiously. His face was distorted with rage, and the fierce expression of his eyes was sufficient to startle a nervous person breathless from a hurried ascent of a staircase. Miss Twitterbit presented herself with a face as pale as her lodger's, and felt as guilty as though she had committed a crime.

"I wanted to ask about this," said Mr. Hunter, picking up the unlucky valentine from the floor, where it lay in a crushed and mangled condition. "When did it come?"

Miss Twitterbit was on the point of making a clean breast of her iniquity, and confessing that she alone was responsible for the offending missive, but while she was hesitating, from awkwardness and diffidence, Mr. Hunter shattered her nerves by exclaiming:—

"For Heaven's sake, woman, don't stand staring there! Answer my question. When did this come?"

"Yesterday," gasped Miss Twitterbit, in desperation.

"Who brought it?" continued Mr. Hunter, getting more and more excited.

"A—a young lady," answered the landlady, falling back on the story she had originally intended to tell.

"What was she like?"

"I'm sure I cannot say. The fact is, I hardly— I only——"

"Was she young and fair, rather tall, and fashionably dressed?" interrupted Mr. Hunter.

"Well, yes; I think she was," answered Miss Twitterbit, vaguely conscious of awakening curiosity, in the midst of her uneasiness.

"It must have been she. Nobody else knows," muttered Mr. Hunter, evidently speaking to himself.

He put his hands in his pockets and leant against the mantel-shelf, staring at the ceiling, and ignoring Miss Twitterbit's presence. The landlady was slowly recovering from her perturbation, and was beginning to perceive that, after all, the valentine had elucidated the mystery of Mr. Hunter's conduct. It was evident that some unlucky love affair was at the bottom of his unhappiness.

"Miss Twitterbit, will you do me a great favour?" he said suddenly, speaking more in his usual tone, though still labouring under strong excitement. "I want you to take a letter for me to the other side of London—over to Hampstead."

"Yes, sir, to be sure," said Miss Twitterbit, on tiptoe of expectation.

"It is a long way, I know, but you must hire a cab at my expense," he said, seating himself at the table and commencing to write. "How long will you need to get ready?"

"Do you wish me to go now, sir?" inquired Miss Twitterbit, rather taken aback.

"Yes, now—this instant!" said Mr. Hunter, impatiently. "Get your bonnet on, and this shall be ready for you by the time you have done so."

Miss Twitterbit was the personification of good-nature, and though she was not enchanted at the prospect of a journey to the other end of London, she proceeded to equip herself with alacrity. Mr. Hunter had finished his letter when she came down again, and he at once handed it to her, together with some silver for the cab-fare.

"Ask to see the lady," he said, impressively, "and give her the letter. Don't leave it if she is out, but bring it back with you. Mind, on no account part with it to anybody else."

"Is there any answer, sir?" inquired Miss Twitterbit, rather fluttered by these instructions.

"No, there is no answer. If the lady asks any questions about me, you can tell her I was very angry when I sent this; you can say I was never more out of temper in my life, which is the fact. But don't stay gossiping," added Mr. Hunter, with emphasis.

It crossed Miss Twitterbit's mind in a feeble uncertain way that if the letter had reference to the valentine, she might, by a few words of explanation, save herself the journey. But before she could come to a decision Mr. Hunter interrupted her reflections by saying sharply:—

"Come, Miss Twitterbit! don't waste valuable time. The sooner you have delivered the letter the better I shall be pleased. It is very important, remember."

Startled by this admonition, Miss Twitterbit hastily retired, and was soon on her way to Hampstead in a four-wheeled cab. But during the ride she had ample leisure for reflection, and it naturally began to occur to her that she was in rather an awkward predicament. Obviously the letter had been written in consequence of the arrival of the valentine, and therefore the lady would not understand what it referred to. On the other hand, the letter might be the means of effecting a reconciliation between two loving hearts, though to be sure Mr. Hunter had not been in a particularly amiable mood when he sent it. In a word, Miss Twitterbit was puzzled and uneasy, the more especially as the envelope was addressed to a Mrs. Hartley. This suggested the

Minton's China.—Thomas Goode & Co., Artists and Designers in Porcelain, South Audley-street, Grosvenor-square.

suspicion that her lodger was carrying on an intrigue with a married woman, or else that Hunter was not his real name. Either of these ideas was calculated to disconcert the good lady, for she was severely respectable, and would not, for the world, have been mixed up in any questionable transaction. She soon regretted having permitted Mr. Hunter to remain under a misapprehension about the valentine, and had almost made up her mind to drive back and confess everything, when she discovered that the letter had come unfastened. It had evidently been hastily sealed up, just as she was starting, and had never been properly secured.

Under any other circumstances Miss Twitterbit's sense of honour would have revolted at the bare notion of reading another person's correspondence. But she was so nervous and perplexed that she could not resist the temptation to take a peep at the letter. Its contents would enable her to decide definitely whether to deliver it or to face her lodger's wrath and indignation by returning. She therefore stealthily unfolded the document and read as follows:—

"It is evident I cannot rely on your prudence. I warned you you would be watched, and yet you must needs do such a wantonly idiotic thing. Leave town instantly and go down to Devonshire."

There was no formal commencement or ending, and no signature to this peremptory and laconic epistle, which Miss Twitterbit read two or three times over in blank bewilderment. But she resolved to deliver it, being impressed with its importance because she failed to understand its meaning. Besides, it stimulated her curiosity, and she concluded that it would, perhaps, be wiser to explain matters to the lady and leave her to act as she thought best, than to risk causing mischief by not carrying out the instructions she had received.

In due course, therefore, she reached Hampstead, and alighted from the cab at the corner of the street in which the lady lived. But it happened, unfortunately, that the thoroughfare in question was numbered in a very eccentric fashion, and while she was seeking the house she wanted with the letter in her hand she was accosted by a respectable middle-aged man dressed in a frock-coat and a tall hat, who politely asked if he could be of any service to her.

"Thank you, sir. I was looking for No. 13," said Miss Twitterbit, gratefully.

"Mrs. Hartley's?" said the gentleman.

"Yes, that is the name," returned Miss Twitterbit, involuntarily glancing at the address on the letter. "Can you tell me which is the house, please?"

"Certainly," returned the gentleman, promptly. "It is the last but one on this side. No. 13, did you say? Allow me to look."

As he spoke, the stranger dexterously snatched the envelope from Miss Twitterbit's unresisting hand, and, to her dismay and amazement, proceeded to open it.

"What are you doing, sir?" she cried, indignantly.

"It is all right," said the stranger, running his eye quickly, and with evident satisfaction, over the mysterious contents of the letter. "I recognised the handwriting. I am Mr. Hartley."

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"Oh!" exclaimed Miss Twitterbit, with a feeling of momentary relief. "But the letter was for your wife," she added, uneasily.

"It is all the same," said Mr. Hartley, lightly; "I will give it to her. How is our friend?"

But Miss Twitterbit paid no heed to the question, being startled and frightened at learning that she had delivered a letter intended for Mrs. Hartley's private eye to her husband. If Mr. Hunter was making love to another man's wife, his conduct was inexcusable, but it was frightful to reflect that she might be the innocent cause of a domestic explosion. Miss Twitterbit trembled at her imprudence, and could not conceal her dismay.

"It is all right, ma'am," said Mr. Hartley, eyeing her keenly; "I'm not a bit jealous. I'm a model husband that way. Mrs. Hartley shall have the letter, but at present she is away in the country."

Mr. Hartley put the letter in his pocket as he spoke, and walked on, taking off his hat to her as he passed. Under the circumstances, Miss Twitterbit perceived there was no occasion for her to call at No. 13, and she therefore retraced her steps, full of vague misgivings, but striving to assure herself that everything had gone well.

She did not succeed, however, in recovering her equanimity; but, on the contrary, the more she reflected on what had taken place, the more she dreaded facing her lodger. It might be a relief to his mind, certainly, to learn that Mr. Hartley was not jealous or angry, but she thought he was more likely to be furious with her for having failed to carry out his express instructions. Miss Twitterbit returned home leisurely, in an economical omnibus, and was conscious of a desire to linger on the journey. The thought of the reception she would meet with when she got back banished all other speculations from her mind, and, being a timid and nervous old lady, she shrank from the impending interview.

No sooner had she entered the hall of her home than Mr. Hunter hailed her from the top of the staircase.

"Come up, Miss Twitterbit. Is it all right?" he inquired, anxiously. "Did you deliver the letter?"

"Yes, sir, it is all right," said poor Miss Twitterbit, screwing up her courage, and following her lodger into his sitting-room.

"What did she say?" he inquired, cautiously closing the door behind her.

"The lady was away, but her husband opened the letter——" began Miss Twitterbit, desperately.

"What?" interrupted Mr. Hunter, excitedly.

"Mr. Hartley opened it, sir, and he laughed quite pleasantly, and said he would give it to his wife when she came back from the country," said Miss Twitterbit, eagerly.

"Of all the infernal ——," but Mr. Hunter's words died away on his lips, and he seemed incapable of utterance. He glared at poor Miss Twitterbit, while every atom of colour left his face, and he was obliged to cling to the back of a chair for support. Miss Twitterbit was too terrified even to scream, and stood transfixed by his furious glance, till the sound of men's voices in the hall below aroused her energies.

"It is all over," murmured Mr. Hunter, staggering across the room like a drunken man, and dropping heavily into a chair. "Here they come!"

At the same moment the door opened, and the gentleman who had called himself Mr. Hartley walked briskly into the room, followed by a policeman. The last-mentioned apparition revealed to Miss Twitterbit the true state of the case, and she sank down on the sofa in a half-fainting condition, overcome with horror and dismay. She was too agitated to pay attention to the hurried words that passed between the new arrivals and her lodger, but she gathered enough to understand that the latter was "wanted" on a charge of embezzlement, but that his hiding-place had never been suspected until that day.

"I suppose that cursed valentine was a trick of the police?" she at length heard Mr. Hunter say. "I was a fool to be deceived by it. When it was too late, I suspected the truth. On second thoughts, I felt convinced my wife hadn't sent it."

"Valentine! What valentine?" inquired the detective, with genuine surprise.

Mr. Hunter only shrugged his shoulders scornfully, and rose to accompany his captors; but Miss Twitterbit hung her head, and shed a silent tear.

GIRLS' GOSSIP.

DEAREST AMY,—I hope you do not expect a lucid account of the International Peasant Festival at the Albert Hall, for such I am wholly unable to give you. There was *such* a crowd on the opening day, and the heat in the arena was *so* great, that my poor dear brains felt as though they were in a simmering condition. Some of the peasants were great ladies, but some of them were by no means great ladies. Some were pretty, and others might have been beautiful if they had only allowed Nature a fair chance. But oh! the paint and powder! Fancy a Bo-Peep, or some analogous character, with a very *décolletée* bodice, and a curiously-shaped patch (Charlie insists that it was a pair of bellows!) placed extremely low down on her uncovered chest. I regret to say that the representatives of "England" most especially distinguished themselves in the matter of paint and powder. Nor were many of the spectators behindhand in the same direction.

You must not for a moment suppose that *all* the ladies who assisted made-up their faces; though, on the whole, this "finest peasantry in the world" were somewhat deficient in the quality of simplicity. The two prettiest stalls were those of China and India. Mrs. Kendal, dressed very quietly and tastefully in brown, did an extremely brisk trade, and never forgot to give change, which proved decidedly an encouragement to purchasers. There was always a crowd round her stall. Neither the Dowager Lady Waterford nor her assistants made any attempt at Chinese dress, but I heard that there was a small boy correctly costumed, though I failed to see him. You see, the people surged about in every possible direction. If some of the gentlemen peasantry had constituted themselves into a band of special constables, and had directed the crowd, or if there had been rope barriers within which the visitors could stream only in one direction at a time, things would have been better. As it was, the condition of the crowd, as seen from above, reminded me of the struggling and bubbling of boiling fruit, which sometimes makes an immense fuss at one particular spot in the preserving-pan, then distributes itself more evenly, and in another moment is violently surging quite a long way off. The stalls were so arranged that those who sold the things had to stand in front of them; and these ladies being often joined by their friends, there was usually a rather thick stratum to be pierced before the eye could reach the wares displayed.

Mrs. Charles Waring wore a particularly pretty and correct Hungarian dress, which suited her admirably, as she is tall and fair. The Scotch kilts looked masculine on the ladies and feminine on the men. The daughter of an Indian Maharanee wore an effective dress as a fortune-telling gipsy. Some of the Russian costumes were becoming; others were very barbarous. Try to fancy grass-green sleeves and a royal blue bodice; then throw in a red skirt, trimmed with yellow. Stir the mixture—and how do you like the result? I saw Mr. Oscar Wilde stagger and blink when it met his eye, and wildly throw his arms to the east and west, but some one gave him a pop-corn and he was soothed.

What is a pop-corn? I know you will ask. I did not know until the day of the Festival. Lady Wolseley, *née* Murphy, dressed in the most magnificent "peasant" costume ever dreamed of, was going about selling them. I bought some. I shall never buy any more; though I do not regret this particular purchase, for it procured me a good view of a very pretty face. The comestible is produced by "popping" Indian corn—a process I do not understand. I was told that pop-corns are much liked in America. *Chacun à son goût.*

Next prettiest to China was India, the stall being draped with those colours we have learned to associate with the name of Liberty. One of the most beautiful women in the hall wore an Indian dress, the skirt of which was dark blue, thickly embroidered with gold, with a drapery above it, including veil, of softest possible Indian muslin. Very large earrings and many coins in the hair imparted the necessary air of richness. I believe this is the correct costume of the Bengalese peasant women.

The Canadian dresses were white, with much swansdown and blue satin caps of a round and rather trying shape. A young man, with snow-shoes slung on his back, seemed to be ubiquitous. At the Irish stall only flowers were sold. They might have done a brisk trade in pocket-handkerchiefs, Irish lace, and embroidery if some one had thought of it. Lady Granville Gordon and her little daughter were dressed alike, in "Colleen Bawn" attire. The refreshment stall was so placed that people were obliged to pass and repass it, whether they would or no. It was a clever arrangement, for recommendations of tea or coffee to the passers-by fell upon by no means stony ground about five o'clock. Gladys Lady Lonsdale was not present, though promised; and I may mention in the same connection that Miss Mary Anderson, also promised, sent a message on both Thursday and Friday, to say that her doctor would not allow her to attend. The lady was, however, in the Ladies' Gallery at the House on Friday evening, so that her recovery was pleasantly rapid. There was a bar for American drinks, where a pretty girl, with her hands in the pockets of her business-like little apron, sang out, periodically: "Drinks, drinks, drinks, drinks!" The ladies were very energetic. One cried, with much pathos, "Does no one want to buy my pretty *bonbonnières?*"—while another eloquently discoursed upon the refreshing qualities of tea after struggling in a crowd.

A fish-pond was very liberally patronised, anglers being abundant at a shilling a dip. It needed some dexterity to land one of the brown-paper fishes, tied round with a cord. I had to seek the assistance of a very bonnie Boulogne fish-wife, who was expert at the business. Baroness von Bissing made a delightful and energetic German peasant. I could not get near enough to her stall to see what were her wares. Some of the Watteau dresses at the French stall were pretty. The Spanish "peasant" dresses were simply magnificent, and very effective, the colours, though brilliant, being well combined.

Oh, how tired we were! There are seats in abundance, but from them little was to be seen except the backs of the stalls, which were rather uninteresting. I hear rumours of a coming event (in aid of the Chelsea Hospital for Women), in which a very different arrangement is to prevail. The arena is to be boarded over, and the stalls placed back to back, so that all shall face the spectators, who will thus have abundance of room to circulate and

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plenty of opportunity to examine the wares of the saleswomen. But more of this anon.

I hope the Peasant Festival has resulted in a goodly sum for the West-end Hospital, for it is an admirable charity. Paralysed children are there taken in and tenderly cared for, while out-patients are treated free for nervous diseases. There are only ten cots at present for the little ones, but it is hoped that the efforts of the stall-holders will result in a larger number being established.

I hope to tell you all about Sandown next week, as we are going on Tuesday or Wednesday, if it is not too cold. A very large attendance is expected on the occasion of the Grand Military Meeting, on the 7th and 8th of next month. There are always delicious things for luncheon at Sandown, and one has time to collect a magnificent appetite on the way down; but it is really *surprising* to see some people make a heavy meal of three substantial courses in the middle of the day. I am perfectly sure that numbers of persons habitually eat too much. We went to lunch with some friends the other day, and they seemed to think us beyond the pale of civilisation because we said we never ate meat until dinner-time. We always used to do so when Papa lunched at home, but now that we are alone, we prefer fish, or a salad in summer, or curried eggs, or some light *entrée* of that sort. I am sure we have both been much better in health since we made the change. We used to feel so sleepy in the afternoon, and now we are quite brisk after our light repast. Do you feel inclined to follow our example?

A lady we know who writes a good deal has always a second breakfast instead of the usual luncheon. She says it is so much better to work upon. Our doctor does the same, and another doctor we know lunches on oatmeal porridge and milk; but I should not like *that*.

Grace's baby is such a duck! And Grace is so ridiculously proud of her! As though babies were at all uncommon! You would really imagine, to hear her talk, that no previous child had ever been born with finger-nails and a complete set of features. The nurse vows it is the image of its father, at which the foolish man looks quite delighted. I must say I should not take it as a compliment to be told it resembled *me*. Its features wriggle so oddly that it seems as though it were trying to find out their relation to each other—the latitude and longitude of the nose, as compared with those of the eyes or mouth, and so on. Perhaps, after it has solved all this, its countenance may settle down into quiescence. I wish you could see what Grace calls its "smile"—a truly marvellous performance of inexperienced facial muscles. But it has the sweetest little hands and feet you can imagine, and Maud especially is enchanted with it. I think I shall like it very much when it is a little older, and has its features under better control. At present I regard it with a little fear, because it looks sometimes about ninety years old, and I am so afraid it will say something to me. I should certainly drop it.

Oh, by the bye, Grace does not like it to be called "it;" but it is very difficult to think of it as "she" and "her."

Have you seen any of the new Smyrna work? It is very easy to do, and results in thick, soft rugs and mats, beautiful in colour, and very durable. These are made by knitting strips of wool upon a foundation of strong twine, after a pattern drawn and coloured for the purpose. It is pleasant work, and not cumbersome, as it can be done in small-sized strips, which can be afterwards joined together. Maud and I are going to begin a square rug together when the season is over.

I am glad you have found my recipes so successful. Here is another small culinary hint. If poultry is intended to be eaten cold, stuff it with olives, without removing the stones. The flavour will be delicious, and indeed, the odour as well.

And here is a very pretty dish, just the kind that a lady would delight in making. Since our visits to the Mortimer-street School of Cookery we have grown quite fond of the art of the *cordon bleu*. I am sure I could command a good salary as cook; at least thrice as much as I should be likely to get as governess, though I have had something better than what George Eliot so happily calls the "small tinkling and smearing" of the usual ornamental education of girls.

But to our *plat*. It is called "Œufs au Café." Boil three-quarters of a pint of milk till it is reduced to half the quantity. Then add a quarter of a pound of powdered coffee. Let it simmer for half an hour, and then press the creamy mixture through a very fine sieve. Incorporate with it the yolks of three eggs, and also three whole eggs. Pass it again through the sieve, beat the cream a little, and pour it into six small cake-moulds which have previously been well buttered. Have a saucepan ready containing boiling water. Take it off the fire, and place the moulds in it; allow the cream to settle, and turn the moulds upside down on the dish the "Œufs au Café" are to be served on. Lift the moulds carefully off their contents, add to the latter a sauce made of good coffee, well sweetened, and serve quite hot.

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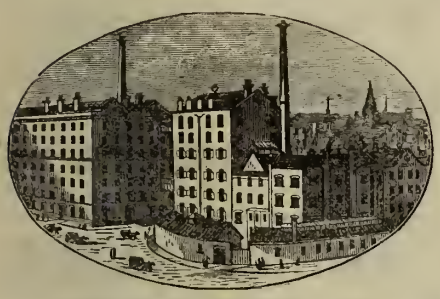

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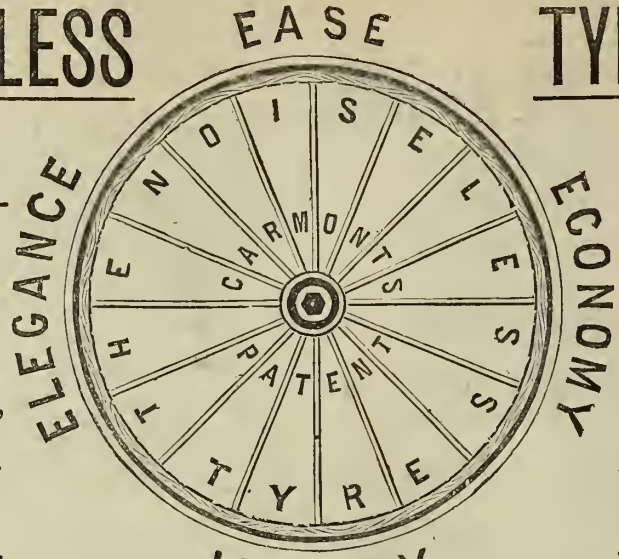

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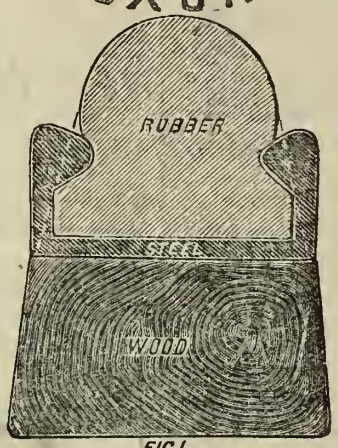

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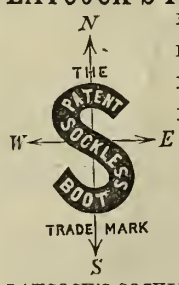

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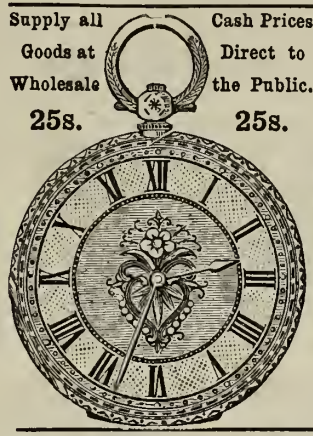

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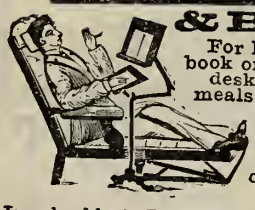

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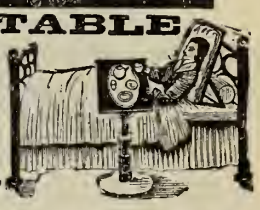

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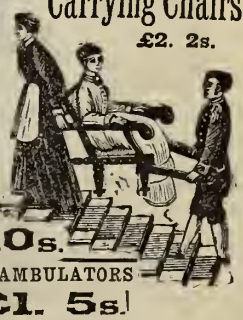

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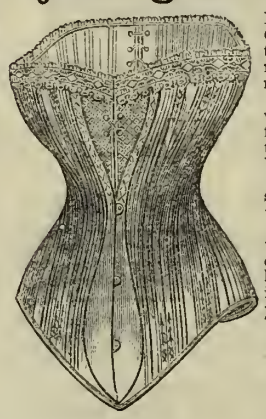

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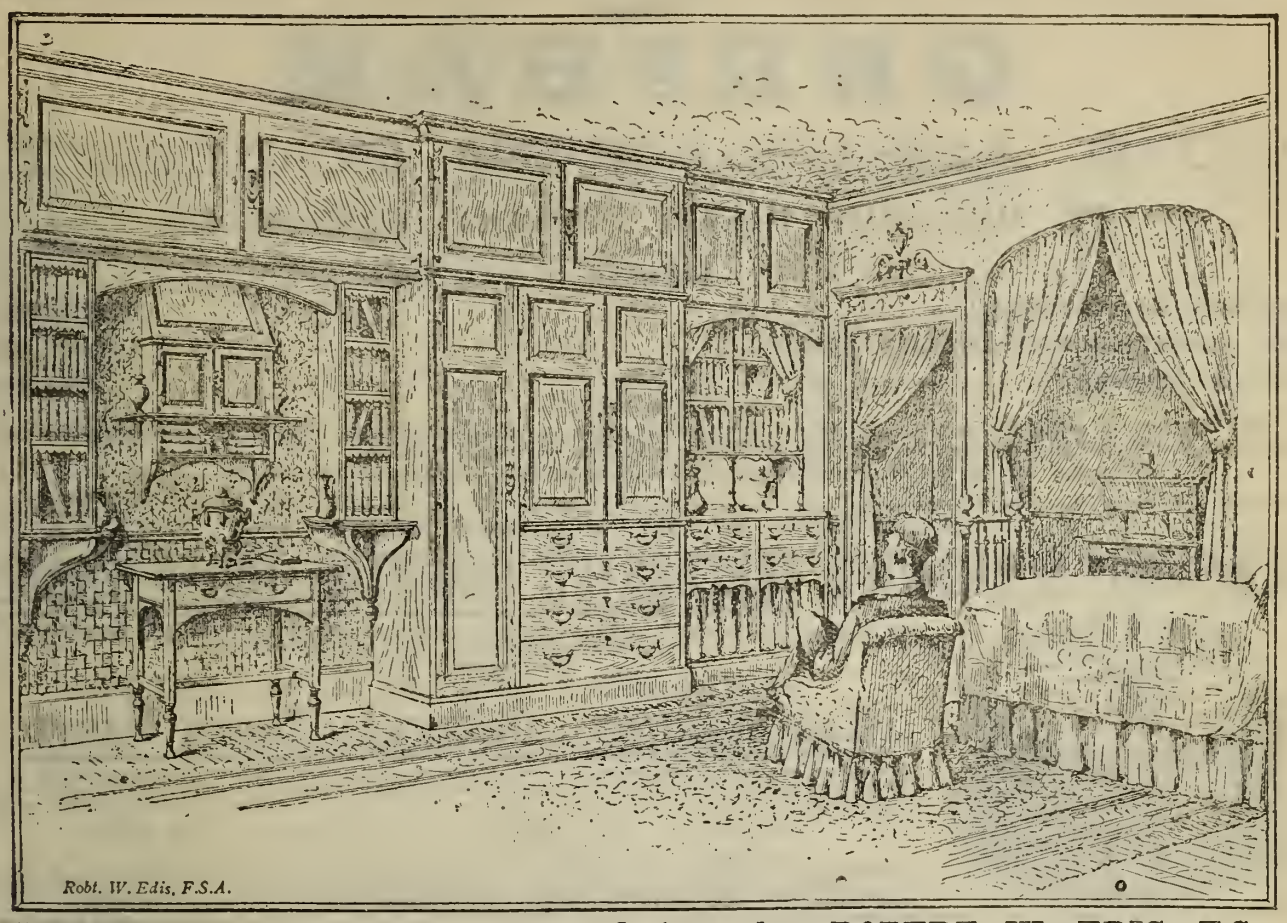

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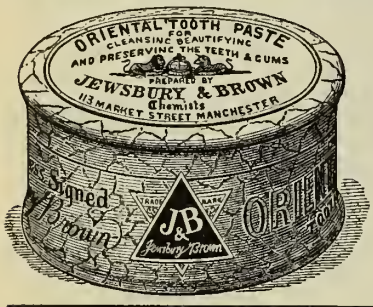

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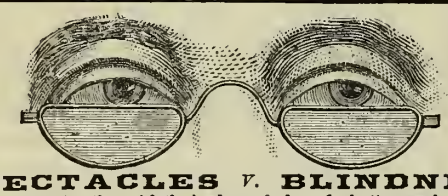

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OUR PUZZLES.

RULES.

1. The sum of £2. 2s. will be given every week for the best Epigram, Conundrum, Lipogram, Bouts-Rimés, or whatever the announced subject of the competition for the week may be.

2. The Puzzle Editor reserves the right, however, of dividing the above sum between two or more competitors, or of withholding the prize, should exceptional circumstances render such a course desirable.

3. The decision and award of the Puzzle Editor must be considered final and irrevocable, and, for obvious reasons, no appeal from his critical judgments can be entertained.

4. In every instance the Prize will be given in money, subject to no condition whatever, except the publication of the winner's real name and address in this journal.

5. Competitors will be allowed eight days for the composition and despatch of their efforts; but all such communications must, at the latest, be received at the Truth Office by the first post on Friday morning in the week succeeding the publication of the subject for competition.

6. Not more than one Prize will be given in a Quarter to the same competitor.

7. All New Contributors are Required to Forward with their First Answers their Real Names and Addresses for Registration; such names and addresses will not be published except in the case of Prize-winners.

8. The *nom-de-plume* chosen by competitors should not exceed 12, and must under no circumstances consist of more than 14 letters.

9. Competitors must on no account change the noms-de-plume they have once assumed.

10. On the announcement of the Prize-winner's *nom-de-plume*, the successful competitor must write and make formal application for the Prize, stating the address to which the cheque must be sent. Any competitor failing to do so within three months of winning the Prize will forfeit all claim to the same.

11. No communication can be received on post-cards, by telegraph, or by hand. They must all be sent by the time named above, all post letters addressed—

PUZZLE EDITOR OF "TRUTH," Carteret-street, Queen Anne's-gate, S.W.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 261.—FORECAST OF QUEEN'S SPEECH.

Harold (No application received. See Rule 10) £2 2 0

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 262.

The rhymed addresses to our visitor, "Old Tongue," who has, by the way, been a pronounced specimen of the nine days' wonder, were, I think, quite up to the standard reached in former competitions of a similar kind. I consider, in fact, that the average of excellence was a little higher than usual, some of the quips worked into the lines being very apropos. In the more mechanical matters, moreover, of rhyme and metre, there were very few who absolutely failed in the one or mistook the other. The possession of a good ear for sound, resulting in the use of legitimate rhymed endings, was evidently very general amongst those who sent in addresses, and there were agreeably few of those delusive "sight-rhyme" words which look rhymes but are not so in reality, such as "love" and "prove," "done" and "gone," &c. I have not had time, however, to read through all the lines, and I will therefore not announce the Prize Winner until next week.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 265.

A correspondent suggests a variation of a puzzle which has several times been tried with much success in these columns. Competitors have been called on to "bury" towns and "bury" statesmen; and extending the system of sepulture followed in these cases, it is suggested that they shall now see how well they can "bury" or conceal a well-known proverb or old saying in a sentence or paragraph. The prize, then, will be given to the competitor who

Succeeds Best in "Burying" in a Paragraph of not More than Thirty Words a Well-known Proverb or Saying Containing not less than Five-and-Twenty Letters.

As there may be new would-be puzzle-solvers who do not understand how the proverb is to be buried, I will give the sample which was sent me. In the following paragraph it will be seen that the letters in small capitals make up the words "*Most haste, least speed*":—

"The Dundrum ostrich (as we read) has terrible astounding and terrific beaks, and speedily destroys its enemies."

The example is not a very good one, I may add, as the word "speed" is not in reality "buried" at all, and competitors will do well to see that they, if possible, conceal more effectually the words they have to bury. They will, of course, take care to choose a proverb or saying with not less than 25 letters. The shorter the sentence or sentences are in which the proverb is concealed or buried the better, but it must not at most exceed 30 words in length. As to the proverb, it will count in the favour of the competitor if he bury one of more than 25 letters, provided it be done skilfully. It will be useless, however, to increase the length too much at the expense of the neatness of the work of concealment. Any saying may be chosen if it be well known.

Answers to Correspondents.

Grosvenor.—I am much obliged to you for your suggestion, which I have, you will see, turned to speedy account.

Mai Monte.—The charade you send does not apply to any recent Truth competition. Shall I return it?

Salmo Salae.—Your lines on the White Elephant reached me too late for publication.

Crystal Palace.—Yes, the first line of your address to Toung would have read better had "truth" been printed "Truth," as you wrote it.

Oeiel.—It was a mistake, and you had better retain your old *nom de plume*, I think.

Hopegold.—Competitors may send in, as a rule, as many replies as they like to a Puzzle.

Svonok.—You make a mistake. There were, at least, eleven errors in your lines.

Edna.—You did very well, and were within three of the winner.

THE PUZZLE EDITOR.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 263. ASSORTED SPECIMENS—GOOD AND OTHERWISE.

SENTENCES MADE BY SELECTING ONE WORD FROM EACH OF THE PAGES OF "TRUTH" FOR FEBRUARY 7.

One more blow for all. What a warning to the English. A dark and inglorious undertaking we went in for; the expenses of this distressing campaign will be large, and will have to be paid speedily.—E. Y. N.

The greatest relief was felt when the Government sent General Gordon, with unrestrained authority, to Egypt, as it was believed that there was no better man to be had to undertake the establishment of order there.—Friar Tuck.

Statesmen of the present time consider that the best way of administration is to manifest the most earnest confidence in the energy and talent of their own men, but to delay the affairs of all departments.—Betty Pringle.

All glorious and pure will Truth, like water (dancing in the bright sunshine), ever run; a current that circles through the world, and remains pure as brilliant crystal, a rich and cleansing flood, among all impurities.—Moonshine.

It is to be hoped that the Government has decided to give sharp attention to the Egyptian affairs; so very ominous is the political depression which renders all International interests unusually infirm,—their relations most disagreeable.—Endure Foet.

The imbecility of the conduct of the Government in hesitating to admit the great stake at issue and the unscrupulous statements regarding our political condition, will possibly entirely prevent any success in Egypt of our army.—Fynoola.

Sir,—Although the Soudan question was most difficult for Gladstone, Gordon deciding suddenly to start for Egypt within a few hours, assisted the party very wonderfully, and now a settlement of the question is more certain.—Veep.

Now is the Tory stage of discontent
Made brilliant anticipation by this Randolph Lord,
And all the dangers suspected for the land,
By the good offices of this youth made harmless.
The people bless their champion. M. W.

A crowd of statistics is likely to make important and curious work for secretaries; but the only way to find out the distinctive features of these islands is to participate in the life of the proprietors.—Scota.

I would I were now as I would be!
But then should I not be as I should!
For as I am now I would not be,
But this that I would I hope to be!
Sans Changee.

I understand Nice is now termed unsatisfactory as a place to obtain health, charming and pretty though the views of her flowery country (the mild Riviera), in truth, may be; and society most brilliant; climate unsurpassed!—Cæsar's Corner.

To be, or not to be! that is a question which is, but should not be regarded so supercilious'y by the party now in power, for the public is absolutely agreed in witholding confidence from them.—Grapho.

Quotation from Doddridge on Early Rising (not verbatim).

If a man arranged for twenty-four years he would always, instead of seven, get up at five each morning, it would really represent seven years extra on to his life; this without eliminating his night hours.—Gee.

The marriage of Lord Garmoyle is not to take place. He will pay with his gold for the scandal, which will be to ladies wonderfully interesting, as gentlemen are, in society, honourable in their designs.—Rantee.

The imbecility and stupidity, manifest in the scandalous and incompetent Egyptian gambling of political idiots, verified in the awkward affair of Feb. 4 the illustrations of men in Parliament. Will sound reasons maintain the Cabinet?—Fanius.

Is it, or is it not, the truth when Tories say their sad forebodings about Egypt are being proved correct, and that the political consequence may be more disagreeable than favourable to our Government of Economy?—Epsilon.

Some programme will have to be absolutely announced with regard to our adventures political in paralytic Egypt. The time has apparently come for this important and unusually delicate notice to be promptly submitted to the world.—Cobbeen.

Moreover, there was once a well-known man, a great Liberal (Minister to good Victoria) promising rational management; the people believed; but indignation,

now daily generated by deleterious arrangements, removes public goodwill, and puzzles the general world. —Kerry Pippin.

To be, or not to be, that is the question. Whether it is the more royal, in the mind, to smile on the wrongs of life, or use strong energy, and cause an end of them.—Bob Ridley.

Last week Leopold's speech was remarkable for the utterance of very hard and extremely mean remarks. He will do well to adopt the good view Truth has taken of the important and urgent question of economy.—Zit.

The special topics mentioned in Truth at present are Government probabilities, stage talk, notes from Epsom, Egyptian politics, and details from the fashionable world, with an interesting variety of general remarks adapted successfully to every taste.—E. de M.

The Queen has written an excellent, charming, and very good work, which will no doubt be highly appreciated, as it is the life of the Queen and home descriptions which interest the loyal reader most.—The Goblin.

All will be interested in the fate of General "Chinese" Gordon, who has just undertaken a task of much risk and anxiety, and some will be very miserable until the work is concluded speedily and successfully.—Sugar Cane.

It might be said that the present Government combines more statesmanship and legislators than ever an administration did before, but there is a confounded loss of time in complications over which they have been sold completely.—Hortus.

The Queen (so the *World* says) has thought fit to give her readers a sort of literary, political, social, and extremely piquant view of the last twenty years. Well was this bogus announcement questioned by Truth.—Guinea Pig.

Queen's weather, let us hope, will the Royal party favour when they start this spring for a German State. A visit to Germany will benefit the Queen, miserable now good John Brown's no more in life.—Yankee Girl.

I understand certain politicians honestly imagine that they can insist on support even though their management has involved desperate inconvenience and very cruel wrongs. But this is pure invention, not founded on any basis of truth.—Neptune.

The Queen has written a work in which she says that John Brown had won by his services her confidence and a "life-long gratitude." Touching testimony from royalty, which only truth and loyalty have obtained.—Loyalty.

The wonder of the world is Ruskin, who, at present, is drawing clouds as cleverly as he did in the days of sunshine, when we all tried every colour, in full assurance of perpetuating splendid imitations.—Ye Joyful Owl.

The very disgraceful style Garmoyle is exhibiting extensively towards the fair Fortescue makes it obvious what a misfortune it would be, was there no relief for treatment perfectly unique; still, an action is her only remedy.—The Gardener.

THE VOTE OF CENSURE.

To be or not to be—that is the question.
Whether the Ministers will victory score,
And triumph over the determined stroke
Designed against them, or effectively
Disposed of be by the successful force
Of combination? Fil.

Sad warnings of future danger have reached us from Egypt. I suppose Parliament will, however, interest itself to stop all agitation that is calculated to work injury to personal property or life, or the public generally.—Sclanidge.

My Lord,—Will you do my wife the happiness of endeavouring to attend her tragedy, "Superba?" She scrupled to ask you, thinking perhaps you have Saturday only available. With all goodwill, &c., from Samuel George Booker.—Phileirene.

The society of Nice is not always the best, as I can tell by some of the artistic and very high-class letters that I have read. Invalids and ladies have not obtained much peace and comfort.—Frumski.

The most lamentable intelligence received of the important proceedings in Egypt will cause very considerable complications, as well as keenest amazement at the political weakness of the Executive, not absolutely unprecedented, but as yet entirely unsurpassed. —Squills.

Surely, considering the circumstances, Garmoyle will pay largely. Compensation must be made for so recklessly dealing with the heart, that gave devoted love for great sorrow and injurious inventions. Of such characters Truth dictates, Ladies' beware.—Sub Junice.

In spite of circumstances which are, unfortunately, very unpleasant, Chinese Gordon advances to the unlucky people—pledged now through mischievous agitation to a tyrant—and is desirous by honest and moderate action of amending their treatment.—Eladsworr.

The authorities have at last been, I fancy, convinced a "Baccarat" club is composed almost literally of those well-known, unscrupulous, high-class visitors, so effective in their designs on the company present, or some part of it.—Crystal Palace.

No one in the world can absolutely say that he is certain that his opinion is right; because the mind is a very limited analyst, and testimony contains partial deductions, where mere friendly interests are obtained. The above is an endeavour to reproduce the remarks on page 194 of Truth, 2nd col., 5th line of clause upon Tories.—Magellan.

In the slaved Soudan there is, perhaps, for the Government and for England, more great trouble now almost visible than has recognition. So it is required of each and every representative of the Kingdom to beware.—Bay-Dido.

To be or not to be, that is the question;
Whether it is wisdom in the human mind
To feel the trouble of Fortunia,
Or to procure fame strong against trials,
And by defeat, free them.
Sunbeam.

The number of times that the Volunteers have attempted to make outrageously dreary expeditions like grand annual affairs, suggested serious misgivings in the minds of the unusually brilliant élite of the infirm municipal powers of Oxford.—Oriel.

Irish slaughter is not surely to be thought now past because some trifles in the way of political kindness to the Irish peasants have been absolutely screwed from the prudential and original Ministers of the Queen.—Albina.

It is a recognised fact that the advertising of the popular Kate, having an engagement in company with many ladies, playing this season at the "Lane," will have fully assured a good house at every exhibition.—A. C. G.

Some writers imagine all property should be held for our universal advantage, though the Rothschilds' forfeited millions would form a certain centre for public disorder, sad and distressing to every moderate and honorable Government in London.—Roggee Shurt.

The Royal invalid at Osborne has retired very much from arduous business; Parliament receiving her commission with dignity, but anxious promptly to resume political power and effectively show skilled settlers their assurance, and remedy for disturbance.—Eclipse.

To us who were in London the affairs of the Soudan and the position of Egypt itself appeared very serious. We had little hope for Egyptian reputation which could be attained with such a reduced army.—The Wabr.

Criticisms on the Ministry, grave, melancholy, and verbose, rather amusing Gladstonians by their humoristic insanity, are puffed with party pettiness and jealousy intolerable. Egyptian disorder is renewed! and "Jam" is unusually effective for a superior attack.—King Cole.

The great question asked by all political men is, "Can Egypt now ignore the risk, likely to be a serious one, of following her purpose with small appearance of energy in directors of the English Cabinet?"—Bono.

The excellent Prince of Wales is a great man, universally popular, indefatigable, genial, and possesses more friends than most Royal people, as many a gentleman has acknowledged who has been in his Royal Highness's unrivalled Court.—Juno.

Dedicated to Truth, the most comprehensive store of remarkable study for general knowledge, pleasant, superior information, political questions leniently and laconically produced, sentiment exquisite, good story; effectively supported by the large orders sent to the office.—Miz-Maze.

Circumstances about which Irving, honestly anxious to serve a local club, asked indulgent attention, have defeated his views. Nevertheless, there are strong dramatic features in Hare's *Mayfair*, and we may ultimately receive the work as satisfactory.—Servius.

Truth is always amusing. In providing information, official and analytical, or ridiculing the fancies of "plungers," promoters, and pseudo-gentlemen, it is practical and wholesome. Truth is the most vigorous of cures for ordinary English depression.—Grosvenor.

On Wednesday evening last I was just warning my son that gambling is sure to betray a man into unscrupulous fraud when a lady, wearing charming brilliant ringlets, like rich gold, stamped and made a face.—Sipahi.

Much irritating, commonplace raillery was shared by the Tories, Radicals, and Mashers on the first meeting of the Chambers, but the complacency of party was exemplified in complete, becoming, and carefully-adapted replies from all departments.—Hopegold.

A number of amateurs would compete for a situation in the mercantile world were it not for the strange anxiety which is intolerable, and is etching its distressing mark on the forms and energy of thousands. —Mona.

In the wilderness, where splendid English gallantry was convinced of Soudanese skill, and saw inglorious Egyptian tears, all again wish for English practical long-expected relief. The deeply miserable people at present really need a large army.—Darkie.

Now, I avoid excessive courtly laurels, because they actually favour support and valueless purposes absolutely ignored by purity and genuine feeling, and are calculated to register success, guaranteed, modelled, and attended by circumstances foreign to truth.—Samoth.

If Truth abandon the "World," and (exhibiting sarcastically Tories, Liberals, English popular Ministers, and stupendous imbecility of military perceptions) write composedly glowing garish narratives, considerable commendation and brilliant recommendation thoughout London will announce satisfaction from thousands.—Keltic.

Truth is always brilliant and very pleasant, that in popular opinion it has shrewd fancies, wise directors, superiority over pettiness of expression, original specialties, new select fiction, all most absolutely considered realised in this unrivalled Truth.—Nellog.

All is sense in Truth. Comprehensive information, interesting arguments, and wise intelligence will always be sure to be in it. Truth is excellent. Truth its price (sixpence) is very moderate. Advertising in Truth is recommended always.—F. R.

The complication in the East is very important, and our men shall not be shot over and no country to save them. We hope the general will be awarded the free prize of his durability.—Rita.

Truth is an admirable dress, elegant is fashion, healthy and bright, never old, in season always fresh, beautiful in colour, altogether glowing, lovely, exquisite, fits, will wear a lifetime, and give glad pleasure to life.—Sans Avoir.

World! Society! all is Vanity, but surely circumstances defend Truth. Yet some think Time promising. We always understand honest investigations and want reason, with good illustrations of English specialties, prompt advice and puzzles, not in Queen. —Minge.

Of "society" papers, who would not have Truth? It is always appreciated, being full of information on politics, society, scandal, amusement, and dress, with important matter effectively supplied and described by the editor with unrivalled effect.—W. M. & Co.

Surely this is a most remarkable century, for Truth is to be found in every home, whilst it was believed in the days that have been that only in a well could we hear the truth.—Bête Noire.

Truth for this week states that baccarat is a chance game. Odds as much as 300 gs. was witnessed by the detective, at the West-end rooms (over this price they can outlay). The sentence is highly disagreeable. —Blower.

My special object in parading these reproductions from Truth is the chance to win the Prize and receive 42s. I should be quite specially glad to get it, and will purchase with it good furniture polish.—Bully.

Surely, national expense and danger will teach Government that Englishmen (with a Parliament little better than political partisans) disappointed, will refuse to bear further distressing discord. Economy guaranteed, royalty limited, truth realised, otherwise disastrous national disturbance.—Kerry-pippin.

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SUPPLIED BY

THE AYLESBURY DAIRY COMPANY,

LIMITED.

Laboratory, Plough Court,
37, Lombard Street, London, E.C.
January 25th, 1884.

To the DIRECTORS OF THE
AYLESBURY DAIRY COMPANY, LIMITED.

Gentlemen,—Referring to my Paper read before the Society of Public Analysts on the 25th November last, on Milk Adulteration in London, and to my subsequent communication to the *Times* and *Pall Mall Gazette* on the same subject, I state, in answer to your inquiry, that, as the result of 300 analyses of Milk purchased in one month in London, I found:

1st. That, averaging the 300 samples, 13 per cent. of the cream had been taken off, and that, in addition, nearly 13 per cent. of water had been added.

2nd. That, estimating this in money on the calculated milk supply of London, it shows that Londoners are mulcted £356,000 per year, or considerably more than one-third of a million, and about one-fifth of the water-rates, by fraudulent milk-dealers.

You ask me specifically as to your Milk. I think it is my duty to answer your questions.

1st. I purchased a number (large) of samples from the Aylesbury Dairy Company's carts in course of their ordinary rounds, and they were all genuine, not skimmed or watered.

2nd. On averaging the result of the analysis of these samples, I find that they stand at the top of my list for richness or high quality.

Such a result as this ought to be satisfactory to you.

Yours very truly,

(Signed) G. W. WIGNER, F.I.C., F.C.S., London and America.
President of the Society of Public Analysts.

Price Lists and full particulars may be obtained on application to The Secretary, The Aylesbury Dairy Company, Limited, 31, *St. Petersburg Place, Bayswater, London, W.*

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16 and 17, Russell Street, Covent Garden, London, Established 1867,
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The MERSEY RAILWAY COMPANY,

Which will provide a direct railway between Liverpool and Birkenhead, and bring the Great Western Railway, for the first time, into direct communication with Liverpool.

ISSUE OF £394,980,

Of which a large amount has already been subscribed, being a further portion of the Authorised Share Capital of

THE
Mersey Railway Company

The Contractor has undertaken to provide for the payment of interest at 4 per cent. per annum on the capital now offered for subscription on the amounts paid up from time to time during the construction of the Railway and until it is opened for traffic, or until such payment is undertaken by the Company with the sanction of Parliament. The Railway is rapidly advancing towards completion, and is expected to be opened for traffic before the end of the present year.

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ABRIDGED PROSPECTUS.

THE Company is incorporated for the purpose of constructing a Railway to connect the city of Liverpool with Birkenhead.

The recent completion of the tunnel heading assures the success of the undertaking, and the Directors are prepared to receive applications, at par, for £394,980, of which a large amount has already been subscribed (being a further portion of the authorised Share Capital, amounting to £1,070,000), in shares of £20 each, payable as follows:—£1 per share on application, £3 per share on allotment, £3 per share on 1st April, 1884, the balance in calls not exceeding £3 per share at intervals of not less than two months.

At the present time the traffic is carried across by means of steam ferries, and its immense extent can be judged from the fact that over 23,000,000 passengers are ferried across annually. Similarly goods have now to be carried by water, and the total tonnage annually carried amounts to more than 750,000 tons.

As the Mersey Railway will convey passengers direct, in 10 minutes or less, between the business centres both of Liverpool and Birkenhead, the local traffic will be exceedingly large, but in addition a heavy remunerative through traffic will pass over the Railway.

Present distance by Railway 30 miles (see full prospectus).

On the Mersey Railway being completed it will form a connecting link between the extensive systems of the Great Western, London and North Western, Great Northern, Midland, and Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Railways, and may easily be connected also with the Lancashire and Yorkshire system.

The Mersey Railway is of the greatest importance to the Great Western Railway Company, consequently they have appointed two Directors (see full prospectus).

It will be seen that the traffic which will follow the opening of this Railway must be very heavy, and consequently the receipts of the line per mile should approximate to those of the Metropolitan Railway (of London), to which this Railway is in many respects analagous.

The Railway commences in the centre of Liverpool (for course of line see full prospectus), thus bringing into close proximity the principal railways east and west of the river.

Facilities to Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway and Cheshire Lines. Traffic from New Brighton, &c., Hoylake, and West Kirby (see full prospectus).

The entire Railway exceeds three miles in length, the actual distance under the river being 1,320 yards, and will be constructed as a double line throughout. The tunnel is capacious and thoroughly ventilated, the stations will be lighted by electricity, and the trains will be commodious and well lighted.

The Engineer's report, annexed to the prospectus, fully describes the works and the satisfactory progress made therewith.

The communication under the river being now completed, it is confidently expected that the Railway will be opened for public traffic before the close of the present year.

The Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P., gave his opinion with reference to this undertaking on October 11 last, after inspecting the Tunnel:—

"They had expected to see a very beautiful work, but it had far exceeded their anticipation. He had always been a firm believer in the tunnel, and desired that it should be constructed, and he hoped that now in a very short time it might be successfully at work. It would be an immense benefit to the community at Liverpool, and he believed when it was at work nobody would be able to understand why it was not done before."

The importance of the Mersey Railway, looking to the remarkable and unique character of the undertaking, and the vast traffic in passengers and goods which will immediately offer itself on the opening of the Railway, is such that it cannot be over estimated. Indeed, it is clear that the traffic will be limited only by the carrying capacity of the line, and from the low percentage at which it is expected to be worked—which in the case of the Metropolitan Railway of London is only 39 per cent. of the gross receipts—and looking to the low cost of construction per mile as compared with that undertaking, viz., about one-half, it may be confidently expected that the Company will rank as one of the best-paying undertakings in the Kingdom.

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• TRUTH •

"Cultores Veritatis Fraudis Inimici."—*Cicero.*

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ENTRE NOUS.

THE Queen and Princess Beatrice will leave Windsor Castle for Germany on Monday, April 7. They are to start early in the morning for Queenborough Pier, where they will embark on the *Osborne* for Flushing, which will be reached about six in the evening. The Queen will sleep on board the yacht, and will start next morning about ten o'clock for Darmstadt direct, travelling by way of Venlo, Cologne, Coblenz, and Mainz. The arrangements for the whole journey have been made by Mr. Kanné, the experienced director of all the Royal expeditions abroad.

The statement in the *World* that the members of the Corps Diplomatique have received "orders" to attend the first Drawing-Room, as it is the Queen's wish to receive them all at the same time, is not quite correct, inasmuch as her Majesty does not propose to be present at either of the March Drawing-rooms; nor have they been told to "limit their attendance to the 14th of March." When the Queen does not intend to hold a Diplomatic Court, an intimation is invariably sent to the Embassies that her Majesty will receive the Ambassadors and their *attachés* at her first Drawing-room. It is a mere form. During the next month the principal Ambassadors and Ministers (Russian, German, Austrian, French, and Danish) are to be invited in turn to dine and sleep at Windsor Castle.

Last Thursday's Levée was hardly so crowded as is generally the case at the first of the season, when there are usually an enormous number of what may be termed routine presentations. There was, however, a good "circle" and a tolerably large "attendance." Mr. Gladstone looked remarkably well, and seemed to be in capital spirits. St. James's Palace is certainly as shabby and meagre a place for Court functions as could be found anywhere in Europe, and the hideous decorations and tawdry ornaments which have been introduced during the last two years have by no means improved the appearance of the State apartments and the corridors which lead to them.

It is announced in the papers that Sir Albert Wood, as Garter King at Arms, has placed the banner of Prince Albert Victor above the stall which he is to occupy in St. George's Chapel. I presume that the Estimates will include an item of some hundreds for the fees and charges incidental on the Prince's investiture as a Knight of the Garter. When the Duke of Cambridge was created a Knight of the Thistle, about two years ago, the country paid £341 for fees, and at the same time £250 was paid for the charges on Prince Leopold's patents of creation to three peerages. It really seems to me that all such charges ought to be paid by the Royal personages concerned out of their very ample allowances, instead of their sponging on the country at every opportunity.

I object strongly, moreover, to the custom of quietly charging the taxpayers for the cost of the special packets in which members of the Royal Family are conveyed to the Continent and back. If a Prince requires a special packet, he ought to pay for it, and all our English Princes are well able to do so. The Prince of Wales does sometimes pay this charge (£40) himself, but the conveyance of the Dukes and Duchesses of Edinburgh, Connaught, and Albany is invariably charged to the public, who during the last two years have also paid several times for the journeys of the King and Queen of Greece (which really is quite too bad), for the Crown Princess of Germany, and for the Grand-Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz. The only members of the Royal Family who invariably pay their own expenses are Prince and Princess Christian, the Duke of Hesse and his daughters, and Princess Frederica.

On Thursday the German corvette *Olga* reached Plymouth from the West Indies, with Prince Henry of Hohenzollern on board. She encountered very heavy weather during the latter part of the voyage, and is undergoing some necessary repairs before proceeding for Kiel.

The Queen telegraphed to Plymouth as soon as she heard of the arrival of the *Olga*, desiring that her grandson should come at once to Windsor Castle. Prince Henry is a great favourite with the Queen, and when he was in the Isle of Wight in the summer of 1881, and his parents were staying at Norris Castle, he was constantly at Osborne, and when he went to take leave, her Majesty herself invested him with the Grand Cross of the Bath.

The Duke of Edinburgh has been having some fair sport in Sardinia. The shooting-season usually closes on the 1st of February, but the Governor of the Island altered the closing date to suit the convenience of the officers of the squadron. What next?

The Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, who has been staying at Berlin on a visit to the Emperor, has now gone to Nice, to join the Duchess, who has been passing the winter there.

The Duc d'Aumale, though having recovered somewhat from his attack of gout, is still far from well, and suffers much from rheumatic pains and returns of the African fever. Nevertheless, he still continues his historical writings, and superintends the education of his little grand-nephew, the Duke of Orleans.

Since the beginning of the season, hospitality has been reigning supreme at Dublin Castle, after a viceregal rather than regal fashion, as the latter is known to our days. Successions of visitors have been staying with Lord and Lady Spencer. Amongst those who arrived at the Castle last week were Lord and Lady Kildare, Lord and Lady De Vesci, Lord and Lady Inchiquin, Lady Mayo, and the Ladies Bourke, &c.

The second Drawing-room of the season, held on Wednesday evening, was unusually well attended, notwithstanding the fact that the raging of a violent tempest kept many timid courtiers away. The palm of beauty was probably borne away by Lady Kildare, though there were some fair Celts who might have disputed it with her very closely. Lady Maurice Fitzgerald also looked very handsome. No doubt the ducal house of Leinster is admirably keeping up the traditions of beauty suitable to an Irish family. Lady Spencer looked charming in a magnificent train and Court-dress of chaudron velvet and brocade, richly trimmed with lace. Her diamonds were resplendent. Lady Kildare and Lady Fingall wore white presentation trains. The Duchess of Leinster and Lady Annaly were in mourning. Lady Inchiquin's and Lady Bellew's jewels were gorgeous and unique.

On Thursday and Friday large dinners and dances were given, dancing taking place in the Throne-room. The elect of society mustered in great strength, pretty faces were pleasantly prevalent, and charming costumes. Dancing was kept up on each occasion with great spirit until a late hour, Lord Spencer joining in many of the valses. On Friday night Lady Spencer wore a curious costume, brocaded or painted all over with birds. Lady Kildare's dress of canary-coloured tulle, trimmed with garlands of oats, was most effective. Lady Donoughmore wore pink. A pretty dress of shaded pink and soft grey very well became its pretty wearer. Mrs. E. Guinness's bouquet of rosebuds and white lilac was a dream of fragrant beauty, its generous size spreading the bounty of fragrance throughout the room.

At the Duchess of Bedford's party last Wednesday Lady Lytton's dress was much admired. It was composed of rich brown velvet, with a train of brown-and-gold brocade of a quite original design. The hostess wore a dress of black and dark-blue satin, profusely trimmed with steel and jet. Lady Tweeddale looked well in a dress of black satin, trimmed with jet, with a train of black-and-white striped satin.

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The Duke and Duchess of Argyll left Inverary for London on the 20th in their yacht *Columba.* They broke the journey at the Gareloch, where Roseneath House—one of the seats of his Grace—is situated. One evening lately the Duke lectured on "The Polar Regions" to some school children at Inverary. A local chronicler writes that "the lecturer, in the happiest manner, adapted himself to the capacity of the children."

Lord March has given up yachting, and is going to sell the *Hildegarde*, the schooner which he purchased from the Prince of Wales about three years ago.

The Duke and Duchess of St. Albans left on Saturday, accompanied by Lady Sybil Beauclerk and Miss Higgins, for Marseilles, where they have joined their yacht, the *Ceres*, in which they are going to cruise along the coast of the Riviera during the next six weeks. They return to Bestwood at Easter, and propose to take a house in London for May and June.

Lord and Lady Dudley, who came up to town from Witley Court about a fortnight ago, will stay at Dudley House till the first week in April, when they propose to return to Worcestershire.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Guinness returned last week to their residence in St. Stephen's Green, Dublin, where they are entertaining a large number of guests. Amongst the number are Lady Southampton and the Hon. Misses Fitzroy, Lady Blanche Conynghame, &c.

Lord and Lady Annaly are staying at Woodlands, near Dublin, and Lord and Lady Gough are at St. Helen's, Booterstown. Few houses in Dublin and the neighbourhood are shut up this year; in fact, society is undoubtedly having a "good time." This is not surprising to those who understand Ireland, where results are not unusually in direct opposition to expectations. Next week the Scots Guards give a very small dance at Richmond barracks. Unlike their predecessors of the Grenadier Guards, these Guardsmen do contribute to the amusement and pleasantness of society, even when not in London.

I hear that Lady Annaly and her sister, Mrs. Sewell, benefit considerably by the will of Mrs. Dixon, of Bellisle, who died at Cannes about three weeks ago. Mrs. Dixon's fortune considerably exceeds a million. The late Mr. Dixon was the son (by a first marriage) of the second husband of Lady Annaly's mother, so the connection is somewhat remote.

The Curraghmore Hunt Ball last week was a great success, although the Lord of Curraghmore was absent. If it is found that society can get on without being patronised by Peers, what a problem the "uses of a Peerage" will be when the hereditary Chamber is abolished!

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Lord and Lady Carmarthen returned home from their honeymoon last Tuesday, and received a very cordial welcome. Bedale was extensively decorated in honour of the occasion, and the carriage containing the happy pair was dragged by forty labourers from Hockforth to Hornby Castle, where a number of the tenantry and neighbours were assembled to do honour to the bride and bridegroom.

The late Mayor of Sandwich seems to have much paternal sense. Six weeks ago the elopement of his daughter with a married clergyman was announced, and they were found to have left in a transatlantic steamer. The ex-Mayor, instead of discarding her, followed in the next steamer, and traced the pair as far as Texas, where, by a ruse, he got the scapegrace away from the lady, whom he readily persuaded to return, and they are expected on this side by the ides of March.

I have heard of golden, of silver, and even of iron weddings, but a diamond wedding has been hitherto unknown to me. In order to justify the celebration of such an event, it seems that the husband and wife must have successfully endured the bonds of matrimony for no less a period than sixty years. At Campbelltown, in Scotland, last week, ex-Bailie Greenlees and his wife celebrated such a wedding-day, the husband being 88 and the wife 83 years of age.

Probably the most abject toady who creeps is the Dominie whose social stock in trade is that he has been tutor to a Lord. In days gone by some of these tutors were hanged like Dr. Dodd, and others were made Bishops at the request of their former pupils. In Belfast it would seem that there is a certain Bryce, who was formerly tutor in a school where Lord Cairns was instructed in the three R's. His soul is vexed that any newspaper should have dared to suggest that Lord Cairns's grandfather was a tradesman. "Every one," he had thought, "knew that this grandfather was a gentleman, living on his fortune," and the indignant Bryce has moved that all such newspapers should be excluded from some society for the promotion of knowledge which owns him as a member, because "their information respecting the upper classes is misleading." I suppose that it is a matter of profound indifference to "every one" whether Lord Cairns's grandfather was a butcher, a baker, a candlestick-maker, or a millionaire; but are we to understand that in Belfast it is regarded as a disgrace to be the grandson of a tradesman? Lord Cairns himself would probably be the first to protest against this servile zeal. He became a Baron because he had been an able lawyer, and he became an Earl because he had been a Baron. Defend me from my Bryce!

The following arrived too late for insertion last week; but as Dr. Russell is so popular and well known, an account of his marriage is better late than never:—

After sundry tribulations, resulting from differences of faith between the bridegroom and the bride, Dr. Russell was finally and very much married in Paris to the Countess Antoinetta Malvezzi, a daughter of Count Malvezzi, of Bologna. The Civil marriage was performed at a Mairie in Paris, on Saturday, the 16th instant. On Monday, at 11 am., the already married couple were married again by the Rev. Mr. Gill, at the British Embassy, in the Rue de Faubourg St. Honoré, the bridegroom appearing in the conventional British morning-dress of the period, and the bride, a charming Italian blonde of the Rubens type, in a costume of white satin, with a long veil of tulle and lace. The bride was given away by her father, her witnesses being Count Bentivoglio, of Bologna, and the Neapolitan Prince Zourlo. Mr. Russell's supporters were Col. Napier Sturt, Mr. Francis Clare Ford, H.B.M.'s Minister at Athens, now in Paris attending to the sempiternal Newfoundland Fisheries Question, the members of the Embassy, and Mr. Hulbert, of New York. After the ceremony, Dr. Russell arrayed himself in the solemn sables which are *de rigueur* on such occasions all over the continent, and underwent a third marriage in the Catholic Church in the Avenue d'Eylau, listening in the sacristy to a printed homily on the importance of his speedy reconciliation with the church of his bride. Mass was sung, and the church was filled with guests. A wedding-breakfast, given to the bride and bridegroom by the Marchioness of Anglesey, at her residence in the Rue de la Pompe, was attended by Lord Lyons and the members of the British Embassy, by the Italian Ambassador in Paris, the Duchesse de la Torre, the Baron and Baroness de Santos, the Prince and Princess Stanislaus Poniatowski and the Princess Katrina Poniatowski, the Duchesse de Grammont, the Vicomtesse de Janzé, Lord Bennet, Mrs. Morton Frewen and Miss Jerome, Count Flenry, the Count and Countess Alessandro, and Count Walewski, Col. and Mrs. Napier Sturt, the Prince and Princess Von Lynar, the beautiful Mme. Porges, Mrs. Freeman, Miss Lemmar, and many other persons well known in Paris and London. Dr. and Mrs. Russell left Paris the next day for Windsor.

In an account of the marriage in a French newspaper, I see that Mr. Ford and Colonel Sturt are called Monsieur Francis Luie Floro and Monsieur Nappen Stuart.

A marriage took place last week, the officiating clergyman at which (the Rev. B. Edwards) is ninety-six years of age, and he has held his living (the Rectory of Ashill, Norfolk), for seventy-one years—a tenure of one parish probably unequalled in the history of the Church.

The death of Mr. Milner-Gibson is somewhat sudden. I was sitting with him a few weeks ago, when he appeared in excellent health, and to be suffering from none of the incommodities of age beyond a slight deafness. He said that he intended going once again to the Mediterranean on his yacht, but that he thought it would probably be for the last time.

Lord Yarborough has recovered from his recent illness, and reappeared in the hunting-field last week with Lady Yarborough.

Sir Redvers Buller has written to friends in Devonshire to say that he hopes and expects to return home from Egypt in the course of a few weeks.

The picturesque little island of Erisha, on the coast of Argyllshire, has just been sold to a Mr. Stewart, who claims to be descended from the Stewarts of Appin. Mr. Stewart intends to lay out a large sum of money in improvements on the island, and he is about to build a house, and extensive gardens are to be formed. Erisha belonged to the Lochnell estate of Mr. A. L. Campbell.

Lord Polwarth, whose herd of Shorthorns at Mertoun is one of the largest and finest in Scotland, intends to hold an annual sale of his stock. The first takes place at the farm to-morrow, and Mr. Thornton — the Tattersall of cattle sales—will be in the box. Lord Polwarth's flock of Border Leicester sheep has long been famous as being one of the choicest in the country.

Rimmel's Toilet Vinegar, tonic, refreshing, 2/6. Aromatic Ozonizer, a natural air purifier, 1/. 96, Strand; 128, Regent-st.; 24, Cornhill.

The Langham Hotel, Portland Place, W., redecorated throughout combines every modern improvement and luxury. Accommodates more than five hundred guests.

The stock of hares in Windsor Great Park has greatly diminished of late, and the breed has deteriorated. Last week new blood was introduced by the importation of several dozens of live hares, which were sent by the Duke of Buccleuch from Drumlanrig Castle as a present to the Queen. They had been caught in the preserves on the Duke's Dumfriesshire estate, and were despatched in hutches from Thornhill to Windsor.

Mr. Sawrey-Cookson has resigned the Mastership of the Hurworth country. Another vacant country is the Surrey Union, which Mr. Farrell-Watson gives up at the end of the season. The Old Berkshire and the Glendall have not yet found successors to Lord Craven and to Mr. Grey. It is hoped that Sir Thomas Boughey will consent to hunt the Albrighton for one more season. The report that the Old Berkeley country (west side) is about to become vacant is incorrect.

For the present, at all events, harmony has been restored among the members of the Bedale Hunt. Mr. G. W. Elliott, M.P., has been elected master, and at their meeting last w ek the Hunt passed a vote of thanks to Major Dent the sport he has shown during the past six seasons.

Charles Archer leaves Newmarket this week for Alfriston, Sussex, where there are splendid training-grounds—quite as good as at Newmarket in every respect. He has taken Mr. R. Porter's stables, from which many good winners used to be turned out.

We are to have quite a plethora of foreign sporting visitors during the coming summer. In addition to the Australian and Philadelphian cricket teams, Canada is going to send over her representative lacrosse players once more, encouraged, doubtless, by the great success of their last visit. There are also rumours of an American contingent of athletes coming over to take part in the Championship meeting, which will be held at Birmingham, in all probability on June 21.

Whether the redoubtable Spofforth will form one of the Australian team of 1884 is still doubtful, but that, in any case, our visitors will have a very powerful eleven, is beyond all question. Murdoch appears to have improved even on his previous form, and in a match between the probable Anglo-Australian eleven and the rest of Australia, he compiled no fewer than 279 runs in his only innings. W. H. Cooper is the member of the team whose doings will at first command most attention from English cricketers; he has not been over before, but the fame of his deadly slow bowling has gone before him.

All the South of England Clubs having now been knocked out of the competition for the Football Association Challenge Cup, there is great indignation among northern players at the decision of the committee that the final tie must be played in London, at Kennington Oval, and a very strong agitation is going on to have the venue changed. If the gate-money of this tie could go, by the rules of the Association, to the club on whose ground the game is played, there would be more cause for outcry than there is at present; but the fact is that this particular gate-money goes to the coffers of the Association itself. Besides, as it happens this year, the Oval is a perfectly neutral ground to all parties; and if the prestige of the competition is to be considered, London is certainly the right venue for the final tie.

A French club friend tells me the following particulars respecting the cheating in the club of the Rue Royale, which has led to so much discussion in Paris:—Those who have been members of the club for a certain time have an open credit of 20,000 f. on which they can draw. The member whose malpractices have been brought to light, having exhausted his 20,000 f., borrowed the credits of two other members. He soon lost these 40,000 f., and then borrowed money of a card-waiter. This supply being lost, the waiter proposed to him to accept him as a partner. The ill-luck continued, and the waiter's money followed that of the member's. Hence the use of the marked cards, which M. Hottinguer detected by the touch when dealing them. The matter was brought home to the peccant member by a careful examination of the card accounts, in which the use by each member of his credit is set down.

The Royal Colonial Institute gave last Christmas prizes of £20, £15, £10, and £5 respectively for the four best essays on the Australasian Colonies; the prize of £20 being open to persons who were members of any University in the United Kingdom, and who had not been members for more than three years; the others being for pupils of any school in the United Kingdom. It is intended to continue this plan, and to offer prizes for the best essays on the Dominion of Canada and the Island of Newfoundland. The conditions will be issued soon after Easter, and I am requested to say that intending competitors will receive all information respecting them on application to the Secretary of the Society, 15, Strand.

I am glad that Mr. Walter has broken through traditions and appointed Mr. Buckle editor of the *Times*, although still a young man. A man is probably at his best from the age of thirty to forty. If he has not acquired experience, he is not likely to acquire it; and he has a good deal more dash and go than later on in life. In business this is an accepted doctrine, but in politics and in those professions appertaining to politics, it seems to be generally thought that childhood ends at forty, and middle age at seventy.

Mr. Buckle had a fairly distinguished career at Oxford; and since he has been connected with journalism, he has shown considerable tact and judgment. He may not be a brilliant leader-writer, but this, I take it, is an advantage in the case of an editor for such a paper, whose time ought to be far better occupied than in doing work which can be performed by hundreds of other men. A really good editor is a *rara avis*, whereas leader-writers are as plentiful as pawnbrokers.

There seems to be a mistake with regard to the origin of the Blenheim Gallery. Some three or four Rubens in the collection were presents to the first Duke

of Marlborough from the Emperor of Germany and from towns in the Netherlands, and one or two others were bought by the Duke himself. The great mass of the pictures were purchased by the third Duke of Marlborough, and these include most of the Rubens and Vandykes, and the famous Raphael. This latter was bought by Lord Charles Churchill when a young man travelling in Italy, from the monks of the church for which Raphael painted it, and was subsequently sold by him to his brother the Duke. There are about thirty Rubens and twenty Vandykes in the Blenheim collection.

The present Duke could not sell any of the pictures to the nation for less than their market value. They are not his property, but, being heirlooms, they belong to the trustees, and these latter would be answerable to the estate were they to sell them to this country for a lower price than it might be proved could be obtained elsewhere. Whether a man ought to have a hereditary pension is one thing, but that he may sell his pictures in the best market is unquestionable. Before the Duke is blamed for selling his pictures to foreigners, it ought to be clearly understood that we are prepared to give him their market value.

If I had a Raphael, thirty Rubens, and twenty Vandykes, I should at once sell them; all the more if they were hanging in a country house. What more property can a person have in a picture—except for selling purposes—than the right to look at it? I should prefer to exercise this right in a public gallery than in my own house, if the latter alternative involved my not enjoying the interest of the money-value of the picture. Tastes, of course, differ; but I would not give a shilling for the so-called ownership of a dozen acres of canvas covered with the naked, blousy, pink-fleshed Dutch Fraus, which Rubens delighted to portray.

A correspondent writes:—

Everybody is agreed that the order for closing the London theatres on Ash Wednesday is absurd and unjust, and in all respects most objectionable. It is, however, unfair to throw the blame on "Court functionaries." Some time back, when it was proposed to abolish the rule, the permanent officials who are principally concerned in the matter were ardent advocates for the reform. The Queen, I believe, was not unfavourable, but certain Ministers interposed, with a representation that grave offence would be given to "Church people," a notion to which they were, doubtless, predisposed by their own High Church views.

I observe that Augustus Harris has invited curates and their families to the hospitalities of his "Cinderella." In this he is, perhaps unconsciously, imitating the great P. T. Barnum, the owner of whatever sacredness may be in the new elephant from Siam. Mr. Barnum several years ago was giving one of his extensive shows at the Maddison-square Gardens in New York while a mammoth convention of Baptists was in session, and to his entertainment (notwithstanding that then nothing of a sacred character appertained to the trained elephants in his keeping) Mr. Barnum invited the clerical and lay members of that convention. After an address of welcome by the manager, one of the brethren offered a prayer, which was followed by a contest of chariots. All of them enjoyed the sports, but it was noticed that at the next convocation the members infused much of the "circus," as the American phrase goes, into their debates.

There is to be a performance of Mendelssohn's "St. Paul" at Cambridge, in the chapel of King's College, on Friday, March 14. It has been got up by the University Musical Society, and Mr. Stanford, organist of Trinity College, will conduct. A temporary organ is to be erected, as the chapel organ is below concert pitch. The performance is in aid of a local charity, and an excited discussion has arisen as to whether it is right and proper that it should take place in the chapel.

It was generally foreseen that the ridiculous refusal of Convocation to nominate a particularly pious and learned Nonconformist to examine in "the rudiments of faith and religion," would call attention to the absurdity of the examination altogether, and I see that a motion (in the Oxford Union last week) regretting its continuance was only lost by a majority of two. The real reason in favour of the examination is, however, financial, the fees being a source of considerable income to the University.

The Council of the Senate, which is practically the governing body in the University of Cambridge, have taken a very sensible and democratic step. They have reported that "there is no sufficient reason for continuing the practice of conferring the B.A. degree upon Peers and sons of Peers," and they recommend that these young gentlemen should in future be required to keep terms and to pass the ordinary examinations in the same way as other undergraduates. It remains to be seen whether the general meeting of the Senate, before whom it will be necessary to bring the matter, will show itself equally superior to the spirit of toadyism. If so, Thackeray's chapter on the University snob will for the future have only an historical interest.

Everyone with any taste for humorous verse will be sorry to hear of the death of "C. S. C.," the author of "Fly Leaves." In University circles especially the news will have been received with great regret, for Mr. Calverley resided both at Oxford and at Cambridge, and many stories of his undergraduate days are still current at both places. He cannot have been much over fifty, as he was elected to a Scholarship at Baliol in 1851. He died, I am told, from congestion of the brain brought on by a fall from his horse.

The *Saturday Review*, which used to be well-informed on such matters, made an absurd blunder in describing the new Bishop of Southwell as a Conservative and a High Churchman. Dr. Ridding is Lord Selborne's son-in-law, but I am not aware that he took his opinions along with his wife. As a matter of fact, the Head-master of Winchester is very little of a Churchman (in the technical sense of the word) at all, and certainly nothing of a High Churchman. His few published sermons show that his views are decidedly broad. In politics Dr. Ridding has always been a Liberal; and he used to support Mr. Bonham Carter at the hustings in former elections at Winchester.

The *World*, which has an old feud with Dr. Ridding, is equally at fault in describing his Head-mastership as unpopular and unsuccessful. Dr. Ridding has been most ably

backed in his reforms by Mr. Richardson, the second master, but nothing can be more absurd than to ascribe the extraordinary success of the school, of recent years, to the assistant-masters rather than to Dr. Ridding himself. Few Head-masters have been more popular, both with their colleagues and with their pupils, than Dr. Ridding is now, and the only people who have ever had anything to say against him were some of the dogged old Wykehamists, fifteen years ago, who objected to the reforms which have made the school what it is to-day.

Mr. Gladstone is to be congratulated on the appointment of Mr. Scott-Holland to St. Paul's, for it is in every respect a most excellent one. He is a most eloquent and a most thoughtful and earnest preacher, and besides he is a man of great energy and of much administrative capacity. I hear that the Dean and Canon Liddon were consulted by the Prime Minister on the subject of Dr. Stubbs's successor, and it is mainly through their representations that Mr. Scott-Holland has received the stall. He will resign his Oxford position and will devote himself entirely to his London work. He is no stranger to the Cathedral, as he has frequently preached there at the special evening services. Mr. Scott-Holland will be formally installed during the last week in April, and he will be in residence during May, preaching for the first time as Canon-in-residence on the afternoon of Sunday, May 4, but he will be heard in London at a much earlier date, as he is "appointed" to fill the pulpit at the Chapel Royal, Whitehall, on the afternoon of Sunday, March 16.

The *World* is by no means satisfied with Mr. Gladstone's appointments to the sees of Chester and Southwell; mainly it would seem, because neither of the new Bishops can boast of parochial experience. If Edmund had taken the trouble to consult "Crockford," he would have discovered that Canon Stubbs was Vicar of Navestock for seventeen years, and Rector of Cholderton for four years. I should imagine that few prelates have enjoyed a larger experience as parish priest.

The Bishop of Peterborough's convalescence is progressing so satisfactorily that he has engaged to preach at the Chapel Royal, St. James's, on the fifth Sunday in Lent, March 30.

The special evening services at Westminster Abbey will be resumed next Sunday, and are to be continued through Lent. They will be held in the choir.

It is announced that a large sum is urgently required for the repair of Westminster Abbey, and as the resources of the Dean and Chapter are "altogether inadequate," Mr. W. H. Smith is to ask the Prime Minister to-morrow evening whether he proposes to submit any proposal on the subject to the House of Commons. Under the circumstances it is a pity (or rather a scandal) that the Dean and Chapter should lately have wasted some £10,000 in building perfectly useless houses for two of the Canons in the College garden, and also a house in the cloisters for Mr. John Thynne, the Receiver (a quite superfluous official, as his light duties could easily be performed by the Chapter Clerk). I do not understand why it is necessary to have six Residentiaries at the Abbey (£1,000 a year each and a capital house attached to each stall), and still less why there should be six Minor Canons, each of whom also enjoys a free house. Four of each class ought amply to suffice. The two largest and best Canons' houses actually stand closed and empty during ten months in the year, as Canons Prothero and Duckworth are never to be seen at Westminster except during the two months of their residence. If a Canon lives constantly at Westminster (and, considering the value of the stalls, it is disgraceful that livings should be held with them), let him have a house by all means; but if he holds any other preferment (either Church or University), he ought merely to have the use of a residence house for the term of his duty at the Abbey. Canons Prothero, Duckworth, and Westcott could do very well with one house between them, which each would occupy in turn, as at York. I should feel more sympathy for the Dean and Chapter in this their hour of need if they had hitherto managed their revenues with more discretion.

The *Hertfordshire Standard* publishes a correspondence between Mr. Isaiah Holden, of Epping, and the Bishop of St. Albans, which really leads me to ask whether I am living in the barbarous ages of superstition or in the nineteenth century.

I notice that when a clergyman performs an unusually outrageous act of clerical despotism, he frequently announces that it makes his heart bleed; just as a schoolmaster, when about to administer a flogging, often thinks it necessary to preface the ceremony with the remark, which no one believes, that it hurts him much more than the boy. The Rev. Mr. Fort and the Bishop of St. Albans are of opinion that Mr. Holden and his wife ought to be excluded from the Holy Communion because she is his deceased wife's sister. Mr. Holden, it appears, is over eighty, and his wife is seventy-seven; they have been married fifty years; nothing has been urged against them; but the parson and the prelate are inexorable. The former, he of the bleeding heart, proposes that Mr. Holden should partition his house and live in separate rooms from his wife—an idea which must convey a most exalted notion of the reverend gentleman's tact and understanding; and the latter backs up his subordinate, and quotes a well-known text to show that Mr. Fort is greatly to be congratulated upon the odium which his tyranny has occasioned. I cannot help thinking that some at least of Mr. Fort's parishioners must have felt very much as Mr. Weller did when Mr. Stiggins remarked, "it makes a vessel's heart bleed." Mr. Weller, it will be remembered, "murmured something relative to making a vessel's nose bleed."

I am sorry that Mr. Holden, owing to his and his wife's advanced age and feeble health, has determined not to contest the legality of Mr. Fort's action, for I cannot conceive how either of them can come under the definition of a "notorious evil-liver." However, the question is pretty sure to

The Belgrave Laundry, 194 & 196, Ebury-street, Belgravia. A laundry for high-class families.

Beauté. Vérité. Éternité.—Miniatures photographiques inaltérables sur émail vitrifiées au feu (patent). Walery, 5, Conduit-st., W.

turn up again in some form or another, and then it is to be hoped that steps will be taken to convince the Rev. Mr. Fort, the Bishop of St. Albans, and other clergymen and prelates of their way of thinking, that such idiotic oppression is not only scandalous, but illegal, and deserving of punishment.

Messrs. Blackwood have just published a handy text-book on military law, by Major Cochran, Garrison Instructor at Edinburgh. The object of the work is to supply a recognised want, by comprising in one volume all the matter required by officers preparing for examination in such a clear and concise form as to simplify and facilitate the study, making it less dry and more interesting. Major Cochran has executed his task with great care and skill, and there is little doubt that his book will be found of great use.

An important meeting of commanding officers was held last week at the Horse Guards, under General Higginson, C.B., to consider the condition of the Volunteer Force. The meeting was private, but it is no secret that the impossibility either of obtaining or of keeping the services of good officers is endangering the existence of the force. If one half of the stories of the slights and insults offered to good officers be true, it is easy to understand why the service should be unpopular.

A good deal of very justifiable indignation has been excited in "service circles" by the appointment of Lord Edward Somerset to a vacancy in the Corps of Gentlemen-at-Arms, which is one of the most flagrant and most thoroughly indefensible jobs which has been perpetrated for some time. When the purchase system was abolished, it was formally arranged that in future as vacancies arose in this corps they were to be filled up only from a list which was to be kept at St. James's Palace, and submitted to the Queen as occasion arose, and which was to contain only the names of really deserving field officers—men who had seen great and long service. At present there are about fifty unexceptionable names on this list. Lord Edward Somerset, moreover, is not eligible for the corps, as it is most distinctly stipulated in the official regulations (approved by the Queen and by the military authorities), that nobody under the rank of a Field Officer is to be appointed. It is really monstrous that scores of old and distinguished officers, whose claims are great and manifold, should be quietly passed over in order to provide for a young man whose sole recommendation is his connection with a ducal family, the members of which have absorbed £540,000 of the public money during the last thirty years.

Decidedly there is something wrong with the transport arrangements at Woolwich. The superintendence of the stowing of a ship's hold is not a very difficult or a very unusual task, and somebody, one would have thought, might have been found to see that at any rate the elementary rules of common sense were obeyed in the case of the *Justitia*, which had been chartered as a storeship, and was handed over to the captain on Thursday last. As a matter of fact, however, all the lighter portion of the cargo had been stowed in the bottom of the hold, with the live shell and other heavy material at the top; and the captain, drawing the natural conclusion that the vessel would be likely to capsize in the first gale, very properly refused to put to sea. The cargo had, therefore, to be altered and re-stowed, so that this absurd piece of official negligence will have delayed the arrival of the stores at Suakim by at least two days.

The attention of the authorities at the Admiralty might very usefully be directed towards a case of cruel thoughtlessness on the part of an officer attached to a ship now stationed off Plymouth, who not long ago caused himself to be rowed ashore on a very cold evening by four sailor boys, who were directed to wait at the landing-place till he returned. They were actually kept in the boat throughout the night, awaiting their officer, according to orders, for he did not think fit to come back till next morning. The lads were not clothed for out-work, and they suffered so severely from the exposure that they were all sent to the sick-bay, and one of them became seriously ill. The officer whose reprehensible carelessness led to this unfortunate occurrence, was "sharply reprimanded" on returning to his ship, but he deserved a more substantial punishment than a mere passing rebuke.

By the resignation of Colonel Goold, on Jan. 1 last, the office of Chief Constable for the County of Somerset was made vacant. By the Act of Parliament (2 & 3 Vic., c. 93, sec. 7) it is stated that the Deputy-Chief Constable shall not perform the duties of the Chief Constable for a longer period than three months. But the Somerset magistrates have announced that no notice to candidates as to sending in applications is to be issued until after the April Quarter Sessions, and that the election will probably take place at the Midsummer Quarter Sessions. Who, then, is to perform the duties of Chief Constable from April until Midsummer?

The principal, ancients, and commoners of Clement's Inn are all solicitors. They have sold the Inn, and divide fifty or sixty thousand pounds amongst themselves. But in the evidence relative to Clement's Inn appended to the Report of the Royal Commissioners appointed in 1854-55 to report on the Inns of Court and Chancery, Mr. Gregory, the then Steward of Clement's Inn, stated that the property, consisting of the hall and chambers, was conveyed to the Inn in 1677, and that it was held in trust by twelve trustees "for the principal and ancients for the time being." I do not see, therefore, how the actual holders of the offices of principal, ancient, and commoner can be entitled to divide the property amongst themselves.

Mr. Romer's rise at the bar has been of a rapidity unexampled among Chancery barristers of the present day. He only took his degree at Cambridge, where he was Smith's prizeman, in 1863. Now he is one of the leaders in Mr. Justice Chitty's Court. His genial manner and cheeriness have made him most popular among leaders and juniors alike.

Vanity Fair says:—"Mr. Benjamin is still the Prince of Ulster and Stalking-Coat Makers." Ulster House, Conduit-street, W.

Screens, with tea-cup shelf on each fold, from 21s. A large variety of screens in Japanese leather paper, needlework, stained glass, and hand-painted in all sizes and styles.—C. Hindley & Sons, 290 to 294, Oxford-street London

Mr. Alderman Isaacs followed up his declaration in favour of punishing masters, not men, for cruelty to horses in a very practical fashion last week. A man named Evans was charged with working a horse in an unfit state, and John Matthews, the stable-keeper in the employment of Evans's master, appeared in court, and acknowledged that he was responsible for sending the horse out. The Alderman said he was determined to stop this cruelty, and much surprised Matthews by sending him to prison for seven days' hard labour, while Evans was fined ten shillings. This is, of course, the only sensible way of dealing with such offences.

A remarkable case was brought before the Queen's Bench Division last week, in which a suitor from Barnstaple applied for an order on the County Court Judge to pay him a sum of money, on the ground that he was clearly entitled to it by a judgment of the court, but that the Judge, by reason of his great age, could not be brought to give his attention to the matter. The venerable Judge is, it appears, eighty years old, and whatever may be the merits of this particular case, I should say on general grounds that it is high time for him to retire. The Lord Chief Justice, however, remarked that it was really no fault in a Judge to be eighty years old, and that we all hoped to grow old in time. Now I sincerely trust that Lord Coleridge may reach an equally ripe old age, but I venture to hope also that, if he does, he will devote the later years of his life to the cultivation of some of his many other gifts, and not to the administration of the law.

At Birmingham, last Friday, no less than five milk-dealers were fined for selling milk from which the cream had been extracted to the extent of from 17 to 36 per cent., or water added to the amount of 11 per cent. In every case it was urged in defence, and in one case proved, that the milk was sold precisely as it was received from the dairy farmers. Apparently this defence was accepted, at least in mitigation, for only nominal fines were imposed. This may be tempering justice with mercy, but it will hardly satisfy the consumers. If the public is to be protected, it is clear that either the wholesale or the retail dealer must be punished. Farmers are very properly imprisoned or fined for sending unwholesome meat to market; why should not the same principle be applied when they send worthless milk?

Legal proceedings have been commenced against five of the directors of the Oxford Building Company, which came to grief a few months ago. Mr. Horace Davey has, I understand, been retained for the defendants, who include the ex-Mayor and two of the leading Aldermen in the city. The sum claimed is £100,000.

A correspondent writes:—

It seems that if the Duke of Bedford and a few more selfish monopolists make themselves a public nuisance by obstructing thoroughfares with unnecessary gates and barriers, the people of London have practically no remedy. The utter selfishness and disregard of public convenience invariably exhibited by these individuals could not be better illustrated. The Duke of Bedford can give £1,000 towards the comparatively useless adornment of Hyde-park Corner but he cannot be induced to allow Londoners free access to King's Cross by opening a few gates!

Far be it from me to attempt to champion the London landholders, but to a great extent the Duke of Bedford is, I believe, powerless in this matter. His predecessors granted long leases, in which the existence of these gates forms a special clause. To do away with them, therefore, would mean giving heavy compensation. As, however, the leases fall out, so are the clauses referring to the gates discontinued.

A few weeks ago there was a paragraph in Truth calling attention to the cruelty to animals that is involved in the middle passage between Cork and Bristol, and a case was cited as having occurred on Dec. 18. The boat crossing on that day was the *Xema*, and belongs to the City of Cork Steam-Packet Company. The Company has caused inquiry to be made, and been good enough to send me the results. It would appear that there was neither overcrowding on the *Xema*, nor was there any cruelty, nor were any of the animals diseased. The "Eye-witness" who wrote to Truth was a lady, and it is pretty clear that her charity outran her discretion.

I entirely agree with the remark that many (if not most) of the poor children in London require food for the body a great deal more than food for the mind, and I am very glad to see, therefore, that the Committee of the "Board Schools Children's Free Dinner Fund" has lately been able to open a fourth branch. The treasurer of the fund is Mr. H. E. Allen, 44, Marlborough-hill, St. John's Wood, and I hope the number of communications he will receive will be enough to allow the committee to open several more centres during the year. These free dining-halls are quite as much wanted, I venture to think, as free mission-rooms.

Here is a letter on the same subject:—

Dear Sir,—In this week's Truth I see a letter about the Board School children's dinners. St. Philip's, Stepney, is one of the parishes where the dinners are given, and the chief difficulty we encounter is want of space to give them in. We are, as you will see by enclosed paper, converting the crypt into a series of useful rooms, one of them a dining-room. We want funds very much. Can you help us with a notice in your excellent journal?—Truly yours, Owen Lankester, Secretary.

68, Belsize-park, N.W., *Feb.* 25, 1884.

The boy newsvendors on Saturday evening hit upon a happy device to sell their evening papers. "Horrible Attack upon Mr. Gladstone in Piccadilly!" was shouted by a young urchin close to one of the clubs. Out rushed the porter to purchase the paper, and when it was perused, the horrible attack turned out to be Lord Randolph Churchill's speech at Prince's Hall.

A gentleman in Harley-street, hearing the same cry, also went to his door to purchase a paper. He found on getting it that he only had a half-crown. The boy offered to get change. "No," said the gentleman. "How do I know that you won't run away with my half-crown?" "Oh, sir!" was the reply; "you hold my papers as security for my honesty;" with which he took the half-crown, thrust a bundle of papers into the gentleman's arms, and ran for change. As the bundle only contained twenty-one penny papers, it is needless to say the boy never reappeared.

Phillips' China and Glass.—Simply the largest Stock in London of Common and Best Services, Ornaments, and Duplex Lamps.—W. P. & G. Phillips, 175, 177, and 179, Oxford-street, W.

Sir Henry Brand was not wanting in firmness, but he ruled rather by tact than by any great display of the former quality. Members who felt themselves in some way aggrieved rushed in hot haste to the Speaker's Chair to pour out their wrongs. They found themselves confronted with a genial, pleasant, somewhat bucolic man of the world, who, while maintaining his dignity, entirely declined to discuss matters in the full-bottomed wig style; and however hardly they felt themselves treated, they withdrew from the steps of the "Chair" assuaged and calmed. For a short man, with not very majestic features, the late Speaker was the most dignified man I ever saw. As he walked up to the table before prayers he even managed to look tall. How he succeeded in this I never could quite make out, excepting that he always held his arms outstretched from the elbows. He leaves London at once for his country seat, where he contemplates remaining some time.

I seldom allude to Mr. Bradlaugh and his constituency in Truth, because their wrongs are somewhat of a personal question to me, and those who air matters that personally regard them in the newspapers with which they are connected are somewhat of bores. Still I cannot help pointing out into what a mess the Conservatives have landed themselves. Again and again the best lawyers in the House of Commons have told them that they have been acting in defiance of law. With stolid obstinacy they have replied that they knew the law better than lawyers. At present the question whether Mr. Bradlaugh's oath is a valid one will, thanks to a little skilful manœuvring and to having allowed the Conservatives rope, be submitted to a Court of Law. Even before the Court has given its verdict, the Conservatives protest against it, and ask that the Attorney-General should pledge himself to appeal against it. No wonder. If the decision be in favour of Mr. Bradlaugh, the House of Commons will stand convicted of having deliberately violated a statute. This is hardly an enviable position for legislators. What amuses me is that the Conservatives have been so carried away by passion, that they only realised the pleasant little pit which was being quietly dug for them after they had floundered helplessly into it. Might may, for a time, make right; but if three Judges of the realm—men independent of all party or sectarian bias—lay down that Mr. Bradlaugh's oath is a valid one, few sensible persons will agree with the House of Commons in its attempt to assert that, as it is not a valid one, Mr. Bradlaugh can neither sit nor vote.

A correspondent sends me the following lines of the poet Cowper on oaths, which, under present circumstances, are not without interest:—

> Hast thou by statute shoved from its design
> The Saviour's feast, his own blest bread and wine,
> And made the symbols of atoning grace
> An office key, a picklock to a place,
> That infidels may prove their title good
> By an oath dipp'd in sacramental blood?
> A blot that will be still a blot, in spite
> Of all that grave apologists may write,
> And though a bishop toil to cleanse the stain,
> He wipes and scours the silver cup in vain.
> And hast thou sworn on every slight pretence,
> Till perjuries are common as bad pence,
> While thousands, careless of the damning sin,
> Kiss the book's outside who ne'er look within?

There are other oaths besides the Parliamentary oath which the House of Commons is called upon to consider and revise or abolish. The secret oath of the Orange Society has been challenged as illegal, and one of the Irish members is prepared to show on evidence, which he believes sufficient to satisfy Mr. Gladstone's proposed test, that the Orange Lodges are still secret societies, bound by oath and working by signs and symbols. Aggressive Orangemen have only themselves to blame if a Select Committee be appointed to inquire into the character and constitution of this society. Lord Palmerston's opinion, delivered as Prime Minister a quarter of a century ago to an Orange deputation, was as neat a slap in the face as a Minister could give. It was as follows:—"I must be allowed to say that the very foundation on which the Orange Society rests casts a reflection on the institutions of the Empire. Nothing could be more desirable for the real interests of Ireland than the complete abandonment of this association."

The Parnellites seem to me to have made a tactical mistake in voting against the Government last week in the Censure division. On the merits of the issue, the Irish must prefer the Government policy in Egypt to that of the Opposition, because the latter would grant the Egyptians less of Home Rule than the former do. They therefore voted as a general protest against the Cabinet which passed the Coercion Act. But the Conservatives also voted for the Act, and their leaders have supported, heart and soul, the rowdies in Ulster who have endeavoured to silence and kill Nationalists. Admitting that the Parnellites regard both Conservatives and Liberals as evils, it is always wise to prefer the lesser to the greater evil. Why the mistake was a tactical one is that, as the Liberals won with the Parnellites against them, those Liberals who have always opposed all concession will be able to say that they can afford to despise the Irish vote, whereas if the Parnellites had held aloof, the threat of opposition would still have had weight.

My worthy friends. I have no feeling or prejudice against you. I should be delighted for you to obtain Home Rule, and the more you get out of your landlords the better I shall be pleased; but you really make it very difficult for English Radicals to support you. Your idea of forcing Irish grievances to the fore by binding together was a wise one, and it has borne good fruit. You are now a recognised factor in Parliamentary Government. But you never will obtain what you want, and what you ought to have, except by an alliance with the English Radicals. Now there must be a give-and take basis for all alliances. You want a cessation of all Coercion Acts. Many Liberals, and all Conservatives, insist that Ireland would not be safe without them. The Radicals think that it would, and they object on principle to such Acts. They abominate just as much as you the system of ruling Ireland through Englishmen and Irish Orangemen.

An American politician now in this city informs me that if any Congressman had called a Senator a "puppy,"

Minton's China.—A visit to Messrs. Goode's Depôt in South Audley-street will at once show the immense superiority of their collection, both as regards taste, extent, and lowness of price.

as an Irish member last week denominated Lord Rossmore, of the Upper House, the Congressman's "words would have been taken down as constituting breach of privilege," and an apology would have been demanded, or, if refused, a reprimand at the Bar would have followed. This proves (under the Speaker's ruling, that such words made only a breach of taste) that there is really less freedom of debate in the "free country" of Washington (whose birthday Mr. Lowell last Friday celebrated by an American reception) than in England. I believe the word "puppy" is not actionable *per se;* for many a puppy of the kennel is of beauty and value, and a candidate for a prize.

I observe a good deal of nonsense in the ultra-Ministerial newspapers about time having been wasted in the House of Commons over the Address and the Egyptian Vote of Censure, and Liberals are urged not to aid in tactics which may endanger the Franchise Bill. Assuming that Government is not defeated on some bye issue, there is no sort of doubt that this Bill will be carried through the Commons, and if the debate on the Address had lasted a month, the Bill would not have been endangered. I am strongly in favour of the Bill, but I am not, on account of this, so silly as to think that the action of the Government abroad ought not to be discussed and closely watched. There is far too great a tendency just now to think that when a Government brings in some particular Bill that is required, it is to evade all criticism upon other matters, on the ground that such criticism interferes with the progress of the Bill.

No doubt there is a maximum of talk and a minimum of useful work in the House of Commons. But this will ever be the case until speeches are limited to half-an-hour or to twenty minutes by a Standing Order, exceptions being allowed under stringent conditions. Once admit that a man is sent to Parliament to state the views of his constituents, and it is difficult to say that he may not state them; but brevity in the statement might be exacted. Not until the House of Commons recognises this, and acts upon it, will debates be shortened. Very possibly the Conservatives are not sorry to delay business, but the debate on the Address and on the Vote of Censure were lengthy because many wanted to speak, and did not speak briefly.

I am not often on the side of great landlords, but I am entirely with the Lowther family in their endeavours to obtain Parliamentary powers to make a railroad through a Cumberland valley. The railroad is required in order to convey mineral, and open out the valley to mining enterprise. Its opponents are the sentimentalists, who hold that if a valley be so pretty as to attract tourists, it ought to be undefiled by all industry. This is trash. An owner of property is to be blamed when he does not improve it, not when he does. Railroads, moreover, in no way necessarily interfere with the beauties of nature. They enhance those of many Swiss valleys. Poets often burst into raptures about the smoke curling up from some cottage-chimney, and why should smoke from a passing train be less picturesque than that from a cottage-chimney? The second reading of the Ennerdale Railroad Bill was carried owing to Mr. Forster making a speech against it; for the Parnellites, who do not love Mr. Forster, at once determined to vote in favour of it, and their votes turned the scale. Assuredly Mr. Forster is not fortunate. He—a Liberal—made a speech during the Egyptian debate which has lost the Liberals—as Lord Randolph Churchill said—many supporters in the country, and, wishing to protect a Cumberland valley against a railroad, he carried the Bill for this railroad by speaking against it.

There seems no doubt that Mr. Marriott did inquire whether he would be given a place of profit in the gift of the Government if he officially applied for it. If this be not asking for a place, it is difficult to know what is. When, therefore, Mr. Marriott denied that he had asked for a place, the denial was more exact in the letter than in the spirit.

Rhyme and Reason.

Of course, there's nothing in a name,
But it is curious, all the same,
That that of J. Iscariot
Should, as a fact, so neatly rhyme
With only one of modern time,
And that—the name of Marriott!

Mr. Howorth, who has been bewailing in the *Times* the condition of Conservatives under the Dual Control, and who is so anxious that Lord Salisbury should be made Dictator, was recently stopping at Hatfield. He is not the first Lancashire Conservative whose brain has been turned by a visit to a lord. But what does Lord Salisbury say to this zeal on the part of his guest, and what does Sir Stafford say to it?

The intention of Mr. Cameron of Lochiel to retire from Parliament at the dissolution, which was notified in the daily papers last week, was announced in Truth several months ago. The Tories have done their best to induce Lochiel to reconsider his determination, as they are well aware that they only retained the seat in 1880 in consequence of his great personal popularity. Lochiel retires in order that he may live more constantly at Achnacarry, and devote his attention to the management of his estates and the welfare of his clan. The Tories intend to bring forward either Macleod of Macleod, or The Mackintosh, and Sir Kenneth Mackenzie, of Caerloch, who was defeated in 1880, has been asked to contest the county for the Liberals.

The Conservatives in the Eastern Division of the West Riding do not seem to be a peculiarly happy family. Mr. Feilden, who was a candidate at the last General Election, has not been accepted as a candidate for the next election. He has, therefore, placarded the division with his grievances.

Pfungst Frères Extra Quality Champagnes can be supplied in London at the House of Commons Rest., Hotel Bristol, Claridge's Hotel, Café Verrey, Grand Hotel, Wood's Hotel, First Avenue Hotel, Holborn Rest., Palmerston Rest., Stock Exchange (Mabey's) London Tavern, &c.—Agents, J. L. Pfungst & Co. 23 Crutched Friars.

Old Artificial Teeth Bought.—Parcels sent by post will receive prompt attention, & P.O.O. per return. E. Browning, 133, Oxford-st., W

Not long ago some foolish remarks were made by Tories because Mr. Chamberlain had appointed so few of them to be officials under the New Bankruptcy Act, and I had to point out that Mr. Chamberlain was wrong in appointing any at all. Tories do not, when in power, often distinguish themselves by appointing Liberals to official posts. Whilst it is by no means unusual for Mr. Gladstone and Lord Selborne to appoint Tories to ecclesiastical vacancies, I do not remember a single instance of a Tory Prime Minister or Lord Chancellor appointing a Liberal.

The influence Tories exercise in getting their friends snug appointments from Liberal Ministers is a great mystery. Not long ago I explained how a little job for the benefit of two young gentlemen took the form of "an arbitrary act of supersession on the part of my Lords," to the disadvantage of Mr. Lewis Conway Gordon. A worse one is in the way of being worked out just now. A certain Mr. Sendall has managed to get made Assistant-Secretary to the Local Government Board, salary £1,000. Some time back he succeeded in getting made Lieutenant-Governor of Natal, salary £2,500 or £3,000. The Natalians were so indignant that the appointment was cancelled. Mr. Sendall's Tory friends are again to the fore. The Tory M.P. for Stafford inquired on Monday evening, whether Mr. S. had not been promised something, and was informed by Mr. E. Ashley that he (Mr. S.) has been encouraged to hope he will be made a Colonial Governor, and that Lord Derby will be glad if an opportunity of so employing him should occur. It is very much to be hoped that Lord Derby will think twice before he makes any such appointment. Mr. Sendall is, or was, a Jingo member of St. Stephen's Club. Let him wait till the next Tory Government is in power. There will be plenty of similar jobs when that miserable day comes, but until then no Tory should be given a post under Government until every Liberal fit for it has had the refusal.

On reading the diatribes of the Forward School, the question occurs why it is that those who are keenest for "British interests," and are most eager to push us into war with Russia, France, Egypt, the Soudanese, the Boers, and every nation and kindred under heaven with whom we are brought into contact, should be foreigners, pure or more or less adulterated? For instance, in the *Times* on Saturday the eminent traveller Arminius Vambéry was good enough to forward two columns from Buda-Pesth, inciting us to go to war with Russia for the deserts of Central Asia. The Baron de Malortie lends his friendly voice in the columns of the *Pall Mall* on behalf of a Jingo policy in Egypt. That eminent Internationalist Baron de Worms took the second fiddle in the debate on the Address, urging us, like a modern Tyrtæus, into a "spirited foreign policy;" while the post of chief lecturer to the Government on foreign affairs generally has been conferred upon himself by that recusant American citizen, Mr. Ashmead Bartlett. If these genial foreigners would only allow us to devote ourselves to domestic business, how much better it would be for ourselves and the world in general!

I certainly recommend Mr. & Mrs. Hart, 15, Stockbridge-terrace, Pimlico, S.W., as the most just and liberal purchasers of Cast-off Clothes, Jewellery, and every description of property. They punctually keep appointments, and remit P.O.O. for articles per return.

I have never yet precisely understood what we are doing at Suakim. We have promised to maintain Egyptian authority there, but this authority seems to be an absolute curse. Moreover, if the independence of the Soudan be recognised, it is not easy to see why the Egyptians should continue to hold its ports. Still less reason is there for our paying the costs of occupying these ports and defending them against the Soudanese. We are acting for the Egyptians. The quarrel is theirs, not ours; the garrisons are theirs, not ours; and the ports are theirs, not ours. Why, then, is the British taxpayer called upon to pay the bill?

One of the most interesting things said during the present session was Mr. Goschen's remark the other night on the present state of Turkey. "We have had tons upon tons of Blue-books," he said, "but the whole results I believe to be absolutely *nil*, and we have not made one inch of progress in infusing Western ideas in Mussulman minds since we first began the experiment, and since promises were made to the Congress of Berlin." Mr. Goschen is not likely to have disparaged the results of his own work, and his testimony to the hopelessness of Turkish reforms should be remembered by those who imagine that the Berlin Treaty was any real settlement of the Eastern Question. The Ethiopian cannot change his skin nor the Turk his spots.

A very nice crew the Egyptians who are in the Soudan, and whom we are asked to save at the expenditure of British blood and British treasure, seem to be, according to the *Times* correspondent. At Khartoum the prisons have been found full of prisoners, who have been waiting years for trial, or whose sentences had long expired. A Sheikh was carried into General Gordon's presence with his feet fearfully mutilated. He had been bastinadoed by the Egyptian Vice-Governor until the sinews were exposed. Another man had been bastinadoed to death by this same worthy; and another had been tortured. Why we should spend money in killing Soudanese for wishing to kill these rascals, I do not exactly understand. If cruelties were perpetrated at Khartoum, the capital of the province, in all probability there were still worse cruelties at Sinkat and at Tokar.

We are, in truth, for a nation that prides itself upon its superabundant virtue, a strange people. Because we have spent money in bombarding Egyptian towns and slaying Egyptians, we feel that we have a right to recoup ourselves by ruling Egypt henceforth. Because we did not manage to save Tokar from surrender, we feel that we have a right to re-establish our prestige by attacking and murdering a number of Arabs, whose sole crime is that they claimed the independence to which we recognise their right, and overturned one of the vilest Governments that ever cursed the globe.

"Advice to Dyspeptics."—Symptoms of Dyspepsia, and Indigestion with special advice as to diet.—"This little pamphlet appeals *forcibly* to those who have allowed the palate to decide everything for them, and have paid the inevitable penalty of their folly."—Sent for one stamp. J. M. Richards, Publisher, 92, Great Russell-street, London.

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SCRUTATOR.

"MARGERY'S LOVERS."

MR. BRANDER MATTHEWS may be a very excellent critic, but he is apparently a very indifferent writer of plays. That any management should have accepted or hoped to profit by such twaddle; that a sane man should have been found to edit or Anglicise the poor text of the critical American; and, finally, that a claim should have been seriously made to the rights of invention in a story that might have been composed by an educated school-girl, are amongst the many mysteries of that mass of contradictions known as theatrical life. Margery is a raw, yellow-haired, boarding-school miss, who has tacked herself on to a vulgar American woman, with a caddish brother, who are staying at Nice. Every one loves Margery, apparently because she is silly and uninteresting. The most formidable rivals for her hand are a sulky English officer and a Spaniard, who, when he wants to be impressive, makes hideous faces. The Spaniard is a partner with Margery's father in certain nefarious schemes, and these two blackguards, the father and the lover of the girl, put their heads together, and arrange to force upon the English officer a pack of marked cards in order to accuse him of cheating. A more miserably ineffective scene than this has seldom been seen on the boards of a popular theatre. Amateurs engaged on a charade in a back drawing-room would have done it better. The Spaniard is not only a weak trickster but a clumsy conjurer, and no one in the audience was deceived by a scheme that was inconsistent, improbable, and absurd. The explanation of the difficulty was even weaker than its inception. A brother officer of the accused man, having no proof whatever of his friend's innocence, suddenly remembers that "he has seen that face before," and by a random shot denounces the Spaniard. Terrified at the suggestion of an *exposé*, the Spaniard confesses his crime, and Margery, who never suspected his guilt for an instant, marries the English officer, as she might have done without all this fuss about nothing. I am unable to agree with the doubtless very learned gentlemen who assert that this play is well acted. Mr. Mackintosh, who has been highly praised for certain sketches of character in other plays of indifferent merit, has got it into his head that he can represent a foreigner on the stage. He is mistaken in this part of his vocation. He munches his words and masticates his sentences as the grimacing Spaniard just as he mouthed them as the Israelite money-lender in "The Millionaire." Mr. Mackintosh has already acquired a mannerism that is exceedingly tedious. He does not talk his sentences, but sings them to a Gregorian chant. And why should it be funny in Mr. John Clayton to represent a portly individual, inordinately lazy and bored with everything in existence? He faithfully succeeds in boring his audience, and his lazy manner is as infectious as a yawn. Mr. Arthur Cecil, well made-up, plays an old scoundrel in the accustomed melodramatic style; but Mr. Beerbohm Tree and Mr. Cartwright are as wearisome in their love-making as their companions are in their trickery. Mrs. John Wood, for a moment, brightens with her humour and her intelligence a flat and depressed scene, and is assisted in the American dialogue by Mr. Charles Coote, who is a London cockney with a Yankee accent. The only recommendation for such a play is that it may be safely taken as a substitute for a sleeping draught. A far safer card to play at the Court Theatre will be "Dan'l Druce," with Mr. Herman Vezin as the blacksmith and Miss Fortescue as the Maiden Dorothy, provided that the latter can play the part, and that she does not come before the public merely as a damsel deserted by a Lord.

Princess's Theatre. — Every Evening, at 8, "Claudian." Preceded at 7 by "A Clerical Error."

Theatre Royal, Drury Lane.—Augustus Harris, Lessee and Manager. Every day at 1.45.; Every evening at 7.45. Cindebella.

SOME MUSIC.

Of course, Joachim's first appearance at the Monday Pops. this season was an "occasion," as they say in the "Magasins du Louvre." Joachim is a sort of musical Gladstone. No one else is ever likely to play first fiddle in England as long as he is alive. Smarter players we have had. Wilhelmj played octaves better; Wieniawski's staccato was more piquant; Ernst had more passion; and Sarasate more romance, and as much execution: but there is but one Joachim; and the Monday "Pop." is emphatically his occasion. I think I am a little tired of hearing Bach's "Prelude and Fugue in G Minor," for violin alone; but then I have heard Joachim play it ever since he was sixteen, and I was—never mind; and he has been playing it, and I have been listening to it, on and off, ever since.

The Sacred Harmonic is vigorous; it means to go with the times, and has got a little money to lose, too, I am told. I hope it did not lose it on Bach's "Christmas Oratorio." Of course, that is a grand work—what the new school calls a "serious" work.

The Bach chorales are to me a never-failing source of interest. They are to the wonderfully-clever imitations of Mendelssohn just what the real old Elizabethan red houses are to the modern imitations on Chelsea Embankment—very like, but not quite. Just here and there is a touch which no imitator, however subtle, can quite hit off, like the severe and ascetic close of the chorale, "All darkness flies before Thy face," where I feel quite sure that Mendelssohn himself would have been guilty of the least little softening by musical middle-tint; but stiff old Bach holds out. This, however, is perhaps, too technical. But let me say that, careful as may be Cummings, Hallé would never have let the accompaniments get abroad as they did more than once in the last part. You must never trifle with Bach. The band thinks him so easy that no attention is required, but there is nothing so hateful as a simple accompaniment carelessly played. The audience was well behaved, but rather bored, and many went out quietly, but firmly, before the close.

The Sacred Harmonic winds up with Mendelssohn's "Elijah" on March 14, and Gounod's "Redemption" on April 4. The caste in either case is fairly strong. Maas, Santley, Miss Williams, and Madame Patey for the "Elijah," and Lloyd, Santley, and Carlotta Elliott for the "Redemption."

Mr. George Mount wields the bâton at the Philharmonic. He is not what we call an inspired conductor, but then the

Philharmonic have not been accustomed to that sort for some time, and when they had it, they did not like it. Here is another old society far from extinct, and showing a sort of renewed vitality, with money to spare: we certainly do our best to be accounted a musical people. I could wish something like chronological order were observed in the programme of so classical an institution. The dropping out the second symphony is, of course, a great improvement; but Dvorák's "Stabat Mater" between two Beethovens did not taste well, any more than Haydn's canzonet between Spohr and Mendelssohn. Why does Mr. Carrodus *always* play Beethoven's Violin Concerto?

To turn to lighter things. I dropped in at the Wednesday Ballad Concert the other day, and I was not as much edified as I expected to be. I have heard delightful old English songs and other excellent ballads at these concerts, which are deservedly popular; but who chose the programme last week? As for Mdlle. Carlotta Patti, some one ought to speak to her. She sang "The Last Rose of Summer" thus: "Teas ye lar ro-bose o zumer." I listened eagerly for the rest of the narrative. I could make nothing of it; for not a single sentence was audible or intelligible throughout. In the light *bravura* Italian or French styles she used to be capital, and what a staccato! But the old joke of Italians singing, in broken English, tunes they do not really like to words they don't understand is a little worn out, and should not be too often tried on. Piccolomini in "I drem yat I dwell in marbel alls" was, of course, quite too delicious, but that was long ago, and belongs to those sort of successes which can't be repeated. Three of Stephen Adam's songs were too many for me, though the "Owl" was capital, and was capitally sung, too, by Maybrick. Mdme. Norman-Néruda was charming in a scherzo of Bazzini, a violinist whose *bravura* compositions are but seldom heard; but Mdme. Antoinette Sterling rather wasted her fine pathos on a poor little song about "The wide, wide sea." Maggie Okey is a capital and refined pianist. Let us hear her a little sometimes as well as Zimmerman and Krebs—what if she be English? she cannot help that. Perhaps I have dwelt a little heavily on the defects of a concert which, of course, had charming features, but I wish to point out that it is not enough to put together a number of songs and solos, and call it a Ballad Concert; the art of selection and arrangement can never be neglected with impunity.

I see that the Italian Opera season is to commence on Tuesday, April 29, and that we are promised, in addition to a selection "of those operas of the répertoire which have from time to time proved most acceptable to the public," Mackenzie's "Colomba" and Reyer's "Sigurd," the former with Pauline Lucca and Gertrude Griswold, the latter with Albani, Patti, and Sembrich.

So Miss de Fonblanque, most delightful of concert and chamber singers, is going to be married. I wish her every happiness, consistent with not curtailing my own, by her refusing to sing any more, like some people who marry. They say it's the husbands, but I say, No—where there's a will there's a way. I hope Miss de Fonblanque will use the will and find the way, and may I be there to hear.

And Randegger, too, is going to be married. Time was when young women married young men; but now they seem to prefer mature genius. I don't mean that Signor Randegger is as old as Sir Julius, but I am sure I hope he will live quite as long and prosper.

John Hullah is dead—a man who has, perhaps, done more than any one man in England for the diffusion of a sound musical taste throughout the country. He had the good fortune to associate himself early with statesmen and educational reformers, and so placed his musical system on a firm foundation. He was a kindly, genial man, of wide reading, pleasant in conversation, and tireless in work. His indomitable will overcame all difficulties, and his popular faculties and winning address accomplished the supposed impossible task of organising the masses for musical purposes, and, to a great extent, of actually creating a national ear for music.

John Hullah might have lived longer had he worked less; time knocked at his door in vain; disease gave its warning voice unheeded; he would not yield. I remember him struggling out to call on his friends, when all knew that his time was short, and he was eager to receive visits and converse almost to the end, with failing—consciously failing—powers. Although obliged to retire from his Government duties for some time before his death, John Hullah may be said to have dropped in harness; for as long as there was any work in him, his country had it. The world has lost a great teacher and an estimable man, and I have lost a good old friend.

HEALTH AND HAPPINESS.

Dr. Richardson is a good man, he is a sober man, he is a stout man, he is eminently a good-humoured man, and withal a scientific man, if not exactly a great man. He has written in the *Asclepiad* (a medical journal) a very nice article on "Felicity as a Sanitary Research," and what he writes is usually wholesome, if not always filling at the price. I think these sort of literary go-betweens are real boons to society. They are, of course, in danger of falling between two stools. The experts say they are loose and shallow, and the public that they aim at making palatable what can't really be made readable; but, when all is said and done, they popularise science, if only as a barrel-organ popularises good tunes and others that are not good. And when Dr. Richardson turns the handle, I, for one, will always pay my penny and hear him out.

Articles which propose to teach you how to be happy or healthy will always be read with a certain avidity. I read them myself, and for at least a day try to be happier and healthier; but, in spite of myself, even before I get to the end of the paper, my interest flags. I am told a lot of things I know, a good many more I don't want to know, and several others that I am always trying to forget. Who, for instance, would not forget his liver if he could?—

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Minton's China.—A visit to Messrs. Mortlock's extensive collection in Oxford-street and Orchard-street will conclusively prove the superiority of taste and lowness of price for which this house has been so celebrated during the last century and a half.

and in these sort of articles the liver is always to the fore. Still, although he is diffuse, Dr. Richardson usually hits a few nails on the head before he has done, and conveys some information, at least, which is useful without being unpleasant. He thinks our old friend the weather has got a good deal to do with felicity. Atmospheric pressure, it seems, if too low or too high, directly affects the circulation, and through it the ganglionic centres, which are the seats of felicity. The head, it appears, has got very little to do with it. You are never unhappy in your head; it's always the liver, the heart, or the stomach that makes or unmakes your joy, and this makes patients of us all—at once. But the doctor's efforts seem limited by constitutional and hereditary qualities, and if your grandfather drank or your great-grandmother committed suicide, the pill or the draught will only diminish and not destroy your liability to go and do likewise.

Dr. Richardson is always more effective when dealing with numbers and generalities rather than with individuals and particulars. You must not do this or that is usually his negative platitude for man, but every now and then he strikes out a large and luminous thought for the multitude. His words upon unhealthy sites for towns should, in these days of rapid and careless colonisation and building, be inscribed in gold. "Prevent the erection of human habitations in dark and humid places below sea-level, or in dry and arid spots; discourage the construction of new towns on melancholic foundations. In Africa at this moment," he points out, "the seed of new life which is being sown will be seed of felicity or of sorrow according to the selections of the sites on which the new and great centres of life are constructed." He just glances at the individual problem of insane and unhealthy marriages, but this is a wall against which every social and sanitary reformer has run his head—and, indeed, is likely to do so. The fact is that when the social and sanitary reformer himself falls in love with an interesting girl in frail health or of unsatisfactory temperament, he too often goes the way of all flesh, and marries—like the rest. I should like to know how many doctors marry patients whom they neither take in health nor can keep in health? Still, too much stress cannot be laid upon conditions, and to be told that our own felicity is more under control than we are apt to think, and in what way, is to have offered a prescription gratis of considerable value, which it may be well worth while to get made up if we can.

By the way, I may mention that Dr. Richardson, supposed by some to be a temperance fanatic, expresses himself here with guarded moderation about alcohol. "I am a total abstainer myself," writes the doctor; "but I trust I am an honest observer also, and I confirm from direct observation the old saying that wine maketh glad the heart of man." No doubt, Dr. Richardson, this is very true; but how about man's stomach and his liver, which, according to you, are the great seats of felicity. "Ah," adds the doctor, "here, alas! is the rub. Wine, carried a little beyond the right mark, the felicity from wine passes into folly, folly into feebleness, feebleness into stupor," &c Surely, surely, Dr. Richardson, this is a very mitigated form of the gospel you were preaching some years ago in a loud voice! I think I once read some very thorough-going total abstinence remarks of yours about alcohol being a poison, and under no known circumstances a food.

You pass on to tea, and declare that to it we owe a frightful amount of depression, and that the poor especially are reduced to misery by their indulgence in it. I cannot agree with you. I believe that the solace of tea, with all its drawbacks, is far in excess of its deleterious effects. When you come to opium, I am with you—in England, at least (about China I am not quite certain); but not when you denounce tobacco. My "direct observation" may not be as extensive as yours, or as well worth recording, but as far as it goes it certainly goes against yours. On these little matters we know that even doctors differ, and so the laity may well be divided—salvation on the one side, peace and quiet on the other.

The doctor falls into the old "clinical" delusion of laying down the regulation hours of sleep — children and old people, ten hours; adolescents of full age, eight. The commonest observation shows that there is nothing so variable as the amount of sleep which people thrive upon, except, perhaps, the amount of food; that both, whilst partly a matter of constitution, are also largely matter of cultivation, enforced habit, or even acquired taste. Some, like nurses and soldiers and travellers, sleep, and sleep refreshingly, in snatches, day or night; others, like judges and M.P.'s., doze on the bench. I have known many old men—Sir Julius Benedict is, I believe, a case in point—who sleep very little and thrive, whilst I have also met with young men who have been profound sleepers. The next receipt for felicity is to have a strong body and a swift circulation—good. Enough, not too much, physical work; ditto mental work—excellent. The City Hygieia, filled with Hygieians, is ever being founded and peopled in my mind's eye, Horatio! 'Tis a recurrent dream of Dr. Richardson's, and such dreams have, happily, some tendency to realise themselves—but they take time. Still, every one must be grateful to the doctor for denouncing our close rooms, our close towns, our men and women shut up by the million in close shops and factories, and for fastening or trying to fasten the responsibility upon the wealthy and the influential. "Some one million of us in these islands who call ourselves with ignorant irony the ruling classes, shut up some twenty-five millions of the people, with their wives and children, in walled-up atmospheres where atmospheric purity is unknown," a condition obviously opposed to felicity. This is just one of those crucial points over which moralists like Lord Shaftesbury, land reformers like Mr. George, and sanitarians like Dr. Richardson, divergent in almost everything else, are able to shake hands; here, at all events, with his gospel of felicity for the masses, Dr. Richardson "strikes ile." Let him pound away upon the essentially modern text, "Misery and crime are the children of bad sanitary conditions," and "Felicity as a sanitary pursuit" may not prove such a will-o'-the-wisp after all.

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THE BARREL ORGAN.

Tune.—Said the Old Mr. Speaker to the New Mr. Speaker.

Scene.—*The House of Commons after the close of Tuesday's sitting. The* Ex-Speaker *is discovered gazing sadly at the seat he has lately vacated. At length, satisfying himself that he is alone, he relieves his soul in song as follows:—*

"I loved it, I loved it, and who would dare
To chide me for loving that Grand Old Chair?
When they chose me first to its seat to rise,
I looked on it then as a precious prize,
And my heart with joy and with pride was big
When I put on my new full-bottomed wig.
I was under a spell as I first sat there,
And a sacred thing was that Grand Old Chair!

"And all at first happened well for me,
And my life was calm as calm could be;
The 'Ayes' were gentle, the 'Noes' were kind,
And rarely to sitting late inclined;
Whilst night after night 'twas my happy fate
To retire for my 'chop' at half-past eight;
To retire and return, unvexed by care,
To sit—aye, and doze, in that Grand Old Chair!

"But as years rolled on, and the sessions sped,
My idol was shattered, my hopes all fled:
For there came o'er the scene a parlous change,
As the new M.P.'s brought their manners strange;
Till one night, alas! was 'Obstruction' born,
And I knew what it was to sit till morn;
Ah! I learned what a Speaker's strength could bear,
As I sat out my life in that Grand Old Chair.

"'Tis past! 'tis past! but I gaze on it now
With quivering lips and with throbbing brow;
For there full oft have I sat in vain,
Till the day has peeped through the window pane;
'Twas there I was badgered; 'twas there I heard
My solemn rulings declared absurd—
But I loved it! I loved it! and cannot tear
My soul from that once-prized Grand Old Chair."

[*As the above is being softly sung, the* Speaker Elect, *attracted by the sound, returns to the House, and remains an unobserved listener till the conclusion of the song, when, remarking* Mr. Peel's *presence, the* Ex-Speaker *thus addresses him:—*

"Ah, 'tis well, my new successor,
Aye, 'tis meet you thus have found me
Lingering here in semi-darkness,
And addressing mournful lyrics
To the furniture about me!
And should you, in answer, query
Why 'tis well that you have found me
Pouring out my soul in verses,
I would hasten to inform you
That 'tis well, for many reasons.
One is this: I longed to tell you
Of the life you have before you,
Longed to warn you of its dangers,
Of its crosses and its trials,
So that you, advised of trouble,
Might for it make preparation.

"Know, then, this, my poor successor!
Know a Speaker's post no longer
Is a post of ease and honour,
Tempered by a few late sittings!
Know the Chair that you will sit in
Is no more a bed of roses;
Nor, in sooth, a seat permitting
Otium cum dignitate!
Know, in fact, that now before you
Looms a sea of doubts and troubles;
Nights disturbed; and hurried dinners;
Spells of long and anxious waiting;
Naps essayed in vain on sofas;
Naps in robes and wig attempted.
Know, in short, that now before you
Looms a sea of rough disorder,
Shouts and yells and interruption;
Orders spurned, and 'rulings' laughed at;
Tedious speeches, sharp suspensions;
Endless questions, futile motions;
Long divisions, talked-out measures,
Blue-books, bathos, Ashmead-Bartlett;
All-night sittings, votes of censure;
Blocks, adjournments, bores and Bradlaugh!

"Ah! I see that by your glances
You would fain suggest my picture
Of your future's drawn too darkly!
I once thought what you are thinking;
I was once a gay, bright Speaker,
Blithely tripped behind the Serjeant
When he bore the Mace before me;
Took the Chair with glad emotion;
Left it with a sweet contentment;
Well nigh purred whilst in it sitting,
Such my calm, post-prandial feeling;
Or at times, grown half oblivious
To the drone of dull debaters,
Gently dozed, whilst still preserving
All that dignity of bearing
Due to my so high position.

"Those *were* times; aye, to recall them
Even now to tears affects me.
You will have, though, no such fortune;
You will find yourself *instanter*
Plunged into the thick of battle,
And as one who in the struggle
Has but lately been engaging,
Let me give you earnest counsel
How to fight, how wear your armour;
What to dread, and what to go for;
What to smite, and what to fly from;
And the better to impress you
Let me warble you my warning.

"Take my seat, there! and whene'er
Tumult shall itself declare;
When the seeming crow of cocks
Every decent member shocks:
When the 'Ayes,' with loud 'Oh-Obs,'
Mock the 'Hear-Hears' of the 'Noes';
When fierce yells and hooting drown
Speakers who will not sit down;
And there comes a swelling cry
For the Clôture, far and nigh!
Then, oh! then, I pray of you,
Oh! be cautious what you do!

"Take my seat, there! and when night
Brings no ending to the fight;
When, in spite of threatening roar,
Bore arises after bore,
Quite resolved, whate'er may baulk,
Blue-book by the hour to talk;
When you see upon the floor
Some such dull, conceited bore,
Trying, confident and spry,
First to catch your mystic eye,
Then, by all the *nous* you've got,
Let, oh! let him catch it not!

"I, you know, am doomed to leave you;
Shortly I shall be a member
Of that House whose happy Speaker
Is not charged to keep its order.
I shall sit within that Chamber
Where the Wartons cease from blocking,
And there is no Ashmead Bartlett;
Where, whate'er the state of business,
Nothing interferes with dinner;
And the one diurnal trouble
Is to find some decent pretext
For the daily farce of meeting.
I shall spend my life serenely
In attendance at that Chamber,
And my labourers addressing,
As they do their rural duties.
But be sure, whate'er my task be,
Whether I make laws or hay-make,
Or, another Cincinnatus,
Blithely whistle at the plough-tail,—
Be I, or at Glynde or London,
Making ensilage or statutes,
I shall keep my eye upon you,
Share in thought your nightly troubles,
Joy find, maybe, in your triumphs,
If so be that you secure some.
For, though absent, I shall ever
Be by old surroundings haunted;
Till my death I feel it's certain
Shouts of 'Aye' and 'No' and 'Order!'
Will be in my ear-drums humming;
Till my death, asleep and waking,
All the air will full of eyes be—
Staring eyes, that glint and sparkle;
Ferret eyes, and big, round optics;
Eyes, blue, black, and brown, and cat-like;
Restless eyes, and glassy pupils;
Stern and shifty visual organs;
Irish eyes, and Scotch and English;
And above them all will ever
Flash one eye of eyes upon me—
That of—nay, you soon will know it,
All too soon will feel it piercing
Like a lance or spear-head through you.

"You'll know that eye, still sharp and bright,
Though the debate keeps up all night;
You'll feel that eye, turn as you will,
'Twill follow, never tired nor still;
That eye, like some dread wandering star,
When all the benches empty are,
Will yet shine on; and, soon or late,
Will catch your own—for such is fate.
Confounded eye! whose e'er you are,
Thou art too near, too near by far!

"If you can this eye but conquer,
Great indeed will be your triumph,
And I shall with joy salute you
As a paragon of Speakers.
But, though this should still defy you,
Still I hope in other matters
Fate will lend you her assistance.
Ah! 'twill give me real gladness
Should I see you crush McIver,
Put your foot upon O'Donnell,
And with swift-dealt strokes of 'Order,'
Bring to book the blocking Warton.

"Aye, and I shall sing gay pæans
As I reap my early clover,
Should I hear that you, less patient
And less meek than I, had sternly
Used the powers you are armed with
For the gagging of Obstruction,
For the swift and sure repression
Of the Parliamentary rowdy.
In this hope, my friend, I'll leave you,
Wishing you a prosperous tenure
Of the Chair I have vacated;
And with my last breath advising
That for your exhaustive ordeal
You at once go into training."

NOTES FROM PARIS.

THE LADY AND THE PORTRAIT-PAINTER.

THE Mackay-Meissonier incident was much talked of at the ball of Madame Gustave Rothschild. As the painter who was so unfortunate as to displease the Californian lady was at that *fête*, and greatly lionised, one may form some idea as to what was said. He was condoled with by amateurs on the destruction of his picture, which he had hoped would live as long as any of Clouet's portraits. If he had complied with Mrs. Mackay's wish in taking it back, it now appears that he would have had numerous bids for it, and at higher prices than he asked of her. Meissonier refused to say a harsh word of the lady, and laughed incredulously at the story that before she cut it up she had treated it with ignominy.

The great artist favoured me with some conversation about the famous portrait and its subject. Meissonier really liked Mrs. Mackay, and would not allow himself to be dragged into a campaign against her, however afflicted he was in reading in newspapers her friends doubtless sent him, that he had been deficient in respect to a woman. While disdaining to answer this charge in print, he might state verbally to what extent he had gone in showing her the deference due to her sex, and in bearing in mind the sensitiveness which too much wealth occasions. He would not have paid more honour to a Queen or Empress than he rendered to her whenever she came to his studio. What had passed he ascribed to her imperfect knowledge of the genius of the French language (of which more anon) and to meddlesome friends of the lady.

Meissonier is in the habit of being sincere. Dragoons and horses do not ask to be flattered. Now he has chiefly painted both, as well as middle-aged and elderly gentlemen. Although his dear and almost life-long friend, the late Victor Lefranc, was disfigured by the want of an eye, he did not, in portraying him, take a side view. On rare—very rare—occasions he was accused of embellishing women. But he was much younger when he incurred the reproach, and the heart, perhaps, affected his vision. Sir Joshua Reynolds resolved never to get married from the hour in which he found that painting the portraits of ladies was his true vocation. He thus retained until an advanced time of life the capacity to see them with a halo round them. They were portrayed as his fancy painted them, and the witchcraft of the tender passion still hangs about their images. Meissonier is tired of seeing painted and powdered Lady Jezebels in the great salons he frequents; he is seventy-two years old, and has never understood the wax-doll style of prettiness. He abhors those aids to beauty to which fashionable belles nearly always resort, and sees through them at once. It would give him far greater pleasure to do a homely old woman with a good and interesting face than the fairest of the Lady Jezebels aforesaid. Meissonier thinks it a compliment to the intellect of a sitter to be truthful. In all his previous dealings with Americans he found that sincerity answered. His first impression of Vanderbilt was that he was a man of exceptional business intelligence, and that the history of his life and the reason of his success were told in his eye. This idea he brought out distinctly in a portrait, and the railway king was delighted with the work. He would have had reason to complain, if he had been given a poet's physiognomy, or been disguised as a cavalier of Vandyke's time. Said Meissonier to me, "Mrs. Mackay has a very agreeable face, and piquancy. She did not need to be idealised to make a charming picture. On the contrary, my idea was to give her immortality by stripping her of what was adventitious, and bring out what was permanent and thoroughly personal." Every truth that he could tell pictorially about her was, in his opinion, *bonne à dire*. She never complained of his sincerity in any of her visits to his studio, and she did not forbid him to retain her portrait at the Triennial Salon after it was agreed to prolong the period during which that Exhibition was to be kept open.

Concerning the price, Meissonier takes 45,000 f. for a portrait like that of M. Victor Lefranc, in which the head is everything, and the dress the upper part of a frock-coat. He had not only to portray Mrs. Mackay, but her Rembrandt hat and feathers, a rich cloak, a rose in her breast, a dress rich in falbalas, a floor to harmonise with them, and a pair of Mousquetaire Swedish gloves. As he took a fancy to the work on which he was engaged, it became a labour of love to him, though not in the Sir Joshua sense. The effect of every tiny touch was calculated, and the greatest care taken to prevent details from spoiling the *ensemble*, and to let in "plenty of air" upon the whole. Knowing how men suddenly rise to wealth and come down with crashes in the United States, Meissonier used to say to those around him, "It is possible that a hundred years hence nobody will remember that there ever was a Bonanza silver king or a Mackay family, but the whole world, I like to think, will have in its mind's eye the lady in the Rembrandt hat." The artist never worked so hard for immortality. The fates resolved that his *chef d'œuvre* was not to live a year, and it was exhibited in a season when "everybody" was out of town.

Concerning the letters in which the feud began, I shall preface what I have to say about them by reminding you that few well-educated Frenchmen write perfectly correct French, and that you can always, when your adversary has driven you into a corner, turn round and say that he is guilty of some breach of syntax or prosody. Louis Blanc's French was correct. But as Clémenceau remarked, "it was incorrectly correct, and a French of Louis Blanc." Guizot wrote Genevese French. Paul Louis Courier is one of the rare authors who come up to the requirements of purists. Lamartine was very incorrect, and so is often Victor Hugo. French is both the tongue of clear expression and of innuendo. One may say properly the most abominable things between the lines and the most delicately delightful. But to understand the force of either, one should be imbued with the genius of the language. Mrs. Mackay, if she reads the above, will not be offended in hearing that, while writing French correctly, she does not seem to be well up in all its refinements. According to Meissonier, her letter in four pages was an indictment. It was impossible for him to appear to yield to her without loss of dignity—and, indeed, of honour. He would have placed himself in the position of one who demands an immense price for a carelessly-executed task. It occurred to him to turn the difficulty by imparting a gallant tone to his refusal to comply

with her demands. His note was so worded as to make her feel that "Ce n'était pas les mots qui faisaient la chanson," and that she had only to adopt a playful tone in order to succeed. Meissonier did not realise to what an extent blunt, outspoken English incapacitates those who think in it from reading between lines. It hurt him that at the end of the letter, and in a few, as they seemed to him, curt words, there was an invitation to drop in on Sunday evenings, when she receives. Had she been poor he would not have minded; but, as she is the wife of a Bonanza silver king, he thought he should, *in petto*, treat her attention as the rich woman's contumely. However, he did not allow his nettled feeling to peep out in his reply. He only gave the rein to anger when Count Telfner, Mrs. Mackay's brother-in-law, wrote back in her name, and in a dry and yet curter style. It is not every one who can wind up a French note in the exact form which the circumstances under which it is written demand. A son of the late M. Menier (a chocolate Bonanza) was placed under arrest for a fortnight, when a twelve months' volunteer, for assuring his Colonel of his "high consideration." The Colonel did not want to be highly considered by a young fellow of his military rank. I saw Louis Blanc furious because a noble Deputy, with whom he was no well acquainted, ended a scrawled note to him with the word "Salutations," and tagged on to it a postscriptum. The salutations should have been qualified, and the writer, before addressing a man of Louis Blanc's standing, should have considered well what he wanted to say, and thus obviated the necessity of a P.S. It is extremely difficult for a lady to wind up a letter to a Frenchman of such high station as the President of the Republic, she being more worthy by her sex, and yet bound to make him feel that she is conscious of his superior rank. In all cases *respect* should be expressed in the wind-up phrase of a note or letter if the person to whom it is written has a grey beard or a white head. If both are dyed, "consideration," or "compliments," or "salutations," need not be respectful, unless in the case of a lady who has grandchildren, and wears caps. Meissonier does not dye. He has a beard like a river god's, and white as snow. Then he is high up in the Legion of Honour, and a universally-acknowledged master of his art. Count Telfner wound up his note to him with the formula, "Je vous salue." It was almost a case for a duel, and Meissonier's friends opined that it was a bar to all further attempts to conciliate. In writing to his valet a French gentleman would "salute him."

The Queen of Otaheite's reputation for beauty has preceded her. M. Georges Perin, the Deputy, who saw her when he was making a voyage round the world, proclaims her peerless. The group of isles from which she comes are called here the Paphos of the Pacific. Her Majesty has eyes of singular eloquence in expressing those passions and emotions about which novelists are best disposed to write. Love rules the Court, the camp (if a detachment of French Marines can be so called), and the grove at Otaheite. The Queen is there in the unfortunate position of one who is neither fish nor flesh. She has principles, English ideas, as inculcated by an old maid who directed her education at Sydney, and the instincts of a South Sea Islander. She and the King have never been able to get on well together. He was reared in the queerest way possible, and knows French enough to enjoy the *Figaro* and the *Gil Blas*. The French Government, to flatter his vanity, has built for him a *petit Louvre*. But it is so constructed that whenever his nominal sovereignity is done away with, it can be converted into lodgings for French officials. Their Majesties used to agree to disagree, but are now at law. All the Europeans take the Queen's part—the English because her father was a Mr. Salmon, and the French because she is adorable. If the Civil Code admitted divorce, she would probably make a splendid match here, and play a great political part. From what M. Georges Perin says of her, I expect that she will be the great social star of the after-Easter season.

Riding Habits.—Specialty of John Redfern & Sons. Ladies' Tailors by Appointment to H.R.H. the Princess of Wales, 26 Conduit-street, London, W. Also at Cowes and Paris.

SPORTING NOTES.

THERE has been heavy betting on the Waterloo Cup for the last six weeks, and bookmakers must have profited considerably by their transactions, inasmuch as the winner stood at 100—1, offered a week ago, which, by-the-way, was also the price of the successful dog last year. The odds against the animal which was beaten on the last course were 50—1 on the night before the contest commenced, while the other pair which were left in the last four stood at 50—1 and at 40—1 respectively.

Sachem's failure as a flat-racer was complete and ignominious, and he must owe many thousands to the crack-brained backers who supported him so freely for last year's City and Suburban, and for the Cambridgeshire of 1882. Like many other rogues, he will, no doubt, prove a very profitable possession as a hurdle-racer, for he won at Sandown in a common trot, and he jumps so well that in due time we shall probably find him fancied for the Grand National. I see him alluded to as "a horse which was good enough to get a place in the Derby," but Sachem's third at Epsom was one of the most arrant flukes in the whole history of racing, for if Bruce had not been fairly stopped, he would have beaten the American by several lengths. I have good reason for doubting whether Sachem was ever fourth best in the Derby. His place, however, proved in the long run to be a truly dolorous achievement for "the talent," who had two genuine plunges on him that season—at Ascot, in the St. James's Palace Stakes, won by the good-looking Battlefield, and, later in the year, in the Grand Duke Michael, at Newmarket.

Tonans has failed to hold his place in the Lincoln betting during the last week, and any one who took my advice and laid the short odds against him will certainly have much the best of the business. There is a general disposition to oppose this bookmakers' candidate, which must cause fearful qualms to his too eager supporters. Even if the market position of Tonans were less equivocal than it is, I should still be puzzled to understand the craze in his favour, for not only does he appear to have too much weight, but he is certainly inferior in "class" to

several animals which seem likely to run. Wild Arab, who is decidedly well in, was knocked out last week, but has since come back with a rush to his old price, and the report of his lameness which was circulated with so much solicitude appears to have been one of the "flimflams" of some vigorous and mendacious imagination. Energy has been backed for a great deal of money, but I doubt much whether the commission comes from Cannes, and am more inclined to regard Buchanan as likely in the end to prove the trusted representative of "Mr. Manton." Energy is more likely to distinguish himself at Epsom, Ascot, or Goodwood. Autler is the great tip of a number of clever people, and he is by no means overweighted, as he has won several races, and ran remarkably well in the Cambridgeshire for a long way. Charles Archer will do his best to win with Abbotsford, for whom the race would be a certainty if he retained the form which he showed in his Cambridgeshire trial some sixteen months ago. Prince is very steady in the market, but his owner would be wiser to make Wokingham at Ascot, or the Stewards' Cup, the pole-star of his ambition. The selected of Mr. Barclay's pair will certainly be well backed.

It is exceedingly probable that Geheimniss will start for the Crawfurd Plate at Newmarket, and that she will be specially prepared for that stake. This is a new race, worth £1,000, and is run on Wednesday in the Craven week, over the Dewhurst Plate course, a distance which will exactly suit Lady Stamford's mare. I should not fancy Geheimniss for the City and Suburban, as, although it is the easiest mile and a quarter in the country, yet I fear she would lack stamina just at the finish, remembering how fast she was stopping when she won the Trial Stakes at Ascot. If St. Blaise represents Kingsclere, he will, no doubt, be ridden by Archer, and may be expected to start as good a favourite as did Shotover last year; but there is really no reason to look upon this horse as "a flyer," and I do not anticipate that he will be able to give a year and 21 lb. to Quicklime, or 26 lb. to Royal Angus. I hear that Lord Bradford's horse has been doing very well indeed for some time past. On his three-year-old form he is the pick of the whole handicap, and that running must not be depreciated on the ground of Shotover's performances last season, as the mare had turned a hopeless jade during the winter. Springbok appears likely to see a short price, but his running at Liverpool last autumn is not very encouraging, although he has a very light weight. Lowland Chief has been all the rage of late. I have no fancy for this horse; and as to Despair, who was backed last week, I would not take 1,000 to 1 about him, as he has shown over and over again that six furlongs is the length of his tether.

The Grand National is always such a vile welter of chicanery and manœuvring that it is really marvellous that people can be found to bet upon it year after year. The trickery in connection with the numerous Irish horses bids fair to be as flagitious as ever, and although we hear so much of Celtic ingenuousness and love of sport, the policy which is invariably pursued in connection with this race is more in accordance with Jonathan Wild than with Parson Adams. Mohican and Zitella are up and down in the betting in a manner which must be most alarming and perplexing to speculators on the race, to say nothing of the fluctuations of Too Good and of Chancery, whose running at Sandown last week may safely be ignored. Mohican ought to have won easily last year, but the stable went for Zitella, and the second string did not make his effort until it was evident that the mare could not win, and then it was just too late. When Mohican did "come," he made up his ground in a really astounding fashion; and there is no doubt that Zoedone was a very lucky mare. Cortolvin, who belongs to Lord Rossmore, will be ridden by Captain Smith; he has been backed by Captain Machell, who superintends his preparation at Kennett; but the Newmarket touts are of opinion that he will not get over the Aintree country. And it is on the cards that Bedford Cottage may find its best representative in Cyprus, about whom there is the momentous question of his ability to get fit and well to the post. The Prince of Wales will certainly start The Scot, but his chance seems a forlorn one, unless half a dozen tumble down. Capuccini, who belongs to Mr. Jameson, a wealthy distiller, is a sure starter if he goes on all right, and he is the particular fancy of some good judges. This animal will become a favourite in the course of the next three weeks.

Superba is now the nominal favourite for the Two Thousand, but I should think that she is indebted to the rash impetuosity of "the public" for her present position. In the almost certain absence of Harvester, Royal Fern will have only Wickham to beat in the Newmarket Biennial, and unless he can win that race he can have no chance for the "classic" stakes. If he should win easily he will no doubt start favourite for the Two Thousand; unless, indeed, there is some wonderful "dark" uprising, after the manner of Peregrine, Muncaster, and Shotover. I have the very best authority for stating that nothing whatever is known at Kingsclere of the capabilities of the Duke of Westminster's Cambusmore, who stands at the insane price of 10 to 1. It is quite as likely that he will follow Troll as Shotover.

Among the beaten lot at Sandown last week were some notable new-comers to cross-country business. The colt by Brown Bread—Hygeia cost Mr. Jardine 2,000 gs. as a yearling in 1880, and he never won him a shilling. Vesta won the Metropolitan last year for Lord Rosebery. She will make a nice jumper. Eau de Vie retires to the Duke of Hamilton's stud, and she will be a valuable addition to it, for she is a splendid mare, and has a fine Cartwright pedigree, by Marsyas—Fairwater.

Among the mares which have arrived to Hermit at Blankney are the Duke of Westminster's Cognisaunce (in foal to Rosicrucian) and Lady Blanche (barren to Hampton); Lord Alington's Fusee (dam of St. Blaise), who is barren to Beauclerc; that splendid failure the Duchess of Montrose's Fraulein (in foal to Sefton); Sir T. Sykes's

Sanitary Inspection.—Fee, 2 Guineas. Improvement works undertaken. The Sanitary Engineering Co., 115, Victoria-st., Westminster.

A Beautiful Complexion.—Hagan's Magnolia Balm gives a pure and blooming complexion. It restores and preserves youthful beauty. Its effects are gradual, natural, and perfect. It removes redness, blotches, pimples, tan, sunburn, and freckles, and makes a lady of thirty appear but twenty. The Magnolia Balm makes the skin smooth and pearly, and imparts a fresh appearance to the countenance. Hagan's Magnolia Balm has been established nearly 40 years, and is sold by all Chemists and Perfumers.

Cicely Hacket (dam of Hackness); that good mare the Duke of Portland's Mowerina, who has foaled a filly by Hampton. Mr. Chaplin's Adelaide (dam of Peregrine and of the Derby favourite) has a filly by Hermit, and, of course, goes to him again; and Patchwork (dam of Quilt) also has a filly by him, and again goes to him. Lord Falmouth's Leap Year (dam of Skylark) goes to Galopin, after having foaled a filly by Isonomy. Mr. Chaplin's Lightning (dam of Fulmen), purchased at the sale of Prince Batthyany's stud for 350 gs., has a colt by Galopin, and goes to him again; and amongst the other mares sent to this horse are last year's Oaks winner, Bonnie Jean. Lord Rosebery has also sent La Merveille, who has foaled a filly by Dutch Skater. Lord Ellesmere has sent Corrie (dam of Corrie Roy and Highland Chief), who is barren to Hampton; and Mr. Harrison sends Loch Garry (dam of Corrie), who is in foal to Hampton. Lord Falmouth sends one of his great cracks, Lady Coventry (in foal to Springfield), and also her daughter, Lady Golightly, who is in foal to Hampton. The Duchess of Montrose has sent Wild Myrtle (a fine stayer when she was on the turf), who is in foal to Macaroni. The Duke of St. Albans sends Noblesse, who hitherto has sadly disappointed the expectations which were entertained of her stud career. She is in foal to Galopin. At Rufford, the Duke of Westminster's Rouge Rose has foaled a sister to Bend Or, and it may be hoped that she will resemble that celebrity rather than his degenerate brothers the two Garb Ors. She goes again to Doncaster. Mr. I'Anson has sent that grandly-bred mare Maccaronea to Doncaster. She has a filly foal by Rosicrucian. This mare cost over 2,000 gs. as a yearling, and she never won a race for her purchaser, Mr. Perkins. The Duchess of Montrose has sent Boundary (dam of Out of Bounds) to Petrarch. At Marden Park, Gorgon (sister to Sefton) has foaled a filly by Beaudesert, and goes to him again. Mr. Lefevre has sent three mares from Chamant to Foxhall at Leybourne Grange. Mr. Walker has a colt foal by Galopin—Elizabeth (winner of the One Thousand in 1880), which he has named Batthyany.

MAMMON.

THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

AGAIN the question of dealing for clerks has come before the Committee of the Stock Exchange. This time it is in regard to one of the head clerks in one of the principal financial houses in the City, and, as usual, he has made up his losses with money of his employers. The broker employed was the same gentleman who had dealt so largely for Watters, and who gave his evidence in such a jaunty, flippant, and self-satisfied way before Alderman Whitehead at the Guildhall, when boasting that though he had only been a member of the Stock Exchange for a year and a-half, he had had accounts open for Watters in millions. This broker must have cleared £10,000 in commissions during the ten months that he dealt for Watters, and if he has been able to secure a further £5,000 in commissions out of his other client he will be in the happy position of being able to retire from the Stock Exchange with a handsome little sum to begin business in some other line.

The Committee have had many meetings on the question of the late dealings for bank managers, and have found out that their rules, though drawn at great length, do not extend to these high officials. Counsel's opinion has been taken by one of the brokers who was before the Committee for dealing for the absconding manager of the Californian Bank, and this opinion is that the rule as to "clerks" does not apply. The Committee of the Stock Exchange must, if they do not wish to get into hopeless muddles, have their rules clearly drawn up and easily understood; as it is, they have a mass of regulations so vaguely drawn that they are unintelligible, and so loosely put together that they may cover anything or nothing, whilst the Committee itself glosses over or hides everything that does not come before the public, and tries to make a scapegoat of any member whose case does become public.

BRAZILIANS.

Glancing at the City Intelligence last week, I observed that Brazilians had fallen. Being the possessor of some of these securities, I inquired of financial Pundits the reasons. They told me that it was in sympathy with a fall in Chilian securities. I therefore slept quietly, for I did not perceive what connection the one had with the other. There is, in fact, absolutely none. I believe that Brazil will pay interest on her bonds for many a generation. It is urged that she has given numerous guarantees in order that railroads may be built and sugar factories established. Why should she not? The railroads and the factories pay their way, and consequently never come upon the State to make up a deficit. The country is all the richer and the more prosperous by them. All that the guarantee did was to enable these undertakings to borrow money at a comparatively low interest. I believe that the finances of Brazil are in a perfectly sound condition.

Why, I then asked, have Chili securities fallen? Because, I was told, Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice had stated that England would interfere to make Chili pay the Peruvian bondholders. He never said anything of the kind, and if he had, the House of Commons would not have endorsed such a policy. When an Englishman in search of high interest lends his money to a foreign Government, he must understand that he does so at his risk and peril. If Chili were to absorb the whole of Peru, and to decline to pay one farthing of interest on the debt of the latter, we should not interfere. It is no business of ours. We have got into mess enough already by interfering on behalf of the Egyptian bondholders, to cure us of any desire for a similar interference during a long time to come. Peruvian bonds have been at rubbish price for a considerable time; they have been bought by speculators who now clamour for some action which will enable them to sell at a profit. What a Conservative Government might do, I do not pretend to know, but so long as a Liberal Government is in power, these speculators will find that their investment is a bad one.

Options.—Explanatory Pamphlet on Stock Exchange Options, post-free. John Abbott & Co., Stock and Share Brokers, 21 and 22, Palmerston Buildings, London, E.C.

John Shaw, Stock and Share Dealer, Wardrobe-chambers, Queen Victoria-street and Doctor's-commons, deals at tape prices.

QUEER STORIES.

MISS VANSTONE'S VENGEANCE.

MISS ETHEL VANSTONE could not make up her mind for a long time whether she preferred Jack Benson or Lord Darley. Jack was certainly the better looking, and he possessed the romantic attraction of being a briefless barrister without means or expectations. Miss Vanstone affected to despise wealth and position, which she could afford to do, being an heiress in her own right, with no other relative than a rich, weak-minded uncle who doated upon her. But, though Lord Darley was the son of a Peer and would one day succeed to the family honours and estates, he was meanwhile delightfully impecunious, and, if he was not handsome, he was exceedingly quaint and amusing. Miss Vanstone found it impossible to decide which she liked the better, and, to complicate matters, her admirers were old friends, and each seemed to hang back out of deference to the other.

However, the young lady's uncertainty probably arose from doubts as to which would eventually propose, for when Jack Benson at length avowed his affection he was accepted without hesitation. The engagement appeared likely to secure the permanent happiness of both the young people; but before long there arose the proverbial little cloud which threatened to wreck their happiness. It came in the shape of vague whisperings and headshakings, the meaning of which Miss Vanstone was at a loss to imagine. Her friends smiled rather maliciously whenever she referred to Jack, until she could not help perceiving that some unpleasant secret was being transparently concealed from her. Her pride prevented her from demanding explanations, the more especially as Jack vowed and declared that his conscience was as clear as the noonday sun. But though she implicitly believed in him, she felt troubled and uneasy in spite of herself, and dreaded that some disagreeable revelation was in store for her. This foreboding, not unnaturally, proved correct, for one day she received an anonymous letter, informing her that Jack and Lord Darley had tossed up a penny piece in a public room at the Blenheim Club to decide which should propose to her, and that her engagement was generally regarded as an excellent joke.

Now Miss Vanstone was a very wayward young lady, and she had almost resolved to forgive Jack any delinquency he might have been guilty of rather than break off the engagement out of deference to public opinion. But the startling and unlooked-for nature of the accusation which had been brought against her lover completely upset all her preconceived intentions. The discovery that she had been made to appear ridiculous rendered her absolutely furious, independently of the unpleasant suspicion which naturally presented itself regarding Jack's sincerity. She considered that she had been insulted in a manner which admitted of no excuse or palliation, and, unfortunately for himself, Jack Benson came to call when her indignation was at its height.

"What is the meaning of this, Jack?" she inquired, sharply, as he entered the room.

"What's up?" demanded Jack, apprehensively.

"Read and tell me if what this note says is true," said Miss Vanstone, with the air of a tragedy queen.

Jack took the note humbly, looking very much perturbed. He seemed less surprised than confused as he glanced over the document, and Miss Vanstone's hope that he would meet the accusation with an indignant denial vanished on the spot.

"You are not going to take any notice of this, Ethel?" he said, with a ludicrous attempt at scornful indifference.

"Not if you will tell me that what it says is false. In that case I will throw it behind the fire and think no more about it."

"It's a cowardly stab in the dark," exclaimed Jack, crushing the note in his hand.

"No doubt; but you haven't answered my question," said Miss Vanstone, compressing her lips.

"Well, I can't deny it altogether," said Jack in desperation. "But you know what Tennyson says about a lie that is partly truth."

"Did you and Lord Darley toss up a penny piece to decide which should propose to me?" began Miss Vanstone, categorically.

"I can't deny it. It wasn't a penny piece, though, it was a sovereign," said Jack, clutching at a straw.

"Did this chivalrous transaction take place in a public room at the Blenheim Club?" continued the young lady, ruthlessly.

"Yes. It occurred at the Blenheim. Of course, all the rooms at the club are public rooms in a sense," said Jack, "but nobody observed us. We were alone to all intents and purposes. That is where the letter lies," he added, flinging it viciously into the fireplace.

"The letter is evidently true in every particular," returned Miss Vanstone, quivering with temper and indignation. "The story is in every one's mouth, and all my friends are laughing at me. You must have boasted——"

"No, Ethel, I will take my oath I have never said a word about it," interrupted Jack, eagerly. "It was a foolish business, I admit, and I wish it had never happened. What took place was this: Darley and I, as you know, are old friends, and both of us being in love with you, the situation was extremely awkward, for, of course, neither liked to steal a march on the other by proposing first. We finally agreed to toss, in order to decide which should have the advantage of the first word with you. No slight or insult to you was intended, our only idea being to settle amicably and fairly a very delicate question between us. Oh, Ethel! For Heaven's sake, don't do that!" he exclaimed, with a start.

But Jack's plaintive remonstrance was disregarded, and the engaged ring, which he had almost pawned his immaculate wig and gown to purchase, was flung contemptuously on the carpet at his feet. Before he could find words to express his grief and dismay, Miss Vanstone had rushed from the room, thus manifesting her intention of terminating the engagement. Jack had no alternative but to leave the house, apprehending the worst, and within half an hour he received back his presents, together with a letter which banished his last hope of a reconciliation.

Miss Vanstone had felt no compunction about dismissing her lover. At the moment, indeed, she experienced a

Minton's China.—Thomas Goode & Co., Artists and Designers in Porcelain, South Audley-street, Grosvenor-square.

savage satisfaction in treating him as she considered he deserved. It was not until a day or two later that the reaction commenced, and even then she did not exactly regret what she had done. But she experienced an intense antipathy towards Lord Darley from the conviction that it was he who was to blame for what had occurred. She believed Jack when he said he had not given currency to the story of the tossing, and it therefore followed that Lord Darley must be the culprit. Such grave indiscretion was more likely to emanate from a disappointed rival than from a fortunate lover, and it was impossible to avoid arriving at the conclusion that Jack's friend had committed a breach of confidence, possibly with the view of doing him serious injury. Therefore, without repenting of her decision, Miss Vanstone mentally accused Lord Darley of having frustrated her happiness, and resolved to show her disgust at his treachery in a very marked manner on the earliest opportunity.

She had not long to wait for this, for in order to conceal the secret anguish which she suffered owing to her separation from Jack, she made a point of showing herself in society as much as possible. As a natural consequence she met Lord Darley within a few days of the momentous interview which terminated so fatally for his friend. He came upon her unawares in a crowded ball-room before she had time to collect herself sufficiently to give him the "cut direct." He did not offer to shake hands with her, possibly anticipating a snub, though her manner was as usual calm, unperturbed, and languid.

"How do, Miss Vanstone?" he remarked, strolling up with the most unconcerned air in the world.

"I am very well, Lord Darley," she replied, turning away her head from him as she spoke.

"I want to have a chat with you," he said, holding out his arm towards her, "shall we come outside into the conservatory?"

Miss Vanstone was beginning to suspect that Lord Darley declined to be snubbed, and at all events he showed no symptom of uneasiness at her cold manner. When a man is thick-skinned, plainness of speech is the only effectual method of conveying contempt or displeasure Miss Vanstone was determined that Lord Darley should know what she thought of his treacherous conduct, and she therefore accepted his invitation, and accompanied him into the adjacent conservatory.

"I wonder at your having the temerity to address me, Lord Darley," she exclaimed, haughtily, as soon as they were alone. "From what Mr. Benson said to me, I imagine it was you who spread this scandalous story about."

"Well—yes, it was," he replied, calmly. "I didn't mean to, but it slipped out after dinner, one day. I only told one fellow, and begged him not to say a word; but, of course, I might as well have proclaimed it from the housetop."

"Have you admitted this to Mr. Benson?" inquired Miss Vanstone, involuntarily.

"Yes. Oh! we've had a deuce of a row. I offered him every satisfaction."

"The mischief was done," said Miss Vanstone, impatiently, irritated at his lordship's coolness.

"No doubt. That is why I thought he might like to have a shot at me. I would have fired in the air," said Lord Darley, in a matter-of-fact tone.

"You know, of course, what the result has been," said Miss Vanstone, intent on extracting from Lord Darley some expression of remorse for his conduct.

"Yes, that is why I came to-night," said his lordship, setting his glass in his eye, and assuming a business-like air. "I wish to make a very urgent appeal to you."

"Pray spare yourself and me," said Miss Vanstone, hastily, and in some confusion, thinking he was about to intercede on Jack's behalf. "I would rather not refer to the past."

"I am not going to refer to the past," said Lord Darley. "Jack has had his chance, and has made a hash of it. It may have been my fault, but that was a pure accident. According to the original arrangement between us it is my turn now."

"Lord Darley!" exclaimed Miss Vanstone, completely taken aback.

"I told Jack I should try my luck now he has failed, and, of course, he could raise no objection," said his lordship.

Without further preface, Lord Darley proceeded to make a formal offer of marriage, laying considerable stress upon his social position and prospects, and speaking with the air of a man who felt assured of success. Miss Vanstone sat speechless with mingled indignation and amazement. Her natural impulse was to decline to listen to him, and to express her scorn and contempt at his behaviour in scathing terms. But she could not find adequate words in which to convey her sentiments, and while, in her agitation, she was vainly seeking them, Lord Darley contrived to achieve his proposal without interruption. Finding that he was calmly waiting for her answer, Miss Vanstone was seized with a sudden misgiving that anything she might say at this juncture would sound tame and spiritless. She realised now that it was too late, that she ought to have stopped him at the outset by a peremptory word or gesture. As a matter of fact, her furious indignation had deprived her of her presence of mind, and though her spirit was raging within her, she dared not trust herself to speak.

Lord Darley replaced his glass, which he had dropped from his eye in the fervour of his declaration, and glanced at her pale face with evident perplexity. Another moment and she would have been forced, from sheer embarrassment, to break silence, but, to her heartfelt relief, their *tête-à-tête* was interrupted by the gentleman to whom she had promised the next dance. Miss Vanstone rose immediately and left the conservatory, without deigning to bestow a word or a look at Lord Darley, who, however, contrived to whisper as she passed him:—

"Unless I hear from you in the meantime, I will call on Monday for your reply."

No doubt Lord Darley had awoke to the fact that the young lady was not prepared to accept him off-hand. It may be that her silence had led him to anticipate a refusal, for he did not attempt to approach her again during the evening. Probably he preferred that she should have leisure for reflection, lest, being pressed, she should give an unfavourable response. At all events, when Miss Van-

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stone was leaving the house an hour later, she heard the linkmen bawling for Lord Darley's carriage, and caught sight of him as he vanished down the steps.

Miss Vanstone was no less furious with herself than with Lord Darley. Her project of unmercifully snubbing him had ignominiously failed through her own weakness. She was more than ever convinced of his meanness and treachery towards Jack, and yet she had suffered him to make a proposal of marriage unchecked. The worst of the matter was, his offer was still undisposed of, and she had no alternative but to write to him. She instinctively guessed that a refusal contained in a letter, however severely worded, would afford no vent for her outraged feelings. On the other hand, after her past experience, she doubted whether she could do justice to her indignant sentiments at an interview. If he had not expressed his intention of calling upon her on Monday she would probably have decided to treat his offer with silent contempt. But she felt that this plan was out of the question under the circumstances, and besides, if Lord Darley were persistent, she would be forced to give him an answer sooner or later.

The truth was that Miss Vanstone was consumed by an intense desire to be revenged upon Lord Darley. She wished, if possible, to humiliate him, and to make him feel how she despised him for his conduct. She was so carried away by this uncharitable impulse that she never rested until she had devised a means of effecting her purpose. The idea with which her indignation inspired her was so bold and startling that it almost took her breath away. By degrees, however, she became completely reconciled to her scheme, which she finally resolved to put into execution. The initial step was simplicity itself, for it consisted of nothing more than an urgent note to Jack Benson requesting him to call upon her immediately.

Jack came, of course, with his heart in his mouth, scarcely daring to anticipate the good fortune which awaited him. But he was overwhelmed by the joyful surprise with which he learnt the conditions imposed by Miss Vanstone. She stipulated for a private wedding to take place within three days—namely, on the following Monday.

Miss Vanstone gave a very plausible reason for this unorthodox arrangement, saying that after what had passed she thought the best way of silencing the gossips would be to get married without more ado. Jack was hardly surprised that Miss Vanstone should prefer to avoid the awkwardness of a re-engagement, and for the rest he was not inclined to be hypercritical. The weak-minded old uncle, it is true, raised feeble objections, which were easily overcome, but there was practically no one to be consulted on either side. The consequence was that a special licence having been obtained, Jack and Ethel were quietly married without fuss or ceremony, while their friends were still talking of the rupture of their engagement.

When they were on the point of starting off for the honeymoon, Jack noticed that his wife handed the butler an envelope, and gave him some directions concerning it in an undertone. The envelope contained a glazed card with the names of "Mr. and Mrs. John Benson" inscribed thereon, and when Lord Darley called the same afternoon, asking for Miss Vanstone, this enigmatical missive was to be placed in his hands.

Mrs. Jack Benson would have given a good deal to be present in order to see how Lord Darley bore the shock. This was her scheme of revenge, and she did not doubt that it would prove effectual. To learn that she had, after all, married the rival he had endeavoured to supplant, could not fail to be most galling to his lordship's self-esteem, not to mention his own blighted hopes. It must be confessed that a more humiliating way of refusing an offer of marriage could hardly have been conceived.

Jack knew nothing of all this, his wife being content to chuckle over her triumph in secret. Beyond making him promise to keep secret their projected marriage, she had given no clue to her real motives, and, finding he had no suspicion that Lord Darley had proposed to her, she generously forebore to enlighten him. Having achieved her object, Mrs. Jack Benson did not suffer her mind to dwell with bitterness upon Lord Darley's behaviour, and under the soothing influence of the honeymoon her resentment began to evaporate. This magnanimity was chiefly owing to her husband's sturdy championship of his friend, for Jack scoffed at the idea of Lord Darley having deliberately sought to injure him, and declared him to be one of the best fellows that ever breathed. Mrs. Jack listened in silence to these eulogiums, knowing that his lordship had meanly sought to take advantage of his own wrong.

On the day of their return to London, Jack received permission to stroll down to the club for an hour or two, and when he came back his wife could not refrain from asking if he had met Lord Darley.

"Oh! yes. I met Darley," answered Jack, with rather a queer smile.

"Was he—did he seem at all depressed? You know he used to be almost as fond of me as you were," added his wife, ingenuously.

"He was just the same as ever. As for being depressed—well, you see, he won a lot of money over our marriage," said Jack.

"What!" exclaimed his wife, opening her eyes to their widest extent.

"He is a queer fellow, Darley is. It appears that, when he heard our engagement was broken off, he took odds all over the place that it would all come right. They say he has won £5,000," said Jack, laughing a little awkwardly.

"What! oh! Jack. He is a heartless, wicked, bad man!" cried Mrs. Jack, with sudden energy. "Do you know that, after you and I had quarrelled, he actually wanted me to marry him?"

"The deuce he did! Then was that why you agreed to marry me of a sudden?" cried Jack, with a start.

"Yes. But—but, of course, I always loved you, Jack. You mustn't think I only married you out of pique," said his wife, evidently repenting of her precipitation. "As for Lord Darley, he is a wretch. I forbid you to associate with him, Jack. He is not worthy of you."

"On the contrary, my dear, Darley is the best fellow in the world, as I've often tried to convince you," cried Jack, excitedly. "Now I understand everything. He was awfully cut up at having been the cause of our quarrel, and declared he would set things straight. He never told

me he had proposed to you, but I see now that he did so, perceiving what would probably happen. Darley is one of the shrewdest fellows I know. Good gracious! Don't cry, my love!"

"Oh, Jack! If I had only guessed!" exclaimed his wife, with a paroxysm of weeping.

"Hang it, Ethel! it wouldn't have made any difference, I hope," cried Jack, as his countenance fell.

"Kiss me, Jack! Yes, it would. We should have had a re—re—regular wedding, with bridesmaids and all the rest of it," murmured the bride, spasmodically.

GIRLS' GOSSIP.

DEAREST AMY,—Wednesday last was a quite distinctly perfect day. The weather was all that could be wished, and Sandown week as enjoyable as ever. The racing was very pretty, and I won three dozen pair of six-buttoned gloves. Aunt Tabitha became almost rigid with horror when I told her of it. "What, betting?" she shrieked, on the top F sharp. I wonder if people like her ever suspect what a temptation they offer to human nature? It is so delightful to administer a violent shock to persons who respond so sensitively to anything bordering on the improper. Though, I am sure, my dear gloves are proper enough. I feel quite wealthy.

The military band at Sandown *would* play waltzes! So tantalising when one cannot dance, and when they are so delightfully played! The leaves of the rose-trees are out all over the back of the club-house, in all their tints of brownish-red and reddish-brown, with little hints of green. I hope no frosts will come to wither their pretty hopes and shrivel their dainty prospects. We arrived in good time for the first race, after which the cheerful odours proceeding from within reminded us of luncheon. There were a fair number of ladies present. The Duchess of Montrose was, as usual, in green, regardless of the North countrie proverb, "A Graham in green should never be seen." A matronly lady wore a magnificent costume of brown brocaded velvet and sabletail.

Quite the neatest dresses were the tailor-made. One of these was in brown tweed, with not a single scrap of trimming. As the girl who wore it possessed a good figure and "a thoroughbred stride," the result was happy. Another girl, in a thin grey gown, looked chilly. The present mode of hair-dressing favours the display of pretty necks at the back. I noticed two girls who were peculiarly fortunate in this respect. The small, loose pieces of hair clustered naturally and softly about their white but warm-looking necks and pretty ears. Others, I observed, whose locks were less hyacinthine, had manipulated stray tresses on crimping-pins, or by means of curl-papers. This would have looked well enough had no device been apparent; but fancy the discomfort of sleeping with crimping-pins at the back of one's neck.

I notice that the basques of tailor-cut dresses are now frequently made quite round and rather short. I saw a lady in brown, with one of the new Redfern waistcoats of buff-coloured kid. There were many very handsome mantles. Several of these were in plain velvet, which is newer than brocade, but less rich in appearance. A very remarkable coat was in a striped material, cardinal and gunpowder-blue. The stripes were wide. The bodice fitted tightly, terminating in the short, round basque I have just mentioned; and the skirt was added on under the edge of this, the back of it being gathered in with abundant fulness. A very eccentric hat was worn with this, edged with dark-blue beads; it was trimmed with a great number of rampant feathers, most of which were black and white. We christened it the disconcerted magpie. It was curious to see some people wrapped to the ears in furs, while others wore dresses much too light for the season. They may possibly have felt warm enough, owing to invisible supplementary arrangements, but they looked insufficient; and that, I take it, is a great error in dress.

There is a happy medium possible just now, owing to the pretty capes that are so much worn. For instance, a lady whose gown was biscuit-coloured cloth, wore a dear little brown velvet cape, edged with brown marabout. It came well down to her waist and covered her arms; resembling in its characteristics those thoroughly delightful chaperons (alas! how rare they are!) who, while perfectly efficient and protective, never obtrude themselves.

Papa took us down and Charlie joined us. What very silly creatures men are when in love? Just think of Charlie having precisely the same things for his lunch that Maud chose for hers! I sat opposite, burning to tell him what a goose I thought him, and wondering if the *gr-r-rande passion* would ever make such a consummate donkey of *me!*

We heard that Mr. Hwfa Williams was to be moved in a hospital ambulance from his house in Great Cumberland-place to the Star and Garter Hotel at Richmond. It is now four months since he received the shot, and at one time very grave results were feared. As it is, it is very hard to lose four months out of one's youth, spending them on a sick-bed. I hope the change will soon render him convalescent.

Mrs. Ralli's fancy ball produced some really original dresses, and was one of the prettiest functions of the kind seen for some time. This is just the time to give a thoroughly successful dance. There are not too many people in town, so that a crowd is avoided, and every one is fresh and brisk. "The Telegraph" was a very good dress, skilfully carried out in every detail. As it was a calico ball, the materials had all to be of the unsophisticated order; so the skirts were of blue satteen. The lower one was of a deeper shade than the upper. Forked lightnings played over it, being represented by strips of something resembling gold tinsel. Similar forks appeared on the pointed bodice. The upper skirt was gathered in pretty folds, and ornamented with a few telegraphic despatches, one of which, if not all, related to the ball. A brown pocket, like those worn by telegraph boys across their shoulders, was slung across the hips, and one of those alarming yellow envelopes protruded slightly from it. A coronet of blue velvet, with the word "Telegraph" in gold letters, was worn in the hair; and behind it was an electric-bell, fastened by wires to the shoulders. Even on the shoes played harmless forked lightnings.

Another pretty dress represented Flame. The skirt was scarlet, with tongues of gold flame rising from the edge of it in various points and curves and flickers. Over this was a light, cloudy tunic of smoke-coloured tarlatan, dotted with golden sparks. The bodice was also trimmed with tongues of flame on a scarlet ground. The deep, wide tabs were edged with gold fringe. A little scarlet cap, of the most intensely coquettish order, had also gold flames rising from the edges. Very long red gloves were worn with this very effective dress, and red boots with gold bars, through which peeped red stockings.

The MacMahons were wishing the other day that some one would get up a linen and poplin ball for the benefit of Ireland. They get all their linen over from Belfast; but when we began to commend their patriotism, they informed us, with truly national candour, that it was very much cheaper to do so. Their table-linen is unusually fine and beautiful, and makes their dinner-table look delightfully ornate; but I had no idea that it was so cheap. They get all their handkerchiefs over, too, as well as house-linen, from Forrester, Belfast.

The Bolingbroke Fancy Ball was a very pretty one, Lilla says. She went as a lady of the Court of Charles II. She remarked that the periods which were not exactly the most desirable in point of morals were usually those in which the dress was picturesque. She looked quite handsome in a white wig, with a couple of patches, and a most elaborate sacque made out of a Pompadour brocade, worn over a red petticoat. Black velvet round her neck, and wide armlets of the same, proved very becoming; and her little shoes, with high red heels, showing glimpses of

Old Lace.—The finest collection in London at A. Blackborne & Co.'s, 35, South Audley-street, Grosvenor-square.

stockings with red clocks, made her rather short skirt quite pardonable.

A lady dressed wholly in yellow, with masses of buttercups for trimming, was to be congratulated on a successful toilette, if a venturous one for a blonde. "Music" was an original and a pretty dress. The Peasants from the Festival attended in their costumes, and some very picturesque Lancers were danced. A fancy ball is a remarkably pretty spectacle, but does not lend itself kindly to analysis, so I shall say no more of individual dresses. In dissecting the effect, the beauty of it disappears, like that of a rose under the scientific fingers of a cold-blooded botanist. I am glad it was a full ball, for the Bolingbroke House Pay Hospital is an excellent charity.

I see that an amateur dramatic performance, followed by a concert and ball, is to be given on the 5th of March at Porchester Mansion, Hyde Park, on behalf of the Chelsea Hospital for Women. "Still Waters Run Deep" is the comedy chosen for the occasion.

Mrs. Hegan-Kennard is to give a Leap Year ball on the 29th, and the ladies who attend it are to choose their own partners. How should you like to ask a man to dance with you? At a Leap Year party given in the beginning of February at Frankfort, in Kentucky, the ladies were invited by the hostess, and then each invitée was authorised to send a card for the dance to one gentleman. None of the gentlemen were to know from whom the invitation came, but each was to distinguish his partner by means of the flower she wore. When the members of the sterner sex arrived, they experienced no difficulty in discovering their various roses, pinks, lilies, and so on, but they were much bewildered by finding all the ladies masked, so that various interesting complications probably resulted.

It may have happened that two girls, or even more, sent cards to the same individual. In that case, how he must have been exercised in his mind to know which flower he ought to wear. He could not be so "boastiferous," as Jack calls it, as to wear *more* than one.

The Americans are certainly original in the matter of balls, as in other things. But our Anglo-Indian friends have also had an innings in the same direction. Not long ago, some unmarried men of a place called Ootacamund, describing themselves as candidates for matrimony, gave a dance, and ornamented the walls of the ball-room with their own photographs, with written particulars of their various dispositions, prospects, and requirements pasted below each portrait.

Now, *that* ball ought certainly to have been given in Leap-Year.

We went to see Captain Barrington Foote married to Miss Glyn on Saturday afternoon at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, but there was such a dreadful crush that we could not even see what the bride had on. We could hear, however, and were much struck by the resolution expressed in the tone of the bridegroom's "I will." He appeared to realise that matrimony is an affair that needs some determination. The bride is daughter of the Hon. Pascoe Glyn; and her two bridesmaids were Miss Maud Glyn and the Lady Florence Wilbraham. No invitations were issued, on account of the recent death of Admiral Carr Glyn, a relative of the bride.

Mrs. Mackay, the wife of one of the American millionaires, has disgusted all right-thinking persons in Paris by appearing in a dress of white velvet trimmed all over with the wings of robin redbreasts; and, to complete this barbaric toilette, her shoes, of red velvet, were entirely covered with the toes of the little robins. The dress is made in the *princesse* shape, with a Watteau back, and a comet train of portentous length, and the corsage is flagrantly *décolleté*, and is bordered with red feathers, with which all the train is edged. I would suggest to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty that they should have a photo taken of Mrs. Mackay in this costume, and placard the streets with it as a "horrible example."

I went to a charming concert at the Bluthner Pianoforte Rooms, in Kensington Gardens-square, last week. Antoinette Sterling and Mr. Oswald sang. Mr. Carrodus was, as usual, delightful on the violin, and Marie Krebs—to whose share most of the work naturally fell—not only showed her marvellous power at the piano, but also proved the excellence of the Bluthner instrument she performed on. The room, however, was too small to do it (the piano) or her (Marie Krebs) full justice.—Your loving Cousin,

MADGE.

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LETTERS ON BOOKS.

My dear Mr. O'Brien,—May I venture to suggest to you a work worthy of your literary censorship—the exposure and suppression, if possible, of "shoddy" literature? "Shoddy" I understand to be a material made up of a mixture of out-worn woollen rags with a little fresh wool, which is palmed off upon the public as entirely new cloth. Even in Leeds, Liverpool, or Manchester, where the accommodating commercial conscience is supposed to be most tensile, this trade is not yet, at least, reputable. Why should an analogous trade be reputable in literature? It is not so long since I read a work on Egypt in which the author incorporated bodily a former book of his own on the same subject. Among the books, and one of the best of the books, I gave this Christmas to boys was Mr. William Black's "Adventures in Thule" (1), which is prefaced by the following note:—"The second of these stories, 'The Four MacNichols,' is also published along with 'The Beautiful Wretch' and 'The Pupil of Aurelius.'" As it happened, I hadn't bought "The Beautiful Wretch;" but I have no doubt at all that many of Mr. Black's many admirers ordered "Adventures in Thule" because they liked so much "The Beautiful Wretch," and found, then, to their disgust, that a third of the new volume was comprised in the old. Here, again, is "Arminius Vambéry" (2)—pure shoddy, nothing else. There is a little new wool—as there is in all shoddy, but the rest of the book is, in the technical language of the manufacturers of Dewsbury, old stuff "devilled" up into new. To those who have not read M. Vambéry's adventures, and especially to rabid Russophobes, this book will be delightful reading in all respects but one—its hero-worship; for the author of this autobiography is the Boswell of its subject, and reminds me of that young Oxford scholar to whom the Head of his College made this valedictory address: "Your fellow students have all a high opinion of you; all the tutors and professors of the University have a high opinion of you; I myself have a high opinion of you; but no one has so high an opinion of you as you have of yourself." In this respect "Chinese Gordon" (3) is a contrast to M. Vambéry, for the hero of the Taiping Campaign—a true hero, if ever there was one—is as modest as he is brave. Here, too, is an old story retold; but it is not shoddy, for it is not told by the same pen or in the same way. I cannot say it is told here to greater advantage, though it shows to greater advantage its hero; for Mr. Hake restores all that was excised from the MS. of the former work by General Gordon himself as too much to his glory. I am doubtful of the good taste of thrusting a living man against his will and knowledge into such a blaze;

(1) "Adventures in Thule." By William Black, Author of "The Strange Adventures of a Phaeton." (London: Macmillan & Co.) 1883.
(2) "Arminius Vambéry; His Life and Adventures." Written by Himself. (London: T. Fisher Unwin.) 1884.
(3) "The Story of Chinese Gordon." By A. Egmont Hake. (London: Remington & Co.)
(4) "The Wild Tribes of the Soudan." By F. L. James, M.A., F.R.G.S. (London: John Murray.) 1883.
(5) "The Voyage of the *Jeannette*." From the Ship and Ice Journals of George W. De Long. Edited by his Wife, Emma De Long. 2 vols. (London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.)
(6) "The Cruise of the *Falcon*." By E. F. Knight. 2 vols. (London: Sampson Low & Co.) 1884.
(7) "Nights with Uncle Remus." By Joel Chandler Harris. Author of "Uncle Remus." (London: George Routledge & Sons.) 1884.
(8) "Portraits of Places." By Henry James. (London: Macmillan & Co.) 1883.
(9) "Italian and Other Studies." By Francis Hueffer. (London: Elliot Stock.) 1883.
(10) "My Musical Life." By the Rev. H. R. Haweis, M.A., Author of "Music and Morals," &c., &c. (London: W. H. Allen & Co.) 1884.
(11) "Vanity Fair." By William Makepeace Thackeray. 2 vols. (London: Smith, Elder, & Co.)
(12) "Margaret Fuller." By Julia Ward Howe. (London: W. H. Allen.) 1883.
(13) "Maria Edgworth." By Helen Zimmern. (London: W. H. Allen.) 1883.
(14) "The Story of my Heart." My Autobiography. By Richard Jefferies. (London: Longmans, Green, & Co.)
(15) "Red Deer." By Richard Jefferies. (London: Longmans, Green, & Co.)

but it is ungracious to complain of a breach of confidence which gives us a fuller glimpse of a much grander figure, in my judgment, than that of Garibaldi. Mr. Hake's book has also the advantage of being opportune. Have you seen another opportune book which I found of extreme interest—"The Wild Tribes of the Soudan" (4)? It is a narrative of adventures in the Basé Country—a region of such ill-fame as to have been hitherto unexplored. Our adventurers were assured by all experts of the unredeemed savageness of this *terra incognita*:—

> "So geographers, in Afric maps,
> With savage pictures fill their gaps."

Nevertheless, they adventured with extremely satisfactory results to themselves and to the readers—especially the sporting readers—of this spirited narrative. Still the Basé country is not precisely the region to suit such enterprising travellers as the medical gentleman, whose truly delicious letter of application to join the expedition the author quotes for us:—"I like a cigar after my dinner and supper, with a glass of mild ale, *and meals at regular hours.*"

You will think me old-fashioned; but not, I hope, a "Jingo," if I cite one remark in this book which suggests to me how utterly dead in England are the days of chivalry. The author thinks the shame and sorrow of an old man of his escort at the loss of his sword—of which he was despoiled by robbers—incredibly ludicrous, because he considered this indignity a more bitter trouble than the loss of all else that he had. The very recollection of "that chastity of honour which felt a stain like a wound," seems to have perished from amongst us.

Here is another twice-told tale, "The Voyage of the *Jeannette*" (5), but it is told with a new and piteous interest from the journals of the gallant De Long, edited by his widow. Though I had already read, on your recommendation, the first record of the *Jeannette's* voyage, I found a deeper interest in this more circumstantial and authoritative account of the adventures, sufferings, and heroism of her crew and commander than in any other book of the kind I have ever come across. "It is the record," says the editor, in the last page, "of lives of men subjected to severer pressure than their ship met from the forces of nature. The ship gave way; the men surmounted the obstacles, and kept their courage and faith to the end. It is, above all, the record of a leader of men who entered the service in which he fell with an honourable purpose and a lofty aim; who endured the disappointment of a noble nature with a patience which was the conquest of bitterness; who bore the lives of his comrades as a trust reposed in him; and who died at his post with an unfaltering faith in God, whom he served and loved." Could she have said less, or more?

It's rather a bathos to mention in the same breath with "The Voyage of the *Jeannette*" "The Cruise of the *Falcon*" (6). It is like the sudden transition Johnson derides in a grave poem of that day which was heralded by the impressive invocation, "Now, Muse, let us sing of mice." Nevertheless, the cruise of the *Falcon* was a notable expedition, and deserved being chronicled almost as minutely as it has been in these two volumes. When the number of books of travel and of the days of man's years are considered together, one is inclined to say that much of the book—though none of the narrative—might have been excised with advantage. But the greater part of it is nothing short of delightful reading, the narrative of a voyage of twenty months and of 22,000 miles in a yawl of thirty tons, with a crew of four amateurs—three barristers and a cabin boy—in South American and West Indian waters, up the rivers Parana and Paraguay, and a ride by land of 1,200 miles across the Pampas to Tucuman. That is something like a yachting cruise, and the narrative thereof is as spirited as was the enterprise itself.

Apropos of "singing of mice," there's a work devoted to the "singing of rabbits" (for the rabbit is the hero of its tales), which contains, I understand on the highest authority, "one of the most humorous touches in modern literature." My authority is the *Spectator*; the work is "Nights with Uncle Remus" (7); and "one of the most humorous touches in modern literature" is the description of a cow as "a ole settle' 'oman." Do you remember poor Bob Allen's joke about Mr. Deputy Humphreys, which was so subtle that even Elia failed to see its point? Yet poor Bob cried with laughter in repeating it to Lamb. Bob, I imagine, would have noted in his paper, the *Oracle*, the description of a cow as "an old settled woman" as one of the most humorous touches of modern literature. I don't quite see it myself. I admit, however, that it's one of the most humorous touches in "Nights with Uncle Remus."

"Days with Mr. Henry James" I found much more pleasant and profitable, and such is a fair description of his "Portraits of Places" (8). It is a collection of magazine contributions—descriptions of famous scenes and cities—with which one can find only the fault that they lag a little behind the swift-moving age and the swift-moving mind of Mr. Henry James. For—as Mr. James informs you in his preface—while the American places portrayed have long left his descriptions behind, the impressions of England here printed have been long left behind by the author. Yet to me the record of his impressions of England seem the best and truest part of the book. Probably, in reprinting for English readers what was written for American readers, Mr. James thought it courteous to speak a prologue, like the prologue of Bottom:—"Fair ladies, if you think I come hither as a lion, it were pity of my life. No, I am no such thing; I am a man, as other men are"—not an inappropriate prologue for Mr. James.

Another collection of magazine contributions which I have just read has not been so happily named—"Italian and other Studies" (9)—as the Italian studies are the least important in number and value in the book. But, as Captain Shandon said, in explaining why a paper published in Catherine-street, owned in "the Row," edited by a Dublin man and sub-edited by a native of Cork, was christened the *Pall Mall Gazette*—"everything must have a name." And as it was not possible to find a generic name to fit all the subjects on which Mr. Hueffer writes, and writes brilliantly too as an expert, he cannot be severely blamed for a title so inadequate as to be misleading. His musical essays seem to me the best in the book, and next to them his essay on "The Literary Aspect of Schopenhauer's Work."

Apropos of these musical essays, let me recommend to you strongly "My Musical Life" (10), a new work by the author of "Music and Morals," to which it is meant to be a companion volume. Music, that Cinderella of the Arts, has of late, with Fashion for her fairy godmother and a Prince for her wooer, completely eclipsed her sisters. She is hardly less fortunate in having Mr. Haweis for her Poet Laureate. Even to men, like me, with little music in their souls, Mr. Haweis can make a fiddlestick as interesting as Swift could make a broomstick; and though I took up, I confess, "My Musical Life" as an irksome task, I read it with great interest and closed it with genuine regret that the concert was over.

The mention of Captain Shandon's *Pall Mall Gazette* reminds me of a very fine edition of Thackeray now being published by Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co. in twenty-six volumes, of which I have seen as yet but the first two—*Vanity Fair* (11). Have you seen it? For myself, I prefer it infinitely as a library book to the superb *édition de luxe* of the same author and publishers. But I am rather prejudiced, I confess, against *éditions de luxe*—against those, at least, of which the number of copies is limited somewhat snobbishly. Have you read the two last volumes of the "Eminent Women Series"? Of "Margaret Fuller" (12), I confess with shame that I knew nothing whatever till I read this book of Mrs. Howe. That I know a good deal of her now is something to my credit since my knowledge is extracted from a book written in this style. "But what imperial power had this self-poised soul, which could so widely open its doors, and so closely shut them; which could lead in its train the brightest and purest intelligences, and 'bind the sweet influences' of starry souls in the garland of its happy hours!" The editor of the "Eminent Women Series," going upon the principle, "Who drives fat oxen must himself be fat," has seemingly not only entrusted his eminent women authors exclusively to eminent women biographers, but suggested,

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in the case, at least, of Margaret Fuller, that the biographer should copy the style of the author.

If I have any fault to find—and I haven't much—with Miss Zimmern's "Maria Edgworth" ([13]), it is that the proportion of biography to criticism is less than one would expect and desire in a book dealing with so interesting a life.

Are you one of Mr. Jefferies' fanatic admirers? I should greatly like to know what you think of his "The Story of My Heart" ([14]). The yearnings there expressed have been, he tells you, years in gestation in his soul, and yet they read to me as the vague, dim, passionate yearnings of youth, and early youth. I like better, because I can better understand, perhaps, his "Red Deer" ([15]). In both books, however, you have such exquisite living, breathing pictures of nature as only Mr. Jefferies can paint. Let me hear from you as soon as you can spare me an hour; and believe me, my dear Mr. O'Brien, very sincerely yours,

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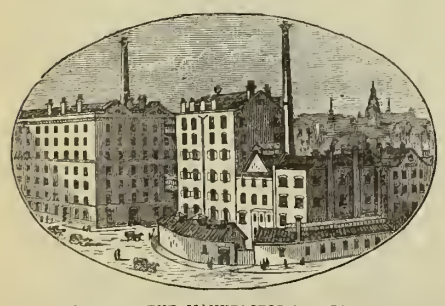

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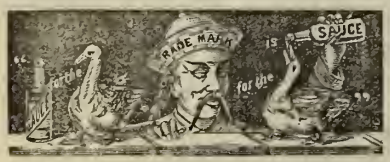

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MIDDLESBROUGH CORPORATION DEBENTURE STOCK.—Issue of £200,000 at 3¾ per cent. interest per annum, redeemable at par 1st January, 1909. The Corporation of Middlesbrough (Yorkshire), propose to borrow the above sum of £200,000 in amounts of £10 and multiples of £10 at 3¾ per cent. par. Prospectuses may be obtained by applying to the National Provincial Bank of England, Limited, 112, Bishopsgate-street, London, or any of its branches, or to the Borough Accountant, Middlesbrough.

LONDON SOUTHERN TRAMWAYS COMPANY.—SHARE LISTS will CLOSE for Town and Country on SAURDAY NEXT, March 1. Tramways in course of construction, and partly opened for traffic.

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LONDON INTERNATIONAL and UNIVERSAL EXHIBITION, 1884. To be held at the CRYSTAL PALACE.

The Directors of the Crystal Palace Company, London, will hold at the Crystal Palace an International Exhibition of Arts, Manufactures, and Scientific, Agricultural, and Industrial Products. The Exhibition will be opened on St. George's Day, the 23rd of April, 1884, and will remain open for a period of at least six months.

Prospectuses, entry forms, and all information may be obtained from the Executive Commissioner, or any of the Official Agents.

The arrangements for the Fine Arts Section are under the direction of Mr. J. Forbes Robertson, 25, Charlotte-street, Bedford-square, W.C.

GEORGE COLLINS LEVEY, Executive Commissioner,
19 & 21, Queen Victoria-street, London, E.C.
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THE SPORTSMAN'S EXHIBITION.—The THIRD ANNUAL SPORTSMAN'S EXHIBITION will be held at the Agricultural Hall, London, March 6, 7, 8, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, and 15, 1884.

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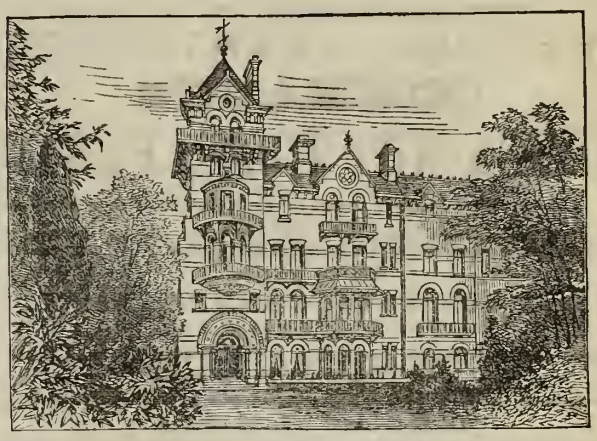

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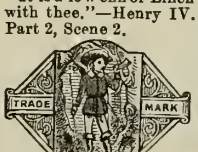

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OUR PUZZLES.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 262.

After my remarks of last week, it is only necessary to state that the Prize for this competition is awarded to W. E. MACCARTHY.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 263.

This competition, as I expected, was one that afforded great interest to those who took part in it. How ingeniously many succeeded in selecting such words as made consequent sentences the specimens published last week plainly showed. It was curious to notice, in fact, how very *à propos* to current events some of the paragraphs were. This appropriateness, as it was duly announced it would be in giving the puzzle, has been fully considered in selecting the prize paragraphs, and it has been decided to divide the Two Guineas between FIL and FAIAR TUCK, each of whom sent in a sentence excellent in its way.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 266.

The usual prize of Two Guineas will be given to the Competitor who sends in

THE MOST APPROPRIATE QUOTATION NOT EXCEEDING FOUR LINES IN LENGTH, FROM SHAKESPEARE, OR ANY OTHER POET, REFERRING TO THE PRESENT STATE OF AFFAIRS IN EGYPT.

There being at least two sides to every question, the quotations may be chosen as representing either of the prevalent views on the Egyptian situation. Care must be taken to make no alterations in the original language, and a reference to the poem or play from which the lines are taken must be given. In the case of a play, the act and scene should also be given.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*** The real name and address of "Harold," winner of Prize No. 261, are THOMAS CATHAR, Esq., 60, Stanton-street, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

*** As the "Rules" are crowded out this week, it may be stated for the information of competitors that more than one Quotation may be sent in, and that all their letters must be addressed to the Puzzle Editor, TRUTH Buildings, Carteret-street, Queen Anne's Gate, London, S.W.

*** In answer to "Bilbao" and other correspondents, I may state that an announcement will shortly be made as to the course to be pursued with regard to Competition No. 247.

HAROLD.—I regret that, through an error, your first letter was not opened till after TRUTH for last week had been published.

THE WABE.—It was as you suppose. The lines signed "Pear's Soap" were really yours.

MOONSHINE.—I am sorry you had the trouble to write.

F. R.—I have duly noted the contents of your note.

BABY FOX (Alexandria).—Under the circumstances, I am glad to have been able to include your lines to "Old Tongue" in the competition, though they were too late for publication.

JUNO.—Your rhymes were faulty in several respects, such as "abroad" and "bored," "forced" and "lost." THE PUZZLE EDITOR.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 264. ASSORTED SPECIMENS—GOOD AND OTHERWISE.

PARLIAMENTARY ALPHABETS.

*** There is only space to publish a small selection of the Alphabets this week, but I hope to print some further specimens next week.—THE P.E.

A's the Address that's postponed for a space.
B stands for Bradlaugh, who don't "keep his place."
C stands for Censure, Conservatives cast,
D the Debate where it failed to be passed.
E's the Egyptian (not "Benjamin's) mess."
F the Finances will feel the distress.
G stands for Gladstone, a "good man gone wrong."
H for Lord Hartington, lazy but strong.
I for the Irish, of grievances full;
J for the Justice they seek from John Bull.
K for Kennard, who tries tippling to stop.
L is the License he'd take from the shop.
M means Majority, Ministry, Might.
N is the Nonsense they talk every night.
O Opposition, attacks them in vain.
P's the Fourth Party, rebellious again.
Q stands for Queen, whose late speech you have heard,
R for the Radicals, prompting each word.
S stands for Sinkat, o'er whose fate we grieve;
T for the Troops sent too late to relieve.
U's the Unwisdom, and (Salisbury says)
V Vacillation of Government ways.
W's Wolff, 'tis for office he pants,
X was Xantippe like whom Randolph rants.
Y stands for Yeoman, who yearns for franchise,
Z's Zululand that for Cetewayo sighs.
KITTIFONIA.

A the Amendment, proposed by a judge.
B is for Bradlaugh, who sits and won't budge.
C is a Cross, asking questions in vain.
D a Debate, recommencing again.
E is for Egypt, yet no E's in *that!*
F is a Forster, aghast at Sinkat.
G is a "G. O. M.," in whose brain dwells an eel.
H the Home Rule which was born of Repeal.
I for the Ilbert Bill, well compromised.
J is a John, now by Europe despised.
K the Khedive we're supposed to defend.
L Labouchere, a keen foe and true friend.
M Marriage Law, which seems best let alone.
N is a Northcote, of bland, tender tone.
O is O'Donnell, excited and pale.
P Public Closing—on Sundays no ale.
Q for the Questions which Gladstone disdains.
R is a Randolph, a flea in his brains.
S is the Speaker, by Ayes and Noes praised.
T is Taxation, full soon to be raised.
U for the Usurers, Egypt's accurst.
V Vote of Censure—a bombshell that burst.
W the Women, petitioning still.
X the Xantippe, who says "Vote I *will*."
Y for our Young. May this session prepare
Zealous improvements for homes in "Slum Fair."
MIDGE.

A 's the Address, which is moved and amended,
B when back from the Lord's Bar the Commons have wended.
C is the Clôture, intended as warning
That, D, the Debate must not last till next morning.
E the Electors, with grave duties charged.
F the Franchise, which will soon be enlarged.
G Mr. Gladstone, our grand old Prime Minister.
H is the House, which he often keeps in a stir,
I Irish members inclined to Home Rule.
J Justin McCarthy, a chief of that school.
K is King-Harman, *toujours en avant.*
L Lubbock, baronet, banker, and savant.
M is the Ministry, faded and worn.
N a New member who wants to be sworn.
O is the Outs, otherwise opposition.
P is a newly-presented Petition.
Q is the Question the Fourth Party plies.
R the too often evasive Replies.
S the Speaker, a "still wine of excellent Brand."
T the Table he sits at so calm and so bland.
U is the Urgency marked on a "Whip,"
Lest, V, any Voter should by chance be let slip.
W Sir Wilfrid, who hates all strong drinks.
X treble X is the liquor from which his soul shrinks.
Y the Yquem ere the fish dinner finishes.
Z Zeal which by then most sorely dimishes.
LONG LANE.

A's the Assemblage of statesmen once more.
B is for Bradlaugh, to bigots a bore.
C is the Censure that's failed in its aim.
D's the Defence which to Gladstone adds fame.
E is for Egypt, that puzzle so grave.
F's the Fourth Party, who ramble and rave.
G is for Gladstone, the brave "Grand Old Man."
H for his Honour, deny it who can.
I's for Imperial—Royal of yore.
J for the Jingoes with bellicose roar.
K for the Khedive, a very "rum sort."
L is Labouchere, bold Bradlaugh's support.
M's the Majority 'gainst needless war.
N is for Neutrals, who voting abhor.
O's Opposition, with argument lame.
P's the next Speaker, for Peel is his name.
Q is for Question, oft put with such zest.
R is for Randolph, the "Never Repress'd."
S is the Speaker, whose loss we'll deplore.
T is the Table he'll sit at no more.
U is for Ulster, the field of disputes.
V Vivisection, poor, suffering brutes!
W's the Wise course that Gordon will take.
X is the Xenophon march he must make.
Y stands for Yokel, 'mougst voters enroll'd.
Z for the Zanies who this would withhold,
BETTY PEINGLE.

A is the Address to the Queen of the land.
B is a Bradlaugh who kindled a Brand.
C is the Crisis, so dark and so sinister.
D the Debate that draws many a Minister.
E stands for England, erst Egypt's protector;
F is the "Farce"—now she feigns to direct her.
G is the "Grand-Old-Midlothian" style;
H the harangues which his hearers beguile;
I is the insult he hurls left and right;
J is the joke he made twice in one night.
K the Khedive, whose behaviour's been shabby.
L a true champion of Bradlaugh, is Labby.
M is a Marriott, friend candid as Forster.
N is a Northcote, a harmless impostor.
O is O'Connor, O'Beirne, or O'Shea;
P their chief Parnell, a patriot with pay.
Q is the query, "Do Whigs vacillate?"
R is the Random reply of "too late:"
S to Sinkat British forces to send;
T though Tokar we may still well befriend.
U is the urgent appeal to a party.
V is the virtue assumed by a Harty.
W is a Wilfrid's "Relieve and Retreat."
X was not Xenophon precedent meet!
Y is a Yawning fit, such mock-heroics.
Z might move Zeno, the chief of the Stoics. H. B. P.

A the Anxiety never adjourn'd.
B the big Blunders no foresight discern'd.
C cutting Censure, which carried no weight.
D dire Disasters deplored in debate.
E the Egyptian Emergency great;
F the Fatuity sealing its fate.
G gallant Gordon, whose fame will increase.
H for the "Honour" which bringeth not "peace."
I Interruption of many a thing.
J for the Jokes which have long since ta'en wing.
K for Kartoum, with its slaves and riff-raff.
L for a Leader, the Tories chief, "Staff."
M the Majority turning the point.
N for the "Note" that seems much out of "joint."
O Opposition, whose prospects are cheerless.
P Poet-Peer, whom we used to think peerless.
Q the queer Questions eternally asked.
R the Replies with much reticence masked.
S the Sensational Soudanese slaves.
T for the Telegram's tidings one craves.
U the Undoing of much (to our cost).
V for the Vote and its victory—lost.
W the "*Will*-o'-the Wisp" who mis*leads*.
X his Xenodochy helping man's needs.
Y for the Youth who will set all things straight.
Z for the Zenith for which zeal must wait. BERYL.

A gives Anxiety for the Queen's Speech;
B shows the Bathos its paragraphs preach.
C is the Censure Sir Stafford conveys;
D the Discussion that action delays.
E speaks of Egypt, in danger and dread;
F fierce Fanatics to massacre led.
G will give Gladstone, uncertain of mind;
H the Home-rulers, to thwart him inclined.
I the Iconoclast seeking his seat;
J is the Judgment his schemes will defeat.
K names the Kaffirs, to trouble now brought.
L is the Law by the Boers set at naught.
M is the Ministry urging reform.
N the Negation will kindle a storm.
O Opposition, too; stubborn, no doubt.
P the proud Peers, who may throw the Bill out.
Q are the Questions that nightly are made;
R the Replies that inquiry evade.
S is the Soudan, vile slavery's hold;
T tells of Tribes to be purchased by gold.
U is the Urgency no one denies.
V gives the Vote for the needful supplies.
W Warrior* rushing to aid.
X names the Xebecs food might have convey'd.
Y, say, are "Yellow-boys," useful at need.
Z stands for Zeal that no dangers impede.
* Gordon. MORALIST.

A was an Atheist, taking his seat.
B was poor Bradlaugh, who met with defeat.
C is the Censure the Tories would vote.
D the Divisions their weakness denote.
E is for Egypt, by rascals befooled.
F is the Folly with which 'tis misruled.
G is for Gladstone, a Statesman renowned.
H is for Hartington, never "uncrowned."
I for the Irish, by "Cork" kept afloat.
J is for Joseph, of Brummagem note.
K is the Khedive, a double-faced knave.
L is a Liberal, steadfast and brave.
M is the Mahdi, who troubles our peace.
N is for Northcote, whose talk will ne'er cease.
O is the Oath, which all members must sign.
P is a Policy, oft asinine.
Q for the Questions, put ever and oft.
R is for Randolph, a lord who's not soft.
S was a Speech, from the throne read in State.
T is the Time that we waste in debate.
U is the Unity Parnell detests;
V is the Vigour with which he protests.
W for Wharton, who "blocks" in his sleep.
X on a Beer-cask, Sir Wilfrid makes weep.
Y for the Yea's which oft carry the day.
Z is the Zeal that most members display.
W. VAL. ENGLISH.

A was an Alderman, fearing reform.
B was the Bill, that the City will storm.
C was the Caucus, of Birmingham fame.
D was Dilke, a right good Radical name.
E were the Estimates, Gladstone's chief care.
F was R. Fowler, the City's Lord Mayor.
G was great Gordon, a hero indeed.
H was the Hatred to which politics lead.
I was th' Increment, unearn'd by the Peers.
J was the Jabber, a member oft hears.
K was the Kilmainham treaty of note.
L was the Lion, by conquests now smote.
M was the Message we've got from Khartoum.
N was Northampton, change it wont so soon.
O was the Oath, now at least it remains.
P was the Pressure, the Clôture obtains.
Q was the Question, that Ashmead will ask.
R was the Reform Bill, a Radical task.
S was the Speaker, about to resign.
T was the Teller was, must never decline.
U was the Usher, a sinecure berth.
V was the Victim of Randolph's new mirth.
W was the "Well done" the Speaker has earn'd.
X was Excitement, that on Brghton has turn'd.
Y was the Yah of members victorious.
Z was the Zenith of Gladstone the Glorions.
BUGABOO.

[*Continued on next page.*

A was an Ass in Iscariot's mould.
B was a Bradlaugh kept out "in the cold."
C was a Chaplin, of wordiness vain.
D was a Dilke we shall here of again.
E was an Echo, whose manners don't en .
F was a Forster, too candid a friend.
G was a Gladstone, a glutton of work.
H was a Hartington, given to shirk.
I was an Idiot, leastways from Eye.
J was a James, who 'll be "boss" by and bye.
K was a Khedive, a troublesome youth.
L was a Labby, not sparing of "Truth."
M was a Mahdi, with Egypt embroil'd.
N was a Northcote, whose "little game's" spoil'd.
O was O Somebody, of "Oirish," the scum.
P was a Parnell, whose "kingdom don't come."
Q was a Question by Ministers cursed.
R was Lord Randy, for plunder athirst.
S was a Speaker whose loss we deplore.
T was a Tyler, unmitigate bore.
U was an Usher to keep them all right.
V was Sir Vernon—most courteous ?—kni .
W was Watkin, in tunnelling versed.
X was the X's by members disbursed.
Y was a Youth who would handle the reins.
Z was the Zany he proved for his pains.

TOTLAND.

A's the Address that at present hangs fire.
B is for Bradlaugh, Northampton's desire.
C is the Commons who will keep him out.
D the Division debated about.
E is the East, with trouble still rife.
F is the Franchise, a subject of strife.
G is for Granville, that noble K.G.
H with home policy Harcourt we see.
I is for Ireland with Spencer Vice-roy.
J stands for "Joseph," our good little boy.
K is for Kimberley, fair India's light.
L is for Lab, oh! cher to our sight.
M's Madagascar, let our judgment be cool.
N is for Northbrooke, of maritime rule.
O is Obstruction, the Home Ruler's shont.
P for Parnell who brings it about.
Q is the Quaker who peace would arrange.
R is the Radical longing for change.
S is the Speech of our lady the Queen.
T is the Tory whose best days have been.
U is the Usher with rod in his hand.
V is the Vote of censure they planned.
W's William, old, grand, and well nosed.
X is Xantippe, the leader opposed.
Y stands for Yellow, beloved by the Whigs.
Z for Zigzagging about Zagazig.

PAINTPOTS.

A was the Action in Egypt too slow.
B was the Blunder that let Baker go.
C was the Count-out that checked the debate.
D was the Dinner the absentees ate.
E was the Excuse the Liberals made.
F was the Fury the Tories displayed.
G was old Gladstone—remarkable man!
H was the Hero he sent to Soudan.
I was the Irish political crew.
J was the Jangling that came from a few.
K was the Keenness of all for the fight.
L was the Language, not always polite.
M was the Members who muster'd in force.
N was the Nonsense that some talk'd, of course.
O was the Oath Bradlaugh dared to repeat.
P his Persistency under defeat.
Q was the Question-time, fritter'd away.
R was the Reason each had for his say.
S was the Speaker, so soon to retire.
T was the Title he's sure to acquire.
U was the Unity Whigs could ensure.
V was the Votes they loved to secure.
W the Whips, who worked day and night.
X was young Xiphias,* eager to smite.
Y was the Yawn that betoken'd unrest.
Z was the Zeal that never would rest.

BISHOP BEDELL.

* A sword-fish (Lord R. Churchill).

A 's the Address, a most awful affair.
B is for Bradlaugh, a boring bugbear.
C the Conservatives Chamberlain hates.
D the Divisions that end the Debates.
E is for Egypt, entailing expense.
F for Fitzmaurice, who questions can fence.
G is for Gladstone, that gamy old card.
H is his Herby, who imitates Hard.
I are the Irish—irascible pests!
J are the Jeers, and the Jokes, and the Jests.
K is for Kensington, keenest of Whips.
L is for Lawson, with laugh-giving lips.
M are the Measures which Ministers frame.
N are the Naughty the Speaker may "Name."
O the Obstruction to which we object.
P the Petitions all parties collect.
Q are the Questions, oft quizzing, oft queer.
R are the Radicals Randy does fear.
S is the Speech which the Sovereign sends.
T is the Talking—to twaddle it tends.
U is the Union, of use to maintain.
V is the Voting on views that are vain.
W Warton, whose snuff we detect.
Seon to be 'X does the Speaker 'Xpect.
Y are the Yells and the Yawns not repress'd.
Z are the Zealots who talk with a zest.

FRIAR TUCK.

A are Abuses they're sent to amend.
B are the Blunders they're sure to defend.
C is the Cancus (*or country*) they hate.
D is the Drivel they nickname Debate.
E are Electors, "such terrible cads;"
F are their Fallacies, Fictions, and Fads.
G is for Gladstone, "the Great," and "the Grand;"
H is the Humbug he never can stand.
I are the Irish, who lead him a life.
J is poor Joey (oh, had he a wife!).
K the Greek Kalends, when work will begin.
L are the Lords, who would think it a sin.
M are the Measures they're ready to throw out.
N is for Nought (but that Gladstone may go out)
O Opposition, how great is thy need.
P for a Prophet who's able to lead!
Q is the Question who he may be;
R is Lord Randolph, who thinks it is he.
S is Sir Stafford, too true to be free.
T is the trouble they take to agree.
U is Urbanity utterly "done."
V is the Vantage that Vitriol's won.
W's a wish that I can't help expressing;
X for *Xtinction* of hate (what a blessing).
Y is for *You*, who must alter your views.
Z is the Zest I'm afraid we should lose,

ERIN GO BRAGH.

A's the Amendment induced by the Speech.
B's Bradlaugh, the bugbear, and babies who screech.
C is the Custom, next line will relate.
D is the Dinner that stops the Debate.
E is the Equilisation so wise;
F is the Franchise, to which it applies.
G is for Gladstone, 'mongst minnows a Triton.
H are the Houses, whose virtues I write on.
I is the Ire of the sons of O'Trigger.
J's Joseph—Joe B., sir—ineffable Biggar!
K is Khartoum, where the Mahdi's men are.
L is for Lawson, on brandy and war.
M the Majority, sweet forty-nine.
N stands for "Noes," as distinguished from "Eyne" (plural of ay).
O are the Orangemen, up for the Crown;
P is the Policy keeping them down.
Q are Questions, whose answers from Gladstone they're worming 'em.
R is for Randolph, née Woodstock, now Birmingham.
S is for Staffy, the Tories main staff just at present.
T is Tim Healy, so rude and unpleasant.
U's the Union, say Cabinet Ministers 'tween us.
V is the Varieties under the genus.
W for Warton, a fourth-party boy.
X the Xenodochy strangers enjoy.
Y are the "Yells" of the Irish so hearty.
Z is the Zeal of each one for his party.

SALMO SALAR.

Answers have been received from Tout Paris, Cæsar's Corner, Bobus, Guelder Rose, Thrush, Guinea Pig, Repealer, Dunedin, Pyeddi, Simplex, Chr., Plumepierre, Paxtax, H. Marsh Green, Paintpots, Midge, Betty Pringle, Tale Quale, Redleg, Spite, Boy, Bob Ridley, J. L. B., Moralist, Heatherward, Niahs, Provident, W. Val English, Northampton, Saffron Hill, Dieppe, Bugaboo, H. B. P., Plume, Long Lane, XXX, Svonok, Epsilon, Jasper Seton, Kittifonias Legis, San Changer, A Young Puppy, Darkie, Glencora, Juno, Friar Tuck, Ned Nettap, Bishop Beddell, Beryl, Observer, Dumnorix, Crystal Palace, Erin-go-Bragh, Georgina, Carima, Fabino, Risk, Eclipse, and Salmo Salar.

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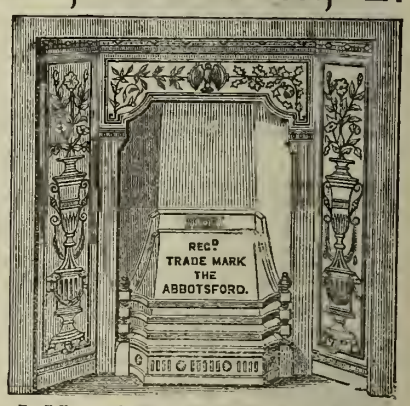

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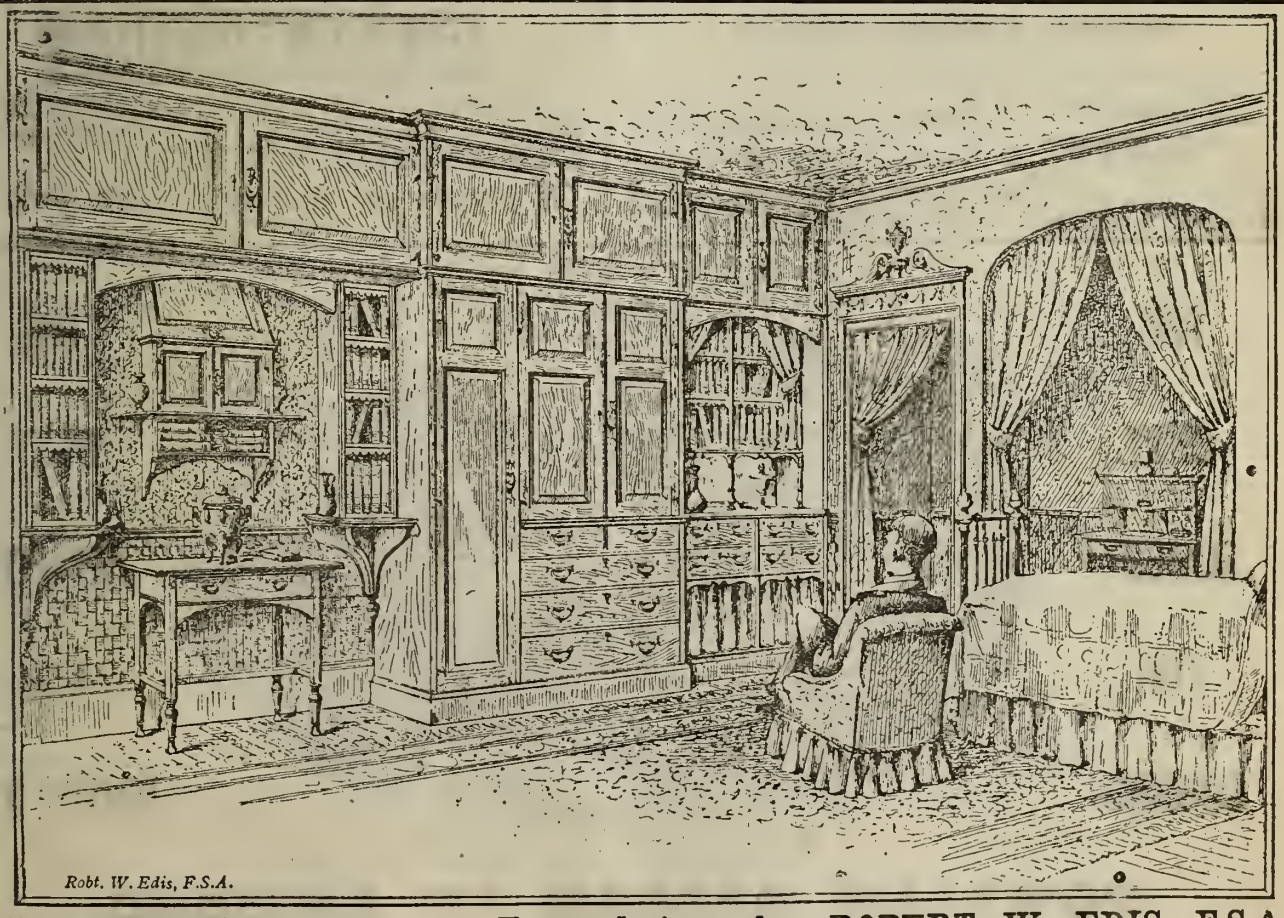

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· TRUTH ·

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ENTRE NOUS.

THE Queen will be accompanied to Germany by only a very limited suite—Sir Henry Ponsonby, an Equerry, and a couple of ladies. Some of the great officers of the Household and a Lord and Lady-in-Waiting will go to Darmstadt to be in attendance on her Majesty at the wedding. It is reported that the Queen is to stay at Kranichstein, the picturesque country residence of the Grand Duke, in the woods, three miles out of the town; but nothing as yet appears to be settled. Most of the guests will come only for a couple of days, and they will stay at the palaces in Darmstadt. Prince and Princess Alexander of Hesse will receive a large party of relatives at Heiligenberg, their Schloss near Jugenheim.

All the arrangements for the marriage of Prince Louis of Battenberg have been made, and, as is usual in Royal marriages, the people least consulted have been the contracting parties, for the object of everything and everybody has been to suit the wishes and convenience of the Queen, and of the German Emperor, who now proposes to be present at the ceremony, taking Darmstadt on his way from Berlin to Wiesbaden.

I hear that it has been intimated to persons about the Court that a wedding present from the Queen's Household to the Princess Victoria of Hesse will be expected. These gifts (?) are purchased by contributions which are demanded officially, and I need hardly add that anybody with sufficient temerity to refuse a donation would have a black mark against his or her name. A vigorous whip for presents is going on in certain sections of "society," and there is a good deal more zeal than dignity in the manner in which the Princess's claims on the liberality of her grandmother's wealthy subjects are being urged.

Prince Henry of Hohenzollern returned to Devonport on Wednesday from his visit to the Queen at Windsor. He was accompanied by Count Münster, who was received with the salute usually accorded to Ambassadors. Prince Henry is staying with Admiral Sir Houston Stewart at Government House. On Saturday the Prince and the officers of the *Olga* lunched at Mount-Edgcumbe with Lord Mount-Edgcumbe, who invited a large party to meet them. The damages sustained by the *Olga* in her voyage across the Atlantic prove to be more serious than had been expected, and on her arrival at Kiel she will require a complete refit.

Lord Ripon will return home from India in a few months, and it is not unlikely that Lord Lorne will be his successor. As nothing has been settled "officially," this statement may, of course, be contradicted, but I am informed that practically, and to all intents and purposes, the matter is now decided. The appointment is a harmless one in itself, but it is most objectionable insomuch as it affords another proof that the Prime Minister and his colleagues are far too much influenced by Royalties, and that they are grievously addicted to pandering to the wishes and prejudices of the Sovereign and her family. It seems to me that, in the matter of jobs, the Royal Family are very much better off under a so-called Radical Ministry than they were in the days of Lord Liverpool and the Duke of Wellington.

As to Royal appointments, the Duke of Edinburgh, after enjoying the emoluments of one of the most coveted berths in the Navy for several years, is almost immediately appointed to the command of the Channel Squadron, which I hear is only to be a step to the command at one of the great Naval ports. The Duke of Connaught has been equally fortunate, and from a lucrative post at home he goes to one of the best things in India. Lord Lorne has just returned from a five years' term in Canada, at £20,000 a year. Prince Louis of Battenberg holds a well-paid and in all respects most desirable appointment on the *Victoria and Albert*, the duties of which are nominal. Considering that this yacht has been laid up for the last eighteen months, it is really scandalous that the country should be paying all the time for a full complement of officers, who are supposed to be employed on board her. Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar has held the command at Portsmouth for the last seven years. Prince Leiningen receives a comfortable income from the Navy, and Count Gleichen is Governor of Windsor Castle, a sinecure of over £1,100 a year. I have not referred to the large emoluments of the Duke of Cambridge.

The reluctance of the late Prince Consort to disburse money was only equalled by his eagerness to obtain it. It is not generally known that he held the nominal post now filled by Count Gleichen for many years, and although in receipt of an annual allowance of £30,000, he regularly drew his salary as Governor of the Castle down to the very last hour of his life. The amount due to him when he died for a few weeks which had elapsed since the last payment, was credited to his estate, the value of which, by the way, has never yet transpired, nor have the provisions of the Prince's will ever been made public. It is not easy to understand why the Queen should have made such a

profound mystery of the matter, but it is a fact that the most stringent precautions were taken, and have been continued, to keep everything connected with the Prince's property and its disposition a dead secret.

The Prince and Princess of Wales gave a dinner-party the other day. The programme of the music which was played during the evening (sixteen pieces) has been published, and it strikes me as decidedly strange that, in the house of the ardent promoter of the Royal College of Music, there should not be a single note of English music, although compositions of French and German writers who are quite third-rate were admitted. There is a glaring inconsistency about this rigorous exclusion of native music, which is very amusing when one remembers the energetic touting for the Royal College which has been going on for the last two years.

No date has yet been fixed for the marriage of the Grand Duke Serge of Russia with Princess Elizabeth of Hesse. The statement that there will be a double wedding at Darmstadt is quite unauthorised, for at present nothing has been settled; but it is most improbable that the various preliminaries will be all arranged in so short a time.

It is no secret that this engagement is not viewed with approbation by some of the Princess's most influential relatives, who would have preferred to see her married in Germany. The Crown Prince of Baden and the Hereditary Prince of Anhalt were both "spotted" as more suitable alliances. Indeed, the marriage of Princess Victoria with Prince Louis of Battenberg has not been a source of unalloyed gratification, and, considering all things, the Princess might certainly have been expected to contract a better match, both in the matter of rank and money.

Things have come to a crisis between the King of Bavaria and his Ministers, as the finances of the country are no longer equal to the demands made upon them by their extravagant and eccentric Sovereign. The works at the new country palace which the King has recently commenced, and which were intended to turn out "an Alpine Versailles," have been stopped, and the workmen have been dismissed. It has also been proposed to obtain an official inventory of the contents of the numerous Royal palaces, and it is intended to commence the investigations necessary to arrive at an estimate of their original cost, and of the annual amount which is expended in maintaining them. The King's troubles are increased by the fact that his old Ministers and confidential councillors are gradually disappearing, either by death or by retirement from public life.

The Empress of Austria is to leave Vienna on Monday next for Wiesbaden, where she will stay for several weeks. Sixty rooms have been engaged at the Four Seasons Hotel, for the accommodation of the Empress, her daughter, and their respective suites. On leaving Wiesbaden, the Empress will go to Heidelberg for a month, before returning to Vienna.

Following the usual traditions of Dublin Castle, there were no Viceregal entertainments last week. Society was left to devote itself to sackcloth and ashes on Ash Wednesday and the two or three days following. This week the usual swing of gaieties is resumed, including a State Ball on Wednesday. Lord and Lady Spencer, however, had no idle time, notwithstanding the lull in the season. They found a busy and congenial occupation in patronising the arts and sciences, both ornamental and useful, from music to butter-making, being present at numerous prize-distributions throughout the week. On each occasion Lady Spencer presented the prizes after her usual graceful fashion.

On Monday evening Lord and Lady Spencer, accompanied by the Hon. L. Ellis and a Viceregal suite, dined with the Chief Baron and Mrs. Palles at their residence in Fitzwilliam Place. Amongst those invited to meet their Excellencies were the Cardinal Archbishop of Dublin, Lord and Lady Fingall, Lady Kilmaine, Chief Justice Morris, the Honourable Mrs. Ross of Bladensberg, &c. The floral decorations were very fine. After dinner there was a large evening party and concert. Lady Spencer's costume was remarkably handsome, of dark red velvet and crimson brocade, richly embroidered with birds.

The dance given by the Scots Guards on Thursday at Richmond Barracks was small and suitably select. The mess-room made an excellent ball-room. Dancing was kept up with exceptional vigour until a late hour. The occasion was honoured by the display of an unusual number of pretty frocks, with, in some instances, marvellous bouquets to match. Lady Blanche Conyngham's costume of black and red, with bouquet of tulips, was most effective. The Honourable C. Roche looked charming amongst maidens, and Lady Donoughmore amongst matrons. Pretty costumes were worn by Lady Mary Trefusis, Lady G. Astley, and Mrs. L. Dawson-Damer.

The Scots Guards have set an example which might very advantageously be made a note of in Dublin, where military entertaining is now little else than a tradition of other times. At the Royal Hospital, once a social centre, hospitality has been out of season since the departure of Sir John Michel. An official in a high place, without social tact or talents, is an example of the square peg in the round hole, of which it is not unusual to give illustration in Ireland. Probably there is no country where geniality and sociability would be more appreciated, nor where the want of it does such incalculable evil.

Under various names, Evans's has for a long time been dreaming on its ruins. And when now and then it is suddenly awakened but to sleep again, its inspiration is not due to the entertainment that rouses it, but to the memories and feelings that the entertainment has awakened. Those that Paddy Green inculcated in the

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breasts of such as remember him were momentarily revived on Shrove Tuesday, for which evening the committee and members of the New Club issued invitations for a bal masqué. That men and women find pleasure in dancing with each other is notorious. But to imagine that their enjoyment would be enhanced by the fair sex hiding their faces and disguising their figures is, I venture to think, expecting too much. The experiment was, however, tried, and the result proved a melancholy failure.

Not more than fifty ladies attended the ball, and these were unnaturally awkward and ill at ease in their disguises. Several of them, however, took advantage of their full cloaks and hoods and thick masks to walk about the room unescorted and to "cheek" the gentlemen, who stood floundering amongst each other at the end of the hall, evidently unfamiliar with the etiquette to be observed at such an unusual reunion. But the simulated ignorance of personality was the apex of the tomfoolery. Those few ladies who had yielded (some, may be, contrary to authoritative mandates) to the persuasiveness of the hosts, were perfectly aware of each other's identity, and doubtless conveyed their knowledge to their respective partners. So that after half an hour's mummery the absurdity of the thing became more apparent. Still, the ladies submitted to the inconvenience and heat of dancing swathed from head to foot in stuffy disguises.

Can any one doubt that the Prince of Wales knew full well who was beneath the white, maroon-spotted domino, and was not misled by the shawl-pattern cloak with crimson hood and mask nor by the two gold-coloured clouds, or the pinks, or the amber, or by the many black blouses? If a lady really wishes to disguise herself at a masked ball, she must—(1) learn to speak in a falsetto voice; (2) cover herself up in a domino with a hood coming well over her face, into which the lace bottom of the mask should be thrust; (3) wear spectacles; (4) alter her stature by either very high heels or no heels; (5) put on three or four pairs of gloves; (6) pad herself out if thin; and (7) change her habitual mode of walking. In Italy, where masked balls are much frequented by all, ladies alone who adopt all these rules avoid detection.

Lord and Lady Rosebery seem to have been a great success at Melbourne. They were fêted by every one. As wealthy Australians invariably pay this country a visit every two or three years, Lord Rosebery will, doubtless, have every opportunity of returning the hospitality that has been shown him. He brings over with him sufficient parrots, cockatoos, kangaroos, &c., to establish a small Zoological Garden.

The Duke of Rutland, who has recovered from his last severe attack of gout, has gone for change of air to visit his sister, Lady Elizabeth Drummond, at Cadland, her beautiful place on Southampton Water. The Duke returns to Belvoir shortly, and he will receive a large party at the Castle for Croxton Park races.

Last week the Duke and Duchess of Somerset left Stover, their place in Devonshire, after a residence there of nearly three months. They will stay in town for a short time, and will then go to Bulstrode Park.

The Duke and Duchess of Roxburghe have returned to Floors Castle after a fortnight's visit to Lord and Lady Breadalbane, at Taymouth. They come to town next week for the Drawing-room. The Duke was to begin his fishing in the Tweed on Friday. The river is swarming with fish, but there has been comparatively little angling in consequence of the numerous "spates." The takes of the net-fishers have been enormous during the last fortnight. As to anglers, seven nice fish were killed in Sprouston water on Tuesday, and eight on Wednesday. Mr. Hay-Gordon, of Liverpool, killed eight (82 lbs. altogether) in three hours on Carham stretch. There has been some good sport on Hendersyde water, where a splendid salmon of 42 lbs. was killed last Monday, which is believed to be the heaviest fish which has ever been taken at this season.

In Devonshire rivers salmon-fishing opened on Saturday, and, in spite of unfavourable weather, several fish were taken both in the Exe and in the Dart. A beautiful salmon of 17 lbs. was landed from the Dart at Totnes Weir. Fish appear to be abundant in both rivers.

Salmon-fishing in the Tay also has much improved during the last ten days, and some nice fish have been landed in all the stretches which have been tried. On Stanley water Colonel Sandeman had three fish one afternoon which weighed 66 lbs.; and the Taymouth water, adjoining, has been yielding well. On Findynate water, between Aberfeldy and Dunkeld, a grand fish of 41 lbs. was taken, in the well-known Doctor's Pool, on Thursday afternoon.

Coombe Abbey, the most picturesque and interesting place in Warwickshire, after Warwick Castle, has been let by Lady Craven to Mr. Lloyd, the nephew and one of the principal heirs of Lord Overstone. If it is necessary to let this fine old family demesne, it is satisfactory that it should be occupied by a tenant who can well afford to keep it up.

The famous Rosedale mines, in the North Riding of Yorkshire, which have been closed for a long time past, have just been let on a twenty-one years' lease to a Company, and they are to be worked on a large scale. Valuable beds of jet have lately been discovered on the property. In the days of the late Mr. James Morrison nearly 600,000 tons of ironstone were worked in one year at the East Mines.

The Duke of Devonshire has promised to present a valuable piece of land to the Eastbourne Natural History Society, for the erection of a museum and lecture hall.

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A correspondent writes :—

I see it stated that at the sale of the Burghley cellars the other day, port of the famous vintage of 1854 sold for 61s. per dozen. It would be most interesting to learn whether the wine was out of order, or whether there was any reason for its being given away at such a price. Recently I purchased from a well-known port firm the remainder of their stock of '54, and gave 90s. for it, and it is well worth the money; while at a sale in the West of England about a year ago the same vintage sold at from 84s. to 100s. All Lord Exeter's wine seems to have been sold at absurdly low rates.

At Glasgow, last Thursday, the famous stud of pedigree Clydesdale horses belonging to Mr. Houldsworth, of Coltness, was sold off. Excellent prices were obtained. The best mare was purchased for Lord Seafield, and the sire, Baron Renfrew, went to Mr. Marshall, of Kirknewton. Nimrod, a very handsome three-year-old, was sold to an Irish breeder for £295.

In Dorset, there is an Anti-Fox League, which offers 10s. for a vixen's carcass, and 5s. for a dog-fox's skin. It seems that the League receives on an average one fox a day. The skins are dressed for making jackets, robes, or mats; the carcasses are publicly exhibited.

Sir Thomas Brassey has resigned the Mastership of the East Sussex Hunt, as his political and official engagements render it impossible for him to fulfil the duties of Master. Sir Thomas has acted very liberally towards the Hunt, as he recently built large stables and kennels at Catsfield, near Normanhurst, and these will be placed at the disposal of the new Master. An excellent and popular successor has been obtained in Mr. C. Egerton, of Mountfield, who hunted this country from 1870 to 1875, when he gave it up in order to remove to Nottinghamshire, where he was Master of the Rufford for five seasons.

The Birmingham Shorthorn Show opens to-day, and bids fair to be a great success, as there are nearly 550 entries. Among the breeders who have entered stock are the Prince of Wales, Lady Camperdown, Sir George Jenkinson, Mr. Rolls, M.P., Lady de Rothschild, Colonel Kingscote, the Duke of Devonshire, Mr. Walter, M.P., Lord Moreton, the Duke of Beaufort, Lord Bolton, Sir Henry Allsopp, and Lord Spencer.

The annual sale of shorthorns from Lord Bective's choice herd is fixed for Tuesday next, and will take place at Underley Hall. Twenty-eight young bulls will be offered, and they are all rarely-bred animals. On the following day the bulk of the well-known herd of Mr. Close will be dispersed at Holmescales, near Kendal. Fifty-nine animals will be offered, of which forty-six are cows and heifers.

The Royal Counties Agricultural Society will hold its meeting next year at Southampton. There were several applications from eligible towns. The "fixture" of this Society usually proves profitable to the town selected, as the Show is almost invariably visited by Royalty; for this Society, having arisen under Prince Albert's auspices, is supported in every way by the Queen. This year's show is to be held at Guildford.

A friend informs me that I cannot know much about racing yachts, since I stated, a fortnight ago, "that the number of racing yachts would be small this season." He tells me that there will be about fifteen more yachts racing this year than last, and gives the following list :—

1st Class.—*Miranda, Lenore, Wendur, Lorna, Samœna, Vanduara, Erycina, Marjorie, Genesta*, Mr. Jamieson's new 85-tonner, Mr. F. Connor's 60-tonner.

2nd Class.—*Annasona, Tara.*

2rd Class.—*Amalthea, Freda, Lenore, Olivette, Henrietta.*

4th Class.—*Buttercup, Ulidia, Verve, Katie, Ulerin, Neptune*, 1 new boat building at Fairlie, 1 new boat building at Lowestoft, 1 new boat building at Barnstaple.

5th Class.—*Olga, Trident, Cypress, Nora Circe*, 1 new boat building at Belfast, 1 new boat building at Fairlie, 1 new boat building at Govan.

6th Class.—*Mascotte, Chittywee, Snarley-yow*, 1 new boat building at Plymouth.

30-ft. Class.—*Wave, Keepsake, Raven, Daphne*, 1 new boat building for Mr. Manning, 1 new boat building for Mr. Bayley, 1 new boat building for Mr. Cox.

20-ft. Class.—*Bird of Freedom, Kate, Coronella*, 1 new boat building for Mr. Salwey.

I also hear that the several yacht designers have never been so busy as this winter, which shows that there cannot be much falling off in the demand for new craft.

The petty squabble about the so-called sail-area rule looks likely to do more harm than good for yacht racing. It is understood that the majority of racing owners will refuse to sail under it, and so far few appear able to name more than one or two cruisers who are anxious to see the rule adopted. This rule was tried in America last season, and from what one can gather from the American papers it was far from a success.

The Football Association Challenge Cup, originally instituted to give popularity to a pastime which some years ago was in very small repute, has unfortunately accomplished a good deal more than its promoters intended; indeed, in the opinion of no small number of the better class of footballers, its suppression would be an unmixed benefit to the sport. The popularity aimed at has been attained in a manner surpassing all expectations; that being so, there is no reason why the competition should not cease, merely on the ground of having done that which it was intended to do, and without having regard to the evils that have grown so rapidly out of it. Only last week an important club was turned out of the Association on account of violence offered to the referee during a match in which the club was engaged; and this, though a bad, was by no means an isolated case of such behaviour. Now, the question of professionalism has to be considered, and it must be remembered that before the Cup competition was started, Association football was played (as the Rugby game, happily, still is) solely for the pleasure of contest and the honour of victory. What is the case now? Half the "crack" elevens in the country are principally made up of players imported from all directions and paid liberally, though *sub rosâ*, for their services. The time has certainly come when either professionalism must be openly acknowledged, and, if possible, dealt with in the honourable manner obtaining at cricket, or else all clubs employing professionals must be sent to the right about, at

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whatever loss to the Association. Anything is better than the deceitful and underhand tactics at present resorted to, unfortunately with so much success.

For the first time for six years the great football match of the season, the Rugby International, has taken place in the vicinity of the metropolis; but, owing to the pig-headed obstinacy of the Union authorities, who persisted in bringing off the affair in a rectory field near Blackheath, only a fourth, probably, of those who would have been glad to see the match were able to gratify their inclination. However, those who did succeed in finding Mr. Swainson's field were rewarded by seeing some of the finest play ever witnessed, the contest all through being of the most even and exciting character. Scotland had the advantage of a try to nothing until the last five minutes, when the ceaselessly plucky exertions of the Englishmen were rewarded with the more substantial item of a goal.

There is one thing very remarkable about billiards as a pastime, and that is the vast superiority of ability shown by professionals over amateurs, who in most matters of a sporting nature can fairly hold their own with their paid brethren. It has been quite amusing to read during the past few days in the sporting papers the accounts, given with equal prominence, of the billard tournaments at Liverpool and at the Westminster Aquarium, and of the competitions for the challenge cues at the two Universities. Three figure breaks are as common as blackberries with the pro's, while of the undergraduates one reads, that so-and-so "made a few good efforts and put together two 16's, two 14's and 13," or "the greatest breaks were: Lowe, 17, 16, 15, 13; Beatty, 16, 13, 13, 12."

I was amused to observe that many papers of good scientific pretensions, and, indeed, one addressed specially to the medical profession, gave insertion, and, as it were, support to the preposterous proposal to manufacture Italian voices by inhalation of "artificial Italian air." I am, however, glad to see that Mr. Lennox Browne, in his recent lecture on "Science and Singing," at the Society for the Encouragement of the Fine Arts, took occasion to expose the absurdity of the suggestion in the only right way, that is, not by simply pooh-poohing it, but by seriously analysing it in all its bearings. The mixture was shown to contain no peroxide of hydrogen whatever, as advertised, but ammonia—a poisonous emanation of putrefaction, and freely conceded to exist in Italian towns in considerable excess; but not likely, even when mixed with peppermint and treacle, to be of any service in developing the singing voice. I may be allowed to doubt if the inventor will proceed with his application for a patent of this precious composition.

A correspondent writes:—

The absurdity of the present dual or treble control of places of entertainment is amply illustrated by the way that any place of public resort which is not a theatre or music-hall is left to the chance of fire as much as if the catastrophe at the Vienna Theatre had never taken place. St. James's Hall on Saturday afternoon was crammed from floor to ceiling to hear Joachim and Mdlle. Janotha play. All the gangways in orchestra and gallery were filled with people seated. If there had been a panic from fire or from a dynamite explosion, or any other cause, the audience could not possibly have got out through the narrow winding staircases without a catastrophe to which a crush at a theatre would be child's play. When are we going to have ædiles whose business it will be to see that the public cannot be fried, or broiled, or crushed to death in a public building? All such buildings should be licensed, like omnibuses, to hold so many and no more, and over-crowding ought to be rigorously punished.

Mr. Clement Scott writes:—

I find that I did not make myself sufficiently clear in last month's *Theatre* regarding smoking in theatres. I intended no counterblast on tobacco, nor would I for a moment put any one's pipe out at any hour of the day. But smokers should be reasonable. They are not allowed to carry their cigars or cigarettes into the hall of their clubs; why, then, should they puff tobacco-smoke into the faces of ladies who enter a place of amusement? Let them go to the smoke-room, and keep there; and let the smoke-room be as far removed as possible from danger in the way of inflammable curtains and matting. The music-hall question is a far larger one than you imagine. It really does seem to me monstrous that theatres should have a monopoly of play-acting on the plea that they do not allow smoking and drinking, and are, as such, distinct from music-halls, whereas the playgoer can, in reality, smoke and drink within the building quite as much as the music-hall patron. For the last twenty years the better class of music-hall proprietors have been trying to give a more rational entertainment; but the instant they presented anything that could be construed into the semblance of a stage play, even in the story of a ballet, down came the managers upon them, and insisted on their right to prevent play-acting in music-halls, because smoking and drinking went on during the performance, and was *ipse facto* illegal. You, sir, are surely too outspoken a Radical to object to free trade. Why should we have free trade in everything but amusements? The theatrical managers need not be frightened. Music-halls don't want to play big dramas or comedies, but farces and vaudevilles, domestic pieces, and operettas. For the life of me I cannot see why the working man should not be permitted to see "Box and Cox" with a pipe in his mouth, or why Offenbach's or Lecocq's operettas should not be played as at any other smoking concert? The law as it stands is bad and indefensible, and I want you to alter the law, so as to benefit the poor as well as the rich.

The performance of the "Redemption" in Paris, on April 5, is to be a remarkable one. The principal parts will be taken by Albani and Faure, and Gounod will conduct.

Gounod's "Sappho" is also to be produced shortly in Paris, at the Grand Opera. The composer has thoroughly revised the whole work, and has added largely to the original score. Quite one-third of the opera is new music.

I gladly publish the following:—

19, Russell-street, Covent-garden, London, W.C.

Dear Sir,—You state in your issue of the 21st last month that Mr. Belt modelled the "Wilson Barrett" nose for Mr. Toole. As I do not wish to become Mr. Belt's "ghost," and feeling sure that Mr. Belt does not wish to take credit for that which some people may think devoid of "artistic" merit, I beg you will contradict this in your next. At the same time, neither did Mr. Millais nor Sir Frederick Leighton have anything to do with it.

"My mind alone conceived it; no hands but mine touched it."—Faithfully yours, C. H. Fox.

The "School for Scandal" has been translated into Hindostanee, and was performed the other day at Bombay by a native company with immense success.

If the Company of Authors just incorporated for the protection of their clients from American piracy do not bestir themselves to bring about a speedy settlement of the question, they will probably be satirised in a similar

Beauté. Vérité. Éternité.—Miniatures photographiques inaltérables sur émail vitrifiées au feu (patent). Walery, 5, Conduit-st., W.

Rowland's Macassar Oil contains no lead, or mineral ingredients; sold in golden colour for fair-haired children and people.

epigram to that made by Swift upon the Phœnix Park powder magazine :—

Behold a proof of Irish sense;
Here Irish wit is seen!
When nothing 's left that 's worth defence
We build a Magazine!

I am not sure if even now the balance of the book-trade is so very much in our favour. Are not the best contemporary novels, essays, and magazines American? And now England—pre-eminently the country of sport—is indebted to America for incomparably the most superbly got-up book of sport I have ever come across, "Sport with Gun and Rod in American Woods and Waters," edited by Alfred M. Meyer, and published in this country by Hamilton, Adams, & Co. The print and paper of these two volumes are simply sumptuous; but the illustrations, and especially the ten full-page Japan proofs, are not approached by anything of the kind hitherto published on this side of the water. Sportsmen are prejudiced against an exquisite get-up as the certain sign of a duffer; but the prejudice should not extend to books on sport—at any rate, not to these two volumes. The fifty articles they contain are all written by experts with the rod and gun, and with the pen also, for they are light, bright, humorous, and admirable descriptions of sporting adventure over a field that extends from the Gulf of Mexico to the Arctic circle, and from the Atlantic coast to the mountains of the Sierra Nevada.

There is no question that the three-volume system is the most remunerative manner in which an author of a novel can bring it out. No individual can go against a popular habit. We have circulating libraries. Novel readers—and there is a large class of persons who read an entire novel every day—find it cheaper to subscribe to a library than to buy novels at two or three shillings each. It is said that the three-volume novel is dear. Of course it is, because one copy is read by many persons. The librarian retails the right to read it. Publishers and authors, therefore, are right to charge him a high price. If the librarian gains money by his venture, it is evident that he does not pay too much for his wares. But it is urged that the public would do better to buy books. Some books they would: the ordinary novel of the season they would not. Having once read it, of what use is it to them? I do not suppose that they would, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, wish to re-read it. On the whole, therefore, there is no ground for complaint of the present system. An author gets a fair remuneration for his novel in the three volume form, provided that there be a demand for it. If the book has any real merit, it is subsequently published in such a form as to enable the public to buy instead of to hire it.

The new editor of the *Times* has hardly got his leader-writers well in hand yet. A paper has just been started in Paris which is professedly to take a different line every morning, but the *Times* last Friday stole a march on it, for there were two articles on the new Reform Bill in the same number, written on the principle of the second contradicting the first. In this case, the second thoughts, according to which the Bill was "at once comprehensive cautious, and conciliatory," were decidedly an improvement on the first, which felt the "very strongest objections" to this and that, and, in particular, found "the manner of dealing with Ireland impolitic and unjust." It is all very well to reflect public opinion with this perfect impartiality; but then what are the people who are supposed to take their opinions from the *Times* to do?

While on the subject of the *Times*, I should like to suggest to Mr. Buckle to make an improvement in the sub editing, and to see that items of news on the same subject are brought together in the same column. One day last week I happened to count three paragraphs on the Merchant Shipping Bill in as many different columns, and on two different pages. It would be a great convenience for purposes of reference if my suggestion were adopted.

Among all the clever things of "C. S. C." which have been noted or quoted in the newspapers, I miss one which is one of the earliest, and perhaps the neatest, he ever wrote. When Blaydes, as he was then called, was an undergraduate at Baliol, he was at open feud with "the Dons," and on one occasion, when it was supposed he would be "sent down," a college wit wrote on a wall the following couplet :—

O scholar, running fast to seed,
O passman, redolent of the weed,
This maxim in your meerschaum put
The sharpest Blaydes must soonest cut.

Under this Blaydes placed his answer :—

Your verse and wit are sharp, Sir, but
The case you understand ill,
The Dons they want their Blaydes to cut,
But cannot find a handle.

Six months ago the subscribers to the fund for a memorial in Yorkshire to Lord Frederick Cavendish met, and decided to erect a monument on the South Nab at Bolton; but various artistic personages objected to the proposed monument, as likely to spoil the scenery near Bolton Abbey. Accordingly the subscribers met again last week in Bradford, and decided to erect the memorial in that town. It is to be hoped that another body of artistic individuals will not prevent the carrying out of this design, for the original £1,500 has already dwindled down to £1,000, and unless the monument is speedily erected there will be nothing left to spend.

The invasion of women, which is the chief event in recent University history, advanced another step at Oxford last week, when Congregation agreed by 100 votes against 46 to admit women to several University examinations. The girls will not—yet, at least—be examined in the New Schools with the undergraduates, but they will have the same papers and the same examiners, and their class-lists will be drawn up on the same standard. The lady students at Cambridge have for some time been examined in this way, and there was obviously no reason why their sisters at Oxford should not be put in the same position. The opponents of the scheme, moreover, were divided amongst themselves; some of them arguing that

Vanity Fair says :—"Mr. Benjamin is still the Prince of Ulster and Stalking-Coat Makers." Ulster House, Conduit-street, W.

Antique and Decorative French, Italian, and English Furniture, and Old Tapestries, &c.—J. J. Duveen, 181, Oxford-street.

as women were so notoriously inferior to men, it would be unkind to subject them to the same examination; whilst others (headed by Canon Liddon) thought that the change would be unfair to the men, because women were fore-ordained to be their "helpmates, and not their rivals!" I see from the report that there were so many ladies present during the debate, that many of the Dons could not find places, and perhaps it was this that suggested to Dr. Liddon the possible displacement of the undergraduates in the class lists.

Apropos of University snobbishness, I should like to point out that school snobbishness still prevails largely. It is in the true snob spirit that the younger sons of Peers at Eton are described in the school lists as "Mr.," while the names of other boys are put down without any prefix. At Winchester, the snobbishness is one degree, but only one degree, less, as those Honourables are not distinguished in this way, but "Lords" do enjoy special mention of their title. It is by the action of the authorities in keeping up such distinctions that snobbishness is inculcated with grammar and arithmetic, and grows with the growth and strengthens with the strength of the public schoolboy.

The Governing Body of Winchester College will meet, I hear, this day week (March 12) to consider the appointment of Dr. Ridding's successor. The general opinion at Winchester is that Mr. Fearon, and not Mr. Wickham, will be the new head-master. In the unlikely event of a layman being preferred, the choice would almost certainly fall on Mr. J. S. Phillpotts, who is a well-known old Wykehamist, and has been extremely successful as head-master of Bedford.

The *World* is most unreasonably dissatisfied with the list of Lent Preachers at the Chapels Royal—as according to this authority they contain the name "of only one great preacher, the Bishop of Peterborough." Dr. Magee stands altogether apart as an orator, but putting aside "giants," I think that competent critics would certainly place the Bishop of Carlisle in the first class, while nobody ever found the discourses of either Bishop Ryle or Bishop Rowley Hill to be dull or commonplace. At Whitehall, according to the *World*, the only Dean "approaching an orator" is Dr. Edwards, of Bangor, whose preaching is generally considered to be rather of the ranting order. Edmund is difficult to please, for both Dean Kitchin and Dean Plumptre are usually regarded as attractive preachers. As to the week-day services, how on earth could the attendance ever be "immense" in so small a building as the St. James's Chapel? and the accomodation at Whitehall is very limited.

When Edmund clamours for "really great preachers" to regenerate "society," he forgets that they require to be paid for their attendance at special services in strange churches; and, so far from there being a payment to a preacher at the Chapel Royal, the individual appointed not only gets nothing, but has to pay a fine if he does not turn up. There are plenty of churches for "fashionable London," quite apart from these Chapels. As to there being "red-tapeism" in the appointment of preachers, they are chosen by the Bishop of London (as Dean of the Chapels), who sends his lists to the Queen for approval. There is no rotation or fixed system of selection, and the lists always include eminent men representing all parties in the Church. It may not be generally known that the public are admitted to the week-day services in St. James's Chapel. Whitehall is always open without tickets.

It is a pity, Edmund, you were not amongst the congregation of the eminent Bishop who preached at the Chapel Royal last Sunday, and who took for his text, "Love not the World, neither the things that are in the World."

This same Prelate, who often says smart things, was, at the last Convocation, having a discussion with a clergyman of advanced opinions on the position of the Ritualistic party. The clergyman said, "I suppose, my lord, you would have nothing to bring against us provided we keep within the covers of the Prayer-Book?" "Oh, certainly not," said the Bishop; "but the worst of it is, you do not consider them as *binding*."

I am sorry to hear that Dr. Scrivener, the eminent Biblical critic, is lying dangerously ill at Hendon Rectory from the effects of a stroke of paralysis. Dr. Scrivener is believed to have rendered valuable assistance to Dean Burgon in his vigorous assaults on the Revised Version. He will be an irreparable loss to the scholarship of the Church of England.

Canon Birch is very seriously ill at Bath, and hardly any hope is entertained of his recovery. His intellect has become affected during the last few weeks, and altogether he is in a very sad state.

There are complaints in Yorkshire against the Archbishop for alleged nepotism. It is stated that he has passed over all his own clergy for the valuable living of Stokesley, and has appointed a relative of his own, who was previously beneficed in the diocese of Lincoln. There is still more bitterness about the living of Bishopthorpe, which is one of the most desirable in England, for this has been given to a young man who has only been lately admitted to priest's orders. There was once a Commission which recommended that no clergyman should be beneficed until he had been seven years in orders. Archbishop Thomson was a member of that Commission.

So the Bishop of St. Albans has discovered and acknowledged his error. Mr. Hobson and his wife cannot be repelled from Holy Communion, and, I presume, the heart of that sympathetic despot, Mr. Fort, will now cease to bleed. The Bishop says, "Had this view of the law been present to my mind, I should have been spared the pain, not less to myself than yourself, of my former answer on this subject." But what are we to think of a Bishop who backs up his subordinate in an act of outrageous tyranny without even taking the trouble to ascertain whether this course of action is in accordance with the law of the land or not?

Woods' Hotel (within Furnival's Inn, Holborn, E.C.) has been considerably modernised and improved. Families and Gentlemen will find in this Hotel *home comforts*.

The French Chapel in Little George-street, Portman-square, so much frequented in the beginning of this century by the French *émigrés* and Royal exiles, is about to close its long and chequered career. In five years the lease of the building expires. Some French Abbés, to whom the legal rights, such as they are, of the Chapel had been devised by the late trustee, came over to London the other day, backed by plenty of money and social influence, with the intention not only of renewing the lease, but of acquiring the adjoining premises, and of building a large and handsome church, in which more or less famous French preachers were to take intellectual London by storm, or to win æsthetic London by the charms of sweet music and the splendour of grand functions. These enthusiastic gentlemen had, however, reckoned without their host. Cardinal Manning put down his foot at once upon the ambitious project, as the scheme included no provision for working among the poor, or for visiting the sick, or for the establishment of schools, but consisted mainly of a species of ecclesiastical fireworks, which, by attracting large congregations, could not fail to injure adjoining hardworking missions.

Captain Fellowes ceases to be Flag-Captain of the Channel Squadron next month. He will be succeeded by Captain Britten, who is indebted to the Duke of Edinburgh for his appointment. He formerly served as Commander of the *Sultan* under the Duke.

Lord Wolseley must have a very poor opinion of the average intelligence of the audiences he addresses, or he would not so persistently refer on public occasions to the battle of Tel-el-Kebir as if it were a sort of second Waterloo. At the banquet of the Fishmongers' Company last week it fell to Lord Wolseley to reply for the Army; and to prove how admirable our modern soldiers are, he, as usual, trotted out the inevitable Tel-el-Kebir. Now, it may be perfectly true that, as Lord Wolseley says, "no army ever fought better than that which he had the honour to command in Egypt"; but it is idle to contend that the men had any real opportunity of showing what stuff they were made of, seeing that subsequent events have shown that the Egyptian soldier is as proud of running away as other soldiers are of standing to be shot.

I am somewhat curious to know what reward will be given to General Graham for his victory at Teb. According to the precedent of Tel-el-Kebir he ought at the very least to be made a Duke, with a pension of £20,000 a year. It is true that he had not so many men under his command as Lord Wolseley, but the foes he encountered were much more formidable.

Judging by the contents of a pamphlet which, for reasons best known to its author, has been published anonymously, the military authorities are likely to have a good many *mauvais quarts d'heure* over their management, or rather mismanagement, of the corps of Royal Engineers. I had always imagined that this corps afforded the best and brightest career for an intelligent young officer. But this pamphlet tells us that the service is a snare and delusion from first to last. In regard to promotion, it is more hopeless than any other branch of the service; while, as regards pay, it is impossible for any youngster at Chatham to live upon it. The chief money-drain on all Engineer officers arises from not having soldier-servants. Why should this exception be made? If the men who enlist in the Engineers are above being officers' servants, special enlistments or transfers should be allowed to meet the difficulty.

How is it that in Essex nearly 80 per cent. of the Magistrates are Conservatives, although the Lord Lieutenant is a Liberal?

Mr. Justice Stephen's exposition of the Law of Blasphemy in the new number of the *Fortnightly Review* ought surely to lead to the removal of this barbarous relic from the Statute-book altogether. Sir J. F. Stephen shows conclusively that if the law were enforced impartially all round, "a large part of the most serious and most important literature would be illegal," and that "every one who lends to his friend a copy of Comte's 'Positive Philosophy,' or of Renan's 'Vie de Jésus,' commits a crime punishable with fine and imprisonment." To say that such a result would never follow in these days makes the matter worse, for it merely shows that there is one law for the weak and another for the strong. If what is called "blasphemy" is an offence at all, "a scholar and a gentleman" surely deserves more punishment than a half-educated writer; and I quite agree with Mr. Justice Stephen that "a Christian might well feel more aggrieved and pained by the exquisitely delicate insinuations of Renan, than by the bluntness" of—say, Mr. Foote.

Perhaps Mr. Justice Day may understand the bearing of the case of Aylesford *v.* Aylesford. I do not. Lord Aylesford has executed a deed to allow Lady Aylesford a certain sum of money per annum. Last year an Act was passed to enable him to resettle his estates, and to provide means to pay off his creditors. The less that Lady Aylesford gets, the more would the creditors get. Lady Aylesford has had a son since the deed of separation has been signed. It is alleged that she has molested her husband by calling this son by the courtesy title that he would bear were he the son of Lord Aylesford. The Judge, however, expressly stated that the jury were not trying the legitimacy of this child, and, until illegitimacy be proved, he would, I take it, be presumed to be legitimate. How, then, possibly can a jury say that Lord Aylesford is to recover £100 from his wife on the ground of molestation? The minor cannot be admitted unless the major be assumed, and this is precisely what the Judge said that the law would not do.

Police magistrates have the power of remanding prisoners as often and as long as they please. In theory, when a remand is made it contemplates the bringing forward of further evidence against the accused. In practice, however, it is often used as a punishment before conviction. At the Hammersmith Police Court, a week or so back, three little girls — the eldest aged twelve,

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the others seven and eight—were brought before Mr. Paget, charged with breaking an old lady's window by throwing pieces of bread at it. The chief witness against the tiny offenders was another little girl of equally immature years, who had instigated the offence and provided the bread, and who now turned Queen's evidence against her companions. The three children were remanded, the elder girl to prison, and the other two to the workhouse, for a week. On the following Friday they were sentenced to a day's imprisonment each, which practically meant their immediate discharge. Under the magistrate's power of remanding, however, one of them had actually received seven days' imprisonment, and had her first introduction to the criminal classes as a gaol-bird.

Last week a labourer named Glew was charged before the Arundel Bench with leaving his wife and family chargeable to the parish. It appeared that the defendant, unable to obtain employment in his own neighbourhood, went away in search of work, and during a month's absence succeeded in remitting to his wife the sum of twenty-five shillings and sixpence. The wife, meanwhile, being near her confinement, went into the union, and although the receipt of the money sent by defendant was admitted by the prosecution, the sapient Bench of Arundel informed the defendant that it was his duty to have gone into the house with his wife, and that as he preferred to go away and earn money he must be sent to prison for twenty-one days. Surely the Home Secretary will see that the unfortunate Glew is liberated forthwith; and if Sir William Harcourt could manage to send the four Shallows who passed this sentence for a short term on the treadmill themselves, it would be a desirable ending to the affair.

There can be no doubt that Mr. Smith, the schoolmaster at Lochgilphead, habitually used castor oil as a mode of punishing the boys under his charge, sometimes pouring it down their throats, and sometimes rubbing their faces with it; and that his peculiar mode of treating the errors of youth was known to the School Board. If I remember rightly, the boys at Mr. Squeers's school administered to the helpmate of that worthy master a strong dose of the brimstone and treacle which that lady was in the habit of pouring down their throats, and were the same plan adopted by the young friends of Mr. Smith, and a few ounces of castor oil in part poured down his throat, and in part smeared over his face, no one but he and his School Board would be likely to complain.

I am glad to see that the Lord Mayor tried to get the Court of Common Council at their last meeting to do a tardy act of reparation to Mr. Robarts, the late Remembrancer. Sir G. Jessel, it will be remembered, although forced to decide that the Corporation had been within their legal rights in summarily dismissing their Remembrancer, expressed a strong opinion that they had been morally in the wrong; and under these circumstances Mr. Robarts very naturally asked the court to "exercise their traditional generosity in his case." But in spite of the Lord Mayor's interposition, the Common Councilmen refused to entertain the petition. The court has clearly not yet forgotten that the late Remembrancer had committed the unpardonable offence of reminding them of abuses.

Will advertising money-lenders and their circularising touts ever understand that there are certain persons on whom it is absolute insolence to obtrude their delusive offers? A middle-aged clergyman who never had, and is never likely to have, dealings with the usurious fraternity, writes to me that he has been periodically annoyed by the insinuating attentions of this voracious species of harpy. Mr. S. Albert, who addresses his letters from 128, Jermyn-street, not only takes the liberty of sending his announcements to respectable people who could not be inane enough to require his services, but he positively seals his letters with a huge, official-looking seal bearing the device of a royal coronet.

The clergyman sends the letter to me, and asks who S. Albert is? His proper name, which, for some reason best known to himself, he is ashamed to use, is Samuel. He has no money of his own, but is a tout and decoy for Henry Jacobs, who formerly kept, I believe, a dust-pan and bucket shop at Gloucester. A few years ago he came to London, and invested his money through the aid of Samuel and others in usury. Of course, as usual, the moderate charge means 60 to 80 per cent. The intricacies of this firm have already been exposed in Truth, in an article headed Fathers of Usury. Jacobs is connected by marriage with the late eminent firm of money-lenders, Messrs. Beyfus.

There seems no reasonable doubt that the dynamite left at London stations last week came from the United States, and that it was sent here by some Irishmen in that country. The Irish, both there and at home, ought to protest against these outrages, which are as foolish as they are wicked, for, if continued, enormous numbers of Irishmen, now obtaining good wages in England, and who are as shocked at the outrages as we are, will be turned out of employment. This may be punishing one man for the guilt of another, but so it will be. Were Irish Nationalists openly to denounce these outrages, they would benefit their cause, not only in England, but in Ireland. Fortunately no lives were lost, but what can be conceived more fiendish than to blow up railway stations with a view, not only of destroying private property, but the lives of railroad *employés?* Even the Nihilists never condescended to such tactics.

Earl Granville doubtless appreciates the inherent weakness of the American system of government, when it is called upon to legislate or act with respect to International offences, far better than his carping critics. Congress has no power to force local legislation upon States regarding crimes; and the iron-bound written Constitution of the United States, it seems, confers no power upon Federal authority to pass laws making the perpetration of unlawful deeds in another country a conspiracy in any one of the States. Nevertheless, remedies might be found through the treaty-making power. And it may become

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necessary for this country to exact a passport from every Irish-American who comes here from the land of which the son of an Irishman is President.

Lord Dunraven exposes very fully in the new number of the *Nineteenth Century* the disingenuous methods by which the Lord's Day Rest Association succeeded in "cooking" their figures last year, and in hoodwinking a good many simple people into the belief that a majority of the working-men in London are opposed to the museums being opened on Sundays. The real fact—as Lord Dunraven's statistics distinctly show—is exactly the opposite.

The case for the Sunday opening of Museums is considerably strengthened by the continued refusal of the authorities to open them in the evenings. Lord Dunraven's motion was defeated last year by an amendment which practically said that of the two alternatives that of opening the Museums on week-day evenings was preferable to that of opening them on Sundays. But Sir J. Lubbock explained the other night in the House that her Majesty's Government had refused to give the trustees of the British Museum the money for the electric light; so if evening opening is thus impracticable, why not fall back on Sunday opening? Meanwhile, one would like to know the reasons for the Government's refusal. If the expense is the only obstacle, a more ill-judged occasion for a petty economy could not have been chosen.

Sir T. Shepstone appears to have landed himself in a somewhat awkward position with regard to certain items of his expenditure during his special mission to the Transvaal. The Treasury authorities are tolerably long-suffering, but even they object to a Special Commissioner putting down bills for concertinas, cricket-bats, photographs, and fishing-rods to be paid by the Government. Sir T. Shepstone has evidently mistaken his vocation. Nature must have intended him for a director of railway and telegraph companies. Had he occupied either of these desirable positions, he would doubtless have been permitted to buy as many concertinas and fishing-rods as he liked at the shareholders' expense.

The attempt made by Mr. Aston in a letter to the Premier, to get up an agitation against the Matrimonial Causes Bill, has fallen as flat as a pancake. The Bill proposes to put a stop to the practice of the Divorce Court, of sending men or women to prison if they won't go back to their husbands or wives, after the Court has ordered them to do so in a suit for the restitution of conjugal rights. Instead of going to prison, the recalcitrant spouses are to be fined for the benefit of their yearning partners, or a judicial separation may be ordered. It would be much better to abolish the suit altogether. The idea of compelling a woman, by law, to return to a man she loathes, or *vice versâ*, is only fit for savages who regard wives as cattle. Unfortunately, our legal chiefs are so timidly inconsiderate, and so inconsiderately timid, that it is impossible to expect a good downright logical measure of reform from them.

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The new Speaker is a handsome gentleman of imposing stature, but the effect of his full-bottomed wig is spoilt by his beard. When sitting in the chair he looks exactly like one of the sculptured warriors of Nineveh.

We all remember what political capital the Tories made out of some inconsiderate utterances of Mr. Herbert Gladstone. I wonder what they will say to Lord Robert Cecil. That young gentleman has brought forward a motion in the Oxford Union Society asserting that "The present unsatisfactory condition of the House of Commons is due principally to faults inherent in representative institutions." The scion of the house of Hatfield was kind enough to explain that he did not propose to immediately abolish the House of Commons, but would merely take away its right to meddle with foreign affairs, while Ministers would hold office for five years, independent of any possible vote of censure.

It may be remembered that about six weeks ago a "Conservative Association" for Dorsetshire was inaugurated with a great flourish of trumpets, and Lord Salisbury went down in order to rally the spirits of his followers in that county. The rules of the Association have excited much indignation in the county, and a serious "split" is impending unless they are withdrawn, a surrender which will give no small blow to the prestige of the "men of light and leading" in Dorsetshire. The ruck of the Conservatives are annoyed because Dorchester has been made the centre of all the operations of the Association, while another obnoxious rule is the one which provides that, although there are sixty members of the Central Committee, yet five will be a quorum. People behind the scenes in the county politics are vastly amused at all this squabbling, for it is well understood that the real object of the Association was to form a "caucus" who were to select a candidate for the seat which Mr. Floyer proposes to vacate shortly.

Mr. Marriott, I observe, informs the electors of Brighton that they have done their duty to their country, whilst one of his supporters tells them that they have worked for principle and patriotism. This will hardly be the view taken of them by the majority of their countrymen. Mr. Marriott is a lawyer. Like most lawyers, he entered Parliament probably without any very strong political opinions, but with an eye to a lucrative appointment sooner or later from the party whose brief he had taken. It would seem that shortly after his election as a Liberal, he—as he delicately puts it—"made inquiries" in regard to the probabilities of his obtaining a legal office which was vacant in India; indeed, not content with "making inquiries," he wrote to Liberals asking them to interest themselves in his obtaining this office. The office was given to another lawyer, when, by a singular coincidence, Mr. Marriott assumed a hostile attitude to the Liberal Government, to support which he had been sent to Parliament. Finally, he decided to become a

Minton's China.—A visit to Messrs. Mortlock's extensive collection in Oxford-street and Orchard-street will conclusively prove the superiority of taste and lowness of price for which this house has been so celebrated during the last century and a half.

Conservative, resigned his seat as the representative of the Brighton Liberals, and asked the Conservatives of Brighton to send him to Parliament as their representative. But, as the Conservatives are in a minority at Brighton, how did he gain the victory?

By a manœuvre which, were it not for its utter unscrupulousness, is to be admired for its astuteness. The Birmingham Caucus has ignored his existence. In Brighton there is no organisation modelled on the plan of a caucus. But Mr. Marriott was aware that his only chance of victory lay in his convincing the Brighton electors that he was their champion against a determined attempt on the part of Birmingham to dictate to them. He, therefore, himself imported a Birmingham electioneerer, who sat by him at his meetings, and pointed out as a Birmingham agent, any man who ventured to express an adverse judgment of Conservative oratory, whilst, at the same time, Mr. Marriott wrote letters to the newspapers complaining of the presence amongst the Liberals of men connected with the Birmingham caucus. The electioneering trick succeeded, and a sufficient number of Brighton Liberals voted for Mr. Marriott as a protest against these Birmingham men in buckram, who, he insisted, were seeking to dictate to them, but who, in reality, only existed in his fertile brain.

Three lessons are, therefore, to be deduced from the Brighton election:—1. That Mr. Gladstone is right in shadowing out his intention to deprive the south of England of its undue share in the representation, and to hand it over to the north, for no northern borough would ever have returned the same man one year as a Liberal, and then, another year, as a Conservative. 2. That the Brighton Liberals would do well to organise themselves at once. If they had had a caucus—that is to say, an elected council to decide upon electoral matters—the present mishap would not have befallen them. 3. That Radicals must not trust Whigs. At Brighton the Radicals stood to their principles, but the Whigs allowed themselves to be humbugged, and went over to the camp of the enemy.

The Reform Bill, as Mr. Gladstone said, is by no means a perfect one. It is good, however, so far as it goes, and, considering the amount of opposition which it will encounter from the Conservatives, Radicals and Liberals would do well to acept it without criticism, and to meet Conservative obstruction with a golden silence. The reduction of the franchise in counties was carried by a *plébiscite* at the last General Election, and, consequently, it is the business of the House to vote it without further talk. When the Bill is passed, the Radical strength in the House of Commons will be so much augmented, that it will be comparatively easy to pass a second Bill, dealing with some of the existing anomalies that the present Bill does not touch.

It is by no means improbable that it will be thrown out in the Lords, and if it is not, this will not be the fault of Lord Salisbury. His lordly followers are, however, timorous; and most of them would rather swallow their opinions than risk the chance of the abolition of their debating society. It would be well, therefore, that, so soon as the Bill has passed the House of Commons, there should be frequent meetings in Hyde Park, in order to bring home to the Lords the popular will. Mr. Forster's and Mr. Goschen's speeches will encourage the Lords in their pernicious obstruction.

Mr. Gladstone's suggestion that the number of members of the House of Commons might be increased, did not meet with much favour. Business would be more efficiently conducted were there fewer. If, however, the number of Scotch members is to be increased at the expense of England, it is by no means improbable that England will have a word to say on the matter.

"The shipowning public," says the *World* of Feb. 27, "complains loudly that the proceedings of the Board of Trade Load-Line Committee are secret so far." How very unreasonable, then, the "shipowning public" must be, seeing that this same Committee had, last month, held a public sitting at Hull, in the Council Chamber, with the Mayor present, and the shipowning public likewise present in full force; and had on the following day held a similar public sitting, which was still more largely attended, at West Hartlepool, where the proceedings excited general interest throughout the place! Another public sitting will be held in Newcastle-on-Tyne to-day (Thursday), the 6th March, and yet another at Sunderland on the 7th. In fact, with the exception of a preliminary sitting or two held for the purpose of arranging its business, it would appear that the Committee seems to be disposed not merely to meet the shipowners in public, but to seek them out in their own ports, and hear all that they have to say as publicly as possible. Possibly the angry "shipowning public" of the *World* is nothing more than the canny Clyde shipbuilder who sent a letter to the *Times*, signing his own name, the same letter having previously appeared in a shipping paper signed "A Shipowner." Clearly there are shipowners and shipowners.

Mr. Rothery's Report upon Shipwrecks is certainly not favourable to the views of those who shriek with horror at the idea of making shipowners responsible for the prevention of the greater part of these disasters. Since the Wreck Commissioner was appointed in 1876, he has investigated 402 cases; out of these 36 were due to causes beyond human control, 40 may be considered doubtful, and in 326 cases some one was to blame. It is, therefore, not altogether surprising that Mr. Chamberlain should think that the time has come for legislative interference. One of last week's wrecks affords a good instance of the sort of thing that goes on at present. A small vessel, which is reported lost with all hands, was built in 1765, and had, therefore, been at sea no less than 119 years!

A good deal has been written of late about the superiority of foreign seamen over British, so perhaps it is just as well to listen to the other side of the question, as set

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forth by the British seamen themselves. Sailors have been holding great demonstrations in South Shields against the employment of foreigners to the exclusion of natives. They allege that foreign seamen are preferred because they are, as a rule, of a more quiet disposition, and submit to be overworked, half starved, and ill-used. Moreover, it is said that there is an organised gang of crimps who virtually buy and sell foreign seamen, and who become rich by a process very closely resembling slave-dealing. This last grievance, at all events, sounds like a substantial one, and ought to be investigated.

It is to be hoped that the Home Secretary will see his way to enforce the Prohibition of the Payment of Wages in Public-houses Act of last year in the East-end. There is no doubt that it is systematically disregarded there. The Fellowship Porters, who have to pay heavily to their officials for the limited monopoly they enjoy, could tell a tale or two of the way they are mulcted in their hard-won earnings by the publicans, owing to this system.

I trust that our blood and gunpowder friends will now be satisfied. With valour equal to that displayed by our army in the desperate battle of Tel-el-Kebir, our soldiers, well equipped, well armed, and aided by cannon of the most destructive pattern, have slain several thousand half-naked Arabs, mostly armed with spears, not because they were rebels, nor because they were doing anything more than asserting their independence, but because as we were unable to relieve the garrison of Tokar, our Jingoes insisted upon a certain number of Arabs being butchered in order to maintain our prestige.

It is really a little too monstrous that the taxpayers of this kingdom should be called upon to pay several hundred thousand pounds for maintaining the authority of the Khedive of Egypt at Souakin. We might just as well ask the Egyptians to pay for the fortifications of Portsmouth. It is true that the occupiers of the soil in Egypt are over-taxed, and that we have converted our soldiers into collectors of taxes which go to fill the pockets of the bondholders. The fellahs could not pay more taxes, but there are two funds from which we might draw supplies; one is the interest paid to the bondholders, the other is the tribute paid by Egypt to the Porte. This tribute represents a tax paid in consideration of military aid being granted by the Suzerain to Egypt if attacked. For Turkey to take the tribute, and for us to afford the military aid, is obviously a wrong division.

I watch with interest the manœuvres of the financial clique who are working heaven and earth to force us to secure them the possession of their ill-gotten gains. The Soudan will soon be pacified and separated from Egypt. We shall then have no reason for remaining in the latter country. Knowing this, the tip appears to have been given to the correspondents of our newspapers to insist that the Mahdi will invade the country next autumn, and that consequently we ought to remain there with a view to this contingency. What next?

We must steadily keep in view the great truth which has been recognised by Mr. Gladstone. It is that, supposing all Europe implored us to stay in Egypt, and that the Egyptians were anxious for us to do so, we should be the losers were we to remain. In peace we should gain absolutely nothing, and have to maintain an army; in war we should be exposed to a disaster. In case of war we should send our commerce round by the Cape. What, then, should we gain by having an army in Egypt, except the chance of its being captured?

SCRUTATOR.

SALVINI.

We all know Salvini's Othello. It is precisely what it was, except that the actor seems to have put on flesh since he last visited us. What Shakespeare's Othello was exactly intended to be we shall never know. Salvini's version of the character is a new one, and therefore, putting aside the undoubted power of the performance, it attracts, just as did Fechter's version of Hamlet, when he made that hesitating hero a fat man in a blonde wig. The wonder to me is how Salvini can have attained such proficiency in his art, which, to judge by the acting of the rest of his company, is at the lowest ebb in Italy. It is no exaggeration to say that never was Shakespeare worse acted in a barn than it is now at Covent Garden, with the exception of the star. Iago is a commonplace bravo, whose treachery the most simple of children would at once have perceived. Desdemona is a feeble creature (in dresses too short in front), so colourless, so dowdy, and so silly that her husband's murder of her assumes the appearance of justifiable homicide. Cassio is a "walking snob" in silver plush legs; whilst another of the characters seems so exceedingly proud of being allowed to array himself in a sort of tea-gown, that he can think of nothing else. Emilia is energetic and hysterical, and her voice is so thick that I doubt whether even an Italian would understand what she is saying. The Italian version of the play is a very bad one, and, in some cases, the translator has either not grasped the meaning of the English phrase, or has thought fit entirely to alter it.

Had Salvini made his first appearance in "King Lear," it is improbable that he would have taken us by storm. Othello suits him, for neither pathos nor subtlety is requisite. Othello, according to him, is an honest, well-meaning soldier, simple of purpose and of thought, who marries a girl, is jealous of her, and, having killed her, cuts his own throat. His Lear, except in one or two passages which are finely declaimed, does not rise above the level of what might be expected from a trained actor. There is nothing greatly to condemn and nothing greatly to praise in it. It is all very well dressing the "star" monarch in gorgeous raiment, but this renders the skimpy dresses of his children still more startling. Cordelia appears in the first act with her blonde hair enclosed in a

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Theatre Royal, Drury Lane.—Augustus Harris, Lessee and Manager. Every day at 1.45; Every evening at 7.45. Cinderella.

green fillet, in a tunic of sickly pale blue, a petticoat of light pink, hose of violet salmon, and white slippers: If Salvini is to succeed, he must come here supported by a better company, and play in a theatre where cold draughts do not play a more important part than the actors and actresses. Why is Covent Garden Theatre so wretchedly cold and draughty?

A DETECTIVE SCANDAL.

Private detectives are at all times somewhat questionable members of society, but there are possibly occasions when they are useful. There ought, however, to be limits to their zeal, and if ever detectives deserved punishment, those employed in the following case deserve it. A more heartless and impudent deception never was contrived. The papers in connection with it have been placed in my hands, and I have been requested to publish them. I do so with pleasure. Miss "Warden" is an actress, and a most respectable young lady. At the commencement of last year, she received the following three letters:—

From Colonel Williams to Miss Warden.

98, Holland-road, Kensington, *Jan.* 11, 1883.

Colonel Williams presents his compliments to Miss Warden, and begs to say that a friend of his who died recently has left a sum of money to (as Colonel Williams believes) Miss Warden, and he will be glad if she would kindly make an appointment at her earliest convenience so as to settle this point.

As Colonel Williams is about leaving England for a few months, he hopes Miss Warden will not think him unduly pressing in asking her to make as early an appointment as may be convenient to her, so that if Miss Warden be the lady mentioned in the will, all may be settled before his departure.

98, Holland-road, Kensington, London, *Jan.* 16, 1883.

Colonel Williams presents his compliments to Miss Florence Warden and begs to acknowledge receipt of her letter of yesterday's date. Colonel Williams thinks it better to state the facts of the case to Miss Warden so that she may understand his position in the matter. An old comrade of his when in Loudon some little time back, saw a young lady on the stage and fell in love with her. For reasons he need not mention here, he was unable to propose to her then; he, however, had made every inquiry about her, and fully made up his mind to marry her if she accepted him. He was suddenly ordered off on active service, and has recently died from the effects of wounds received in action. He has left a letter and a round sum of money for this young lady, and requested Colonel Williams to find out this very lady and carry out his instructions with as little delay as possible. Miss Warden will perceive that it is quite consistent with her not having heard of any friend's death, as Colonel Williams doubts that she ever heard of his late friend before; but he has very good reason for believing that Miss Warden is the lady in question, and being anxious faithfully to fulfil his charge, would feel greatly obliged if she would furnish him with as many details as she can, and Miss Warden can take Colonel Williams's word that he will receive them in strict confidence; in any case Colonel Williams would therefore like to know Miss Warden's real names, the date of her birth, if ever married, if fair or dark, and under what name she was acting in London last year, and what part she took.

On the receipt of these particulars, Colonel Williams will compare them with the description he has, and, if correct, will at once communicate with Miss Warden, and ask her to make an appointment at Chester, so that he might run down and put her in possession of the document. The sum in question is over three thousand pounds, so Miss Warden will quite understand how anxious Colonel Williams is to pay it to the right person.

Colonel Williams has made no inquiries in town about this matter further than try and communicate with Miss Warden, believing her to be the lady mentioned in the will, so that at present no one but Miss Warden and Colonel Williams know anything about it.

An early answer will greatly oblige, as Colonel Williams is anxious to leave town, being much overdue in the south of France.

Colonel Williams would like also to know if Miss Warden has a brother, and, if so, his name.

98, Holland-road, Kensington, *January* 19*th*, 1883.

Col. Williams presents his compliments to Miss Warden and begs to thank her for her letter of the 17th inst. which he only received to-day. The details which Miss Warden gives in her letter very much strengthens Col. Williams' belief that she is the heroine. There are, however, one or two questions which he forgot when writing to Miss W. and which Col. Williams would feel much obliged if she would answer.

What was Miss Warden's private address in London in May, June, and July, 1882, and has she been known by any other name but that of Warden or Price? Does Miss Warden know, or is she related to "La petite Lilian," who was performing at the Opéra Comique? If Miss Warden will kindly answer these questions she may depend on Col. W.'s receiving them in strict confidence, his object being simply to fulfil a trust.

On receipt of Miss Warden's answer Col. Williams will lose no time in asking her to make an appointment so as to bring this matter to a satisfactory issue.

The correspondence went on until July, when Miss Warden consulted a solicitor. He put himself into communication with Colonel Williams, and received from him the following two letters:—

From Colonel Williams to ——— Esq., Solicitor.

Dublin, *July* 21, 1883.

Dear Sir,—Your letter of the 14th inst. has been forwarded to me here.

I hope to be in town early in August, when I will do myself the pleasure of calling upon you.

I wrote to Miss Warden a short time ago, she was so kind as to send me a stall for St. George's Hall. I have not had any news since.—Yours faithfully, (Signed) J. Williams.

From the Same to the Same.

Kingston, *Oct.* 11, 1883.

Dear Sir,—Your letter of the 3rd inst. has been forwarded to me here. When I wrote to you last, I intended returning to town early in August, but unfortunately I met with an accident. I hope to return home shortly, and will then do myself the pleasure of calling upon you. With reference to Miss Warden's matter, since I wrote to you last I have not received any further information, or I should have written to Miss Warden at once.—I am, yours faithfully,
(Signed) J. Williams.

On this, the solicitor commenced proceedings against Colonel Williams for the amount which he stated he had received from his friend for Miss Warden. Colonel Williams was subjected to interrogation, and made answer as follows:—

I, John Williams, of 98, Holland-road, Kensington, in the county of Middlesex, the above-named defendant, in answer to the interrogatories administered by the plaintiff, make oath and say as follows:—

1. The letter of the 16th January, 1883, in the possession of the plaintiff, and of which a copy marked "A" has been furnished to me, is in my handwriting. I cannot state the name of the old comrade therein referred to for the reasons hereinafter mentioned; and there is no old comrade of mine in existence.

2. The instructions referred to in the third letter were as follows:—I was in the employment of Mr. Attwood, of 6, Catherine-street, Strand, an inquiry agent, and he received a letter from India. He never gave me the name of the person who wrote it, but said that the writer wished to find out the whereabouts, character, and antecedents of Miss Warden, the plaintiff in this action, and also whether she was the mother of a child, La petite Lilian. Mr. Attwood informed me he believed that the writer of the letter from India had seen Miss Warden on the stage, that certain statements had been made to him about her, and he wished to find out whether they were correct.

3. In consequence of those instructions from Mr. Attwood, and with a view of getting the information to enable him to reply to the said letter, I wrote the letter of the 16th January, 1883, to the plaintiff. The letter never left the possession of the said Mr. Attwood, and I presume is still in his possession; but I have left his employment for nine months past.

4. There was no letter which was entrusted to me nor any round sum of money entrusted to me; but I wrote what appears in the said letter to enable me to obtain the information before-named. There is no sum of money to my knowledge in existence, nor ever was; nor have I any information that any sum of money was or is in the possession of anybody.

5. The document referred to in the said letter marked "A" was never in existence.

6. To my knowledge, the will mentioned in the said letter was never in existence, and consequently was never proved by any one.

7. To my knowledge, there were no executors of the said will, nor any will at all; nor have I ever seen or heard of any such will, and consequently the same is not attested.

8. The letter dated 2nd February, 1883, in the possession of the plaintiff, copy of which is furnished to me marked "B," is in my handwriting. I have no knowledge of the names or addresses of any executors to such will, the letter having been written with the object before-mentioned.

9. I never received from any person instructions or a request to pay any money to any person answering the description of the plaintiff nor of any one else, neither did I consent to carry out such instructions or request.

10. No part of the said sum has ever been received by me from any one, neither is there any money whatever to be received by me

from any one. I wrote the two letters aforesaid to the plaintiff to obtain the information set out in my second answer, and I reported to the said Mr. Attwood the result of my inquiries.

J. Williams.

The Colonel appears to be a miserable creature, ready to do any one's dirty work for a trifle, and probably it would be difficult to find him. But Mr. Attwood has an address, and it is to be presumed that he might be forthcoming. Miss Warden—not to speak of her disappointment—has actually spent money in law proceedings—and this, at least, ought to be recouped to her.

THE BARREL ORGAN.

Tune.—"'Teb' Be or not 'Teb' Be!"

HOWEVER the critical reader describes
Last Friday's affray with the Soudanese tribes,
Or as battle or massacre deems it,
'Twere well, as the glowing accounts we peruse,
To try and recall our one General's views,
And not to forget 'tis as "glorious news"
This Crichton admits he esteems it.

Nor is it a matter for wonder at all
His Lordship should thus into ecstasies fall
At Graham's well-planned operation;
For, granted that Tel-el-Kebir was a fight
Of pre-eminent tactical talent and might,
Why, Teb, if the telegrams say what is right,
Must surely be past computation.

And as we, by way of a well-earned reward,
For winning the former made Wolseley a Lord,
And a present of fitting dimension,
It follows the man who at Teb won the day,
Although his opponents did *not* run away,
A Duke should be made without any delay,
With ten times, at least, Wolseley's pension.

Be this as it may, though, 'tis pleasant to find
That we, like his Lordship, our army still find
Quite equal, in spite all its changes,
To tasks such as that it on Friday performed,
When a boiler and mill it successively stormed,
And shot down the Arabs—who heedlessly swarmed—
With shrapnel at very short ranges.

Yes, Service, though short, we will freely confess,
Is able o'er foes to achieve a success,
Who, masked by no rampart or ravelin,
Can oppose to our triumphs of technical skill,
Our weapons most hellishly potent to kill,
But the hopeless defence of a fanatic will,
And a hide-covered shield and a javelin!

In fact, though our Army already employs
So large a proportion of under-sized boys
In meeting desertion's fell ravages,
The limits imposed are too strict; we'd suggest
Any lads thirty inches or so round the chest,
And of twelve years of age, would do well as the best,
For shooting down Soudanese savages.

Such a boy as we mean would be all we require
A breech-loading rifle to load and to fire,
And to keep up its death-dealing rattling;
Nor does it chest-girth or experience need
To the maw of a merciless "Nordenfelt" feed,
Nor aught but the simplest of care to succeed
In turning the crank of a "Gatling"!

Our regiments, in fact, as it now would appear,
Had so little to do at famed Tel-el-Kebir,
That our country's already beginning
To feel it committed a sorry mistake,
In making for that paltry victory's sake
Such a stir as it once was led only to make
When a triumph had needed real winning.

It is feeling it scarce could a triumph be deemed
Where half of the enemy lay down and screamed,
And half ran away from the winners;
And that for a fight which no sane critic sets
Within miles of the conflicts at Plevna or Metz,
The "Specials" used scarcely the right epithets,
And the country gave too many dinners.

And though we admit that last Friday's affair
Was more like a fight, we should still have a care
And try to our utmost to calm a
Ridiculous spirit, which, when we defeat
Some half-naked Arabs impels us to treat
The action as one with the courage replete
At an Inkerman shown or an Alma.

Our Army has fought, as its records can show,
With a daring devotion no other troops know;
Has fought and has died, without failing.
And should the invader set foot on our shore,
'Twould fight with the dash and the daring of yore,
And its blood for its country would freely outpour,
Grim death without flinching still hailing.

But if we would keep the tradition alive,
We ought, as a nation, to earnestly strive,
To scout the un-English idea
That prompts us to make far more fuss and ado,
Every time that we savages shoot, or pursue,
Than the country e'er made when it won Waterloo,
Or fought in the deadly Crimea!

Aye, more, the whole people should sternly demand
That no soldier henceforward be sent from our land,
Nor a nation be riven asunder,
Because a mere clique may hostilities choose
To render more safe greedy bondholders' dues,
Or to gladden the hearts of the "Jingoes" and Jews
With a chance of more bloodshed and plunder.

NOTES FROM PARIS.

A LADIES' ART UNION.

I WISH we could get out of the way of saying "ladies," when "women" would do as well, or better. Do you not prefer "L'Union des Femmes Peintres et Sculpteurs" to "The Union of Lady Painters and Sculptors"? The former is the name of an artistic society which is now holding its third exhibition in the Champs Elysées. This show includes 259 pictures, and 24 works in plaster and terra-cotta. Two rooms in the North-Eastern Pavilion of the Palais de l'Industrie are devoted to it; and the fine flower of Parisian society dropped in to look at the exhibits on the opening day. Feminine taste is shown in the arrangement of the flowers in the ante-chamber, the lobby, and in many of the picture-frames. The rage for passing Hôtel-de-Ville examinations for teachers' diplomas appears to be declining among daughters of wealthy and illustrious families. But, on the other hand, every one who sets up for a reputation for beauty (professional or other) now aims at distinction as a painter or sculptor. The Marquise Hervé de St. Denis is prouder of her skill as a pictorial artist than of her agile grace as a skater. Her most intimate friends say that she bought her bijou hotel with the proceeds of her paintings, which, I should hasten to add, are not sold through the medium of the picture-dealer. She exhibits

Riding Habits.—Specialty of John Redfern & Sons. Ladies' Tailors by Appointment to H.R.H. the Princess of Wales, 26, Conduit-street, London, W. Also at Cowes and Paris.

in the Salon under the name of Louise Dubreau. Why, with her beauty and talent, she has not conquered the jury, I am at a loss to understand. Madame de Beaumont (sister of La Maréchale MacMahon) is as proud of the use she makes of her chisel as of the faultless outlines of her shoulders.

The Duchesse de Luynes works with her palate and brushes in a studio. Madame Manet and Miss Cassett prefer painting with oils in the open air. Baroness Nathaniel de Rothschild exhibits water-colour sea-scapes at the Petite Galerie. Mdlle. Jacquemart secured, in the exercise of her profession as a portrait-painter, one of the greatest prizes in the matrimonial market. Before she accomplished this feat, she painted MM. Thiers, Dufaure, Duruy, the Duc de Chartres, Don Carlos, and other celebrated men. And did she not take care to flatter them, in bringing out their characteristic points! The Marquise de Châtillon painted Monsignor Bauer for the Salon, who is now, by his own will, unfrocked, and haunts the *coulisses* of the Bourse and of the Opera House. Henrietta Brown trumped the Marquise by sending a Father Hyacinthe in his Dominican robe and cowl. Few of these ladies are represented at the present exhibition of "L'Union des Femmes." I also regret the absence in the catalogue of the names of Mesdames Madeleine Lemaire, Demont-Breton, and Armand Leleux. The exhibitor best known to the public is Madame Peyrol Bonheur (sister of Rosa), who sends a bosky hollow where cows are grazing.

The drawback to a Union des Femmes is that ladies and young girls who have been brought-up in opulence or received "genteel" educations will crowd in. Their works are sure to be feeble. No woman ever did anything worth speaking of, in art or literature, who was constantly looked after by an anxious and worrying mother or a governess, and stuffed with ideas that she would have never taken in if they were not crammed into her head. The school of experience is the only one in which either man or woman can rise to greatness, and as it is fearfully hard, and, in many respects, dangerous, rich fathers and mothers will not suffer their daughters to pass through it. There are, in a large proportion of the fair exhibitors at the Champs Elysées, fine germs; but their growth has been arrested by a too close hanging on to maternal skirts. The fair artists might have risen to a clear perception of the highest kind of beauty if, like Topsy, they had merely "growed," instead of being sedulously cultivated. I felt really sorry at the private view to note the effect of over-caring for daughters. Some of the victims of this hot-house rearing were leaning on the arms of papas and mammas, and pinched in at the waist and abnormally developed behind with hen-coop bustles. The wonder is not that they draw and paint so feebly, but that they draw and paint so well. Rosa Bonheur, as you showed last year in an "Anecdotal Photo," was even more of a wild plant than George Sand. Nélie Jacquemart was not brought up any way at all. Her mother was glad to sell sewing-machines on commission in a little dark shop in the Faubourg Montmartre. Without accepting all that Marie Colombier tells us about her old friend Sarah, we know that she was reared in alternations of accidental wealth and deep poverty, and that she had to fish for herself the moment she was able.

The branches of art which are best represented at the Ladies' Exhibition are flower-painting and interiors. Mdme. Louise de Goussaincourt's decorative panels are simply perfection. One of them has for its subject an armful of lilac which has just been cut and laid on the ground. It seems redolent of the breath of spring. "Field poppies" are only painted on the other. Mdlle. Sprenger's "Wild Flowers" are equally good. I suppose one of the reasons why young ladies are so felicitous when they keep in the domain of flora is that they are not afraid to look well at what they see there, or to try to depict it. Their timidity is a bar to success in the portrait line. Miss Christine Post cannot, however, be reproached with having painted "Le Commandant Bataille," a handsome Major of Hussars, with a trembling hand. Miss Post is to be congratulated on having emancipated herself from those frowsy patriarchs who serve as models in art schools for young ladies. You are not, perhaps, aware that a fair and youthful French painter is not allowed to so much as glance at a handsome son of Adam in the prime of life, even though he were a near relation. Hence the preponderance of heads at the Exhibition which one might fancy were "souvenirs" of old clothes-markets. Matrimonial prospects might be compromised if the subjects were thirty years younger, and an artistic feeling evinced for their best points.

Mrs. Annie Ayrton continues to furnish appetising desserts. Her peaches would deceive the birds and wasps themselves. Miss Fanny Duncan's "Après le Déjeuner" shows talent of the same order. Miss Sarah Dodson's "Signing of the Declaration of American Independence" by the Fathers of the Great Republic, is ambitious, but executed with remarkable technical skill. The tone is good, and the canvas not too big for an ordinary Fourth Avenue parlour. An engraving of it would be sure to find rapid sale in every part of the United States, particularly along the Atlantic coast. Madame Anna Gardell's "River Brink" is a landscape which one would like to gaze on during a hot day in town.

The fans are not equal to any of those exhibited last year at the Water-colour Paintings Exhibition. If I were a lady artist I should go in for fan-painting, which can be done anywhere, and which, if cleverly imagined and executed, is certain to find a market. One should be very sure of one's vocation to aim at what is known as high art. All art is high if well conceived and carried out. A snuff-box of Blankenberge is equal to a painting of Meissonier. I think I should also, were I in the so-called high art region, try to work out a notion that has often crossed my brain. It is, make an alliance between the Muse of Painting and the Genius of Trade. In England, grime and fog would render my idea impracticable. But why should not artists, wherever there is a fairly good climate, paint sign-boards and other advertising pictures that would speak to gentle and simple folk? And why should not tradesmen employ them and pay them well? The wine-merchant who got a man with the talent of a Diaz to do a bush to hang over his door could not fail, in spite of the proverb, to beat his neighbours in the race for customers. A Universal Provider who got a Baudry to decorate the

The Kaps Pianofortes, grand and upright. These celebrated instruments can be obtained at C. E. Flavell's, 26, North Audley-street, W.

walls and ceilings of his stores with subjects from "Le Bonheur des Dames," would be as certain to draw rich people to them. Innkeepers who gave dinners to poor, drunken, and highly-endowed Morland, in return for sign-boards, found that it suited their book. At the Ladies' Exhibition there is a painting which in itself is admirable, but I would not give it house-room, because it is too big and the subject is vulgarly realistic. It represents a group of clear-starching and flat-ironing laundresses around a table, on which house and other linen is piled up. Over a washerwoman's door it would be a telling advertisement. I do not say this to disparage the work in question, but because I imagine that art must for a time live by trade.

Would it not be well-spent money if Railway Directors by handsome payment secured the best landscape and other painters to do views and scenes for waiting-rooms, which would entice people to visit places on the lines they direct? Mdlle. Sophie Stjernsted's views along the coast of Sweden have given me a burning desire to make a tour there. What was it that brought a flood of English capitalists into the Pacific States of America? Bierstad's landscapes, which, by-the-bye, would be just the things for advertising pictures in railway hotels.

LENTEN TOPICS.

Dame Fashion is now in sackcloth and ashes. That is to say, the impressions she received on Ash-Wednesday have not yet died out, and she wears the prettiest sort of mourning. She also goes every day to a religious service. I overheard this morning at the Madeleine the following conversation, which may give you an idea of the frame of mind in which she goes to perform her devotions. Said Baroness Khon de Besançon, who quitted the most ancient of all religions to follow the voice of an eloquent academical bishop, to the Marquise Hervé de Lorin (*née* De Villevielle), "How is it I meet you here? I thought Ste. Clotilde's was your parish church?" "So it is, dear; I go there to give satisfaction to my curé, and I come here to please myself. Short skirts are now only worn, and you know that I am very particular about my boots and shoes. I get them from an Austrian who makes coarse feet and ankles look neat, and small ones quite adorable." "I understand. There is no high and broad flight of steps up to the front door of Ste. Clotilde, but there is one to the Madeleine. *Tiens, tiens!* This, I suppose, is the reason the services here are so run upon in Lent. It never occurred to me before! I now understand why so many amateurs of *le sport* and other devices for killing time hang about the door of this church during the Lent services. *Ah, petite rusée!* You go for the benefit of your soul to Ste. Clotilde, and you climb up to the Madeleine to show your neat boots and pretty ankles!" "Human nature is no less in this season human nature than during the rest of the year. If we try to be too angelic, we fall deeper into the mud than ever. Shoemakers have to live in Lent as well as in the Carnival, and so have the hosiers, who sell thread-stockings. Such exhibitions are good for trade. To make them with a good conscience I have provided myself with an inner garment of blue foulard-silk, which makes me look, when I take off my dress, exactly like a Turkish lady when she is at home. But we must hold our tongues about all this. If the Archbishop of Paris heard of it, he might be scandalised, and issue a *mandement* to ladies never to enter the Madeleine except by the lateral doors and the dark corkscrew stairs. Apropos of Monsigneur, what do you think of his attack upon our charity *fêtes?* Seriously, I am not sorry those actresses were insolently triumphant, and nobody cared to look at us when they mixed up with us. They kept the ball rolling, and were the objects of all the warm admiration, while we were treated with a cold and formal politeness which was almost an insult. I am told that the Duc de Cars is in despair at the Archbishop's *mandement.* He and the Marquis de Mortemart have gone to Monsigneur to represent to him that if the alliance of the pretty actresses is dropped, our casual night asylum (l'Hospitalité de Nuit) must fall to the ground. I also hear that it was the Comtesse de Tréguier who found means to raise the storm by paying a satirist of the *Gil Blas* to make jokes about the name of our charitable work, and to associate it with the confusion of vice and art which unhappily exists in the theatrical world of Paris." A *comédienne! comédienne et demie!* The grand ladies in this affair of l'Hospitalité de Nuit are showing themselves as good actresses as those who live by the stage. To believe them, they have *le deuil dans le cœur* because of the Archbishop's pastoral. How they must laugh in their prettily-trimmed sleeves when the Duc de Cars and the Marquis de Mortemart relate what passed at the interview with which the prelate favoured them. The Church has always been the secret champion of the ladies. In the feudal times the *châtelaine* and the domestic chaplain united to twist the lord of the castle round their fingers. A scholarly priest had a stronger affinity for a quick-witted dame than for her coarse, mail-clad, and unlettered husband. The former worked for the lady. Chivalry sprang from a belief in the Virgin Mary, and it was the Church which taught that motherhood is the most beneficent element in nature, and runs all through it.

While dealing with Lenten topics, I should say a few words about the approaching baptism of Miss Emma Wixom, who is known to musical and theatrical critics as Mdlle. Nevada. I was favoured by this charming song-bird with an account of the feelings and impressions which have led her to embrace Christianity and Roman Catholicism. She was brought up as a child of nature by a free-thinking father, but had inherited religious instincts from an Irish mother who died when she was an infant. She imbibed theological notions from the different Protestant and Catholic friends with whom she associated. In singing in "The Pearl of Brazil," she first became alive to the need of being baptised, and the blessedness of reposing her head upon the broad bosom of the Catholic Church. Her spirit was wearied with the hostility of Mdlle. Van Zandt's admirers at the Opéra Comique, and she sought for solace in the religious music of Gounod and the spiritual direction of Father Kelly, to whom she was drawn by her Irish affinities. Mrs. Mackay, whom she regards as a saint and angel, and whose mother, Mrs. Hungerford, had known

intimately the late Mrs. Wixom, told her of the comfort that was to be found in a pious life, and offered, if she entered the Roman Catholic faith by the door of baptism, to act as her godmother. Emma, who was never christened, was overjoyed. The warm-hearted Silver King's wife is one of the principal shareholders of the Italian Opera House, and has asked M. Maurel, the director, to engage the neophyte as a star. Gounod is to be the godfather. Happy Emma Nevada!

SPORTING NOTES.

WHEN the Stewards of the Jockey Club announced that they proposed to revise the scandalously lengthy list of race-meetings, it was supposed by many ingenious persons that their paramount object was to protect the old-fashioned country fixtures which have recently been seriously damaged by the numerous gate-money speculations that have risen all over the country like an exhalation during the last few years. Indeed, they received a great deal of applause from undiscerning people, although, even if they had done what it was taken for granted they intended to do, they would not have merited any praise, but rather censure for not having entered upon the work of reform at least five or six years ago, seeing that the necessity for interference had been just as manifest for several seasons past as at the moment when it was undertaken. If restrictive legislation had not been threatened, the Stewards never would have moved. All reform must be forced on the Newmarket Divan, as it has ever been, from without. There is such a bigoted hostility to all reforms, however moderate and cautious, that it is no exaggeration to describe the acting members of the Club as the most determined enemies to every species of salutary change which it would be possible to find throughout the length and breadth of the land. The power of giving a fair consideration to anything that is, or appears to be, new is one quality which the rulers of the turf certainly lack. The fact is, that the revision of the list of meetings, about which there was so much elaborate noise, was merely undertaken in the interests of the Newmarket "gate," and a more chimerical apprehension never entered the brain of a distempered backer than the notion that the preservation of popular meetings was the object. If any one looks through the calendar of fixtures as it is now, and compares it with what it was a couple of years ago, it will be found that the only alteration of any real importance has been to suppress all meetings which clashed with Newmarket. Everybody who visits Newmarket must pay freely if even a glimpse of the sport is to be obtained, and the object of the Stewards is to bring the largest possible crowd, for if there are no other meetings during the seven weeks, the vast horde of ruffians and vagabonds who manage somehow or other to live by racing must necessarily betake themselves to Newmarket. A suburban or country meeting was a sort of sewer for the camp followers of the turf, and the Stewards have not acted wisely in closing such outlets. It would be safer to walk at night from Palermo to Monreale, than to take a meditative after-dinner stroll about Newmarket during a race-week. I have been attracted to the subject by the refusal of the Stewards to permit the managers of the Ipswich Meeting to change the date of their fixture. The day given to them is one which, for local reasons, is peculiarly unsuitable. They desired to change it to another, which would not have interfered with any other meeting; but the Stewards refused, because if they granted a boon to one meeting they could not refuse it to others; a reason which, in my opinion, indicates a pitiable degree of anility, for it does not follow by any means that another meeting would be able to bring forward the same strong reasons in support of its petition. Ipswich is one of the oldest, and has always been one of the best conducted of the meetings of that class, and the Stewards might certainly have complied with the very reasonable request which was addressed to them—and, indeed, they clearly ought to have done so.

Of Lord Falmouth's five stallions, it is generally considered that Skylark is the best, and he will probably go to America, for I hear that Mr. Turner, who owns a large stud in Missouri, has been endeavouring to buy him by private contract. Skylark is grandly bred, being by King Tom out of Wheatear, but he was barely second-rate on the turf, as at no time was he ever able to make either Petrarch or Kisber gallop, while Hampton beat him easily for the Goodwood Cup. So far, he has not been a brilliant success at the stud, but his stock has only been running for two seasons, so there is plenty of time for improvement. Songster, his two-year-old, out of the dam of Galliard, did not run last season, and I fear he will never distinguish himself. Lord Falmouth has decided very wisely to relegate Dutch Oven to the stud, and she is to be sent to Springfield. Her half-sister, Bal Gal, is in foal to Galopin, and goes to him again. Spinaway, in foal to Isonomy, goes to Petrarch, presumably in the hope of another Busybody. Chevisaunce, the grandly-bred dam of Jannette, is in foal to Hampton, and goes to Galopin. Wheatear (dam of Harvester) is in foal to Springfield, and goes to him again. There are now thirteen yearlings in the Mereworth stud, of which the "cracks" are a sister to Galliard; a half-brother to Dutch Oven and Bal Gal, by Hampton; a half-brother, by Galopin, to Harvester; a colt by Galopin—Jannette, and a colt by Kisber—Spinaway. There are twenty-eight brood mares. At present only three of Lord Falmouth's mares have foaled.

Among the latest foals are a half-sister (by Touchet) to Sigmophone, a half-brother (by Doncaster) to La Merveille (the dam will be put to Muncaster), a half-sister (by Springfield) to Chippendale (the dam goes to Retreat, who will be a great success at the stud, unless I am vastly mistaken), and a half-sister to Limestone and Quicklime, by Chippendale, and the dam goes to him again. Lord Hartington's Sweet Note has a filly by Tibthorpe, and goes to

The Army and Navy Hotel, Victoria-street, S.W., is now probably the best Hotel in London; cookery is excellent.

Get a Bottle To-day of Perry Davis' Pain Killer.—It instantly relieves and cures severe scalds, burns, sprains, bruises, toothache, headache, pains in the side, joints, and limbs, all neuralgic and rheumatic pains. Taken internally cures at once coughs, sudden colds, cramp in stomach, colic, diarrhœa, and cholera infantum. Pain Killer is the great household medicine, and has stood the test of 50 years. Any chemist can supply it at 1/1½ and 2/9.

him again. Cast Off, the dam of Robert the Devil, has been sent to Mask, and so also has her daughter, Moll Davis. Lord Rosebery has sent his finely-bred mare, Illuminata, to Foxhall, and the Duchess of Montrose's Sonsie Lass has gone to Kisber.

The last week has been fertile in surprises and sensations. Fulmen is now first favourite for the Lincoln Handicap, but sinister hints and innuendoes are flying about that much of the money for which he has been backed is not Mr. Naylor's, and as that gentleman does not keep horses for the benefit of the public, and as he possesses plenty of pluck (understood in Lord Monmouth's sense as a "total disregard for public opinion"), the horse certainly will not see the post unless the money is "right." Fulmen is unquestionably the best "class" in the race, but I would far rather back him for the Hunt Cup. Over and over again we have seen really good horses fail ignominiously at Lincoln, although subsequent form has shown that they ought to have won by many lengths. Thunder is an example. The fact is that a good start is everything here, and unless a horse is literally jumped off well in front, he is out of it. Wild Arab has been going remarkably well, and he is the fancy of many astute persons, but after the equivocal "knock out" to which I alluded last week, his victory would not be altogether satisfactory. No doubt we shall be astonished by a few more mock tragedies of the same sort during the next three weeks. Florence, who belongs to one of the professional-backer and jockeys'-friend gang, has been supported in a very ostentatious fashion for both this race and for the City and Suburban. It may not take a flyer to win at Lincoln; but while half a dozen keep well, Florence has no more chance for the City and Suburban than she would have had for last year's Leger. Antler will probably beat more than will beat him; and such old stagers as Abbotsford, Cameliard, and Toastmaster all possess undeniable chances. It now seems certain that Bendigo is to be the representative of Mr. Barclay. I do not fancy him; and I see no reason to depart from the view I have already taken of Tonans' chance.

The Grand National ought on no account to be touched till the numbers are up. According to the *Sporting Times*, either Too Good or Chancery can win the race; but the money is all wrong, as is usually the case with horses in Linde's stable. Mohican, who ought to have won last year, has apparently gone to the bad, and the form of Zitella is not particularly encouraging. The Scot can only be backed now by idiotic snobs who fancy that Royal colours must be invincible; for, unless the field is weeded pretty considerably before the day, he is not in it. Frigate will certainly run well, and in her case there are none of the disgusting market obstacles.

People who have been taking 9—1 about St. Blaise for the City and Suburban, eight weeks before the race is run, certainly ought not to be at large. The horse has not been tried, and the extravagant stories of his improvement which are going about simply begin and end with the wishes of those who circulate them. The same rubbish was talked last year about Shotover, and it was a queer kind of "improvement" we saw in her at Epsom and at Ascot. Even if St. Blaise has done well, it is beyond belief that he can give Royal Angus 26 lb., Quicklime 19 lb., and Blue Grass 14 lb. I have already alluded to the prospect of the former, but as to the latter he is simply the same horse as Ossian. Of course, none of these may come to the post, but surely it would be only common prudence to wait until some idea can be formed of the probable strength of the field before accepting such a very short price about a horse who has not been seen in public since last June, and who is certainly weighted up to his very best form.

A Beautiful Complexion.—Hagan's Magnolia Balm gives a pure and blooming complexion. It restores and preserves youthful beauty. Its effects are gradual, natural, and perfect. It removes redness, blotches, pimples, tan, sunburn, and freckles, and makes a lady of thirty appear but twenty. The Magnolia Balm makes the skin smooth and pearly, and imparts a fresh appearance to the countenance. Hagan's Magnolia Balm has been established nearly 40 years, and is sold by all Chemists and Perfumers.

MAMMON.

MEXICAN RAILS.

THESE shares are up one day and down the other; and if any one wishes to pay a commission for playing at heads or tails, he would do well either to buy or to sell them. The intrinsic value of the property has ceased to have anything to do with the price of its securities. The argument of those who buy is: They have fallen in less than a year one hundred per cent.; a rig sent them up once, and so a rig may send them up again. When they have fallen to a certain point, some American syndicate will commence the upward rig; that point must be already reached, or nearly reached. The argument of those who sell is: It is difficult to swindle twice with the same cogged dice, particularly when the dice are known to be cogged. The Americans are not on the feed; therefore, no syndicate is likely to attempt to bait their hook with this garbage. The English have been already so bitten that they will not readily buy Mexicans at a high price; rather is it probable that, if a syndicate tries to force up the price, they will find themselves loaded with the entire stock.

As to intrinsic value, I should say that the stock may be worth 10 or 12—certainly not more. The dividends have been earned by the carriage of material for other railroads. This source of income has pretty well ceased. The earnings from other sources are likely to diminish as the railroads towards the north are completed. The Mexicans themselves are arrant knaves, and even if the railroad were to pay, it is probable that the Government would find some pretext to rob it. However, as I have already said, all calculation is useless. Just now the shares are mere gambling counters, and there is about as much chance of making money by buying as by selling them.

CHILI.

A more honest State than Chili certainly does not exist upon the South American continent. Her debt is small, and is represented by its railroads. All her loans have been contracted on fair terms, and the proceeds have been spent upon remunerative works. She has been engaged in an expensive war, and has got through it without a new

Options.—Explanatory Pamphlet on Stock Exchange Options, post-free. John Abbott & Co., Stock and Share Brokers, 21 and 22, Palmerston Buildings, London, E.C.

foreign loan. Her exports and imports are annually rising. This industrious, well-ordered State was forced into war by Peru and Bolivia. Neither of these States has much to recommend it. Peru had some guano. It borrowed on it more than it was worth, and it wasted the money thus obtained. For years the State had lived upon the credulity of the European investor. It was vanquished by Chili, and this State has a right to claim not only the costs of the war, but a large sum for general damages. If Peru can pay these, Chili would ask for no more; if it cannot, Chili must pay herself without regard to the mortgages on the property of her foe. No prinoiple is more fully recognised in international law than that a war indemnity comes before all other indebtedness. Otherwise a State might mortgage all its property and then go to war with a light heart. I do not, therefore, understand how we can be expected to urge Chili to respect the "rights" of the Peruvian bondholders. As a nation we have absolutely nothing to do with the matter, and should Lord Granville be so ill-advised as to interfere in their behalf, Chili may rest assured that if she requests his Lordship not to meddle in business which does not concern him, the reply will find favour with the vast majority of Englishmen, who are already smarting under increased taxation owing to our having come to the rescue of Egyptian bondholders.

NEW COMPANIES.

The time is not propitious for short cuts to fortune, to judge by the Companies which are being submitted to the public, for it can hardly be supposed that outside a lunatic asylum they will meet with much favour. Why, then, are they brought out? Probably to obtain a quotation on the Stock Exchange for their shares, and then by means of brokerage and market operations to foist them upon the unwary.

Here are a few. The investor is seriously asked to buy shares in a Company called the Bullion Mining Company. Its capital is £220,000, of which £210,000 is paid for the mine, which is situated in Bullion City, Idaho, U.S.A., thus leaving £10,000 for working expenses. It might be supposed that the worthy citizen of Idaho, who is the vendor, is selling his mine at somewhat a dear figure. This, however, is a mistake. He is simply reckless in his desire to benefit investors on this side of the Atlantic, for, besides fabulous wealth in the bowels of the earth, there is actually ore in sight, which is variously estimated at from a minimum of £182,000 to a maximum of £400,000 in net value. There is a wondrous grandeur in this loose mode of reckoning. Englishmen are asked to pay £210,000 for a property which its present owners have not taken the trouble to estimate more closely than what is involved in figures differing to the tune of £218,000.

Then we have the British Fibre Company, capital £100,000. Here investors are invited by Baron de Smissen de Cortenburg, J. A. de Jaffa, Esq., and others to pay to a patentee £10,000 for acquiring his patent to convert peat into paper. The merits of the invention have, it would seem, yet to be practically tested; but the Baron and J. A. de Jaffa point out that the fact that there is a great deal of peat in Ireland is undoubted.

John Shaw, Stock and Share Dealer, Wardrobe-chambers, Queen Victoria-street and Doctor's-commons, deals at tape prices.

The South Staffordshire and Birmingham District Steam Tramway Company ask for money to equip and construct certain tramways. No statement is vouchsafed as to cost per mile, which I should have imagined was the most important question to an intending subscriber. Most tramway companies are little more than contractors' jobs. Whether this is such a one or a *bonâ-fide* concern is not made clear from the wording of the prospectus.

The Buenos Ayres and Rosario Railway Company invite subscriptions for £600,000 of preference shares to complete their railroads. I observe, however, that powers are retained to borrow £735,000 by debentures, which, when issued, will in reality convert these preference shares into deferred shares. One or two railroads in Buenos Ayres have paid good dividends. This has been made use of to flood the market with shares of railroads in that part of the world, which are yet to be made. If the shares float, contractors and promoters will reap a rich harvest, and with this, rather than with a dividend, shareholders in a good many of these undertakings will, in all probability, have to rest content.

QUEER STORIES.

SAM MULTIPLE'S SCHEME.

For a town house, the Multiples were content with a modest flat in the neighbourhood of Victoria-street. Sam had purchased a fine place in the country, but he and his wife liked to come up to town occasionally for a little mild dissipation and relaxation from the restraints of country society. Mrs. Multiple had once been a well-known and popular actress, and Sam himself had an undercurrent of Bohemianism in his nature, so that they were both delighted to escape periodically from the imposing grandeur of their country seat. In a suite of six or eight rooms, with half that number of servants to wait upon them, they were able to enjoy to their hearts' content the pleasures and attractions of the metropolis freed from domestic cares and worries. Mrs. Multiple revisited the scenes of her former triumphs, and, so far as her husband permitted, renewed acquaintance with old theatrical friends, while Sam made mysterious excursions into the city, from which he invariably returned looking more radiant and prosperous than ever.

One morning Mrs. Multiple, who had gone out alone to do some shopping before lunch, came in looking so pale and agitated, that her husband immediately inquired what had happened.

"I have been followed again by that horrible man who had the impudence to speak to me yesterday," she said, with a nervous laugh.

"You don't say so!" exclaimed Sam, indignantly, as he started to his feet.

"He followed me all the way down the street, almost to the door," Mrs. Multiple said. "Don't do anything rash, Sam," she cried, as her husband rushed to the window.

"Is that the man? Look, Loo, quick!" exclaimed Sam Multiple, excitedly.

"Yes, There! he saw you, Sam, and is jumping into a cab," said Mrs. Multiple, peeping through the lace curtains.

"I know him," growled Sam, as he watched the cab

drive off. "You are highly honoured, my love. That is the Hon. Martin Choke, brother of Lord Jugular, and related to half the swells in the peerage."

"Then he ought to be all the more ashamed of himself," said Mrs. Multiple, untying her bonnet-strings with an angry jerk. "I am not a nervous person, but he quite frightened me."

"He is one of those depraved and vicious old men—for he must be getting on for sixty, though he is excellently made up—who are a disgrace to civilisation," said Sam, who was evidently more seriously annoyed and indignant than he cared to confess. "He goes about insulting helpless ladies and girls with his odious attentions, and renders the streets of London absolutely unsafe in broad daylight."

"Somebody ought really to give him in charge," remarked Mrs. Multiple. "I felt strongly tempted to do so myself."

"Why didn't you?" inquired Sam, putting up his eyeglass.

"Oh, well! I didn't like to make a fuss, and, besides, think of the scandal and unpleasantness," replied Mrs. Multiple.

"Yes, I know! The scoundrel guesses all that. Besides, no great harm would happen to him even if he were charged. The influence of his titled friends and relatives would be brought to bear upon the magistrate, the proceedings would be treated as a joke, a garbled report—if any—would appear in the papers, and the only person who would suffer would be his unfortunate victim, by having her name brought before the public in connection with an unpleasant affair. No, it doesn't pay to prosecute in these cases!" added Sam, shaking his head.

"I wonder he has never been thrashed," exclaimed little Mrs. Multiple, full of virtuous indignation.

"So he has; but, you see, he is getting an old man. A sexagenarian is tolerably safe from personal violence," said Sam, moodily.

"Then it seems he can pursue his disgraceful conduct with impunity," exclaimed Mrs. Multiple.

"So he has found, I expect. But this time, Loo, I fancy he has caught a Tartar. If we don't contrive to give him a lesson between us, I will eat my hat," said Sam, brisking up.

"Is it worth while, Sam? I am quite capable of taking care of myself," said Mrs. Multiple, suddenly mistrusting her husband's intentions.

"Yes, it is worth while," replied Sam, looking unusually grave. "It is a duty which every man and woman owes to society, or rather to the community, to help to scotch and stamp out these cowardly pests. Now, Loo, I've an idea, and you mustn't refuse me your assistance. We shall both of us have to do a little bit of acting, but that will remind you of old times."

Sam Multiple lighted a cigarette, and proceeded to unfold the plan which he had concocted for the Hon. Martin Choke's edification. Mrs. Multiple was startled at first, but her husband soon overcame her objections, and imbued her with his enterprising spirit.

The next day Mrs. Multiple repeated her shopping expedition, and returned home with her elderly admirer in tow. The Hon. Martin Choke might well have been suspicious of the lady's sudden graciousness. Instead of shunning him as heretofore, she had permitted him to speak to her, and had even invited him to lunch in her husband's absence. But when a man is strongly convinced of his powers of fascination, he does not easily divine that he is being trifled with. It did not seem to enter Mr. Choke's head that Mrs. Multiple was acting a part, and he followed her with a smiling, self-satisfied, and complacent mien.

Mrs. Multiple led the way into the snug apartment where she and Sam had conspired together the day before, and invited her gallant to be seated. Her manner was so perfectly easy and natural, that Mr. Choke was more than ever impressed with the belief that he had made a conquest; but, almost before he had time to open a conversation, a thundering knock was heard at the street door.

"My husband!" exclaimed Mrs. Multiple, starting up, with an excellent appearance of horror and amazement.

"I thought you said he was out," said Mr. Choke, uneasily.

"But he has returned. It is his knock. Gracious heavens! what shall I do?" cried Mrs. Multiple, rushing frantically to the window, and wringing her hands.

"My dear lady, there is no cause for alarm," said Mr. Choke, recovering his presence of mind. "You have only to introduce me as an old friend whom you knew before your marriage."

"This is dreadful! Horrible!" cried Mrs. Multiple, in a frantic state, too frightened, apparently, to listen to reason. "He will not be deceived, and has evidently watched me. He saw you from the window yesterday, and told me who you were."

"Pray calm yourself, madam. You will betray yourself and me too if you go on in that fashion," said Mr. Choke, getting alarmed at the state of affairs; while the sound of the knocker reverberated a second time through the house.

"There! The man is opening the street-door," cried Mrs. Multiple, who had worked herself into a perfect frenzy. "He is coming in. Here! You must hide instantly," she added, suddenly throwing open the door of a small boudoir adjoining, as though by an after-thought.

"I assure you, dear madam, there is no occasion," protested Mr. Choke.

"There is! My—my reputation is at stake," cried Mrs. Multiple, vehemently.

"But the servant who opens the doors ——."

"He will hold his tongue. If my husband does not see you his suspicions will be allayed," said Mrs. Multiple. "I will lock you in and give the key to the butler. You shall be released as soon as ever you can safely leave."

There was no time for further parley, and Mr. Choke somewhat reluctantly yielded to the lady's urgent entreaties and stepped into the boudoir. The door had no sooner closed upon him than Sam Multiple burst into the room and confronted his wife with a terrible aspect. The scene that ensued had been carefully rehearsed, and was well calculated to deceive the anxious listener. Sam vowed and declared that he had seen a man enter the house, and, in

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spite of his wife's eager denial, he continued to upbraid her fiercely. His rage and jealousy were so great that he swore he would strangle the intruder; and he certainly succeeded in impressing Mr. Choke with a wholesome dread of meeting him in his present mood. Fortunately, Mrs. Multiple's indignant protestations of innocence seemed to disarm him, and he gradually grew calmer, though it was evident that he was still angrily suspicious. With considerable ingenuity his wife at length prevailed upon him to accompany her into an adjoining apartment, and poor Mr. Choke felt unspeakably grateful to her for providing for his escape.

"Well, Loo, how did I do it?" inquired Sam, with a grin, as soon as they were out of earshot of their prisoner.

"Very well indeed, Sam. I believe you would make a good actor, my dear," said his wife, sinking into a chair from sheer exhaustion.

"By Jove! Loo. You were first rate," said Sam admiringly, mopping his forehead. "I shouldn't care, though, to play the jealous husband every day in the week. It's infernally fatiguing. Thanks, my love. I think I will take a B. and S."

"What is to happen next?" inquired Mrs. Multiple, as she handed the grateful draught to her husband.

"I think we can now proceed," said Sam, after imbibing the refreshment he needed. "Hi! Simmonds!" he roared in a voice of thunder, audible all over the premises.

"You will frighten poor Mr. Choke out of his wits, Sam," said Mrs. Multiple, putting her hands to her ears.

"Serve him right," said Sam, spitefully. "Simmonds! Bring me my revolver!" he shouted with increased vigour.

The butler made his appearance, bearing no weapon, but carrying over his arm a suit of livery. The twinkle in his eye plainly showed that he appreciated the serio-comic drama that was being enacted.

"Now, Simmonds, do you recollect what you have to do?" inquired Sam.

"Yes, sir," answered the butler, promptly, "I'm to say that you've locked the street-door and put the key in your pocket."

"Exactly. I'm still raging with jealousy, remember, and wouldn't hesitate to kill any one I found on the premises," said Sam, impressively. "You must look agitated and frightened yourself, you know."

"Bear in mind, Simmonds, that you are risking your place in order to assist him to escape," interposed Mrs. Multiple.

"Yes, and the only plan you can think of is to pass him off as a friend of yours, who has stepped in to have a chat," added Sam.

"Don't overdo the part," said Mrs. Multiple, earnestly.

"No! and you must be realistic; a five pound note wouldn't be too much to ask for the service you are rendering him," said Sam, with a wink.

"I'll make a point of that, sir," returned the butler.

"He surely won't consent to disguise himself in a livery!" said Mrs. Multiple, incredulously, when the butler had departed on his errand.

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"He will, if Simmonds carries out my instructions," answered Sam, with confidence. "It will be explained to him that otherwise he will have to remain where he is all night, with the risk of detection."

"And you propose to turn him out into the street dressed like a lacquey?" exclaimed Mrs. Multiple.

"Not only so, but I shall take care that his wife sees him," said Sam, complacently.

"His wife! Is he a married man?" cried Mrs. Multiple, in amazement.

"Very much so; and, from all accounts, Mrs. Choke curls his venerable whiskers for him," answered Sam.

Before Mrs. Multiple had time to express her astonishment at this information, the butler entered the room, crimson with suppressed laughter.

"He's a putting of 'em on," he exclaimed, with a spasmodic burst, which he smothered with his hand.

"Hush! you idiot," whispered Sam, with a furious gesture. "Have you frightened him?"

"He was trembling like a leaf when I went in," said the butler, composing his countenance with difficulty. "He had just heard you call for a revolver. He wouldn't hear of putting on the livery coat at first, though he swore he would do anything rather than remain in the house. I persuaded him by saying I would bring his own clothes to him if he would wait at the nearest public-house where he could change."

"Quite right," said Sam, nodding approvingly. "Now go and hurry him up. Don't give him time for reflection."

The butler disappeared again, and Sam commenced to arrange his somewhat disordered attire preparatory to starting off on his expedition. Mr. Choke had evidently lost no time in disguising himself, for a moment later stealthy footsteps were audible in the passage. In an instant Sam had bounded out, and came face to face with Mr. Choke, who started back as though he had been stung.

"Hullo! What does this mean?" exclaimed Sam, fiercely.

"Please, sir, it's a friend of mine," said the butler with promptitude. "I was just agoin' to ask you for the key to let him out."

"What do you mean, sir, by having friends at this time of day?" cried Sam, as though glad of an excuse to vent his ill humour. "Why the fellow must have been here two hours and more. Where does your master live?" he inquired, addressing Mr. Choke abruptly.

The latter was evidently quite unprepared for this question, but Sam's manner was so peremptory that he had no opportunity of considering his reply. He mentioned the name of a street in dangerous proximity to the one in which he resided, apparently because it came first to his mind.

"I will speak to you afterwards, Simmonds," said Sam, taking his hat from the stand with an impulsive movement, "and as for you, sir, I shall accompany you home and complain to your master. I don't choose to have other people's servants lurking for hours about my house, and I've no doubt your master will be gratified to hear how you waste your time."

Sam did not wait to observe the effect upon Mr. Choke

of this startling announcement. The fact was he hardly dared trust himself to look at him, for after a single glance at her unfortunate admirer Mrs. Multiple had retired with precipitation into the background, and Sam feared every moment that her mirth would prove infectious. He therefore hastened to unlock the door, and Mr. Choke followed him into the street, apparently in a hopelessly dazed frame of mind. But all of a sudden the unfortunate man seemed to realise his position. He started, glanced nervously around him, and then put up his hand to hail a cab.

"Hi! What are you about?" cried Sam. "I don't want a cab. It is a short distance, and I prefer to walk. You lead the way and I will follow."

Mr. Choke looked painfully undecided for a moment, and glanced at Sam as though he meditated making an appeal to him. He checked himself, however, and started off with an air of desperation down the street at a rapid pace. Sam followed more leisurely at a little distance, keeping him well in sight, and evidently keenly enjoying the episode.

What Mr. Choke's feelings were it was not difficult to conjecture. He shambled along, with his eyes upon the pavement, overwhelmed with confusion, and keenly conscious of his ridiculous appearance. The clothes he wore were many sizes too small for him, and though the livery was of the quietest description, the brass buttons and the striped waistcoat were unpleasantly conspicuous. Possibly he may have consoled himself with the reflection that he was not likely to be recognised in such a garb, but if so he was cruelly mistaken. Sam had arranged that half-a-dozen irreverent young members of the club to which Mr. Choke belonged should be on the alert, and the consequence was that the poor wretch met more of his acquaintances in a short distance than he had ever done before in his life. But at Sam's particular request none of them gave any outward sign of recognition, so that the victim was spared the anticipation of the endless chaff and ridicule which awaited him.

Sam had guessed, from the resolute manner in which Mr. Choke hurried along, that he had resolved to adopt the wisest course under the circumstances, and make the best of his way home, without wasting time in futile attempts to elude or shake off his persecutor. He was, therefore, not surprised when Mr. Choke passed without stopping along the street which he had given as his address, and turned his steps desperately towards his own residence. On reaching his destination, he paused on the door-step, and turned round to Sam.

"This is the house," he murmured, as the latter came up.

For a single moment, Sam felt soft-hearted and inclined to be merciful. Mr. Choke's piteous expression was more touching than the most eloquent appeal. But the recollection of the man's gratuitously insulting conduct to his wife decided him not to falter in his purpose. He, therefore, said quietly:—

"Very well. I will speak to your master."

Mr. Choke gave a kind of gasp, and proceeded to unlock the door with a latch-key. He probably intended, in the comparative security of his own house, to reveal his identity and to get rid of Sam before Mrs. Choke came down. But, unluckily, they had no sooner entered the hall, than a severe-looking elderly lady appeared at the top of the staircase. The instant she perceived Mr. Choke she threw up her hands, and exclaimed:—

"Good heavens, Martin! What is the meaning of this?"

"Pardon me for intruding, madam," said Sam, advancing politely, "but I have a complaint to make against your man. He has been hiding in my house for the last two hours, and I am sure you will consider his conduct no less reprehensible than I do. I don't wish to insinuate that he had any felonious intentions, but I fear he came after my maid-servant, and I particularly object to love-making on my premises."

As Mrs. Choke seemed transfixed with horror and indignation at her husband's misconduct, Sam took the opportunity to retire, deeming that he had said enough to leave the Hon. Martin in a very considerable fix. He therefore placed his card on the hall table and disappeared, perfectly satisfied with the issue of his scheme.

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GIRLS' GOSSIP.

DEAREST AMY,—What a short, short letter was your last! You wicked girl; I ought in justice to retaliate in kind, and, indeed, would do so, only that I want to free my poor memory of sundry items with which it has been burdened, in your interests. How do you manage to remember things? I sometimes leash two ideas together like a couple of dogs, to prevent them straying, and when there are too many to be comfortably bracketed in pairs, I have to, metaphorically, stick them severally through with a pin, like entomological specimens; and there they uncomfortably wriggle, until released. So, let me proceed to unpin them.

First, I have long been wanting to tell you a little anecdote of a maid Lilla brought to London, fresh from the country. One morning, when Lady Blank's tall, powdered footman brought a note, this inexperienced little person was heard to exclaim to the parlour-maid: "Oh, come here, come here! There's a man in the hall with a young, young face, and a head like the driven snow!" What a satire upon the absurdity of powdered heads!

And have you seen the new *menu* and name cards? They showed them to us at Parkins & Gotto's when we went to buy some invitation cards for our last Cinderella. There are copies of old frescoes along the top of the card, the whole of which is roughly washed over with sepia, in such a way as to give the appearance of an old sheet of thin paper, with ragged edges, laid upon the card. They are very effective, especially those of Japanese design, in which a very fine tint of red is introduced. The butterfly cards are very pretty. Two butterflies, placed at opposite angles of the card, are provided with adjustable wings, so that when lightly pressed up between the fingers, they look as though they had just alighted. They are all different, and all faithfully copied from nature's liberal store of specimens.

If you want invitation cards for a children's party, get those with a Kate Greenaway figure in the corner and the words "Will you come?" instead of R.S.V.P.

As everybody uses cards now instead of notepaper, you may like to know that these are made in the rough, jagged-edged Papyrus paper, imitated from the old style paper used before the subtleties of "cream-laid note" were discovered. The shape is oblong, and the envelope, of course,

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is in the same form, and so made as to recall the folding of an old letter in the days when members of Parliament were besieged for "franks," before the introduction of that by no means unmingled blessing, the penny post.

We were calling on Evelyn the other day, and met some people who live at Bedford Park, of which you may have heard as the Queen Anne suburb. I have never seen the place except from the vantage point of the window of a railway carriage, whence it appears rather a glare of red brick, which makes the eye long for trees—many and large. We were, therefore, much surprised to hear these ladies talk of the place in a curiously exalted strain. I really thought for a few moments that they were conversing about Paradise, and wondered at the exactness of detail that appeared to characterise their information. Flowers always blooming, and skies always bright; sun always shining, existence idyllic, &c., &c.; these were a few of the phrases. Consequently it was quite a shock when the elder lady, including me in the conversation, remarked: "And then our drainage is so perfect!" I was really disconcerted for a moment. She added: "And our club is so charming," and I then adjusted myself to the circumstances and inquired: "Where is this delightful place?" Maud and I were regarded as outer barbarians because we not only had never been at Bedford Park, but actually knew no one who lived there. It appeared incredible to our new acquaintances; and when the elder lady said: "And have you not seen our newspaper?" and I replied, humbly: "No, I did not know you had one;" she seemed quite compassionate over so much ignorance. From her air of incredulous surprise one would have thought I had said I had never heard of the *Times*.

Now, Amy dear, I was intensely amused, though I put on a beguiling air of touching humility, being anxious to draw these ladies out. I had heard of this æsthetic colony, of course, and found that I had been by no means wrong in imagining that Tennyson must have had them prophetically in his mind's eye when he wrote the line:

They think the cackle of their burg the murmur of the world.

I hope I shall meet some more specimens, for the manners and customs of these little cliques are very amusing.

In certain circles a peculiarly odious form of valse has just been introduced. It is called "The Kensington." The lady makes a sort of crook of her arm, and through this her partner passes his hand, which he spreads in very ugly fashion over her back. Thus, holding each other at arms' length, they totter about, taking short steps, and running round each other. I suppose they keep time in some occult fashion, but they have no appearance of doing so, which adds to the idiotic look of the affair. The man, especially, looks excessively ludicrous—a painfully pitiable object. I shed tears over the only one I have ever seen executing this peculiar step. I may confess to you that they were tears of laughter, all the more delightful because the emotion had to be religiously concealed for good manners' sake.

The worst of it is that these extended couples get terribly in the way of more orthodox dancers. They look like horizontal windmills blown round by a fantastic, invisible wind.

Have you ever, in a railway carriage, sat next one of those homicidal hair-pins with long, sharp points, and wondered into what portion of your frame it would run in case of an accident? I have occasionally indulged in this agreeable vein of speculation, but never with such poignancy as the other day, when my next neighbour, in a crowded carriage, displayed two particularly horrid tortoise-shell pins, on which her bonnet rested. The points of both were towards me, just on a line with my ear. Both were curved in and out, small rising-grounds alternating with sudden cavities, a shape that put a sharp edge on my pleasant fancies.

I must tell you about a lovely dinner-dress Mrs. Kendal wears in "A Scrap of Paper," which we went to see the other night, and laughed at almost hysterically. There was a very brilliant audience, and we observed that plush is *the* material for theatre-wraps, and that some of the nicest-looking people did *not* wear their hair on the top of their heads. A very distinguished-looking woman wore her fair hair turned back over a small cushion, and the back hair plaited low on the neck; one thick plait being brought up and pinned behind the cushion so as to keep it in its place. And a very handsome dark-haired girl wore a magnificent coil of glossy locks at the back of the head, raised just sufficiently from the neck not to interfere with her Medicis collar of Brussels lace stretched on thin wire. When these collars are properly made, they form a most becoming frame for the face and neck, giving the effect of a very delicate background.

But the dinner-dress. It is of black silk or satin and lace. The front is made of pleated cardinal silk, over which falls a second skirt of black lace, edged with lace flounces and brightened with jet. At one side there is a panel of similar lace, edged up the sides with narrow flounces. The train is plain silk or satin, and is just long enough for grace. The bodice is low, but comes high over the shoulders in a very becoming curve. It is edged with black lace, and has no white tucker. The sleeves reach nearly to the elbow, and are made of pleated black net, edged with lace, and a sweet little satin bow is placed midway upon the folds of net. Now add red stockings and embroidered shoes, also magnificent diamond ornaments, and you have all the details of the picture.

Many ladies now enter the theatre with their heads swathed in lace, which they sometimes do not remove during the whole evening. This swathing is one of those crucial processes which know no medium between brilliant success or utter failure. If the lace is not gracefully arranged, it is grotesque. It must be rather tight, yet seem to be loose; it must have the air of negligence, while it really needs much care. There *are* women who can in an instant roll themselves up in yards of lace, and look like pictures. But these are rare. A certain genius of coquetry is needed to accomplish such feats. Previous study before a mirror is necessary, as well as a general knowledge of one's "points."

You do not object to a little coquetry in a woman, do you? I confess I think there is something lacking in one who is wholly careless about pleasing. Of course, it is odious to see a girl laying herself out to please a man, and taking visible pains to be agreeable. The man himself must feel a little contempt for her, unless, indeed, he thinks very highly of himself. But, on the other hand, I like watching a woman who has all her little weapons bright and ready. It is delightful to see her deploying her forces and skilfully conquering an unpromising subject; to see the man's face lose its languor, and gradually grow eager; her apparent indifference increasing in proportion as his disappears. Her armoury seems so insufficient, like David's sling and stone, but it does such damage. A word spoken in a soft tone, a look coming at an unexpected moment, or a gesture with a pretty hand, and the business is finished. And I really think that an Englishwoman, when she has it in her, is more dangerous than any other.

But, oh, Amy, how *dull* some women are! Everything they say seems to have come out of a phrase-book. They smile just the same width each time, showing exactly the same number of teeth. Their eyebrows go up, as if by measurement, when they wish to look surprised. (They never *are* surprised, being too lymphatic.) They never have an original thought, or form an opinion for themselves; and when any one dares to be original in their presence, they send up their eyebrows their limited journey, like a *ballon captif*, and say, "Oh, indeed!" Such people always remind me of the American novelist's delicious sentence: "You can't go mountaineering in a flat country."

Here is a capital dish for Lent:—Cod-fish *à la sauce Hollandaise*. Scale your fish, draw it through the gill openings, boil it in water with salt, drain the water off, place the fish on a large dish, surrounded by boiled potatoes, and pour over the whole your *sauce Hollandaise*, which is made as follows:—Take half a pound of fresh butter, two spoonfuls of flour, the yolks of five or six eggs, and mix all well together. Place this species of paste on a slow fire

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and moisten with half a glass of water and the juice of three good-sized lemons. Add pepper and salt. Never cease stirring this sauce till on the point of dishing up, and only serve it when sufficiently thick.

A delicious dish, called "Homard à la Créole," is prepared in the following manner:—Take two fine boiled lobsters, separate the two tails, extract the flesh, and put it in a saucepan with fresh butter. Take another saucepan, in which you will put butter, thyme, bay-leaf, parsley, a minced shalot, the inside of the lobster, and two good glasses of cognac. Let the whole cook for three-quarters of an hour, then place the flesh of the lobster-tails in a dish, add a few cooked tomatoes, pour your boiling sauce over the dish, and serve up.

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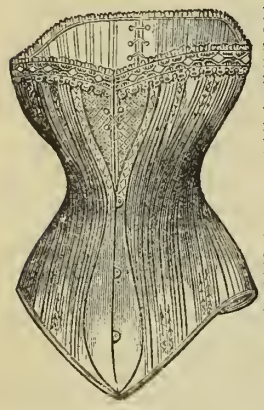

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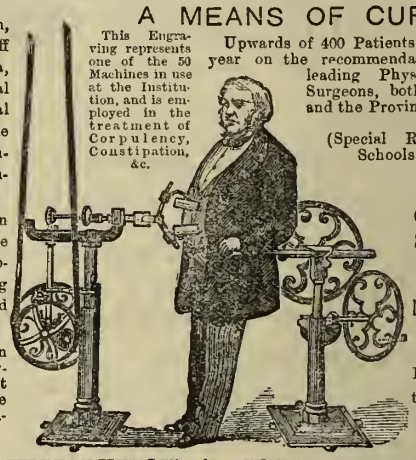

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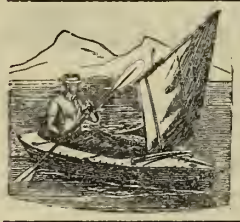

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Clean, large, free burning, very economical, little smoke, 2 tons, Challenge will last longer and give better service than 3 tons Kitchen.

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DAILY DELIVERIES ALL OVER LONDON.

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The "Y and N PATENT DIAGONAL SEAM CORSET," and the "Y and N PATENT DIAGONAL CURATIVE MAGNETIC CORSET," May be had of all Drapers and Ladies' Outfitters.

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Having advantageously purchased a Large Parcel of **SUPERFINE HABIT CLOTHS** *for Tailor-made Dresses,*

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has determined to offer the same at an extremely low price before the Season commences, with a view of retaining his large staff of workers and keeping his cutters, &c., fully employed. These Cloths are the most fashionable material now in vogue, and are largely worn by **Royalty** *and the* **élite of London** *and* **Paris.** *They can be had in all the Newest Shades of colour, are thoroughly shrunk, and make* **the most elegant and perfect Dresses imaginable.** *The usual price is from Eight Guineas; but, with the above object in view, until the Season begins, the price will be* **Six and a Half Guineas,** *less ten per cent.* **(13/6)** *for Cash with order.* On and after March 15th, or before, if this Parcel of Cloth is sold out, *the original price will have to be charged, viz.,* **Eight Guineas.**

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Three Castles."

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Suites. Oak, American walnut, or mahogany, consisting of sideboard, with bevel plate-glass back, dining tables, six small chairs, and two easy chairs in leather, £21.

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JAMS, JELLIES, MARMALADE, AND BOTTLED FRUITS.

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Prepared for Family Use: also for Export to all parts of the World, and used by the principal Mail Steamship Companies.

Specialties: 'Home-made' Strawberry Jam & Orange Marmalade.

SOLD BY ALL THE PRINCIPAL GROCERS, ITALIAN WAREHOUSEMEN, &c.

HOWELL & JAMES, LIMITED,
Registered under the Companies Acts, 1862 to 1883, as a Company Limited by Shares.

CAPITAL, £150,000, in 30,000 Shares of £5 each.

First Issue of 20,000 Shares. £1 per Share payable on Application; £1 on Allotment; £1. 10s. on 31st March, 1884; and the remainder as required, in Calls not exceeding 10s. per Share. It is not expected that further Calls will be required, but should any be necessary, they are only to be determined on by a General Meeting of Shareholders.

DIRECTORS.
JOHN GOW, Esq. | JOSIAH WILLEY, Esq.
T. BUXTON MORRISH, Esq.

SOLICITORS.
Messrs. PHELPS, SIDGWICK & BIDDLE, 18, Gresham-street, E.C.

BROKERS.
Messrs. COATES, SON, & CO., 99, Gresham-street, E.C.

AUDITORS.
Messrs. THEODORE JONES, HILL, & CO., 1, Finsbury-circus. E.C.

BANKERS.
The London and Westminster Bank Limited, 1, St. James's-square, S.W.

The Business of Messrs, HOWELL, JAMES, & CO., of 5, 7, & 9, Regent-street, Pall-mall, and 10, Charles-street, St. James's-square, London, has a widely-known reputation; it was founded about three-quarters of a century ago, and has been carried on with great success to the present time.

For several years past the gentlemen constituting the present Board of Directors of the Company have been the sole partners in the firm; but, in consequence of the wish of one of them to retire, a fresh arrangement becomes necessary for the future conduct of the business. It has been determined, therefore, to convert it into a Limited Company.

The two first-named Directors have agreed to undertake the management and active personal supervision of the business. The retiring partner also consents to take a seat at the Board, and will give the Company the benefit of his long experience. The various departments will be carried on exactly as heretofore, under the same experienced managers and competent assistants.

The properties to be purchased by the Company comprise the leaseholds of the handsome block of renaissance buildings in Regent-street, Pall-mall, rebuilt by the Firm within the last three years, the adjoining modern premises in Charles-street, St. James's-square, together with the fixtures, furniture, and stock-in-trade, and an agreement for the purchase thereof and the transfer of the business as a going concern to a Joint-Stock Company has been duly entered into with the continuing members of the Firm.

The leasehold premises will be acquired at the valuation made by Messrs. Rushworth, Abbott, and Stevens; the substantial trade fixtures and household furniture at a valuation recently made, and the stock-in-trade will be taken in the manner hitherto adopted at the ordinary stock-taking of the Firm, subject to the examination and approval of Mr. F. H. Collison (of the firm of Ladbury, Collison, and Viney, accountants, 99, Cheapside, London), on the part of the Company.

It is not proposed that the Company should take over the book debts of the Firm, but the debts owing to or from the latter will be received and paid through the Counting House of the Company, so that, whilst the present financial arrangements will not be interrupted, the Company will incur no risk in respect of them.

The business is of a most special and complete character, embracing separate departments for silks, laces, costumes, and all branches of general drapery, together with the finest productions of art in jewellery, silver plate, clocks, bronzes, porcelain, and decorative articles. The Firm have a long-established reputation for good taste and reliable judgment in every section of the business, and their numerous and influential patrons include many of the highest personages in the Court and Aristocratic circles.

The advanced standard of public taste attained during the past few years has created an increased demand for artistic objects, and the popular exhibitions of such works in the well-known art galleries of the Firm have reached a high measure of success under the most distinguished sanction and support.

The antecedents and present position of this prosperous business would justify a large premium being asked and given for the goodwill; but, as the members of the Firm will retain as large an interest in the share capital as is permitted by the rules of the Stock Exchange, no payment on that account will be demanded.

The subjoined Certificate of Messrs. Theodore Jones, Hill, & Co., who have systematically audited the accounts and prepared the half-yearly balance sheets for the last fourteen years, will show that the business is in a healthy and prosperous condition, and is being successfully and profitably conducted.

CERTIFICATE.

We hereby certify that the net earnings of the business of Messrs. Howell, James, & Co., have, on the basis of the average of the past five years and also of the last three years, been more than sufficient to pay a dividend of 10 per cent. on the amount of the intended paid-up capital of the Limited Company.

In making this statement we have allowed for a depreciation of the leases and fixtures at such rate per annum as will extinguish them entirely, with interest at 5 per cent., by the end of the term of the leases.

(Signed) THEODORE JONES, HILL, & CO.,
Chartered Accountants and Actuaries,
1, Finsbury-circus.

The Directors will not be entitled to any remuneration except such as may be voted to them at a general meeting, unless the net profits, after deducting the remuneration, shall be sufficient for the payment of a dividend at the rate of not less than £10 per cent. per annum on the paid-up capital.

There will be no outlay on the part of the Company for promotion, the only expenses payable being the legal costs connected with the registration of the Company and the expenses consequent upon the transfer of the properties.

The Directors will most carefully avoid burdening the Company with any large amount of extra expenditure, the object being to conduct the affairs as nearly as possible with the economy of a private firm.

It is intended that the business of the Company shall commence as from the 18th February, 1884, and an early application will be made for a quotation at the Stock Exchange, with a view to make the Shares readily negotiable.

Annexed is a form of application for Shares. In the event of an allotment not being made, the deposit will be returned to the applicant in full.

Further information and copies of the prospectus can be obtained of Messrs. Phelps, Sidgwick & Biddle, No. 18, Gresham-street, E.C.; of Messrs. Coates, Son, & Co., of No. 99, Gresham-street, E.C.; of Messrs. Theodore Jones, Hill, & Co., No. 1, Finsbury-circus, E.C.; and at the Registered Offices of the Company, No. 5, Regent-street, Pall-mall, S.W., where copies of the Memorandum and the Articles of Association and of the Agreement above referred to may be seen.

The before-mentioned Agreement is dated 26th February, 1884, and is made between John Gow and Josiah Willey of the one part and Alfred Newble of the other part.

Reference to any Agreements entered into in the ordinary course of the business of the old firm, or of the Company must be considered as waived.

1st March, 1884.

THE ILFRACOMBE HOTEL, with the mild winter climate of Western Devon.—Rooms facing South, overlooking the Hotel Gardens, specially fitted for Winter use. Reduced tariff from 1st November. Address the Manager, Ilfracombe, Devon.

NORFOLK HOTEL,

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This OLD-ESTABLISHED COUNTY FAMILY HOTEL,

Entirely rebuilt in 1866, and more recently enlarged, is replete with every comfort, and in the best situation in Brighton, between the West Pier and the extensive Lawn Promenade. Ladies' and Gentlemen's Coffee Room, Reading, Billiards, and Smoking Rooms. GEORGE D. LEGGE, Manager.

IMPERIAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY. (Established 1803), 1, Old Broad-street, E.C., and 22, Pall Mall, S.W.—Capital £1,600,000; Paid-up and Invested, £700,000. E. COZENS SMITH, General Manager.

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HOLBORN BARS, LONDON, E.C.
REVERSIONS PURCHASED.
EVERY DESCRIPTION OF LIFE ASSURANCE AND ANNUITY BUSINESS TRANSACTED.

The ordinary policies in this Company become absolutely indisputable after they have been in existence five years, or immediately to the extent of the principal, interest, and costs, not exceeding the sum assured, if assigned to an innocent holder for a *bonâ fide* consideration.

LIFE ASSOCIATION OF SCOTLAND

(For Life Assurance and Annuities).

Funds **£2,740,000**
Annual Revenue **£470,400**

LOANS made on Freeholds, Leaseholds, and other securities, including Life Interests, and Absolute or Contingent Reversions. Loans upon Reversions are made at annual interest, or in consideration of a deferred charge.

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General Accidents.	Personal Injuries.
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C. HARDING, Manager

64, CORNHILL.
PERILS ABOUND ON EVERY SIDE!!

THE RAILWAY PASSENGERS' ASSURANCE COMPANY insures against Accidents of all kinds, on land or water, and has the Largest Invested Capital, the Largest Income, and pays yearly the Largest Amount of Compensation of any Accidental Assurance Company. Chairman, Harvie M. Farquhar, Esq. Apply to the Clerks at the Railway Stations, the Local Agents, or West-end Office, 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Charing Cross; or at the Head Office, 64, Cornhill, London, E.C. WILLIAM J. VIAN, Secretary.

LONDON AND COUNTY ADVANCE AND DISCOUNT COMPANY, Limited.—Cash advanced from £10 to £500, without preliminary fees or deductions for interest, for short or long periods, repayable by easy instalments, at moderate rates upon approved security. Bills discounted. Forms free.—Offices, 57 and 58, Chancery-lane, W.C.—JOHN STONE, Secretary.

THE OCEAN STEAM YACHTING COMPANY, Limited, intend despatching their Screw Steam Yacht *CEYLON*, 2,200 tons register (now in the Victoria Docks), on PLEASURE CRUISES, as follows:—

On the 15th of March, for a two months' cruise to the Mediterranean.
In May, for a three weeks' cruise to the Atlantic Islands.
In June, for a six weeks' cruise to the Northern Latitudes.
In August, for a fortnight's cruise round the United Kingdom.
In September, for a one month's cruise to the Atlantic Islands.
In December (if sufficient inducement offers), for a Winter's Cruise in the West Indies.

During the March cruise the *Ceylon* will visit Gibraltar, Nice, Naples, and Ischia, Palermo, Piræus (for Athens), Cyprus, Jaffa (for the Holy Land), Port Said, Alexandria (for the Scenes of the Egyptian Campaign), Malta, Algiers and Cadiz.

Fare, including table wine and boat service, 120 guineas each (two in a cabin), or 200 guineas for a whole cabin for one.

For particulars apply at the Passenger Office, 7, Pall-mall, S.W., or 11, Abchurch-lane, E.C.

MANITOBA AND THE CANADIAN NORTH-WEST.

For full particulars and the newest pamphlets descriptive of the country and its resources, apply personally or by letter to

ALEXANDER BEGG, G. E. Agent,

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY,

88, Cannon-street, London, E.C.

NOTE.—The Offices of the CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY COMPANY have recently been removed from 101, to 88, Cannon-street.

A. BEGG, G. E. Agent, Canadian Pacific Railway.

MESSRS. H. HALFORD & CO., Stock and Share Brokers, 2, Royal Exchange Avenue, London, E.C. Daily CLOSING Price List and market report on application. Speculative accounts opened on terms to be ascertained. Special business in "Options" at CLOSE MARKET PRICES. No "DISTANCES."

MONEY ADVANCED AT A DAY'S NOTICE by the NATIONAL DEPOSIT BANK,
16 and 17, Russell Street, Covent Garden, London, Established 1867,
From £30 to £2,000,

To male or female, in town or country, upon note of hand, furniture, or stock, without removal. Also upon foreign stocks, bonds, shares, deeds, life policies, jewellery and plate, from one month to ten years, at £5 per cent. No sureties required. All communications strictly private.

Advances made to Farmers upon crops without publicity.
Prospectus forwarded gratis. State amount required.

WALTER RUSSELL, Manager.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—The above bank has the largest capital and lends more money annually than any two or three combined of the largest advance offices throughout England.

MONEY.—UNION DEPOSIT BANK, No. 17, King William-street, Charing-cross, London, W.C.

Established 1867.—Capital, £225,000; reserve, £120,000.

ADVANCES made without deductions, for short or long periods, in sums of £20 to £2,000, on personal security, furniture, stock-in-trade (without removal); also deeds, life policies, at 5 per cent., without mortgage expenses, from one to 10 years. Prospectus gratis, or post-free on application (personal visit preferred).

ROBERT P. HART, Manager.

N.B.—No fees. No sureties. First letter of applicant immediately attended to. Special terms for country loans. Distance no object. Easy repayments, and no genuine application refused. A gentleman sent from the bank to carry out all arrangements. Deposits received at three-and-a-half per cent.

TROCADERO (The Eden Theatre of London), Great Windmill-street, Haymarket.—Proprietor, Mr. R. R. Bignell.—New Company of Eminent Performers.—Fraulein LACAJI and M. François de Blanche, Miss Vance, Miss Nellie Moon, Mr. Henri Clark, and extensive programme of comic and serio-comic artistes. Important Notice.—Popular prices. EVERY EVENING. Boxes, one guinea; orchestral stalls, 2s.; balcony fauteuils, 1s.; 500 comfortable area seats at 6d. Doors open at seven; commence at 7.30. Day Performance Monday Next at three. Treasurer, Mr. W. Hehl; Manager, Mr. C. Merion.

THE WEST ARGENTINE GOLD COMPANY, LIMITED.

Incorporated under the Companies Acts 1862 to 1880, whereby the liability of the Shareholders is limited to the amount of their Shares.

SPECIAL FEATURES.

NO CASH is payable to the Vendors, who receive THE WHOLE of the consideration for the Properties IN SHARES.

A large portion of the Capital has already been applied for by the Directors and their Friends.

The Directors will take NO FEES until the Company has paid a Dividend, when they will be paid by a percentage on net profits.

The value of these Properties has already been proved, considerable quantities of gold having been extracted, prior to the purchase by the Vendors, under great difficulties for want of Capital.

Climate and general conditions of Mining excellent, Wages low, Labour plentiful, Register Titles.

Situated in the centre of a rich Mineral District.

Capital, £50,000, in 50,000 Shares of £1 each. Of which 16,000 Shares are reserved as payment to the Vendors, 2,000 Shares are to be allotted as fully paid-up in part payment for the Machinery. About 10,000 Shares have been applied for, and the remaining 22,000 Shares are now offered for Subscription. Payment as follows:—5s. on Application, 5s. on Allotment, and the remaining 10s. as required, not within three months from Allotment.

The Articles provide (to meet the expressed wish of applicants) for the issue of Share Warrants to Bearer.

DIRECTORS.

Major-General Wm. Agnew, 6, Bolsize Park Gardens.
John Belcher, Esq., 5, Adelaide Place, London Bridge, E.C.
John Turner Hopwood, Esq., Ketton Hall, Stamford.
Thomas Rowland Jordan, Esq., 52, Gracechurch-st, E.C.
(With power to add to their number.)

BANKERS—The London and County Banking Company, Lim., 21, Lombard-st., E.C.
SOLICITOR—Keddey R. Fletcher, Esq., 18, Finsbury-circus.
SECRETARY (*pro tem.*)—Mr. A. J. Young.
OFFICES—35, Queen Victoria-street, London.

ABRIDGED PROSPECTUS.

This Company is established to acquire the Gold Alluvial known as the Cañada Honda and the Carolina and Rumaldo Gold Mines, all situate in the Province of San Luis, Argentine Republic, South America. A full description of these properties may be read in Mr. A. G. Lock's recent Standard Work on "*Gold; its Occurrence and Extraction*," pp. 196 to 198.

That these Alluvials in depth are enormously rich in gold has been amply proven by the operations of former "diggers," who, wherever they have been able to reach the bed rock without encountering water, as for example, on the saddles of the ridges that jut out into the valley, the extremities of which are covered with alluvium, have extracted large quantities of gold, approaching in yield the best Australian claims in their palmiest days.

Careful and elaborate Reports have been received from Mr. A. F. Wileman, late Manager of the San Francisco Gold Mining Company, who has had considerable experience of Gold Mining both in South America and Australia. Major F. J. Ricarde-Seaver, F.R.S., Edinburgh, late Government Inspector-General of Mines in the Argentine Republic, has also favourably reported upon the properties. The original Reports may be seen on application at the office of the Company.

A very considerable yield of gold has been secured by Senor Mauricio Morales, with but slight expenditure of capital. It appears from Mr. A. F. Wileman's Report that in September-November of 1881, from the treatment of 260 cubic yards of pay-dirt, Senor Mauricio Morales obtained 65¾ oz. of pure gold, or ¼ oz. per yard, and that the yield was sure to be richer as the valley was ascended. It is well known that by Hydraulic Working in California a yield of 3d. to 6d. worth of gold per cubic yard, affords a handsome profit.

A more recent operation yielded from the treatment of pay-dirt 20 yards in width by 12 yards in length, after the removal of 2,164½ cubic yards of superincumbent black soil and rubble, gold dust and nuggets of the aggregate weight of 60¾ oz. This gold has been received and may be seen at the office of the Company.

Mr. Wileman in his report states:—

"The gold of the Cañada Honda is usually coarse, and I have repeatedly seen nuggets varying from 1 oz. to 5 oz. in weight. It varies in fineness from 805 milesemos, and is worth about £3. 15s. per oz.

"Limiting the working days to 300 in the year and working over 450 cubic yards of pay-dirt per day, it will be necessary to move black soil and gravel, exclusive of pay-dirt, to the amount of 4,050 cubic yards per diem, or say a total of 1,215,000 cubic yards per annum, which, at the average yield of 56¾ oz. gold per diem (¼ oz. per cubic yard, half the yield now being obtained), will give, at £3. 15s. per oz., a Net Annual Profit of £61,456 sterling.

"The whole of the works I have indicated can be concluded under contract within six months of commencement. In conclusion, I have no hesitation in affirming that this property is a solid and valuable one, and that worked on a proper footing, it will give brilliant results to its owners."

Two tons of original pay-dirt, taken from the point at which present operations are being carried on, have also been received, and samples can be seen at the Office.

Two samples taken at random from the above mineral have been submitted for assay with the following results:—

F. Claudet certifies the sample to contain—Gold, 7 dwt. per ton of 20 cwt.
Silver, 9 ,, ,, ,,
Johnson, Matthey, & Co. certify ,, Gold, 0·250 ,, ,,
Silver, 0·500 ,, ,,

Indicating a value of 30 per cent. higher than Morales' actual results, and showing that improved contrivances will afford a considerably richer yield than the estimates now given, upon which Mr. A. F. Wileman's calculations of probable profit are based.

In addition to the above alluvial deposits, the Company has purchased the well-known Carolina Mines, also referred to in Mr. Lock's work already alluded to, pages 198 to 200, and in other works on the Argentine Republic, such as De Mussey's "La Republic Argentine;" Brackenbush. "Gold in the Argentine Republic," &c. &c.

Some estimate may be formed of the value of the gold quartz of this district from the Assays of Stone made by Mr. F. Claudet, Assayer to the Bank of England.

In 1882 (April) a parcel of Ore from the Carolina Lode gave the following result:—

Gold	22 oz. 7 dwt. 12 grs.	per ton of 20 cwt.
Silver	6 oz. 7 dwt. 0 grs.	,, ,,

And from another Assay—

Gold	6 oz. 19 dwt. 9 grs.	,, ,,
Silver	1 oz. 16 dwt. 0 grs.	,, ,,

Still more significant is the fact that in 1878, Quartz, weighing 1 cwt. 1 qr. 27 lb., taken from different levels of the Carolina Mines, was purchased by Messrs. Johnson, Matthey & Co. at 80s. per cwt., being equivalent to a yield of 20 oz. gold per ton of rough Quartz.

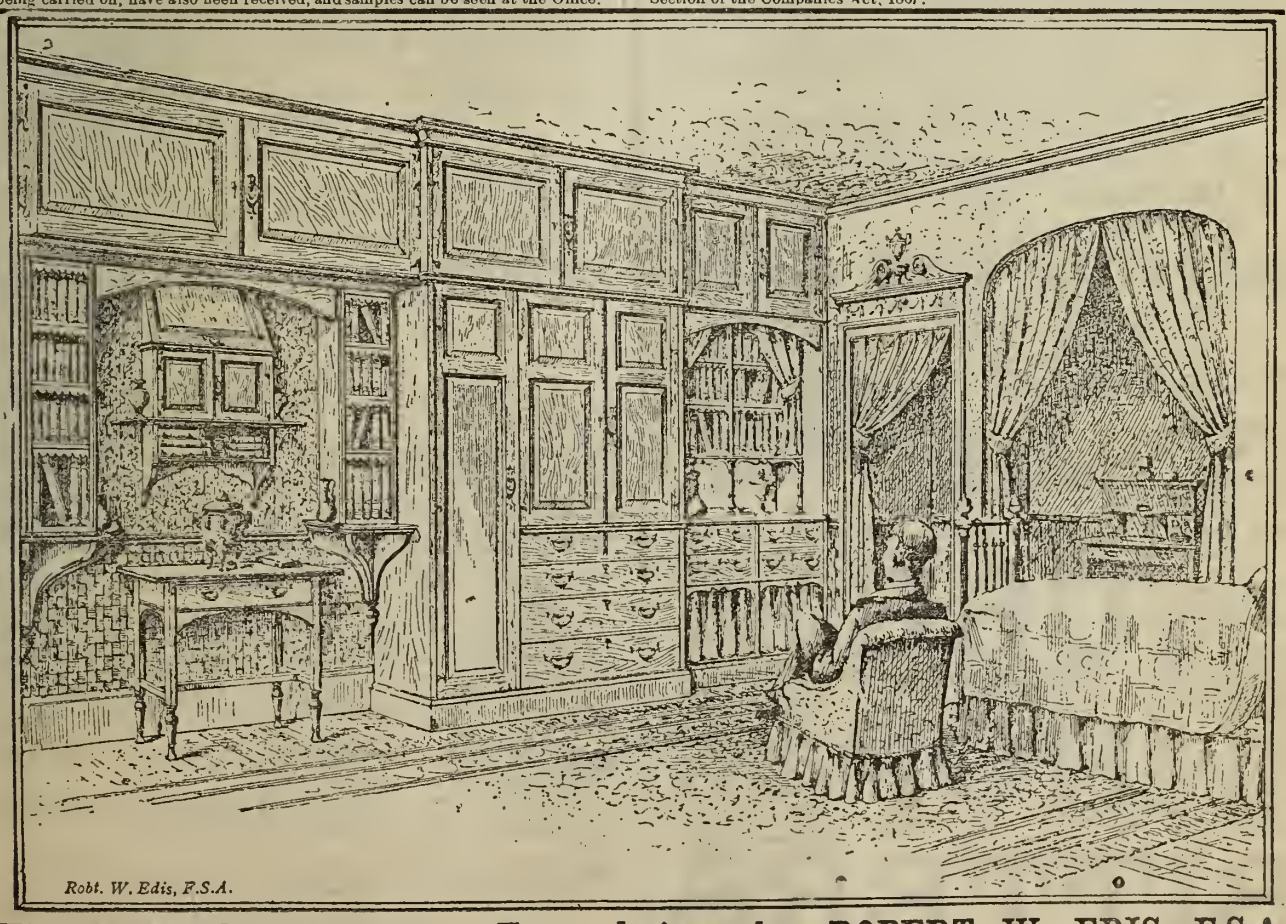
A new Lode has, within the last few months, been discovered running parallel to the Carolina Lode. A shaft has been sunk upon this new vein to the depth of 45 feet, and from 200 to 300 tons ore have been brought to surface, reported to average from 1 oz. to 3 oz. gold to the ton throughout. A small quantity of this ore has been received and submitted to Mr. Claudet, who certifies it to assay—of gold 4 oz. 9 dwt. and of silver 1 oz. 12 dwt. per ton. And by the same opportunity a further sample of the pyritous ores from the Carolina Vein has been received, which on assay by Mr. Claudet affords of gold 9 oz. 3 dwt. and of silver 2 oz. 9 dwt. per ton of quartz.

Regarding the financial prospects of the Company, it will be observed that Mr. A. F. Wileman's reports, which should be read in connection with Major Ricarde-Seaver's remarks thereupon, show that the Cañada Honda Alluvials alone, under favourable circumstances, may yield an annual return of £61,456 sterling, and the Carolina Mines, based upon a monthly treatment of only 288 tons of ore, £22,730, being together a possible net profit of over £83,000 per annum.

The Vendors have made over their entire interests in these properties for 16,000 fully-paid Shares in the Company. Of these, 4,897 Shares are to be allotted to Mr. Henry St. John Wileman, the original owner of one-half of the Alluvials, and the Balance of 11,103 Shares amongst the other Vendors, who have expended about £7,000 in the acquisition of the other properties under specially favourable circumstances.

Applicants for Shares may inspect the Contracts or copies of the same, together with the Memorandum and Articles of Association, and Agreement with the Company, at the office of the Solicitor to the Company. Plans, Maps, and Photographs, as well as samples of Quartz, gold from alluvial, and pay-dirt, may be seen on application at the office of the Company.

Should no allotment be made the amounts paid on application will be returned in full. Subscribers for Shares will be held to have waived all rights under the 38th Section of the Companies Act, 1867.



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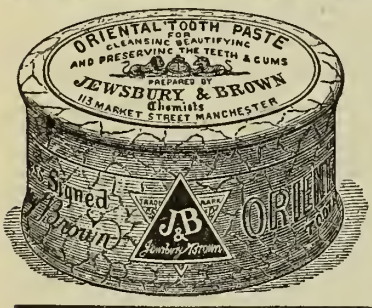

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OUR PUZZLES.

"Truth" Puzzle, No. 262.—Address to the "White Elephant."—W. E. MacCarthy, 14, Bromehead-street, Commercial-road, E., £2. 2s. "Truth" Puzzle, No. 263.—Sentence made from Words selected from "Tauth" for February 7.—Friar Tuck (R. J. Bragg, Esq., Catherwood House, Market Harborough), £1. 1s.; Fil (R. J. Gaaaaway, Esq., 53, Upper Gloucester-place, N.W.), £1. 1s.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 264.

In accordance with my promise, an additional selection of "Parliamentary Alphabets" is published this week. This being the case, I reserve making the announcement of the Prize-winner in this Competition for another week, in accordance with my invariable rule under such circumstances.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 267.

The Competition for this week is one in which all the readers of Tauth may take part. No originality or skill in rhyming or versification is necessary; all that is required is the expenditure of time and patience in a marked degree. On this and the following page will be found 100 specimens in which, according to the heading, either a proverb or well-known saying is "buried." Very well, then; the task set to would-be competitors is if possible to unbury the saws and sayings in question, and the Prize of Two Guineas will be given to the Competitor who

Exhumes Correctly the Largest Number of such Proverbs, &c.

As some of the new Puzzle-solvers may have, possibly, never assisted in a competition of this kind, I will explain exactly what is meant by the process of unburying or exhumation. Let us, then, take an easy sample not included in those published below:—

"We happened to go to church, and so met a Bishop with at least twenty daughters; some in their youth, and some old enough to do essential service as chaperons."—Sexton.

Now, in this sentence, a well-known proverb of twenty-six letters is hidden or "buried," the letters composing each word of it being grouped together. A little investigation will, I think, lead to the conclusion that the proverb in question is "Handsome is that handsome does," which is hidden in the following manner:—

We happened to go to churcH AND SO MEt a hIShop wiTH AT least twenty daughters; some in their youtH AND SOME old enough to DO ESsential service as chaperons.

Now, in a similar way, a proverb or some well-known saying is hidden in each of the hundred specimens published this week, the length of the buried proverb or saying being expressed by the figures immediately before each *nom-de-plume*. The majority of the buried phrases are proverbs, I think, but there are many trite sayings also, none of which can be deemed at all unfamiliar. In sending in their list of exhumed Proverbs, &c., competitors need only quote the number of the paragraph from which each is exhumed, giving at the end the total number of saws they claim to have unburied.

Answers to Correspondents.

*** All answers to be sent to "The Puzzle Editor, Tauth Buildings, Carteret street, Queen Anne's-gate, S.W."

Punjaub.—Your first suggestion is impracticable. If you like to send specimens of the proposal in P.S. they shall receive every consideration.

THE PUZZLE EDITOR.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 265. ASSORTED SPECIMENS—GOOD AND OTHERWISE.

"BURIED" PROVERBS OR WELL-KNOWN SAYINGS.

*** The figures at the end of each "Specimen" represent the number of letters contained in the Proverb or Saying "buried" in it.—The P. E.

1. Society—how her enthusiasts worship at her Juggernaut car. Cases exist here, proving how illogical are these eagle-sighted place-hunting beings, scoffing at hereditary aggrandisement, yet striving to get her smile (53).—Altiora Peto.

2. Dear W.,—Henry must keep over Tyre and Co. Messages I never attempt. Here they do, or all over if lies are about of them. Win do! We need it (50).—The Old Obadiah.

3. Hazlitt left Nebo at sunrise for Alsadamus, to take epistles written early, towards Horeb. Ignorant of route, took ship, sailed to Majuma. Yearning after adventures, he had more than enough (49).—R.M.E.

4. Yes he sees Truth at Willington, others, too, perusing the leading topic, keep upholding "Gladstone's" opinions, yet feel dismayed at the lives lost over wanton Egyptian blunders (47). — Karay-Pippina.

5. How Henry considers Ada Mansell, his idol, very handsome, I can never grasp a notion; anyhow he really is now astonished that he never found out her ungentle manners (47).—Old Log.

6. They went forth a terrified, unwilling horde, unnoticing how he noted their dismayed aspect. "Now hence faint-hearted crew, ill-conditioned cheats," said the Marshal loudly, though averse to run a yard (46).—A Robin Hoon.

7. Silver How's soft heathery hills mean stores of domestic comfort. Illnesses, misdeeds, makeshifts, will, indeed, sadden and onerate us never more (43).—Pen and Ink.

8. Baker's troops were raw. He requires a trained army. Our faithful Arabs should reconnoitre—a sure means of discovering opponents' strength—ere unwillingly our faint-hearted allies must begin real soldiering (43).—Chica.

9. The recent warfare on every occasion is proof in earnest England should keep aloof. Is Heathenism not winning by these actions? Massacres prove verily Ethiopia needs drastic amendment about slaughter (42).—Janat.

10. No thin gelatine, though, is sold at all. If even Quebec (America), which imports much, buy all I keep, yet heaps remain. While a "vin" grossly over-rated sells profitably (41).—Tick.

11. First Hebe stood with Rowdero, her cold, withering look at her admirer as carved ice; then, foolishly toying with Rowdero's feelings, the minx finally saw a youth devoted to her (40).—Samoth.

12. Chastened Tewfik evermore must obey our official advice. You see, his thorough thrashing at Obeid rather offended England. Gordon Pasha immensely softened matters, so in Darfour one may live securely (40).—Roggae Shurt.

13. Everywhere Fate holdeth a talismanic garb or net over mankind; numbers would exchange destinies, but they know illimitable laws on every hand compel obedience; oblivion cannot drown edicts so omnipotent (40).—G. A. H.

14. Use the bit steadily, and no trouble will arise with each training a yearling receives. Avoid terrific oaths with atrocious curses. You will make more progress with easy, gentle management (37).—Sclaninga.

15. Dr. Morell Mackenzie, loquitur:—"It befits woman not to believe rules of thumb; let her escape now from corsets and give up laces till I keep her from such omens" (37).—Estarel.

16. The bees, blithe vernal love-songs softly hum,
Blending so sweetly with the restful air;
The noiseless, deep-laced twilight shadows come,
And well I ken the lass who meets me there (37).
Altiora Peto.

17. But, helgho! anarchic our senate and oft rueful, overrun everlastingly with conceited idlers ever unwelcome, who heedless moot heresies (36).—Tashilig.

18. To wit, a wise woman will, we know, indomitably curb low spirits, soon outpouring on every man youth's brightness of long ago, odours of days gone by (34).—Paste.

19. Now, here the rent was high; I saw ill-fed peasants that he refused to help, but I saw their loyal ways, and I saw a Yankee demagogue almost lynched (34).—Silly Suffolk.

20. That is strange Millicent Godwin down there wearing a felt hat. Excepting old Deb Low, she lives now quite alone. She proved my best friend many years ago, oddly enough (33).—Ivy Graan.

21. If they decide villagers will insist on notice that all assembled eat lamb. Lack-a-day! Easter then consists of pain, tedium, death (33).—E. Y. N.

22. Easter brings birdnesting into season for schoolboys, holiday excursions for their handsome sisters and their beaux to Isleworth, or to that wonderfully interesting place amongst others for lovers, Bushey Park (33).—Sphinx.

23. As Tel-el-Kebir dwindles into a forgotten theme fresh and disastrous outbreaks follow, or threaten hot work with the Mahdi. Nevertheless, should we succeed, the world will dub us heroes again (33).—Snipat.

24. Theresa and Anne are right, Henry did hide our tub on Easter Monday, lest Henrietta's wee Terence should bathe when heated by playing for a long time at hide-and-seek (33).—Apollo.

25. Give him sherbet we entreat you, or something that won't cost all his tools will he welcome at once, it helps to keep him from spinning round (33).—Amanda.

26. The young prodigal son, a loser very deep, now hopeless fawns on lying host, and Moutagu and Thwaites (32).—Bob Ridley.

27. I tell you I saw it planned and will win double with a trick; dab low sums on his nob, O! dye the cards and go odd man out (32).—Niahs.

28. A soldier in bravery, our General gave them a key. Our position will be desperate. Solemn ignoramus thou art. In the hay outside, Lieutenants all condemn the situation (32).—Uxoa.

29. The remarks this drunken man yelled in my ear were: "Wit rue the low; order glasses; poke not the fire; have some gin," and was jesting when a bobby appeared (32).—Cinnaaella.

30. Behold, on Tuesday will the Marshal loot illustrious grey oubliettes, rarely routing to find feathers wherewith to woo damsels (32).—You ann I.

31. A pretty woman years ago without fortune, had a rival better dowered. The suitor's father said to him: wool and comeliness and homestead combined, and be not rash or negligent (32).—Coamon.

32. He had a long run, easy for him however; Leslie saw that he would win, so he advanced with a triumphant hurrah below earshot of the æsthetic row next myself (32).—Ignoaamus.

33. Alheit, this journey to Thibet terminated tolerably pleasantly, we are feeling so utterly thankful to again behold vegetation, and hear a chorus twitted by Southern songsters (32).—Minx.

34. How hateful 'tis that wealth exerts such influence; yet may we see some so rich when others want. Wealth entices; 'tis the artificial bait true schemers use when other fails (32).—Malignant.

35. With eyes of filial softness, murmured the valser very gently: "Away with sorrow! hope on, Lydia dearest, and (like McLachlan) 'drive care awa' i' the whigmeleeries*!' " (32).—Camuria.

* Whims.

36. A birdingpiece is both easily and handily managed, but is worthless if fired at woodcocks in their ambush.—Hongus Bongus.

37. No, never was our excitement keener, as we made a flying ascent, he yelling with a terrific shout "Now I'll win." O! these heart-stirring times (31).—Jackdaw.

38. The Egyptian panorama, with Tel-el-Kebir depicted, exceeds imagination. With earth and ramparts raised below, or the contending armies in combat, wounded flinging themselves down, and others lying in ambush (33).—E. de M.

39. Somehow he never thought he erred in vacating his seat in such a way; with exceptional talents given him, I certainly marvelled to see how ill he displayed them (31).—Almione.

40. Strange weather! What could equal it? Yesterday sunshine and soft breezes, then a summer cyclone raging noisily; another change, and we hear torrents of fiercest rain eddying through the darkness (30).—Spaite.

41. I observe very frequently on examination that a rake seldom hath enjoyment. If I reason aright, to shun derisively the narrow path is to sorrow necessarily, weep other than joyfully (34).—Lupus.

42. Know henceforth, envious cynic, at issue with all, law aye proveth expensive alike to friend and foe. Polemic extravagance may form a yoke mayhap lays heaviest weight on thee (30).—Rapealaa.

43. The artiste we saw is elderly. She has three children. I know she sits alone because now nobody is admitted. Did you notice how fat her baby is? (30).—Cilikig.

44. And now henceforth e'en Sincat'a city saw
A youth elated mimic England's raw
Ill-trained recruit, whose step lay in retreat
(And then the proverb buried here repeat) (30).
—Paint Pots.

45. The general most fitted to command is he who never yields to difficulties. The benighted savage who has a vestige of courage will follow this man—yea, though an alien (30).—Winslow.

46. There's one thing I want that we don't possess. I only wish we had it! When in eager tones Pierrepoint says "I'll snatch," of course I say that he's lawless (30).—Juno.

47. Have not Ruth and Will Gray entertained their friends at last, and did they not manage well, seeing they were without a good cook and proper accommodation? (29).—Connie.

48. "Bradlaugh's no nearer," the snob uttered, as tho other snob raved "He's unseated." His way he has made, served the county well; but he's been unfairly treated (29).—Proverb.

49. I took with this sum, lent by Aunt Sal (on good security), Llanelly's thatched farmhouse, worth as much again as the money I now return in gold (29).—Eva Yoake.

50. I think I shall, on good grounds, feel a new man, with a thousand a month as an opening. Let's turn in, General (29).—Guinaa Pig.

51. Yet I see them all—on golden wings:
Old memories steal anew;
With a tear, with a sigh, with an old, old cry,
They return in ghostly hue (29).
Ned Nettap.

52. I think if Miss Fortescue's case fail, on grounds which reveal an evident plot hatched for her aggrandisement, the hasty nobleman's desire to overturn, ingloriously, his engagement may be excused (29).—Dora.

53. The political inconsistency of the Liberals will recoil on Gladstone's head, and deal an effectual blow both at his arch ascendency and his known desire to overturn ingenious institutions (29).—Coanelius.

54. The feast is ready. Along the flowing rill a network of ferns that flourish well extends. Let's hasten to the nook where the hot urn in gladsome freedom boils (29).—Nox.

55. Critical Englishmen are longing to have Graham's plan explained, and to hear by twenty-ninth at latest, Gordon Pasha's also, proving that he and our expedition will not return ingloriou (29).—Stella.

56. What, is the blame laid all on Gladstone? He will not fall an easy prey, but hath a sharp wit, and his mistaken opponents may return ingloriously from the encounter (29).—Gaigshola.

[Continued on next page.

57. Innerleithen—this town possesses a mineral well, on good authority, called "St. Ronan's Well," anent which Scott hath written. Though a somewhat unknown place, summer visitors return in great numbers (29).—Daudins.

58. The recreant Tories, a retrogressive party in other matters, recommended legislation, bnt would not snpport the measnre,* so flung it out ruthlessly (29).—Malsah.

* The Affirmation Bill.

59. I found a tree—a fir—standing majestically ont in the darkness, and, on turning, I succeeded in finding, at last, Ryde House, where my old fag Ainsley lives (29).—H. Marsh Green.

60. If altogether effete ministers inopportunely destroy allegiance abroad, Gladstone will earn ingratitude (28).—Daphnis.

61. Intelligent Englishmen, while they regret tbat ruthless slaughter of the gallant band at Sinkat, regard it as owing to the sham ephemeral Imperialism, which they believe leads to unmitigated evil. —Anonymous.

62. Altogether Englishmen pronounce Gordon one worth ingots, for repairing blunderers' most heedless nnskilfulness (28).—Neptune.

63. I fancy this Tory outcry, this weary, ontrageous attempt to show illegality, is as fntile as a cat chasing snow-flakes, and I must be excused if I shun his example (28).—Chemin.

64. As often as their fans were exhibited, each in turn, Ethel and Julia, waywsrdly objected, with show rather of pique (27).—Observer.

65. Silas often says the man swerved at the tnrn. Ethel saw a young bull there, and was somehow rather frightened (27).—Two Spoons.

66. He would fain try his skill in the art of coquetry. But the one veritude came; love's wonderment fairly mastered the lad—yes! and subdued him like a slave (26).—Rhytina.

67. Emma was often told to watch when the pans were full of milk; but, on her retnrn, Ethel saw a young fellow rather ugly carrying them off (27).—Goring.

68. Mnst the trnth escape? I've been rnstieating, love, since June, in Wales. Heard some splendid music at Chester from a new tenor. Naomi certainly has distinguished herself (27).—Skedannle.

69. Wisdom is fortune's gift. It is an everlasting protection for the weak, and a bad public omen when it leaves a country. Carousing, lying, and feasting banished it from Rome (26).—Giglio.

70. A prophet hath said that with fear and hatred Samaria is sterile (25).—Philadelphia.

71. Describe punishment assuredly nnrs, in willingly taking Tiffin demurely outdoors without blushing (27). —Forget-Me-Not.

72. Would Ahab admonish, if to Israel's gibbet termagant handmaidens were anon exposed (25)?—Bad Boy's Diary.

73. To tell me that rust is irremediable is nntrue. At no time have I found tbat correct: however, my honsekeeping experience is small, for my calling allots me other cares (25).—Invalid.

74. This theorising era, in sooth, with dolorous result, traineth the very soul of man to bad, aye, accurséd meditations (25).—Tooth Paste.

75. Gladstone wonld fain take away England's glory; hear the groans on every side; always some Parliamentary row on; affairs look bad indeed; finally, to crown all, a dynamite explosion (26).—Panny.

76. All women would fain try the art of enslaving. One very often wonders at the amonnt of airs and graces employed in making some unhappy lad yield to the enslaver (26).—Groton.

77. I fain those airs wonld hear to-day
In every hollow on our way
If airs, my gentle lad, you'll play (26).—
W. Val. English.

78. Fain there to breathe, Arthur (Guinevere's lord), now on fairy vessel a dying lay (26).—Moonshine.

79. From tufa in the Matlock caves you conld hear the water run ever so distinctly; tufa is formed somehow on the action of air. You are glad you saw it (26). —F. Ready.

SOLILOQUY—LORD G——LE.

80. I fain to the artificial world wonld seem a fool, and see on every brow only disdain, and sniff airily when papa says, "What a bad lad you are" (26).—Lednah.

81. When sbe saw her eyed by the respectable people, and saw ill-natured ones sneering, she lent her especial attention, and saw a young girl made happier by it (26).—Miss Martha Annerws.

82. Wherever the restive sheep leads there will the rest always follow (26).—King Cole.

83. Show her, Esther, escape is now illusive, for the rest are easily swayed (26).—Labissa.

84. Now here it is. Father esteems and loves William; the rest would hand him nver to the law; ay, hang him! (26).—Bobus.

85. How her Esther escaped; how ill the rescned damsel fared, the yellow ayah graphically relates (26). —Pseudonym.

86. A carolling snake bit first one, then another, and after biting at her sole master, the venom ossified, causing death (26).—Poowong.

87. The lark rose, carolling, till her silvery notes were almost lost on earth. Above were angels wondering at her song. No such psalm Ossian or Homer had ever sung (26).—Trot.

NOTES ON THE QUEEN'S NEW BOOK.

88. Published with earnest desire to draw honest hearts by candour, unselfish devotion and abnegation of self-astonishing as admirable. How ill the notoriety seeker understands the belongings of magnanimity (27).—Loyalty.

89. Carolling upwards to nearer view of heaven, her throat full swelling at her song, the lark now rises from her mossy nest (26).—Ecila May.

90. Cape Cornwall rises to our notice, and behind it Carnglos, the gray moss-thatched rock. Near this point dwelt the Briton who assailed many a Saxon redan—Geraint the King (27).—Bay-Dino.

91. Ethel! praise with encouragement all amendment in youth; and, O! give love rather than instil envy (26).—Dnalwor.

92. Cultivation of honey yields a goodly profit. Returns recently made serve specially to show that such is the case with American, otherwise Californian, apiculture (26).—Soft Dried.

93. Music alleviates the mind of a dogged and badly-disposed person, for in a melodious andante doth anguish immediately disappear (26).—Skeybe.

94. A short path ends the river bank. There grow straight reeds, and flowers of all species. Once remembrance hallowed the spot; I thonght it the most beautiful I ever witnessed (26).—E. J. C.

95. While there are very many as kind as this, they know no task unkind (26).—Le Prophete.

96. Ambition's choice is droll! In grasping the tallest one sees her leaving at her feet unnoticed the best things—duodecimos slighted for folios (25)—Pie.

97. Tories, lo! this; Liberals 'ware that; neutrals watch them. Other nobler plans oft trip over tyranny's dark schemes (25).—Colchester.

98. We aver that he saw war pending, yet, rather than depart from his policy, preferred to owe a very heavy debt nf honour—to do anything but heartily woo fortune (27).—H. B. P.

99. The real mischief intended was to ensnare a son-in-law of the hero, a stingy fellow, of whose hoarded savings, unproductive hitherto as barren nest-eggs, they were envious (29).—Rural Dean.

100. Coarse condiments, not to prove injnrions to health, ought surely to be carefully softened tn suit the taste; treated thus they will, without proving prejudicial, be stimulating to the appetite (26).—Mahni.

Answers have been reeeived from:—Ivy Green, Esterel, Nestor, Little Margaret, Montezama, Guinea Pig, No Sam, Cinderella, Dnalwor, B. B., Jerry, Whack, Atome, Cormon, Bene, H. Marsh Green, Uxor, Spirite, Nelly Bligh, Albina, Darkie, You and I, Left Dried, Tooth Paste, Almione, Gipsey, Monnshine, Ignoramus, Derfel, Colchester, Cilikig, Nox, Kerry Pippins, Guelder Rose, Pseudonym, Mahdi, Cæsar's Corner, Avon, Bob Ridley, Miss Martha Andrews, Groton, Svonok, Dieppe, Tale Quale, C. C., Camurie, J. B. B., Egroeg, Apollo, Paddy, Mrs. Poyser, Chemin, Rosebud, Minx, Snipet, Bobus, E. de M., Polidere, G. D. Watson, Epsilon, Eclipse, Connie, E. J. C., Irrepressible, Miss, Ophelia, Mrs. Bloss, Nottingham, Sclanidge, Little Ada, Spite, R. M. E., Daubini, Cornelius, Amanda, Sexton, Bad Boy's Diary, Janet, Faushard, Freda, Plumepierre, Ecila May, Neptune, Lednah, E. S. A., Poowong, Old Log, A Robin Hood, Ovingdean, Zoe, Eva Yorke, Arm Chair, E. Y. S., Inkstand, Poopoo, Giglio, Altiora Peto, Two Spoons, Friar Tuck, Light Infantry, J. Betenson, Le Prophète, Rural Dean, Reggie, Nutshell, Bay Dido, Norna, Beatrice R., Rienzi, Stella, E. Andrews, Dora, Lucy, Loyalty, Grimpus, H. B. P., Links, Forget-Me-Not, Veritas, Harold, Wild Thyme, Kitty Gaythorne, Silly Dick, Pen and Ink, Juno, Repealer, A. G. O. P., Wer Da, Second Fiddle, A. B. H. F., Midge, Grigshole, Kangaroo, Peterley, Bishop Bedell, White Rat, Geme, Vona, W. Val English, Larissa, Prima Donna, Daphnis, Ne Vile Velis, E. Y. N., Sans Changer, Nell Nettape, Niahs, Chica, Norfolk, Biffin, Nellog Beebee, Green Eyes, Paste, Josephine, Kelvedon, Trehelig, Georgeina, Ovingdean, Trot, Roggee Shnrt, Cissie R., Skrybe, Cinderella, Silly Suffolk, Faith, Hodgus Bodgus, Horton, Goring, Mousie, Maid of Devon, Samoth, Derfel, Sphinx, Catacoco, Paint Pots, Invalid, Wee Linnet, F. Ready, Aucher, Boy, Rita, King Cole, G. A. H., Squash, The Old Obadiah, Jick, Jackdaw, Malsah, Skedaddle, Mum, Gimpel, Observer, Quackenboss, Rbytina, Malignant, Norma, Francisca, E. H.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 264. ASSORTED SPECIMENS—GOOD AND OTHERWISE.

PARLIAMENTARY ALPHABETS.

*** Below will be found a further selection of "Specimens" of these Alphabets.

A's the Address, in reply to "The Speech."
B stands for Boredom—a state we soon reach.
C is the Clock that looks down on the fray.
D the Division—for Yea and for Nay.
E is the Essence *Punch* weekly extracts.
Fun is the Fnn they afford who pass Acts.
G stands for Gladstone, still found at his post.
H for Lord Hartington, trusted by most.
I's the Inquiry, made without "Nous."
J the small Joke which convnlses the "House."
K's the Khedive of that land which don't pay.
L's the Loquacity members display.
M stands for Mahdi, a troublesome knave.
N for the Natives who don't turn out brave.
O's "Opposition," who hoped to get in.
P the Prediction that Gladstone would win.
Q is the Quake, which the Liberals shook.
R's the Result—still, it brought them to book.
S the "Simoom" which (see *Punch*) is now past.
T is the Triumph—how long will it last?
U Unexpected, oft happens they say.
V is a Vote, which may change any day.
W's "Wisdom" in Council; and stout
"X., Nnmber One," keeps a watch from without.
Y stands for "Yonder"—dark Egypt, I mean.
Z Zeus ex machina, is wanted, I ween.

Plumepierre.

A for Amendments, the factious may move.
B for the Bills that they will not improve.
C for the Censure the Tories propose.
D's the Division that swamped it with "Noes."
E is for Egypt, we're forced to defend.
F its Finances, embodied in "lend."
G is the Government, shrinks from the fray.
H is for Hansard, records what they say.
I Irish Party, so quiet now seems.
J is the Joseph of Birmingham dreams.
K is the Khedive, Lord Randolph abhors.
L is the Liberal, stingy for wars.
M is the Motion, each member may make.
N is the Notice, attention to wake.
O Opposition, Sir Stafford wculd lead.
P is the Party that pays him no heed.
Q for the Questions vexatious to solve.
R the Response, in dark words they involve.
S is the Suffrage we want to reform.
T Tellers' tale, that oft raises a storm.
U Unanimity, hopeless to see.
V is the Vote seems so precious to be.
W Whips, in the House all to mass.
X its Xenodochy, scanty, alas!
Y for the Yawns members strive to repress.
Z is their Zeal which, well, cannot be less.

Repealer.

A is onr Army, to Africa scrambling.
B Mr. Brand, to the Upper House ambling.
C is the Caucus and clôture, at hand.
D does for Duffers, and diplomats bland.
E is the East, and our Eastern allies.
F is fair France, who flings dust in our eyes.
G's General Gordon, good man with good sense.
H Honest Hearts, that say, "Hang the expense."
I is our Indian Empire, at stake.
J Jeremiads, that make John Bull quake.
K is the Khedive, political bogey.
L Laud League Leaders, all parlous and broguey.
M is the Ministry, cobbling and hobbling.
N noble Noodles, neutrality nobbling.
O's Opposition to outraged credenda.
P Personality, prickly offender.
Q stands for Questions, the querulous squeal.
R's Resolution, with ruin to heel.
S is for Slave states, slave ports, and slave dealers.
T Taxes, tariffs, and Free-trade repealers.
U's Irish Union, *dis*-union methinks.
V suggests Vitnperation's "high jinks."
W's our Wonderful, wordy Wood-cutter.
X Gordon's Xenia,* that spread like good butter.
Y is Young England, and yarns for the press.
Z each man's Zeal in disclaiming a mess.

* Presents for strangers. Observer.

A for the Acts that we hope will be passed.
B for the Bills that are sure to be "grassed."
C the Committees, both Special and Sub.
D the Debates, full of sneer and of snub.
E is for Egypt, whose broils never end.
F is for France, our "most intimate" friend.
G is for Gladstone, the boss of the walk.
H for Home-rulers, and can't they just talk?
I is for Ireland, o'erflowing with woe;
J is for Jericho, where it sbould go.
K for Khartoum and Kassala, both warm.
L is for London, all ripe for reform.
M for our Members, all patriots true;
N for the Nothing they manage to do.
O the Obstrnction some offer when able;
P the Petitions they lay on the table.
Q for the Questions they ask ev'ry night;
R the Replies, which are not always right,
S for the Speeches, so lengthy and dry;
T for the Temper that's kindled thereby.
U for the Uproar when C. B. draws near;
V for the Violence Gossett must fear;
W stands for the War we can't shirk;
X for the 'Xtras for doing the work;
Y for the Yawns—House thinner and thinner;
Z for the Zest with which all go to dinner.

Bob Ridley.

A is an Atheist, stalwart and grim.
B the Black Beetle so courteous to him.
C is the Chancellor, holding his Budget.
D the Debaters who always do grudge it.
E the Excitement which always will reign
When, F, the Franchise Bill comes on again.
G is the G. O. M., active as ever.
H is Lord Hartington, quiet and clever.
I is the Irony, quickly detected
By J, Jemmy Lowther, at whom it's directed.
K is King-Harman, far from loqnacions.
L is the Lord who corrects the mendacious.
M is the Mace to which Cromwell objected.
N is Sir Northcote, by Randolph neglected.
O is O'Kelley, silent and glum.
P is Parnell, who is Healy's great chum.
Q are the Questions answered with care.
R is the Rhetoric oft washed there.
S is the Speaker prinked out in his gown.
T is the Terror infused by his frown.
U is the Urbanity shown to the Chair.
V is the Vehemance when he's not there.
W is Warton, a bore he is voted.
X stands for Xenophon, not often qnoted.
Y the Young men who write for the Press.
Z is the Zeal they always profess.

Bob.

A was the "Aye" soon put ont by the "noes."
B Bumptious Bradlaugh, who challenged his foes.
C the "Consistency" Ministers lacked.
D tbeir "Delay," and their great want of tact.
E stands for Egypt, with troubles no end.
F is the Franchise they want to extend.
G is the Government, now in disgrace.
H the Home Ruler, whom none can displace.
I the Impeachment on all they have done.
J stands for Joseph, the Birmingham "gun."

K is the Key of the House they can't find.
L stands for Lawson, to drunkards unkind.
M is the Member who brings in the Budget.
N stands for Northcote, well able to judge it.
O is the Oath unrevered by some lips.
P the Prime "Pelekus" scattering chips!
Q is the Quaker, respected by all.
R stands for Randolph, so big, yet so small.
S is the Silence the Ministers held.
T was the Taunt the Conservatives yelled.
U is the Upper House, sitting in state.
V the Vote, censuring "action too late."
W the Whigs, their "Dishonours with War."
X the Xantippe, to scatter them far.
Y stands for you, few statesmen as big,
Z Zigzag policy on Zagazig. XX.

A is for Ashmead, so anxious for news;
B is the Blue Book he ought to peruse.
C's Mr. Chaplin, protecting the cattle;
D the Diseases with which he does battle.
E is for Egypt, dismembered and faint.
F's the Fanatic who poses as saint.
G's Mr. Gladstone, who'll shortly be quitting.
H is the Hairs that he's constantly splitting.
I is for Ireland, who won't be set right.
J is the Jingo who "spoils for a fight."
K's the Khedive, whom we snub when we choose.
L is for Labby, I dare not abuse.
M's Mr. Marriott, who'll get his reward,
N is the "No" which he wouldn't record.
O is O'Brien, abusive and bold,
P's Mr. Parnell, who's losing his hold.
Q is the Question to which you must speak.
R is Lord Randolph abounding in cheek.
S is the Speaker we're going to lose,
T is the Tyro who'll stand in his shoes.
U is the Uproar which Bradlaugh created,
V is his Vote which was freely debated.
W's the Way in which Labouchere mocked;
X is the Xtian whose, feelings he shocked.
Y is the Yokel they mean to enroll;
Z is the Zany he'll prove at the poll. Legis.

A 's the Address they present to the Queen.
B 's Mr. Bradlaugh, who made such a scene.
C is the Censure so helplessly parried.
D 's the Division which discipline carried.
E stands for Egypt, 'tis plain to the tyro.
F is the Fainéant ruler at Cairo.
G is the Government scarcely at ease;
H the Home-rulers its anxious to please.
I is the Irishman known as their captain;
J is the Jail that he ought to be clapt in.
K is Kilmainham, to suit his convenience;
L is the Loss he would be to the Fenians.
M is the Member, as half-and-half cast.
N is Northampton which "sticks to its *last*."
O is the Oath he unlawfully took;
P is the Party which brought him to book.
Q is the Question that's *so* indiscreet;
R the Reply so evasively neat.
S is the Speaker, who rules the debate;
T is the Trials he's gone through of late.
U is the Unparliamentary phrase;
V the Vulgarity which it displays.
W 's Westminster just before four;
X the policeman who stands at the door.
Y is the Youth who at meetings can prate;
Z is the Zero he forms in debate. Ned Nettap.

A The Amendment that follows Address.
B is the Blunder it was, I confess.
C's Brummagem's Caucus, I candidly hate.
D's a cautious Diplomatist skilled in debate.
E the Electors, ere this Session's ended,
F the Franchise to them may be further extended.
G is an orator, ancient and grand;
H Home Rule, which the Irish still hope at his hand.
I Ilbert in India, pulled doubtfully through.
J financiers in Egypt, just helped by the Jew.
K King-Harman, now Tory, Home Ruler in youth.
L for Labouchere stands when I'm rhyming in Truth.
M the Motion. When voting upon it we go
With N to the left, when our verdict is No.
O the Obstruction oft roughly obtruded.
P Parnell. Sometimes prison'd, and often excluded.
Q is the Question. Great heaven! the bore of it.
R Resolution. Grant Ministers more of it!
S is you, Mr. Speaker, who the Session preside over.
T the Twaddle they talk, and the troubles you tide over.
U the Unknown—political interest it nourishes.
V *Ver non semper viret*, yet Harcourt still flourishes.
As War our excursions opponents will class.
X is well represented by Alsopp and Bass.
Y the Yard to which rightly their footsteps are wended.
When their labours like yours, Zulu monarch, are ended. J. L. B.

A 's the Address on the Speech from the Throne.
B is Bold Bradlaugh, who can well hold his own.
C is the Censure the Tories propose.
D 's the Division in favour of "Noes."
E is for Egypt, the cause of the mess.
F for Forster, who riled all his party, I guess.
G is for Gordon, in whom our hopes lie.
H is for Healy, who "a stranger did spy."
I is for Ireland, whose members seemed puzzled.
J is for Jingo, for awhile fairly muzzled.
K 's the Khedive we have vowed to uphold.
L is the Liberal leader, "Grand Old."
M is the Ministry under his thumb.
N Mr. Newdegate, silenced and mum.
O is O'Connor, and all of that tribe.
P is Parnell, with his sneer and his gibe.
Q is the Question that's put from the chair.
R is Lord Randolph, and "by Jove he's all there."
S is for Sinkat—hearts sink at its fate.
T is for Tokar, and (*absit omen*) too late.
U is the Uproar on the Bradlaugh debate.
V 's the Vacillation we all of us hate.
W 's de Worms who spoke after Bourke sat.
X is the XX that was drunk after that.
Y is the Year—but don't let us prophesy.
Z are the Zanies who don't know their policy.
Guinea Pig.

A was Address (a dress), parti(y)-coloured, ill-made.
B was a Baker, the victim of prigs.
C was the Choler (collar) that William displayed.
D the Division, that "cut up" the Whigs.
E was an Earl, with a "nautical roll" (rôle).
F was the Franchise Bill, "base Vandelcur" (vandal lure).
G suggests Gordon, and "Dual Control."
H was Hicks, purest of soldiers *sans peur*.
I was an Irishman, bull-loving bear.
J was the bold Jew advancing alone (a loan).
K was Khartoum—what a tomb may be there.
L was Lefevre, as "simple" he's known.
M was Merv, yielding to Cossack (cosaque) and caique (cake).*
N stands for Northcote, whom nothing concerns.
O was an Oath not adapted to "take."
P was the Prophet (profit) that stopped "quick returns."
Q was a Quaker, who "shook off" his chief.
R was Rebellion, increasing each day.
S was Sinkat—picture wanting "relief."
T stands for Tewfik, the true "Dusky Bay" (Bey).
U was the Union "skin-flints" would repeal (re-Peel).
V Vaccillation—the land's half undone!
W signifies Woe at the wheel (weal).
X stands for Xois, by rebels o'errun.
Y was a Year spent in fruitless debate.
Z was a Zulu who outlived his fate (*fête*)!
Camurie.

* A small boat manned by Cossacks.

A is the Alphabet, we here declaim.
B is for Beaconsfield, worthy of fame!
C is for Childers, who o'erlooks the sea.
D is for Dilke—great and wise man is he.
E is for Egypt, where war reigns supreme.
F is for Forster, the man so extreme.
G for Great Gordon, so noble and brave.
H is for Harcourt, whose speeches are grave.
I is for Ireland, whose trouble seems o'er.
J is for John, the "Bull" of our shore.
K is for Khartoum—may it be relieved.
L is for Lesseps—his scheme not received,
M is for Manners, a member of note.
N is for Northcote, who puts to the vote.
O is for The O'Donnell, the head of his clan.
P is for Parnell, a rank Irishman.
Q is for Question—what *do* we want more?
R for Lord Randolph, the best form of bore.
S is for Salisbury, clear-headed and cool.
T is for Turkey, which seems playing the fool.
U is for Useful—all are in their place.
V is for Vote—the most win the race.
W is for Whig, to Tory a foe.
X is for Example, we all ought to show.
Y is for Yoke, no Briton should wear.
Z is for Zeal—may they all have a share.
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· TRUTH ·

"Cultores Veritatis Fraudis Inimici."—*Cicero.*

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ENTRE NOUS.

THE arrangements for the Queen's journey to the Continent have been altered within the last few days. It was originally proposed to leave Windsor early on the morning of Monday, April 7, and to cross to the Scheldt on that day, starting from Flushing for Germany on the following morning. According to the new plan, the Queen and Princess Beatrice will leave Windsor Castle after luncheon on the 7th, and, travelling by the South-Western and Chatham and Dover lines, they will reach Queenborough Pier about six o'clock, when they will embark on board the *Osborne.* The yacht will remain off Sheerness till daybreak on Tuesday, and will then start for Flushing, and the special train will be waiting there on her Majesty's arrival. It is probable that the Queen will break her journey at Coblenz, either in going or in returning, in order to pay a visit to the German Empress.

It was "officially" intimated on Monday that the Queen will not hold the March Drawing-rooms, but that the Princess of Wales will represent her Majesty. This arrangement was announced in Truth several weeks ago, and it is difficult for plain people to understand why it could not have been made known when the dates fixed for the Drawing-rooms were first advertised, as it never was the Queen's intention to hold them herself.

Princess Beatrice will come up to Buckingham Palace to attend the Drawing-room on Friday, partly for her own pleasure and partly in order that the Queen may be furnished with a minute account of everything that takes place.

A weekly paper, in commenting on the discomforts of March Drawing-rooms, complains that no refreshments of any sort can be obtained at Buckingham Palace on these occasions. This is a mistake, for if a lady chooses to say that she feels unwell or faint, she can easily procure sherry or brandy, both of which are always kept in readiness. It has long been, however, a very reasonable ground of complaint that it is impossible to procure tea or coffee at the Palace. Nothing would be more easy than to establish a tea-room where ladies might be supplied with the refreshment of which they are much in need, after leaving the Throne-room. There is always a most inordinate delay in getting away from the Palace, and as ladies have been up early, and have probably waited a long time in the Drawing-rooms, to say nothing of the likelihood of there having been an exhausting scramble at one or other of the barriers, some refreshment would be very acceptable, and it could be supplied without much trouble, and at a very moderate cost, if the cost is a reason for its not being provided. The fact is, however, that day Drawing-rooms in March are a barbarity. It would be infinitely better if four were held after Easter.

The Queen will hold an Investiture of the Orders of the Bath, St. Michael and St. George, and the Star of India at Windsor Castle before her departure for Germany. There has not been an Investiture for nearly a year, although a great number of Knights of the various Orders have been created. The Queen was to have held an Investiture in December, but for some reason (or rather for no reason) it was indefinitely postponed. The Duke of Argyll is to be invested by her Majesty with his Garter, and presumably the stall of the late Duke of Marlborough will be filled up at last. Lord Northbrook ought to get this "blue ribbon," but, as I have before stated, Lord Sydney has for some time been the favourite. In the old days it would have been thought quite marvellous if a Garter had been kept on hand for six weeks, but now a year usually elapses before vacancies are filled up. Mr. Gladstone is more considerate and good-natured in these matters than any of his predecessors ever were.

A correspondent writes :—

> You referred a fortnight ago to the large sums which were paid recently by the country for fees of Knightage and Peerage on behalf of the Duke of Albany and the Duke of Cambridge. You might have added that last year £450 was voted for fees, all payable on the admission of the King of the Netherlands as a Knight of the Garter.

The Prince of Wales is deservedly popular; but the language held respecting him in the March number of the *Monthly Magazine* of the Holy Trinity, Windsor, "for households of faith and the household troops," is couched in a tone which some persons might think approaches to that of priestly flunkeyism. Says the author, apropos to H.R.H. having become a member of the Commission to inquire into the dwellings of the poor :—

> The Prince of Wales is not the popular Prince he surely is, he is not the first favourite of all the best-liked and most-trusted men, of either high or low degree, in Europe, only because he is affable, but because he is true. He knows nothing of that superfine "sweet reasonableness" which never calls a spade a spade. The Psalmist, with all his experience, would never have written "Put not your trust in princes," had he ever known the Prince of Wales.

On the last evening of Prince Henry of Prussia's stay at Devonport, he was entertained at dinner by the officers of the flagship, *Royal Adelaide,* who invited a party of nearly twenty to meet him, including the officers of the *Olga,* Lord Mount-Edgcumbe, and Sir Houston Stewart. The main-deck, being cleared of its guns, had been converted

into most comfortable dining and ante rooms, which were very tastefully decorated. The only toasts were "The Queen" and "The German Emperor." On the previous evening the Prince, Baron von Seckendorff, and Count Münster (who left Mount-Edgcumbe for London on Thursday morning) dined at the Admiralty House with Sir Houston and Lady Stewart.

The Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne are expected to visit the Duke of Argyll at Inverary Castle in April.

Lord and Lady Spencer, with a Viceregal party, were present at the opening of the annual Exhibition of the Royal Hibernian Academy last week, a large crowd, artistic and otherwise, being assembled to meet them, by invitation of the President, Sir Thomas Jones. There are many good examples of Celtic artistic skill amongst the pictures, particularly some fine landscapes. "To encourage the others," some works of Millais, Sir F. Leighton, Alma Tadema, &c., have been lent for the occasion. Lord Spencer, who, by the way, must have quite an Irish gallery now, purchased four pictures.

The second State ball of the season, given last week at Dublin Castle, was quite as crowded as the first. Although there were two ball-rooms, as on the former occasion, it was still a fine test of terpsichorean skill to steer a clear course in the valses. Military uniforms are undoubtedly ornamental in a ball-room, but, like other "things of beauty," they are full of peril to the unwary, the spurs of the cavalry and the floating plaids of the Highlanders having great destructive capabilities. Whatever may be its dangers, a ball in the St. Patrick's Hall is always a pretty sight, especially when there is a pleasant prevalence of fair faces and charming costumes. The Viceregal party, as usual, entered the hall to the strains of "God Save the Queen," when the guests were assembled, amongst them being Lady Southampton and the Hon. Misses Fitzroy, the Hon. H. and Mrs. Bourke, and the Hon. Amy Lambart and Miss C. Lambart. Lady Spencer wore a handsome and elaborate dress of pale pink silk and brocade. The Hon. Amy Lambart's costume of white tulle with a long tablier of begonia leaves was artistic and effective. She and the Hon. Miss Fitzroy, as Royal Maids of Honour, wore their badges with crimson ribbon,—those signs of regal servitude so suggestive of the collar-mark in the old canine fable. Lady Castletown wore white, which seems to be resuming its former fashionable sway in evening dresses. Amongst bouquets, Lady Power's bore off the palm for size and beauty.

One of the most charming dances of the season was given on Friday evening by the principal ladies of the Viceregal household at Lady Hamilton's residence in the Castle Quadrangle. The elect of society mustered in great strength. Dancing was kept up until a very late hour, finishing with a cotillon led by Captain L. Dawson-Damer. A novel feature of the entertainment was that the hostesses, Lady Fingall, the Hon. Mrs. Monsell, Lady Hamilton, and Mrs. G. Dease, undertook all the onerous duties of chaperonage for the evening, each lady having a bevy of fair damsels under her charge—a kind of mitigated form of the "bud-party" system as practised by our American cousins. Lord and Lady Spencer were present with Lady Southampton, the Hon. Misses Fitzroy and L. Agar Ellis, their Excellencies joining in the dancing with great vigour.

The King's Regiment have been making themselves very popular in Cork by dint of giving dances, dinners, and other entertainments. On the 14th and 15th of this month the officers will take part in amateur theatricals at the barracks, for the benefit of a military charity. The pieces selected are Morton's "Slasher and Crasher," and Palgrave Simpson's "Appearances." The principal characters will be acted by Lieut.-Colonel Williams, Captain and Mrs. Greaves-Banning, and Messrs. Clayton, Campbell, Guise, and Dunn.

Many self-ennobled Frenchmen are terribly exercised in their minds just now as to a course of action which is about to be taken at the Chancellerie. On the first day of next year the "Almanach National" will publish the names of all persons having a right to bear a title, or even the *particule* essential to nobility. Those who claim such a right must send to the French Chancellerie all papers establishing their claim. Alas for the host of those who possess neither rights nor papers!

A correspondent writes:—

It may interest you to know that I met General Tchernayeff in Servia in January and February, 1881, when he was living there in retirement, and practically in disgrace, though he was supposed to be at Belgrade with a view to obtaining the concession from the Servian Government for building the proposed new railway. He more than once described to me how one day he would conquer India, or, at any rate, establish himself on the frontier. He told me while he was in Turkestan, before he was superseded by General Kauffman, he had asked the late Czar to send two columns as if to relieve the army of the Caucasus, but in reality to form a base for him for this projected movement, when, he said, he could have captured Merv, and, indeed, proceeded towards Herat, or, at any rate, gone beyond Merv.

Tchernayeff was almost a wild man, and on two or three of the evenings that I spent with him he had a band in the house, and though he was well on to sixty years of age, he wanted to teach the whole of his visitors (all men) the Grand Mazurka. Tchernayeff left Servia immediately on hearing of the assassination of the late Emperor, but he had some difficulty in getting away, as he was unable to pay his personal expenses, and I heard some report that at the last moment he was prevented leaving until he got some one to pay his hotel bill. He was never asked to the Palace while in Belgrade, nor to the Court. He was a great friend of the then head of the Servian Church (Michael), who has since been deposed.

I have some difficulty in answering the following queries. I take it that a gentleman in England would appear on a platform in a morning dress; but at an evening entertainment in a private house, or at a dinner-party, both gentlemen and ladies generally appear in evening dress. Many public speakers have peculiarities. Some rub their noses, others twitch at their collars. Some balance themselves on one leg, then on the other. Their great minds are supposed to be so occupied with their subject that they have no thought for anything else. Mr. Gladstone generally scratches the back of his head with his thumb.

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Sir Stafford Northcote flaps his hands like a talking fish. Lord Randolph Churchill worries his moustache; whilst many other of our public speakers make no movement, but content themselves with worrying their hearers.

Sir,—Having recently commenced my first sojourn in England, I wish you would kindly inform me as to one or two of the social customs in vogue among your genteel people. Recent illustrations of these habits have come under my notice in my native city of Buffalo in the State of New York. They were offered by an English literary family, of high position here, and have, I trust, given me some wrong ideas. In January last I had the honour of attending a lecture given by Matthew Arnold while he was stopping for a few days in the above-named city. He appeared before a large assemblage of literary people in a short sack coat, such as I see active business men wear here in the streets. While being introduced to the audience he disposed himself with his elbows on his knees, leaning forward so as to be able to rub his nose and lips from right to left and left to right with his handkerchief, which was folded as if ready for a napkin-ring to be slipped over it.

During his stay in our hospitable town of two hundred and twenty thousand inhabitants, he and his wife and daughter were entertained several times at dinners and receptions, prepared especially in their honour. At all these they appeared in apparel such as they wore in the streets, while every other guest wore the same full dress which your fashion plates lay down as "the thing" to wear in England. To *one* would-be-entertainer, Mrs. and Miss Arnold promptly sent regrets, so the host countermanded invitations to his lady acquaintances, whom he had invited especially to meet them. Then he changed the menu to make it suitable for a gentleman's dinner. At the appointed hour Mr. Arnold arrived, but with his wife and daughter. As usual, they all wore street costumes. The host at once sent out among neighbouring lady friends, explaining his predicament, and begging of them to hasten to his house, which they did, of course. The dinner-tables were quickly unloaded and brightened up with flowers and ornaments—also the menu was altered, as much as time would permit, to make it more suitable for a ladies' dinner. Of course the host was made uncomfortable by Mrs. and Miss Arnold appearing after offering regrets. These liberties of dress and attendance were severely critised by the local lights of society.

Now different countries may have very different customs in these matters, and if my townspeople did wrong to censure their guests' politeness, I beg that you will inform me of it. Yours, in search of light, Medicus Americanus.

"Ladies'-maids has their feelings like other folk." A week or two ago one of our best-known Peeresses gave her maid a month's notice, accompanying the warning by a smack on the face. The maid said nothing at the time, but brooded over her wrongs. On the day that her month was up, after she had received her wages, and her boxes had been placed upon a cab, she went upstairs, and commenced to "do" her mistress's hair. Having deftly fastened it to the back of the chair, she calmly proceeded to administer a series of slaps to the somewhat highly-coloured cheeks which were ready to her hands. Then, with a low curtsey, she took herself off.

Lady Freake is a very enterprising and hospitable person, and when any shadow of Royalty can be got about the house, she is charitable into the bargain. Still, it is a doubtful compliment to ask about twice as many as you can possibly get into the room to a private opera performance. The Princess Frederica got in, and it was evident that had she not been there, more might have caught a glimpse of Mdlle. Leideritz and her company last Wednesday. As it was, the outcasts spent their time in the tea-room. Some who knew said on the whole they rather preferred it.

Sir Henry James entertained the Prince of Wales, Lord Randolph Churchill, and a small party, at dinner last week.

The Duke and Duchess of Richmond are staying at Goodwood with a family party, and will not come to town till the end of April.

Lady Cardigan, who has been staying at Melton for the last ten days, will reside there till she goes to Newmarket for the Spring Meetings.

Lord and Lady Sefton will receive a large party the week after next at Croxteth for Liverpool races, including the Prince of Wales, who is going down to see his horse, The Scot, run in the Grand National.

The Marquis and Marchioness of Salisbury and family will leave Arlington-street this day week for Hatfield House. The Marchioness of Lorne is expected to pay them a visit the week following for a few days.

Lord and Lady Granville went down for a flying visit to Bournemouth on Saturday, to stay with Mr. and Lady Georgiana Fullerton at Ayrfield, the residence Mr. Fullerton has recently built in that neighbourhood. The present state of Lady Georgiana's health causes her relations considerable anxiety.

The Duke and Duchess of Bedford, who have been staying in town for the last five weeks, will leave Eaton-square shortly for Norris Castle, and they intend to remain in the Isle of Wight till after the Easter holidays.

Lord and Lady Brooke have been staying for some time at Warwick Castle, on a visit to Lord and Lady Warwick.

There is to be a law-suit between the executors of the Dowager Duchess of Cleveland, as they cannot agree on the construction which should be placed on one of the clauses in her will. Mr. William Lowther takes one side, and the other is represented by his colleagues, Mr. Charles Fane and Mr. Cavendish Bentinck.

Lord Euston's suit against his wife, Lady Euston, for a dissolution of their marriage will come on before Easter. He alleges that when the marriage was celebrated Lady Euston's first husband was alive, and an individual is to be produced who maintains that he is the first husband. Where this person has been sojourning all these years, and why he did not claim his wife long ago, are questions which will, no doubt, receive the careful attention of the Court.

It is really a curious coincidence that the coat-of-arms which Lord Cairns caused to be invented for himself when he was first made Chancellor consists of two eagles, one perched on each side of a shield, on which stands a dove, with an arrow through her heart! The motto is "Effloresco." What matter if the eaglet has destroyed the dove, so long as the newly-ennobled peer can boast that he flourishes? When Lord Cairns's great predecessor, Lord Thurlow, was asked about his pedigree and motto by some mountebank, he replied, gruffly, that, as to his family, he had no claim to descent from Thurlow, the Secretary of Cromwell, for "there were two Thurlows in our county in those days, Thurlow the Secretary and Thurlow the carrier.

The Langham Hotel, Portland Place, W., redecorated throughout combines every modern improvement and luxury. Accommodates more than five hundred guests.

I am descended from the carrier." For a motto, he thought "Auto kopros," or, sprung from a dunghill, might be appropriate to his circumstances.

Miss Fortescue received £3 per week before her engagement in the matrimonial market. She now receives £15 per week. The engagement has, therefore, been worth £12 per week to her already, and I am afraid that this fact, in the hands of a clever advocate, will be used as a plea for reduction of damages. The young lady would have been wiser had she mourned at home in maiden meditation until she had gone through her interview with a jury.

Mr. Fraser, of Abertarff, whose death was announced a few days ago, had earned notoriety throughout the length and breadth of Scotland by over half a century of litigation with his kinsmen, the Lords Lovat. He was great-grandson of that jovial old rogue Simon, Lord Lovat, the Judas of the '40 Rebellion, but there was an unlucky bar sinister in his pedigree. Mr. Fraser deserves to be remembered because he was a staunch Liberal in days when Liberalism was by no means fashionable north of the Forth; and at the last General Election, being then over eighty years of age, he drove thirty miles and back in order to record his vote for Sir Kenneth Mackenzie, the Liberal candidate for the county of Inverness.

Last week some fifty acres of land, the property of the Corporation of Stamford, were put up to be let by auction, but the only offer was one of 10s. per acre, which could not be entertained, seeing that the outgoing tenant has been paying £2 per acre.

Nearly a year ago Sir Greville Smyth presented the city of Bristol with a fine piece of land between Ashton and Bedminster, valued at over £20,000, which was to be converted into a People's Park, for which it was admirably adapted, as it is well timbered. The authorities of the city gratefully accepted the gift, but they do not appear to be in any hurry to lay out the Park, as nothing whatever has yet been done to it, although the season is rapidly approaching when its use would be most acceptable to the thousands of working people in the vicinity, and the land is suffering from the neglect.

Mr. Lipscomb, the agent for the great Rolle estates in North and East Devon, will be a good witness for the Royal Commission on Dwellings for the Poor. The improvement and rebuilding of labourers' dwellings have been carried out on a very large scale on this property during the last fifteen years. There are over seven hundred cottages on the East Devon division of the estate, and at least an equal number on the North Devon property.

The Crofters who emigrated last year from Lady Gordon-Cathcart's estates in the Hebrides are doing so well, and the experiment has proved so entirely successful, that her ladyship has arranged to purchase 500,000 acres of land in the Turtle Mountain country of Manitoba, on which it is proposed to locate several more detachments of crofters, who will leave for America in the course of this year.

I publish with pleasure the following letter from Miss Emily Faithfull, for she is an authority upon occupations fitted for women :—

Sir,—My copy of Truth for Jan. 24, strangely enough, reached me last Friday at Los Angeles, and I read with great interest the British Consul's communication to your columns respecting Southern California. He has placed before your readers the chances for *men* "able and willing to do manual labour;" will you allow me to supplement his observations by a few words about the opportunities for *women*, as the result of my recent investigations there? It is quite true that domestic servants are needed, but then we have plenty for them to do at home; but there are several industries open to educated women which I think worth noting. For instance, at Fresno, about a hundred miles from the Yosemite Valley, I found a track of land occupied by four ladies, who had been school teachers. Five years ago they entered into partnership and planted alfalfa patches and a vineyard, also an orchard of apricots, nectarines, and almond trees. The process of raisin-making is simple, and before I visited Miss Austin's vineyard I was shown in San Francisco a box of her raisins "as the best in the market." Mrs. Carr has been equally successful with her orange-groves in the Los Angeles district, and is now establishing a "School of Horticulture" for women; and silk culture promises to afford an excellent return for light labour, involving the smallest possible outlay of capital.

Mr. White's estimate of the rainfall in California reads curiously this year, for it has rained twenty-one days incessantly, and the whole country is flooded. The train by which I fortunately left Los Angeles on Saturday, on the Southern Pacific line, was the last to leave that place, owing to the floods. The track the very next day was destroyed for miles, and no trains will be able to run for more than a week. In Los Angeles the state of the roads defies description. In the chief streets the mud is piled up four feet high, and if it is not removed very quickly fever will be the result. But the city authorities hardly seem up to the emergency, and some local wit has placed pieces of wood shaped like tombstones on some of the mounds, on which is written, "Sacred to the memory of the city fathers." But, of course, this is an exceptional season, and Mr. White's statement about the climate represents the ordinary weather in California, which, indeed, may be described as the paradise for working men.—Yours truly,

Emily Faithfull.

Colorado Springs, Colo., *Feb.* 22, 1884.

Fyvie Court, one of the most picturesque and romantic of the old historic castles of Scotland, has, by the death of Captain Gordon, become the property of Sir Maurice Duff Gordon. Lord Seton, a former owner of the castle, is said to have concealed a treasure in a secret chamber when he followed the Stuarts to France, and to have invoked a malediction on the first person who should enter the room. I am glad to hear that the present owner does not intend to be deterred by the threat of this ancient laird from penetrating into the chamber. I can only hope, for his sake, that he will find a treasure in it.

At Hamilton, on Friday, the Duke of Hamilton's fine park round Hamilton Palace was let for grazing. It extends over 1,400 acres, and the amount obtained was 3 per cent. in excess of last year's rent.

Mr. Riddell, the proprietor of the far-famed Blackhall stud, has sold no fewer than twenty-three pedigree Clydesdales within the last few days, all to go abroad. Four are consigned to South Africa, six to California, and the remainder to Melbourne.

The famous mare Caller Ou died recently at Lord Wolverton's stud in Dorsetshire. He has presented one of her hoofs to Mr. Miles l'Anson, the son of her breeder, for whom she won the St. Leger and many other important stakes.

There is a coach at Pau, which belongs to Mr. Forbes Morgan and to Mr. Ridgeway, and it is driven by them. Why, then, is a long list of the coachmen given by several of my contemporaries?

A correspondent writes:—

I see it stated in an agricultural journal that the other day a gentleman advertised his desire to purchase a collie dog, and within a week he received no fewer than five hundred letters from would-be vendors. I advertised the other day for an under groom, and in the three days after the advertisement appeared I received three hundred and four applications. The number of gardeners, gamekeepers, grooms, and coachmen who now want places is beyond all precedent. Any one who advertises for servants of this class will certainly be overwhelmed with answers.

The difficulties of the South Herefordshire Hunt have ended happily, as the amount stipulated for by the new joint masters (Captain Lewis and Mr. Helme) has been promised, and £13 over. The hunt, however, would have collapsed but for the liberality of the retiring Master, Mr. Ranken, M.P., who has promised an annual subscription of £500.

Mr. Coombe is the last addition to the long list of retiring Masters of Foxhounds. The country which he has hunted for the last eight years, at his own expense, will be given up, as there is nobody likely to take his place.

The negotiations which have been pending between the Quorn Hunt and Lord Lonsdale have led to nothing, as the terms for which the Master *in posse* stipulated could not be entertained, so that the country, like half-a-dozen others, is reduced to the melancholy necessity of formally announcing that it is in want of a Master. The matter of the hounds has been settled satisfactorily, as they have been purchased for the country from Mr. Coupland by Lord Wilton, Mr. Behrens, and the Duke of Portland. It is unfortunate that neither of these staunch supporters of Melton can be induced to take the Quorn, as the country is in a rather languishing condition, and requires that Mr. Coupland's successor should not only be popular, but also something of what Lord Beaconsfield would have termed "a personage."

Lord Valentia, who retires from the mastership of the Bicester Hunt at the close of the season, is to be entertained at dinner at Bicester, next Monday, by the members, Lord Jersey in the chair.

The woodland portion of the West Kent country, which has been hunted for some time past by Lord George Neville, will probably be given up at the close of the season.

The Royal Cinque Ports Yacht Club Regatta is fixed for the 9th, 10th, and 11th of June, at Dover. The Royal Thames Yacht Club match from the Nore to Dover will be sailed on Saturday, June 7.

Sir Thomas Brassey's steam yacht, *Sunbeam*, is in the Corporation Dock at Portsmouth, having repairs effected, consequent upon some defective timber having been put into her, such as a stern-post of foreign wood, &c. The repairs will, it is believed, come to some £4,000.

The inhabitants of the port of Ostend have decided to hold a regatta again this year, and have made overtures to more than one yacht club to assist them in the management. It is rumoured that they are by no means satisfied with those who carried out their arrangements last year.

I published a letter some months back, giving an account of the proceedings which took place at the International Regatta held at Nice last year, and which resulted in an action being brought in the Nice Courts against the Committee by the owners of the yachts from which the prizes were withheld. Judgment was given in the case a few days ago, when it was decided that "decisions of the Committee are without appeal, and that the Court cannot interfere." This judgment reverses a judgment made by the *same Court* in a similar case two years ago. In effect, it leaves competitors at the mercy of the Committee, and as none of the members of the present Nice Committee know even the rudiments of yacht racing, English yachtsmen will probably think twice before incurring the trouble and expense (and almost certain annoyance) of racing their vessels at Nice Regatta.

The *Bataille des Fleurs*, at the Nice Carnival, was the prettiest ever seen there. Captain Hargreaves, of the English schooner *Ianira*, won the Banner of Honour. He had his yacht's gig mounted on wheels and drawn by four white horses. The postilions were dressed as blue-jackets, the gig itself resting as it were on a sea of violets, amongst which was a fine display of club flags and the national banners of most nations. The gig's crew were in their places in the boat, and Captain Hargreaves and his family were in the stern-sheets, which was covered with an awning—one mass of violets. The whole effect was exceedingly pretty.

In view of the well-known hostility which exists (in football circles) between Birmingham and Nottingham, it showed a great want of judgment on the part of the Football Association to select the former town as the venue for the semi-final tie between Notts County and the Blackburn Rovers, especially when several equally convenient rendezvous were available. As a result, the Nottingham division, who lost by a goal to nil, had anything but fair play, being hissed and hooted from the commencement by the genial Brums, who even went so far as to pelt their visitors with red ochre and other substances. Under these circumstances, and considering the narrowness of the defeat sustained by the victims of them, the tie should certainly be replayed, and in a place where football party feeling does not run so high.

The M.C.C. meet on April 21, when the Laws of Cricket, revised by the committee, will be submitted to the club for approval. Lord Harris's proposal to amend Law 48 will also be discussed, and it is sincerely to be hoped that some definite plan of action, to suppress unfair bowling will be agreed upon. Mr. C. E. Boyle is to the fore with a proposal of a very radical nature, which bowlers, at any rate, would be glad to see carried, but which the generality of cricketers, looking at it from the batting standpoint, will be likely to oppose vigorously. He wishes to reduce the maximum width of the bat from $4\frac{1}{4}$ in. to $3\frac{3}{4}$ in., probably in view of the fact that the legal maximum width is now pretty generally exceeded. Lord

Screens, with tea-cup shelf on each fold, from 21s. A large variety of screens in Japanese leather paper, needlework, stained glass, and hand-painted in all sizes and styles.—C. Hindley & Sons, 290 to 294, Oxford-street London

Harris, however, has already drawn attention to this evil, and I venture to think, that if the very simple expedient were adopted of compelling all players to pass their bats through a 4¼ in. gauge, further legislation would be unnecessary in this direction.

As published, the M.C.C. list contains the usual fixtures, together with one or two interesting novelties. Among these may be reckoned the match between the Gentlemen of the Club and the Philadelphians, and that between I Zingari and twenty-two members of the Houses of Parliament. Doubtless the latter will send the "champion blocker" and the "obstructionist" in best form at the time to the cricket-field, as these could defy the Zingari bowling and secure at least a drawn game in favour of the twenty-two. Eton and Harrow meet on July 11, the 'Varsities on the last day of June.

Mr. Tristram Ellis has just returned from Portugal with a portfolio of charming sketches. The following are the most attractive:—"The Last of the Grapes," "A Misty Morning on the Tagus," "Lisbon Fish-Girls," and "A Rest by the Way."

The article on Sir Robert Peel, in the forthcoming volume of the "Encyclopædia Britannica," is written by Mr. Goldwin Smith, and will no doubt prove to be one of the most attractive of the new contributions. Mr. Parker, M.P., has undertaken to revise Mr. Smith's article.

The library of Valentine Korsch, the well-known Editor of the *St. Petersburg Gazette*, who died recently at Heidelberg, consisted of over 5,000 volumes. It has been sold by his creditors for forty-five florins!

An American edition of Green's "Conquest of England" is to be published this week, by Messrs. Harper, who are also bringing out an "authorised" edition of the Queen's new work.

The Tauchnitz edition of her Majesty's book, which was published a fortnight ago, is meeting with a very large sale abroad.

Anton Rubinstein made a clear profit of £5,000 on the five concerts which he gave during his recent stay at Vienna. He is now in Paris.

Mr. Wilson Barrett has declined to accept Messrs. Brooks and Dickson's terms for a starring-tour in America.

I gather from the newspapers that Mr. Ira Payne nightly aims a bullet at the ace of hearts on a card which is held at some distance from him by a girl. This feat is performed at the Canterbury Music Hall, and seems to depend for its attractive qualities on the fact that the girl incurs, or is supposed to incur, some danger. If William Tell had shot apples off the head of his son in Swiss towns under the management of some Swiss Barnum, he would have been regarded rather in the light of a monster than in that of a patriot. What would be said if the marksman of the Canterbury Hall hit the girl instead of the card? The exhibition is offensive to decency and humanity, and ought to be prohibited by the authorities.

I am glad to see that the "Ash Wednesday farce" has received emphatic condemnation from such an unexceptionable quarter as the Church and Stage Guild. When a meeting, presided over by Canon Shuttleworth, has resolved on a petition against the present senseless practice, there is some hope that an impression may be made both on the Lord Chamberlain and his clerical following. The formalists, who pride themselves on being "good Churchmen," might profitably give their attention to the remarks made on this subject by the secretary of the Guild. "I object to the closing of the theatres on Ash Wednesday," said this gentleman, "because I am a zealous and loyal Churchman. I think a great deal of harm is done to the Christian religion and Church if those who do not agree with its forms and ceremonies have them forced upon them."

Temperance people, also, ought not to allow their zeal to carry them into the regions of tyranny and injustice, and a benevolent despotism in a country neighbourhood would be certain in the long run to produce a violent reaction. It is no use to attempt to dragoon a whole district into blue-ribbonism. At Scarborough, last week, a bankrupt inn-keeper at Terrington, a village near Castle Howard, stated that he was a tenant on Lord Carlisle's estate; but that since the death of Lord Lanerton he had suffered from the temperance meetings which were incessantly being held at his door, and still more because Mrs. George Howard was perpetually distributing temperance pamphlets through the village, and had intimidated the servants and cottagers on the estate from visiting his house. Finding that he would not give up the inn, which had always been respectably conducted, Mrs. Howard had caused some land to be taken away from him; and, "in fact, she had done everything in her power to ruin him." Mrs. Howard, no doubt, means well, but she appears to forget that she is living in a free country, and that such ill-regulated efforts to promote "the cause" can only lead to ill-feeling. It is preposterous that any landowner should have the power arbitrarily to close all the public-houses on his estate, whether his poor neighbours wish this or not.

Sunday closing has failed entirely in Wales to diminish drunkenness, and the enforcement does not appear to have been more successful in Ireland. In 1881 only 1,700 persons were arrested for drunkenness on Sundays; in 1882 the number rose to 2,000; but last year, in spite of restrictive legislation, there were no fewer than 2,947 cases. This result will not surprise any one who has enjoyed any considerable experience of Scottish Sabbaths during the years which have elapsed since all public-houses were rigorously closed on the Lord's Day.

Country parsons looking out for curates must be on their guard against a designing fellow who is applying for such posts without being in holy orders at all. Neither High nor Low Churchmen are safe, for the victim who exposes the impious fraud in the *Guardian* remarks that "when with me his views were Evangelical, but they have since become Catholic." The traitor has already been expelled from the ecclesiastical fold several times, but then he has "an exceedingly good voice," and is "a fluent

extempore preacher," and thus (as the outraged rector seems to imply) has a terrible advantage over the regular clergy.

A very fine old pulpit of carved oak, with beautifully decorated panels, which was formerly in New College Chapel, is about to be placed in the nave of Winchester Cathedral, for use at the special services which are frequently held there.

A paragraph respecting a service at the Chapel Royal afforded a text for one of Thackeray's most trenchant chapters in the "Book of Snobs." I wonder what he would have said if he had lived to read Edmund's remarks on the Bishop of Liverpool's discourse at the St. James's, and especially his expression of astonishment at "the little knowledge of the general feeling of society which the sermon throughout exhibited." Does a preacher ascend the pulpit in order to pander to the follies, and extravagances, and illusions of "society"?

The Bishop of Exeter enjoyed a novel experience last week, while on a Confirmation tour through East Devon. He was to hold a service at Otterton on Tuesday afternoon, and in order to get there from the scene of his morning's labours, he had to drive along a road which crosses the valley of the Otter. The heavy rains had swollen the river to an unprecedented height, and the low part of the road was so heavily flooded for a quarter of a mile that it was found impossible for the carriage to proceed. In the end, the Bishop and his chaplain, Prebendary Acland, mounted a waggon, hastily procured from a neighbouring farm, which, however, only reached its destination with great difficulty, as the water was well over the shafts.

In Easter week the Brompton Oratory is to be consecrated by Cardinal Manning, and, in the week succeeding, when the Roman Catholic Bishops of England are in town for their annual meeting, the church is to be opened. It is hoped, though scarcely expected, that Cardinal Newman will be present on the occasion.

The sum of £250 has just been paid to Lord Bute as compensation for the loss of the patronage of the parish of Kingarth. He has directed that the money be invested in the joint names of the parish minister, doctor, and priest, and the proceeds are to be dispensed by them in charity at their discretion. It would be well if other Scotch "patrons" were to take a similar course.

The Charity Commissioners may often do good work, but they are too much given to meddling for the sake of meddling. In Blandford there is an ancient free Boys' School, founded in 1521 by an Abbot of Milton. It has funds and it has trustees. There seems no ground for complaint in regard to the manner in which it has been managed. But a "happy thought" has occurred to the Charity Commissioners. "Let it be henceforth a girls' school." In vain the inhabitants of Blandford say that they prefer a boys' school. The Commissioners' reply that they want to try an experiment. This is nonsense. By all means let no funds of the trust be wasted; let the education be a sound one; but why, if Blandford has a boys' school and wants to continue to have one, should the Commissioners step in and insist that it should be converted into a girls' school?

The winner of the Hertford Scholarship at Oxford this year, and the candidate who was *proxime accessit*, are both of them old Winchester boys, holding scholarships at New College. This unusual success comes appropriately enough during the last term of Dr. Ridding's headmastership.

Mr. Ruskin is not lecturing at Oxford this term, but the two lectures which he gave last month at the London Institution will shortly be published, and will form, with his Oxford series, "The Art of England." He is also about to publish some of Miss Alexander's translations of Italian peasant songs, to which he alluded several times at Oxford last term.

It would be interesting, by the way, in connection with the controversy between authors and publishers, to know the financial results of Mr. Ruskin's policy in taking the publishing of his works into his own hands. Paper, printing, and binding are excellent, and the prices of all his recent publications have been very moderate. I presume that Mr. Ruskin makes the business worth his agent's while; and although he himself has "never written for profit," yet I remember that in his last public statement of accounts it did not by any means appear that he wrote at a loss.

The designs for the new War Office and Admiralty which have been sent in will be, as soon as possible, weeded out by the committee charged with selecting the more likely plans. The selected drawings and models will then be exhibited, first of all to members of both Houses and a favoured selection of experts and others, and then to the general public. It is proposed that the exhibition shall be held in one of the large reception-rooms at the India Office.

We hear a great deal of the elaborate precautions which are being taken in Government dockyards and similar establishments, but there is more fuss and bustle than real business about the arrangements in most of these places. It will scarcely be credited that for some time past nearly 2,000 empty tar-barrels have been lying about the Ropery in Devonport dockyard. At any time, so enormous an accumulation of highly inflammable materials would be most dangerous, but under present circumstances such a state of things is in the highest degree scandalous.

The War Office people certainly go about their business in a very extraordinary manner. The War Department recently bought two hundred patent aiming and sighting tubes for issue to the troops at the rate of two per company, as an experiment. Having purchased the tubes it suddenly occurred to the official mind that two hundred cartridges must also be purchased before the tubes could be used. But it seems that fear of adding to the Estimates has deterred the officials from buying the cartridges. I believe the latter are sold at the rate of four a penny, so that for the sake of 4s. 2d. the tubes are rendered incapable of being used.

I think that Baker Pasha ought to be restored to his position in the British army. He was an able and energetic officer. He found himself alone with a young lady in a train; her conversation and her manners were, to say the least, friendly, and he misconducted himself. For this he was tried, convicted, and imprisoned. Having served out his sentence, he was dismissed from the army. His trade was soldiering, and although I am no great admirer of the soldier of fortune who offers his sword to any country and any cause which is ready to employ it, Baker seems to me to have had no choice in the matter. For years he has not only behaved honourably, but he has distinguished himself in his profession. If there is one thing which I object to more than another it is the scapegoat system. Punish a man by all means if he does wrong, but do not let us subscribe to the doctrine that a man's future is to be utterly wrecked for the folly—and, if moralists please, the wickedness—of half-an-hour.

It will gratify a great many railway travellers to hear that the South-Western Company has come in for a heavy censure from Colonel Rich. Colonel Rich was recently directed by the Board of Trade to inquire into various complaints made about the badness of the travelling in the neighbourhood of Petersfield. He reports that at the spot in question the ballast is insufficient, that the rails are not properly bent to the curves, that the elevation of the outer rail of certain curves is incorrectly adjusted, and that the rails, sighted crosswise, are not as true as they should be. He also finds that the badness of the road is aggravated by unsteady driving and a defective type of rolling stock. As the opinion of the public does not go for much in these matters, no doubt the directors will like to have the opinion of a Board of Trade inspector on the famous South-Western carriages. Here it is:—"The six-wheeled coaches, with long-chain attachment between the springs and the body of the coach, which, so far as I can ascertain, are peculiar to L. & S.W.R., are *unsuitable and dangerous.*"

The Highland Railway intend to promote a Bill authorising the construction of a line from Aviemore to Inverness, which will save the present long round by Forres, and will shorten the journey north by at least an hour. The Highland Company seeks to be amalgamated with the Sutherland and Caithness lines. Under this Bill the Duke of Sutherland becomes a life director of the Company, and his successors in the title are to be directors as long as they possess £100,000 of stock. This Bill ought to be opposed, for hereditary railway directors are hardly in accordance with modern ideas.

A case of considerable interest to all railway passengers was decided last week before Mr. Justice Hawkins. A lady had entrusted a porter with her bag at Charing-cross Station. It was some minutes before the train started, but the porter did not reappear. The owner complained to the guard, who consoled her by saying that she would be sure to see her bag at the other end. The bag, however, was never recovered, so the lady sued the company for £50, the value of its contents. The company contested the claim on the ground that as the value of the bag was over £10, they were by the Carriers Act exempt from responsibility unless it could be shown that a servant of theirs had been guilty of felony. The actual felony could not be proved because the bag was never discovered; but the jury found that there was an irresistible presumption that the bag had been stolen by the porter, and a verdict was entered against the company accordingly.

Last week I noticed with satisfaction the efforts which are being made in the City Corporation to compensate the late Remembrancer for his "summary dismissal." Mr. Robarts objects to my use of those words, and refers me to his letter in the *Times* of August 13, 1883. In this he pointed out that it was indeed his contention that the proceedings accompanying his non-re-election amounted to dismissal, and that the case was to be adjudged according to the ordinary rules of law relating to dismissal. But the Court could not adopt this view, and held that the office had expired by effluxion of time. In law, and personally to Mr. Robarts, the distinction is doubtless immense, but in substance and to the public it appeared a summary dismissal at a day's notice. This only makes the late Remembrancer's case the harder.

It is clear that, while most of the Civil Servants of the Crown hold at pleasure, and although my Lords of the Treasury are the most rigid of economists, there is not an official in the public service who would not have received a hundredfold greater consideration than the Corporation have shown to their late Remembrancer, which is in striking contrast to their usual system. I hear that although the resolution to send Mr. Robarts' letter to a committee was rejected by a majority of 3 at the formal meeting of the Common Council, the same resolution had been adopted by 86 votes to 51 at a previous meeting.

According to the *Melbourne Herald*, the lunatic Creswell, now in Paramatta Asylum, is really Arthur Orton, and the authorities of New South Wales seem to be inclined to adopt this view. I suppose that the matter is capable of proof or disproof; but if Arthur is restored to us, we shall find ourselves in a difficult position with regard to our old friend the Claimant. I am convinced that he is not "Sir Roger," but it never was perfectly clear to my mind that he is Arthur Orton.

The battle that has been raging for several months in the Law Courts over the City mud is at last, I see, decided, and the Commissioners of Sewers have been ordered to cease from sweeping the said mud into the Board of Works' drains. The conclusion, I imagine, will be generally approved, but the whole dispute is highly discreditable. I only hope that those ratepayers who can

"The International High School Company," now being formed to afford to Daily as well as Resident Pupils of Middle-class Schools throughout England the most important advantages of "Haysman's System of International Education," are prepared to establish an "International High School" in any part or suburb of London, and in any large towns where such an Institution is really needed, or to enter into arrangements with existing Middle-class Schools of high repute for the proper care, board, and education of their pupils in France or Germany during any period not less than six months.—Applications to be addressed to the Secretary, International High School Company, The College, Richmond-green, near London.

see nothing wrong with the government of London will enjoy paying the expenses of this edifying action.

Mr. George Hall must be somewhat surprised to find himself a hero and a martyr. Twenty years ago, under circumstances of great provocation, he murdered his wife, and narrowly escaped hanging. He has just been liberated from Pentonville Prison, and was received last week at Birmingham by thousands of people, who welcomed him with every demonstration of delight. It would almost seem as if we were becoming infected with French views as to the punishment of unfaithful spouses. Not long ago Mr. Justice Manisty, whose name I mention with awe, in dread of being branded as a "wretched scribbler," sentenced a man to three days' imprisonment for a precisely similar murder. Mr. Justice Manisty cannot possibly have been wrong, so, perhaps, after all, Mr. Hall is an ill-used man. Nevertheless, I cannot quite look upon a wife-murderer as a public benefactor, nor do I think it altogether prudent to welcome him as a hero, for laudable as it may be in a man to defend the honour of his home and hearth, mistakes may occasionally happen which cannot subsequently be remedied.

A case which came before the Lord Chief Justice last week showed conclusively that the administration of justice in rural districts is frequently conducted in a very unfair and slovenly manner, and especially in poaching prosecutions. In this instance it appeared that the clerk to the magistrate (who, of course, was guided in a great measure by his opinion) was actually the solicitor to the prosecutor, and the Lord Chief Justice might well condemn in the strongest terms the part taken in the matter by this individual, for it was a poaching case in which everything turned on a technical point. Magistrates owe it to themselves not to permit such flagrant improprieties in the Court over which they preside.

Under the most favourable circumstances, it is exceedingly difficult for a returned convict to reform his ways and earn an honest living, and it is really monstrous that official carelessness should obstruct a man's well-meaning endeavours to turn over a new leaf. At Birmingham last week Richard Thompson was charged with stealing. Thompson was a returned convict, and was liberated from Dartmoor in the second week of January. When he left the prison, his money, for some unexplained reason, was not given up, and on arriving at Birmingham he asked the superintendent of police to write to the Governor of Dartmoor for it, which was accordingly done. The money, however, did not turn up, and Thompson, though anxious to start in business as a fish-hawker, was unable to do so without his small capital. With starvation and destitution staring him in the face, he resorted once again to stealing. The Stipendiary sensibly let him off with a month's hard labour, but I hope that in future the Governor of Dartmoor will be somewhat more exact in his dealings with other people's money.

"Liberty" Art Fabrics.—For Ladies' Spring Costumes and Toilets. Patterns post-free. East India House, Regent-street, W.

With regard to the excess of Conservative over Liberal magistrates in Essex, I understand that representations have been made to Lord Carlingford, the Lord-Lieutenant of the county, and that they are under his consideration.

On this subject a Staffordshire Liberal writes:—

You ask how it is that in Essex nearly 80 per cent. of the magistrates are Conservatives, although the Lord-Lieutenant is a Liberal. Why, it is far worse than that in Staffordshire, where the Lord-Lieutenant is also a Liberal, but refuses to appoint any gentleman who is a Liberal, and pitchforks into the Commission of the Peace every stupid lad that is the son of a Tory landlord or a Tory parson.

When workmen or peasants Boycott their employers or landlords there is invariably a terrible fuss, but we do not hear quite so much of this offence when it happens to be the employers who Boycott the workmen. I think, therefore, that it is just as well to draw attention to certain cases of this nature which have recently occurred in Fifeshire. There have been various disputes between the miners and their employers in that county about certain reductions which the latter claim to be entitled to make from the wages of the former. Some of the miners sued their masters in the Dunfermline Sheriff Court for the disputed balance, and were successful in recovering it. Whereupon they were dismissed from their employment at the Lassodie Colliery, and have not been able to find work at any of the collieries in Fife, simply because they had the audacity to vindicate their legal rights. If masters set the example of Boycotting, surely they cannot be greatly surprised when their men take the hint and retaliate in a similar fashion.

Here is a case for fatalists, psychologists, and such like individuals. Two Parisian workmen quarrelled the other day, and one stabbed the other to death. When the dead man's body was examined it was found to be very extensively tattooed with many curious devices. The most remarkable was a serpent depicted on his chest, with its head upraised as if to strike his heart. Under the serpent was inscribed the singular motto, "Le passé m'a trompé, le présent me tourmente, l'avenir m'épouvante." The mark of the fatal stab is exactly under the words *le présent me tourmente.* What the moral of this incident may be I know not, but perhaps the Psychical Society will be good enough to deduce one. I may add that the tattooed portions of skin were cut from the man's body and sent for preservation to the ghastly chamber of horrors at the Prefecture of Police, where the relics of all sorts of crimes are kept in a sort of museum.

I observe in the *Gartenlaube*, of Leipsic, the following advertisement:—

"Orders, medals, titles, &c., honesty and discretion without prepayment.—B. Walden, 41, Princes-square, Kennington-park, London, S.E."

Who is B. Walden? and where does he obtain the orders, medals, and titles that he offers to his clients?

Here is another advertisement, equally curious, from the *Stratford-upon-Avon Herald*:—

Lost, stolen, or mislaid, a name pertaining to an anonymous scribbler, otherwise called "An Enquirer," who seems to know everything but the conduct of a gentleman. Whoever will produce the same will inflict a blow on paltry malice, and receive the sincere thanks of W. H. Hunt, 2, Talbot-court, London, E.C.

The Hertford people insist that Lord Salisbury sent to their town a large number of people, free of expense, to register, at a meeting, votes of censure against the Government. Can this be a fact? If so, the complaints that are made against Birmingham ought to be levelled against the leader of the Conservative party.

I suppose that I ought to hope that "Sir Peel" will be defeated at Huntingdon. But I confess that I do not hope it very much, because there is a refreshing individuality and self-assertiveness about "Sir Peel," which will be very welcome in the House of Commons.

Mr. Scrope, of Danby Hall, Yorkshire, who possesses a large estate in North Lincolnshire, has just intimated his adhesion to the local Liberal Association. Mr. Scrope is known throughout the county as an excellent landlord, and is very popular, so that his announcement of Liberal principles may be expected to exercise considerable influence at the General Election, when it is intended to contest all three divisions of Lincolnshire.

I am very sorry to learn, from Mr. Herbert Spencer's letter to the Leicester Liberals, that his health is still far from good; but I am equally glad that—apart from all question of health—he has had the good sense to decline to stand for Parliament. The House of Commons is not the place for philosophers of any party, still less for philosophers of no party, such as Mr. Spencer avows himself to be. The function of Parliament in these days is simply to register laws which are practically made by public opinion out of doors. Mr. Spencer has done well to state this fact so plainly; for the real cause of the deadlock in Parliamentary machinery is that neither party has the courage to face the full consequences of the alteration in the centre of political power.

Mr. Gladstone somewhat astonished the House of Commons the other day by informing it that a single tenement in Midlothian served to enfranchise no less than forty-five fagot-voters. Since that, however, some even more surprising statistics have been published, which show that the Duke of Buccleuch and his agents have carried the art of manufacturing fagots to a pitch of perfection hitherto unattained. On the Duke's property in Dalkeith there are seventy-two "feu-duties," nineteen being in the names of persons deceased or unqualified, and fifty of the remaining voters are Tories, two Liberals, and one neutral. The system of creating these fagots seems to be as follows:—The Duke buys up plots of building land, for which he pays feu-duties or ground-rents to his fagots, who are thus qualified as what Mr. Gladstone called "incorporeal hereditament voters." Again, he lets the plots of land or houses erected upon them to other fagot-voters, and thus there is practically no limit to the number of voters who can be enfranchised by some sort of an interest in an acre of ground.

Perhaps the most objectionable feature of the whole system is the fact that the Duke often pays more in ground-rents to one set of fagots than he receives in rents from the other. In High-street, Dalkeith, for instance, seven voters are qualified as the Duke's superiors, and receive from him £105 in feu-duties, while this disinterested nobleman only gets £24 in rents from his tenants. And yet the law says this is not bribery.

The following stanzas were written by Mr. W. M. Praed in 1833, and go to show that the idea that Speakers in days gone by enjoyed an absolute *otium cum dignitate* is not quite in accordance with fact:—

Sleep, Mr. Speaker; it 's surely fair,
If you don't in your bed that you should in your chair;
Longer and longer still they grow,
Tory and Radical, Aye and No;
Talking by night and talking by day—
Sleep, Mr. Speaker, sleep, sleep while you may!

Sleep, Mr. Speaker; slumber lies
Light and brief on a Speaker's eyes;
Fielden or Finn, in a minute or two,
Some disorderly thing will do;
Riot will chase repose away—
Sleep, Mr. Speaker, sleep, sleep while you may!

Sleep, Mr. Speaker; Cobbett will soon
Move to abolish the sun and the moon;
Hume, no doubt, will be taking the sense
Of the House on a saving of thirteen pence;
Grattan will growl or Baldwin bray—
Sleep, Mr. Speaker, sleep, sleep while you may!

Sleep, Mr. Speaker; dream of the time
When loyalty was not quite a crime,
When Grant was a pupil in Canning's school,
When Palmerston fancied Wood a fool.
Lord! how principles pass away!—
Sleep, Mr. Speaker, sleep, sleep while you may!

Sleep, Mr. Speaker; sweet to men
Is the sleep that cometh but now and then;
Sweet to the sorrowful, sweet to the ill,
Sweet to the children that work in a mill!
You have more need of sleep than they,
Then sleep, Mr. Speaker, sleep, sleep while you may!

The House of Commons is not at its best when it is playing purity for the gallery. This was the case last Friday. The Opposition were in a state of indignation because a greater number of Liberals than of Conservatives had been appointed Receivers in Chancery. Ministers were in a state of indignation that any one should be so base as to suppose that they would prefer a Liberal to a Conservative; whilst so red-hot was the indignation of their followers that one of them declared that he passed his time haunting public departments in order to obtain places for those amongst his constituents who had voted against him. And there are fools who really suppose that the public will be gulled by this hypocritical trash! Where there are competitive examinations, the best man wins. When a man is in the public service, he rises according to his deserts. But when certain new posts are established, it is anticipating

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the Kingdom of Heaven to suppose that where two candidates are equally fitted for the post, a Minister will not prefer the one whose political opinions are in unison with his. The Conservatives invariably act upon this principle. They divide up every cake amongst their friends; it is only when the Liberals are in, that these Catos insist that the cake should be fairly distributed between adherents of both parties. I should like to see a member, either Conservative or Liberal, explaining to his constituents that his special mission is to get offices for those who vote against him! I suspect that at the next election he would find so many qualifying for his patronage that his Parliamentary connection with the constituency would cease.

When Napoleon saw Ney engage his cavalry against the English on the plateau of Mont Saint Jean, he observed "Too soon." The same may be said of the contemplated meetings in Hyde Park in support of the Reform Bill. It is certain to pass the House of Commons, and unless the Lords are taught that they cannot with impunity act in defiance of the popular will, it is equally certain to be so emasculated in the Upper House that the alterations will practically amount to rejection. Meetings in Hyde Park and elsewhere ought, therefore, to be deferred until the Bill is through the Commons. Then they will be useful if the Peers show any disposition to obstruct.

But what a comment it is upon our institutions that the question whether or not some millions of our fellow-countrymen are to be given votes depends upon the possibility of Lord Salisbury being able to induce a number of obscure hereditary Thanes to join him in resisting the national will!

It really is a little too bad that shipowners should be doing their best to render the passing of Mr. Chamberlain's Bill impossible. It is admitted that some of them are in the habit of insuring their ships for more than they are worth, and that many ships quite unseaworthy and dangerously overloaded leave our ports. No one supposes that all owners speculate on their ships going to the bottom; but so long as human nature is what it is, it is obvious that some of them are likely to profit by the facilities for fraud which are afforded by the present state of the law. Why should the honest shipowners make common cause with the dishonest? No one would object if the latter risked their own lives, or, indeed, if they lost them. But what appeals to the sense of justice of all independent men is, that the lives of sailors ought no longer to be needlessly imperilled in order that those who employ them should grow rich. A man cannot recover from an insurance company more than what he loses by his house being burnt down. Why should he be able to recover more than what he loses by his ship being wrecked?

The debate on the Supplementary Estimates for military operations in and about Suakim was thoroughly impracticable, owing to the Opposition taking the opportunity to carp at and criticise the entire Egyptian policy of the Government. Thus the real issue was obscured. This was whether we or Egypt ought to pay. Admitting the contention of the Government, that we went to the Eastern Soudan to liberate Egyptian garrisons, and to maintain the Egyptian flag in an Egyptian port, it would seem to follow as a logical consequence that the cost of the proceedings ought not to be borne by us.

The answer is, that the fellahs are already so overtaxed that it would be unjust to make them pay more, and that all Europe would interfere if we were to call upon the Egyptian bondholders to contribute. Europe would do nothing of the kind. The first charge upon a country must in the very nature of things be the expenditure requisite to make it a country—that is to say, its working expenses. The creditor can only come after these costs have been met, and can only receive such surplus as can be obtained by fair and reasonable taxation. This in reality was the basis of what is termed the Law of Liquidation. It established the principle of the administration first, and the bondholders next. Supposing Egypt were invaded and overrun by Bedouins, and all the canals were filled up. Evidently there would be no money for the bondholders. The cost, therefore, of preventing this is a cost incurred for them. Why, then, in the name of common-sense, should we pay it? Are these bondholders so very interesting a class that the tea and sugar of British artisans should be taxed in order that these Shylocks should have their pound of flesh without contributing to the cost of keeping the animal from which the pound is taken?

Says the *Times*, it would be monstrous to stop the supplies, and to refuse to pay our soldiers and sailors. But who wants to stop supplies? What is wanted is to saddle the load on the right back.

The real truth in regard to our interference in Egypt is that we went there for the bondholders, that we have remained for the bondholders, and that every effort is being made to force us to remain for the bondholders. We have no European mandate, we are fulfilling no civilising mission, and, as a country, we should be losers rather than gainers were Egypt made over to us to-morrow as a free gift. Europe is not sorry to see us weaken ourselves, and does not object to our drawing the chestnuts out of the fire for others. The Egyptians dislike us because we are Westerns and Christians, whilst they are Easterns and Mahometans. We are in precisely the same fix as was Austria in Lombardy. If we establish any form of Representative Government that is a reality and not a sham, the first use made of it will be to bow us out of the country, bag and baggage. A certain number of wealthy and powerful persons who have already made millions out of the Egyptian fleshpots wish to make a few millions more. "Unified at 80" is their cry. For this we have spent nearly five millions of our money—for this we are called upon to undertake compromising responsibilities, and to act as task-masters over the fellahs. Yes, "Unified at 80"—this is, in plain words, our civilising mission. All the rest is shuffling and subterfuge, trickery and clap-trap. It is to the credit

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of the Prime Minister that he is one of the few who perceives this. But he is circumvented and trapped, and it is the duty of Radicals to rally round him.

I was talking a few days ago to an Oriental friend of mine, who played, and still plays, an important part in the Egyptian Nationalist movement. "What," he said, "shall I tell the Nationalists?" "This," I replied; "organise a refusal to pay the Land Tax, so long as one British soldier remains in your country. If the fellahs, one and all, enter into a 'no tax' association, it will be impossible for the Government to expropriate them, and European *employés* and European soldiers will be starved out. For ages the fellahs have been little more than patient slaves, toiling for others and not for themselves. At present they toil for the usurers of Europe, who have been influential enough to force the British nation to spend blood and treasure in order that they may obtain their pound of flesh. Once convince the usurers that they will get nothing so long as we remain in Egypt, and you will hear no more nonsense about a civilising mission, about England's duties, and other such twaddle, by means of which the usurers hoodwink fools. Therefore organise. Let 'no tax' do for Egypt, what 'no rent' has done for Ireland."

Lord Alvanley once asked M. de Talleyrand to explain to him the real meaning of non-intervention. His reply was, "C'est un mot métaphysique et politique, qui signifie à peu-près la même chose qu'intervention." Mr. Gladstone appears to understand the term in the same sense.

"Why I object to our interference in Egypt is," observed a friend to me, "that I am sick and tired of the subject. If I turn to my paper to read a leading article I am confronted with Egypt; if I look at the telegrams it is Egypt again; and if I glance my eye over the debates in Parliament, still does Egypt stare me in the face."

There is a good deal of point in this complaint, and it is this feeling of weariness in regard to details that enables Ministers to flounder with impunity in Nile mud. General Gordon, I observe, has explained that he has so strong an idea of the perpetual interference of Providence, that he is in the habit of spinning a coin in the air when he is in doubt, and leaving it to the Divinity to cause it to fall head or tail. This seems about what Ministers are doing. In Egyptian matters they are essentially waiters on Providence, which they leave to shape our ends, without even attempting to rough-hew them.

That General Gordon is a man remarkable for his honesty and his self-abnegation does not admit of a doubt, but his course in the Soudan does not quite recommend itself to common sense. On Monday it was reported that Colonel Stewart had telegraphed to some friends that the General was "off his head." Probably there was no real foundation for the rumour, but that such a report should have been current is an indication that the feeling is spreading that the wisdom of leaving Gordon in the Soudan absolutely uncontrolled is questionable.

SCRUTATOR.

THE MAID FORLORN.

It is assumed on the part of Miss Finney-Fortescue that because she has been unhandsomely treated by a silly lordling and prospective peer, therefore she is in a position to take the leading part in a play of serious interest at one of the theatres where the best acting in London is usually found. Deprived of her maiden hope of basking ultimately in the rays reflected from the countenance of a hereditary legislator, the dumb fairy, who has been twanging lutes and flopping æsthetically in Liberty dresses, at Mr. W. S. Gilbert's instigation, takes heart and tongue, and regards herself as competent to fill a place temporarily left vacant by an actress as accomplished and experienced as Miss Marion Terry. Miss Fortescue is, I fear, one of those young ladies who suffer severely from bad advisers and injudicious counsellers. She has apparently placed herself unreservedly in the hands of Mr. W. S. Gilbert, who has assumed the *rôle* of "best friend" to the interesting plaintiff. The Gilbertian hand and Gilbertian mind are strikingly prominent throughout the details of the Fortescue fuss. It was at Mr. Gilbert's instigation that the daughter of the commercial house of Finney emerged from her retirement and donned the sea-green robes of a beautiful mute in Mr. Gilbert's topsy-turvy plays; it was at Mr. Gilbert's desire that this genius in disguise continued month after month and year after year hiding her light under a Savoy Theatre bushel; it was the irrepressible Schwenk whose name was prominently mentioned as negotiating, when the graceless Garmoyle left to maiden meditation the forlorn and forsaken Finney. The Gilbertian solicitors were entrusted with the honour of conducting the broken-hearted one to the hymeneal altar of the Queen's Bench, prepared, of course, to sing the well-known Gilbertian lyric:—

> Oh! listen to the plaintiff's case,
> Observe the features of her face,
> The broken-hearted bride!
> Condole with her distress of mind,
> From bias free of every kind,
> The trial must be tried.

And is it not in Mr. Gilbert's own play of "Dan'l Druce," hopelessly shelved since 1876, that the disinterested "best friend" considers that the interesting plaintiff should resume her neglected profession in a part which she has hitherto been considered far too inexperienced rashly to attempt? It is the most curious circumstance that Miss Fortescue's dramatic talent was never discovered before the young lady's action for breach of promise was commenced. She has evidently been very unfairly treated both by her patron Mr. Gilbert and by the collected army of managers. The author of "Dan'l Druce," knowing the dramatic gold mine that he had at hand—for good actresses often make bad plays—refused, nevertheless, to advance her in her profession, and, had it not been for a social scandal, would probably have kept her as a dumb fairy until the end of time; the managers, who are always crying out about the dearth of competent actresses, left this dramatic rose to bloom unheeded and ungathered.

But for all this, Miss Fortescue may be not only an

ill-used girl in real life, but a very good actress, though unfortunately the talent was undiscovered until now. As to what this well-advertised young lady may eventually become it is impossible to say. She has everything in her favour—youth, good looks, and an obvious refinement of manner. But at present she is nothing; for being jilted by a young nobleman is not necessarily a stage education. She is a voice with nothing behind it—*vox et præterea nihil.* She goes through her part mechanically, without meaning, without art, and with the barest intelligence. She does not appear to understand the words she is saying, or to appreciate the sentiments she is uttering. Critics tell us, I see, that the part of Dorothy Druce is so simple that any one could play it, that it requires youth and beauty and no intelligence. I cannot agree with this. Dorothy Druce has to express two kinds of love—an innocent girlish devotion for her betrothed, a warm and sincere affection for her father. Miss Fortescue shows neither. The audience does not perceive that she cares more for one or the other than for her pretty dress and neat kerchief. It is, however, only just to Miss Fortescue to say that she has evidently been paralysed by the Gilbertian method of stage instruction. His theory is that he can mould actors and actresses as a sculptor moulds a lump of clay. He does not want their intelligence, but demands their helpless pliability. He is the creator, not they. They are not to have any views at all, but to do what the author tells them. The result of this teaching with Miss Fortescue is a lamentable failure so far. She is as inanimate as the doll who says "pa-pa," "ma-ma," when the child pulls the wire. If she were left alone to think out her part for herself, she would, very probably, do far better, for at present her mind is occupied with remembering every attitude and gesture dinned into her ears. But Miss Fortescue is the fashion, and it was, doubtless, a good managerial move to increase the stalls and to banish the pit in order to do homage to the pretty parrot selected by Mr. W. S. Gilbert to play the lead in one of his wonderful plays.

As to "Dan'l Druce," it is insufferably dull, and were it not for the acting of Mr. Hermann Vezin, it would be unendurable. This capital actor stands out as a veritable giant amongst the pigmies, and by direct contrast reduces most that the others do to but a weak and amateurish spectacle. Mr. John Clayton plays with some feeling, no doubt; but the only comic relief to this dull story is so studiously undercoloured or misunderstood by Mr. Mackintosh, that the audience sits, and stares, and sighs, until the miseries are ended by the welcome appearance of Mrs. John Wood and Mr. Arthur Cecil. They play in a short, merry duologue by Mr. G. W. Godfrey, who has well-measured both actor and actress, and understood of what modern audiences are mostly composed. A professional actress is supposed to have married an amateur actor, and the chaff that results from this position is keenly appreciated by "society," ever interested in the welfare of divinities like Miss Fortescue. If the very clever gentlemen who enlighten us on art would compare the talent displayed by Mr. Hermann Vezin and Mrs. John Wood with that of their associates, they would find society actors and society actresses, as they are called, "very small potatoes" by the side of artists of talent.

"BREAKING A BUTTERFLY."

There is at least this much merit in the new play by the authors of "The Silver King," that they have succeeded in making it a little less ridiculous than it was in the Scandinavian original. Ibsen is one of those well-meaning dramatists who write with a purpose, and his declared object in putting "Norah" on the stage was to show the folly of keeping women ignorant of the serious concerns of a man's business life. If this excellent and ambitious gentleman really thought he could change women who were born fools into sensible creatures, then, indeed, he is the most sanguine of human beings. Norah in the original, as in the adapted version of the play, is a little fool of the most pronounced type. She is perpetually prating about her innocence and childishness and unsophisticated nature, whilst she is doing things for which an ordinary schoolgirl would be severely punished. In the full gush of her young heart she buys presents that she cannot pay for; she perpetually interrupts and disturbs her serious husband when he wants to work; she plays her "monkey-tricks" all over the house with irritating perverseness; and, as a last act of playful innocence, she borrows money on a bill, and coolly forges her father's name to the instrument, thinking it scarcely worth while to trouble the dear old fellow to sign it himself. It is all for a good purpose, no doubt. Her husband is ill and wants change of air. Her father is away and cannot be disturbed in order to back a bill; but for all that, Norah's folly, that is supposed to be so excusable, almost qualifies her for a future life in prison or a lunatic asylum. Women like Norah, who are perpetually getting into silly scrapes and pleading innocence, are the curse of some men's lives. They make hay of their husband's papers, create havoc with his desk, pull his hair, and tease him when he wants to be quiet; keep their guests waiting for dinner, laugh at their own rudeness, and bring into married life the airs and frivolity of the nursery. If such grown-up babies are ignorant that it is wrong to forge, then the sooner they are instructed the better; if they won't learn they should be locked up.

Norah is a most maddening little creature. Having borrowed money from a revengeful clerk on a forged bill, she is naturally anxious to get it back again, in order to save herself the humiliation of being exposed before her much-tried husband; but she does not get out of the scrape without seriously compromising her own honour, and compelling an innocent banker to take the crime upon his own shoulders, sooner than see the silly wife suffer from the consequences of her own egregious folly. When all is satisfactorily cleared up, Norah puts a finishing stroke to her career of absurdities. Instead of owning to her husband that she has made a fool of herself, she is so angry with him for having kept her all through her married life in a state of ignorance of worldly matters, that she leaves him for ever, and goes out banging the door behind her. On this climax of the banged door the play ends, and the theatrical effect is supposed to be very clever. In England there would be only one comment on such an

Cinderella at Drury Lane.—Every evening at 7.30. Every Wednesday and Saturday at 1.45.

idiotic proceeding: "A good riddance to bad rubbish." Life would be unendurable with such a woman.

The English dramatists have very sensibly seen through many of the absurdities of such a story, and have, on the whole, secured for it a certain amount of interest. Norah, now Flora, is a little fool, no doubt; but not quite so bad in Coventry-street as she was in Sweden. Two questions naturally arise and suggest themselves to the spectator. 1. Why should Flora-Norah, who, however foolish, has acted innocently, be so terribly afraid to tell her husband that she borrowed money on the sly to send him to the seaside when he was ill? 2. Since her father, whose name is forged to the bill, is long ago dead, who is there left to prosecute this silly creature, even if the rascally clerk did turn against her? There is no hint of any action on the part of the Public Prosecutor, who would not surely be very anxious to stir in so incomprehensible a case. And in giving their play a new complexion, Messrs. Jones and Herrman commit themselves to a curious moral proposition. In order to save a woman from the consequences of forgery, they consider it justifiable to condone a theft. The forged bill is only procured by a deliberate act of larceny on the part of an honest clerk who has a grudge against a scoundrelly companion in the banking-house.

It says much for the performers that they are able to secure any interest for such a play. Miss Lingard has certainly not the light touch and infantile manner that would make the heroine a lovable creature in spite of herself, nor has she the sinuous graces that can make effective a Nautch-like dance introduced at a vital point of the play. This situation is both novel and curious. The banker-husband is anxious to get a compromising letter out of the post-box, so his kittenish wife breaks out hysterically into a tarantella in order to distract his business attention from the letter-box to the movement of her "twinkling feet." It is said that Modjeska, when she acted Ibsen's play in Warsaw, completely captivated the Poles with this dance, and was encored until she dropped. Miss Lingard does well enough, but for such a dance and such a scene I should have suggested the engagement of Miss Kate Vaughan, who would have captivated far more men than the susceptible banker. A more miserable hound than the rascally clerk, as depicted by Mr. Beerbohm Tree, or a more abject-looking impostor than Mr. Maclean as the virtuous scrivener, never illustrated the inartistic folly of modern "make-up." Such men would ruin the credit of any bank. In the old ante-scenic days the stage was placarded with such directions as "This is a wood," "Here stands a palace," and so on. The modern actor writes on his face, "Behold a scoundrel." It is a clumsy method of concealing the admitted deficiency of an actor's art. By far the best performance was that of the harassed banker by Mr. Kyrle Bellew. This young man has discarded his Osric-like flourishes, and ceased to be the dramatic butterfly. His quiet demeanour suits him very much better, and I should advise him to go on practising the new style, and to discard affectation for ever If the ladies love him less for the moment, the men will appreciate him more. Mr. Edgar Bruce's theatre is rapidly becoming popular, and it is certainly a very comfortable and well-conducted place of entertainment.

SALVINI.

In Italy Rossi is regarded as a better actor than Salvini. Here, however, Rossi proved a failure, and we all went mad over Salvini. As Othello he certainly is unsurpassable, but he strikes me as being a one-part actor. Last week I pointed out that whilst there was little to blame, there was little entitled to special praise in his Lear. It is an honest and conscientious rendering of the part, but nothing more. The same may be said of his appearance in "La Morte Civile." The play itself is dismally monotonous, and Salvini is decidedly monotonous in it.

SOME MUSIC.

"The Directors of the Philharmonic beg to announce that, owing to sudden indisposition, Signor Pirani is unable to appear this evening."

Fibs! The indisposition was entirely on the side of the Directors of the Philharmonic. I am not going to ask here whether, on receiving this amazing decision of the Directors who had engaged him, the Signor seized a poker, tore his hair, and subsequently wept like a child. I should think all three probable, and even justifiable, under the circumstances. But I will ask a few questions which I think the public, who have been baulked, and Signor Pirani, who has been insulted, have a right to see answered by the Philharmonic Committee.

Is Signor Pirani acknowledged at Berlin as a pianist of high calibre?

Had he on his previous appearances in London been spoken of in the *Times* and elsewhere as an eminent performer?

Did he come over this year with special credentials from the German Crown Princess?

There is not much doubt that all these questions must be answered in the affirmative.

Now, I am told this is what took place? Signor Pirani, in following the modern tyrannical fashion imposed by Von Bülow and Rubinstein of playing long concertos by heart, forgot his part at the *rehearsal*. This is what has happened, and may happen to almost any artist any day. It has certainly happened to Rubinstein and Bülow, who, however, on such occasions have readily manufactured the required bars; but Pirani (more conscientious) seems to have been unhinged by the mishap, and at the same place on "trying back" forgot again, whereupon the band refused to accompany him, and the directors sign a round-robin insisting upon his immediate indisposition and withdrawal. All this, be it remembered, was decided on the strength of a rehearsal only—when it is customary to condone everything. This looks very ugly. It seems to mean, "We are friends of Krebs, or Janotha, or Zimmerman, or Hallé, and we don't want new pianists!" This may be all very

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true; but no partisanship, however warm, can justify so notorious and direct a slight, unprecedented, I should think, in the annals of any respectable society.

Signor Pirani's course is clear. This attempt to bow him out of the country must be resisted, and at once. Of course, it would be fatal for him to attempt to appear at the Philharmonic. He could not play with the band, or ever again deal with the directors; but he ought to appear. Let him announce at once a recital at St. James's Hall, and I venture to say that all those who feel, as I feel, that he has been shabbily treated, will give the Philharmonic a bit of their mind by crowding to hear him. Then, if he can't play, let us hear no more of him.

But to return to the concert. Mr. C. V. Stanford as conductor is a great improvement on Mr. Mount, though Mr. Mount is a very useful person in his way; but Mr. C. V. Stanford would be an improvement on himself if he did not stand with his back to the second fiddles. A conductor ought to pay his orchestra the compliment of facing them as well as he can, although I have seen conductors whose theory it seemed to be that their own inspired physiognomies should be visible to the audience the whole time, whilst the players were left to pick up from the *bâton* any crumbs of personal attention they could get. I need not say that Mr. Stanford is a very different person. He devotes himself earnestly and unostentatiously to his work, and does it well; and I only wish he might be considered as a permanency. Nothing can be worse for a band than a constant change of conductors. Every conductor has his ways, and his men must get accustomed to them. The personal *rapport* and *vie intime* of an orchestra are broken up by a succession of strangers, or, at all events, changes. Of course, I shall be glad to see Dvorák wield the *bâton* on March 20, and interpret his own compositions; but such apparitions ought not to interfere with the principle of a settled conductor.

I do not approve, as a rule, of the introduction of operatic scenas into these concerts. If the public taste, or the absence of it, still demands singing in the middle of an instrumental concert of classical music, there are plenty of sweet ballads of Schumann, Schubert, Lassen, or Brahms which would suffice to relieve the ear; but French scenas off the stage, like Ophelia's scene from "Hamlet" (A. Thomas), sung by Miss Griswold on Thursday, are utterly out of place. The whole atmosphere of symphony and concerto are against the operatic genius, which wants the stage in the first place, and the stage to itself in the second. A passionate burst of vocal tragedy wedged in between an overture by S. Bennett and a violin concerto by Spohr leaves an unpleasing and vamped-up impression. Nothing has been led up to; the clap of thunder comes without a cloud in the sky.

Such exhibitions always remind me of a gentleman I found one day in an ante-room. The company had assembled in the drawing-room—there were going to be recitations, "biano-blaying," a song or two, and my friend was willing to "oblige" with "Clarence's Dream," out of Richard the Third. I heard a noise of roaring and stamping in a side room. I opened the door and found a gentleman with tie unloosed, waistcoat open, eyes rolling, flourishing his arms, and uttering dreadful sounds, apparently quite mad. I seized the poor fellow and implored him to be calm. "Hands off!" he cried, evidently quite himself. "What are you at?" I asked eagerly. "Only working up the steam for my recitation, got to get up the excitement, you know, and this is how I do it;" and the maniac again began waving his arms like a windmill, shaking his mane like a wild bull, to fit himself for the occasion.

I can't say what Miss Griswold's preparation may have been for Ophelia's passionate song, but as far as passion and energy, and, I may add, shouting and screaming, are concerned, she quite came up to my friend's ideal of Clarence's dream. But nothing could make the thing appropriate. Apart from this, Miss Griswold's style is not to me pleasing, although I am aware she has made a favourable impression on the Paris stage, and is engaged for London this season. She suffers under what Dr. Morell Mackenzie lately called weakness of the larynx, amounting to almost a disease of the vocal chords. That was the unflattering explanation he gave of the *tremolo*, in which Miss Griswold indulges almost to the exclusion of every artistic consideration.

I was glad to hear Brahms's "Symphony in D" so lovingly carried through. It is not one of his more abstruse works, though his peculiar effects of sonority abound. Bülow used to say that he was the greatest living master of orchestration. I suppose he always excepted Wagner. The two masters have a good deal in common with each other and a good deal more in common with Hector Berlioz. The full-oceaned harmonies and hollow sounds, as of water in deep-sea caves, brought back to me vague suggestions of the music in Wagner's "Tristan und Isolde," and the wondrous transition music in "Parsifal," where Gurnemanz and Parsifal move on in a sort of trance, with the whole moving stage changing in the darkness from the forest glades to the Hall of Montsalvat. Other passages suggested the famous requiem of Brahms, but the symphony is a work of far less purgatorial intensity than that great and solemn mass for the dead. Still, all Brahms's works—a few of his light songs apart—leave with me the sense of a soul in travail—a striving earnestness of emotion curiously contrasted in this symphony with *cantando* phrases, like those of No. 4, suggesting the light and evanescent grace of Sterndale Bennett's subjects. In No. 7, the restlessness of key reaches a climax. I thought of Rossini's remark when he was listening to the prelude in "Lohengrin," and was asked how he liked it. "Very well," said the great oracle, "but, pray, what key is it in?" The innocent looking "one sharp" placed before No. 7 of Brahms's Symphony is likely to mislead the unwary listener, who soon finds himself in the presence of every conceivable sharp and flat, and in and out of quite as many keys as the "Lohengrin" prelude.

Mdme. Norman-Néruda gave a faultless rendering of Spohr's celebrated Dramatic Concerto for the Violin, even

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a certain absence of tone volume, usually quite essential to Spohr's violin school, was on this occasion hardly perceptible, so exquisite was the manipulation and so steady the intonation.

Mdlle. Krebs came to the rescue on Pirani's unfortunate absence with a C minor instead of G minor concerto, as announced in the programme, the audience being informed that no previous rehearsal had been possible—more's the pity!

Dvorák and four of Dvorák's compositions are likely to draw a full house on March 20—date of next concert—when I shall have a word to say about that master and his works.

Miss Robertson, a bright soprano, is going to be married, and, I am told, retires from the profession. There are no unmixed evils, and one favourite withdrawn usually brings forward a crop of talent, which might otherwise remain in the background. I heard Miss Ambler the other day, at Queen's House, Chelsea. She is the young singer who made a very good impression at the Gloucester Festival last year. Her voice is fresh, and her style charming. She sang, as she frequently does, with that capital bass, Mr. Brereton—to whom, by the way, she is engaged to be married. Brereton is also engaged not only to Miss Ambler, but to sing at the Worcester Festival.

Madame Mattei's only soirée this year is already announced for April 5. Nothing like taking time by the forelock. Of course, the Italian virtuosi, Tito Mattei and Guido Papini, will be heard together on that occasion.

I see the Popular Ballad Concert Committee announce Sullivan's "H.M.S. Pinafore" to be given as a cantata at Bermondsey Town Hall. This is a greater tribute to the popularity of Sullivan than to the judgment of the Popular Ballad Committee. A comic opera off the stage does not "smile" to me, but I daresay the ladies and gentlemen who have undertaken to "do it" will be well supported, especially by the two-shilling stalls occupied by their friends. Let us hope that the threepennies at the back may also get something for their money.

Vladimir de Pachmann is gone, and Mdme. Schumann has come. There is really no comparison between the young and the old virtuoso—delicate, exaggerated, sentimental Pachmann, of blameless technique and incomparable facility—and earnest, tender, at once restrained, yet passionate Schumann—mature artist with the mellowed traditions of almost half a century, and the glow of Schumann and Mendelssohn still upon her. No comparison, I repeat. What does it matter to me if her fingers are a shade less supple than of yore—to me or to any one? We shall not, we never can, see her like again. She sums up an epoch—the pre-Wagnerian epoch—as well as a pianoforte school which all the Liszts and Rubinsteins and Bülows cannot deprive of its charm and solidity. As I write I cannot help remembering that another member of that charmed circle lies between life and death—Mr. Moscheles, aged seventy-eight—the accomplished social centre for years of a circle in which Mendelssohn, Chopin, Heine, Paganini, and Malibran were the habitual stars. The tree of the nineteenth century grows old, and its ripe fruit drops off apace!

Beauté. Vérité. Éternité.—Miniatures photographiques inaltérables sur émail vitrifiées au feu (patent). Walery, 5, Conduit-st., W.

Signor Ghilberti—but why not honest Mr. Gilbert Campbell?—is the happy man about to marry Miss de Fonblanque. He comes of an excellent Scotch family, has a heavy bass, and I believe a light purse; but Miss de Fonblanque says she intends to please herself, means to go on singing, and expects to get along very well—I should rather think so as she has been making over a thousand a year in quite the pick-and-choose way for some time, and has ended by picking and choosing a husband of excellent antecedents, though dubious name.

A BURNING QUESTION.

I have at last received a really business-like circular from the Cremation Society. It seems we are to be burned (not drowned), and nobody is to prevent us. Not every schoolboy knows that at Woking there has for some years past existed a full-blown crematory in which sheep and other carcasses have been cremated by way of experiment, and the only reason why man's body has not hitherto gone that way was a doubt of the legality of human cremation. That doubt is now removed—the "Druid" has done it. That odd Welsh doctor was good enough, unconsciously no doubt, to provide the welcome solution for which the Cremation Society was on the look-out. He burnt a child's body, was had up, and Mr. Justice Stephen, speaking oracularly, declared there was no law against human cremation "if effected without nuisance to others." As bodies equal in bulk to a man's have frequently been cremated not only without nuisance, but without even the knowledge of the good Wokingites, the ground, or rather the fire, is now clear, and "Vermibus erepti puro consumimur igni." The little circular before me is brief and to the point. Cremation is now declared lawful. Hand up your name to Mr. Eassie, 11, Argyll-street, Regent-street, and you will be scientifically disposed of at the right time in the most complete and innocuous manner. The item of expense is not referred to, but probably the secretary will be able to furnish particulars. Sentiment apart—and people are now beginning to see that cremation sentiment is, at least, as good as burial poetry—the only real objection to cremation is the destruction of the evidence of poison or other foul play. The Cremation Society's rules meet this:—

I. An application in writing must be made by the friends or executors of the deceased—unless it has been made by the deceased person himself during life—stating that it was the wish of the deceased to be cremated after death.

II. A certificate must be sent in by one qualified medical man at least, who attended the deceased until the time of death, unhesitatingly stating that the cause of death was natural, and what that cause was.

III. If no medical man attended during the illness, an autopsy must be made by a medical officer appointed by the society, or no cremation can take place.

I confess that, personally, I feel quite elated at being thus unexpectedly "erepted" from the worms. I have no doubt that many others, when they read the above, will feel likewise; and that during the summer a little visit of inspection to Woking will become a popular trip, quite apart from the "post-mortem" visit, which many of my readers will now, doubtless, contemplate with equanimity.

Get a Bottle To-day of Perry Davis' Pain Killer.—It instantly relieves and cures severe scalds, burns, sprains, bruises, toothache, headache, pains in the side, joints, and limbs, all neuralgic and rheumatic pains. Taken internally cures at once coughs, sudden colds, cramp in stomach, colic, diarrhœa, and cholera infantum. Pain Killer is the great household medicine, and has stood the test of 50 years. Any chemist can supply it at 1/1½ and 2/9.

THE BARREL ORGAN.

Tune.—The Manners of Our Old Nobility.

By One of Them.

"SEEING that the wildest notions with the masses credence find,
As to what are the emotions which affect the high-born mind;
Seeing folks are so uncertain, as to how we nobles live;
Let me draw aside the curtain, and the details briefly give.
That you may learn once for all the true cause,
Why we are fitted to make our land's laws;
And on what grounds we, with such ostentation,
Often dare veto our land's legislation.

"Some may think that, promptly rising, we to varied studies haste,
Moved, by diligence surprising, not one hour in bed to waste;
But instead, o'er old or new books, with meet industry to pore,
Noting pamphlets, searching blue-books, to increase our mental store;—
Some, I repeat, may think this is the cause
Why we are born to construct our land's laws;
This, why we claim with such proud ostentation
Often to veto our land's legislation.

"But there's not the least foundation for so very strange a view;
We, in our exalted station, quite a different course pursue.
Yes, it seems extremely comic to suppose we care one jot
For those studies economic you, in thought, to us allot.
Yes, you're mistaken, indeed, in the cause
Why we're invested with might to make laws.
You have not guessed why, without hesitation,
We are enabled to baulk legislation.

"Know, then, that of our existence, self-indulgence is the end;
That to this, with cool persistence, all our thoughts and actions tend;
Epicene are our enjoyments, sybaritish our delights;
Gluttonous our days' employments, and luxurious our nights'.
These are the reasons and this is the cause,
Why we're so fitted to make our land's laws.
Here is the life of refined occupation,
Which fits us Lords to taboo legislation.

A Typical Day.

"We linger in bed till the day is well aired,
And until for its toils we've been fully prepared
By an early instalment of toast and of tea,
Or some chocolate p'rhaps, or a 'soda and B.'
Thus fortified, we are by ten o'clock able
At breakfast to meet round an amply filled table,
Where hot and cold dishes, confections, and fruit
In an endless variety every taste suit;
Tea, cocoa, and coffee all set on its wide board,
With claret for those, who think fit, on the sideboard.

"Now, as justice demands, for the *chef's* effort's sake,
That due time at this meal we should certainly take,
We linger so long we've but just time to show
Ourselves at the Club and to ride in the Row;
Just time to hear slander's last dastard attack,
Who has last lost his wife, who's been broken at Bac.,
Just time an odd whisky and seltzer to 'do,'
When home we must hurry for luncheon, at two.

"For luncheon the table is covered afresh
With full many kinds both of fowl and of flesh;
There are hot and cold dishes, and puddings, and cream
For those whose digestion has courage extreme;
And after the meal, seldom over till three,
Cups of coffee are swallowed, by fashion's decree.

"A nap o'er the paper, except on the day
When some calls it is urgently needful to pay,
Soon brings round the hour—ever kept may it be!—
That is sacred to muffins, and tattle, and tea.
By that gossip ennerved, with a tea-inspired soul,
Soon after to Westminster idly we roll,
And loll in those seats to which, spite critics' scorn,
We established our right when we deigned to be born.
Here we do not stay long, for it is not our pleasure—
Not even those nights that we throw out a measure
On which the whole heart of the nation is set—
The fact that our dinner-hour 's eight to forget.
So quickly to veto the Bill we combine,
And with noble *sang froid* proceed homeward to dine.

"Now to tell how our dinner is lavishly plann'd
Would columns of Truth for the purpose demand.
Its cost every season still shows an increase,
Thanks to hampers of roses imported from Nice,
Thanks to glass without end and to silver galore,
And *menus* more costly each year than of yore.
Nor would it be thoughtful in haste to discuss
A meal that's prepared with such outlay and fuss,
And so 'tis we linger for two hours or more
O'er courses that number—well, nearly a score,
And which, when completed, leave us, as a set,
But for black coffee fit and a mild cigarette;
And if, as the hours towards midnight progress,
For a moment we should, like our drinks, effervesce,
'Tis a transient glow, that at most can avail
Whilst we tell or applaud the last smoking-room tale;
And we soon are quite ready to stumble to bed,
There to find fitting rest for our law-making head;
So that fresh strength and wisdom from sleep it may borrow,
To spend, like to-day has been spent, our to-morrow!

"Here, then, is a fair example of the days we nobles pass;
This is the experience ample we for making laws amass.
Mere M.P.'s may spend in thinking, and in study days and nights;
We in eating and in drinking find our life's supreme delights;
And we can tell you of no other cause
Making us fitted to pass our land's laws;
No other reason why, spite the whole nation,
We are permitted to stop legislation!"

* * * * * *

"Yes," we hear our readers crying, "your strange tale may have some force,
But you have been magnifying Tory weaknesses, of course,
As a Radical unbending, you have gladly given space
To exaggeration tending to make worse the nobles' case.
Seeing you thus could advance your own cause,
And prevent peers making any more laws:
Holding them up to the scorn of the nation,
That they no more might taboo legislation."

But we, in reply, would mention that the list of nobles' cares,
Far from being our invention, made was by a "Ma" of theirs;
And that we—be this, too, noted—anxious to the truth promote,
In our lines have only quoted what this candid matron wrote.
So that 'tis she who has helped on Truth's cause,
Helped Truth's crusade against Peers who make laws;
She 'tis has roused that supreme indignation
Which will sweep away Lords who delay legislation!

Minton's China.—A visit to Messrs. Goode's Depôt in South Audley-street will at once show the immense superiority of their collection, both as regards taste, extent, and lowness of price.

The appreciation accorded by the highest circles during the last sixty years to Jewsbury & Brown's Original and only Genuine Oriental Tooth Paste proves the efficacy of this refined toilet luxury. It is compounded of rare and fragrant herbs in an especial manner known only to the sole proprietors and manufacturers, Jewsbury & Brown, Chemists, of Manchester. Its use keeps the teeth and gums in a state of preservation and soundness to old age, while its rare aromatic properties render the breath always exceedingly pleasant. It retains its invaluable properties in all climates, and can be obtained through all perfumers and chemists at home and abroad.

NOTES FROM PARIS.

QUEEN MARAHÜ.

IN the course of the week I met the Queen of Otaheite at one of the few houses where she has, since she came to France, paid visits. Her Majesty is not, to my eye, either handsome, pretty, or comely; but can understand her being an object of warm love. Good points, and many of them, she has. Her figure is elegantly formed, and lithe. There is nothing of the "thin stick," which gives such a mean look to the arms of some slender women, in those of Marahü. I was led to expect that she was awkwardly tall, and was agreeably surprised to find that she is not. I thought her gait bouncing on the day on which I saw her alight from the Havre express, and run to kiss her nephew and an old friend who awaited her in the luggage-room. But when she is in a room, it is smooth and *nonchalant*. On the occasion on which I had an opportunity to study her for more than an hour, she wore a dark green cashmere dress, bought, perhaps, for sixty francs, ready made, at the Louvre, and then adjusted to her figure. It had an amazon body, to which a loose and gathered *plastron* was attached. A black lace scarf to some extent hid the meagreness of the stuff. Dusky grey gloves had but two buttons, and were only a few shades darker than the wearer's complexion, or the part of the hands that appeared near the palm. Wrists were well covered up with lace and muslin frilling and gold bracelets—a heavy chain and a broad, flat one—of English style. The slate grey hat was high in crown, with a wide brim, a little turned up on one side, and trimmed with feathers of the same shade and a green velvet bow, enlivened with gilt ornaments. They and the Queen's complexion, the scarf and *plastron*, formed a harmony which might have tempted Whistler to paint. A narrow frill went round the neck and was fastened with a tiny diamond brooch. Very little of the forehead was visible, but from what there was, I could see that it bulged out all round as in a child, and particularly at the temples. Jet-black hair, usually worn in two long braids, was tucked up. The eyes—too prominent and too closely set—are surrounded with circles of a browner hue than the rest of the skin, which, in being dusky, has not those warm, yellowish tints that one finds in the mulatto of African descent. The nose is long, not low at the bridge, and without being *retroussé*, or aquiline, is a good deal deeper at the nostril, where it is wide, but not clumsily so. Seen in profile, it has refinement. But the mouth! How shall I describe it without appearing to caricature? It advances a little, is wide, and the lips are thick, and more blue than red. The gums also advance, and are long. But the teeth are horizontal, and would be good if they were not discoloured by the smoke of cigars and cigarettes. At the same time, truth obliges me to say that although her Majesty looks a gentle being, one thinks when she shows them—which she only does in speaking and laughing—of the time when cold missionary was held a delicacy in the Isles of Oceana. The side-view of the mouth when her Majesty talks is very droll, inasmuch as the movement of the lips is analogous to that which children give to the flower of the snapdragon in making it open and shut. Her manners are ladylike. She is physically graceful, has presence of mind, is neither self-assertive nor self-conscious, has quiet dignity and amiability, and says the right thing in simple, but not uncouth, speech. The only limit to her frankness is a reluctance to give offence. I don't suppose she ever thought much, but I fancy she must be impressionable, and that her judgment is, within narrow bounds, sure and rapid. She must be very good to children, and one can see that she is deeply grateful for kindness, and is of an affectionate, light-hearted disposition.

So far from queening it in Europe, Marahü begs those who are presented to her to address her as "Madam," and gets annoyed if they keep in mind her few vestiges of Royalty—"a Queen who is a tributary of a Republic," she says, "and who has no other ambition than to lead a quiet life with her child and her own family and friends." I imagine that if she lived in Europe she would be soon carried off by consumption. Already she is very home-sick, and this is betrayed in her face. Otaheite to her is the Paradise of the Pacific, and the natives are as good as they can be. They have the dispositions of young dogs that are incapable of barking and biting. Having few wants, they little need to be looked after by gendarmes. Fruits and flowers are to be had in abundance all the year round. The air is tonic, the sky is bright, and the land and sea scapes are of ideal beauty. Marahü would not allow Mdlle. Mauri, the leading *danseuse* at the Opera, to be summoned to her box to receive her felicitations on her agility and grace, but went into the green-room of the *corps de ballet* to thank that *artiste* for the astonishment and pleasure she had caused her. She wept abundantly at the Porte St. Martin on witnessing the sad end of La Dame aux Camélias. The Queen does not go to any entertainment where she would have to wear evening dress. Her neck was covered up at the Opera.

The dinners which she accepted at the Marine and Foreign Ministries were quite unceremonious. Captain Des Essarts of the Republican Navy, who escorts her about, is a middle-aged man, of quiet and gentlemanly manners, and was for some years Governor of Otaheite. The Queen has constantly with her a handsome, dark-eyed boy of thirteen, her nephew, and a stout and very bourgeois-looking elderly ady, who is always laughing. The boy seems to take the aunt's Royalty *au sérieux*, which is more than she and her friends do. Judge Murgier, of the First Tribunal of Otaheite, is often in the Queen's society. He accompanied her to Europe.

Marahü was, like Oscar Wilde, struck with the perpetual hurry of the Americans, and fails to see what happiness there is in being the whole day long absorbed in business. Although her means are slender, and she has a prudent fear of running up bills, she has seen a good deal of Paris. The theatres and opera-houses have cost her nothing. Her chief expense, apart from board and lodging, is carriage hire. The Queen goes about in a decent landau, furnished

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by the hotel, and drawn by a couple of fairly good horses. I see that the illustrated papers give portraits of her. None of them is a good likeness. They all represent her with a jewelled ornament on the head, faintly suggestive of a crown. Her ladylike, gentle, and modest bearing and unqueenly ways have rendered her an object of sympathy. If all the Pretenders followed her example, they would stand in no danger of being exiled.

Apart from the dislike to wear a low evening dress, her Otaheitan Majesty shrinks from going to Elysian balls, owing, as explained, to her repugnance to play in any degree a queenly part in Europe. She feels that it would be ridiculous for all the Ambassadors to have to treat her as a Sovereign. Sensible Marahü!

The word "charming" I think is often wrongly used. I asked a gentleman, who knew this Otaheitan Queen in her own country, about her just before she set out on her travels. He replied that she was charming. I don't think the epithet fits her. She is a person to whom one might become tenderly attached, because she is so kind, modest, and, in a way, refined. One is penetrated by these qualities, but not "charmed." I have not had an opportunity of judging of the Queen's musical talents, but I am told by a fellow-lodger of hers that she is delightful when she plays the guitar. All her native gaiety then comes out. When playing the piano, she is more sentimental.

The juvenile Lesseps were brought forward on Sunday to make a collection at the Gymnase Paz, with the children of some wealthy bourgeois. All the brothers and sisters, save the infant "Jack," attended. They were not present while their father and other eminent Frenchmen were making orations on the platform, but were amusing themselves behind the scenes, and entered just at the moment arranged by the organisers of the *fête*. Stewards took them round. They were, as usual, in broad-brimmed, plain hats, and dark blue dresses that hardly covered them, but blooming with health and bright with animal spirits. I pitied the other children, whose dresses were cumbersome from over-trimming, and whose movements were awkward and constrained. The venerable excavator of canals walked to the edge of the platform with a springy step, stood erect, when speaking made jokes, was freshly anecdotic, and gave the rein to generous indignation when taking the part of the Sisters of Charity who have been expelled from the Paris hospitals. He had been the night before to a dinner and two receptions, and was going in the course of the evening to a banquet and soirée. The morning was spent in arranging to out-manœuvre the group of Suez shareholders who intend to give him trouble at the next general meeting. Of all the eminent men on the platform, he was the one whose school education was most neglected. His mother, a Spaniard, did not attach much importance to what is studied under compulsion, and his father, who was in the Consular service, was too much away from home to look after his sons. M. de Lesseps told me that when it was found by his mother that to enter the Foreign Office as an *élève-consul* he should first have a Bachelor's degree, she was thrown into a state of consternation. She knew that he would not pass in Paris. But, remembering she had a friend in the Bishop of Arras, she applied to him to help to pull Ferdinand through. Monseigneur exerted his influence with University examiners there, and young Lesseps travelled to Arras in a diligence to be examined by them. He would have obtained, he says, excellent results if examined in the topography of the Seine-et-Oise, which, in the holidays, he and his brother were in the habit of exploring, swimming all the rivers and wading through all the brooks that came in their way. But he did not know the four points of the compass, or many other things in which he was tested by an examiner who did not want to treat him severely. However, the Bishop's favour brought him through, and he is now President of the Geographical Society and a member of the Academy.

The *soirée* at the Spanish Embassy was attended by the best people in the best of toilettes, and they were entertained by the best of music. Gayarré, the operatic singer, about whom fashionable society raves, as it used about Capoul, was the musical lion of the evening. Señor Manuel Silvila was educated here. His political career has been a variegated one. But as all his variations have led to official glory, honour, praise, and power, I dare say he congratulates himself upon having taken the zigzag route. Those who love him least admit that he is singularly clever and gifted with forensic ability. Spectacles give him a bookish air; but he is not at all pedantic. His daughter, the Marquise de Travesedo, does the honours of his salon.

SPORTING NOTES.

THE most striking feature about this year's Derby is the fact that the three best two-year-old colts of last season are not included in the entry. It was very much the same thing last year, for Fulmen, Clairvaux, and Border Minstrel were certainly quite equal, so far as one is able to judge from their public running, to either Galliard, St. Blaise, or Ossian. St. Simon was decidedly the best two-year-old of last season, and it is a somewhat remarkable fact that only fifteen engagements should have been made for him by Prince Batthyany, and among them the Derby and Leger were not included. Duke of Richmond and Archiduc come next to St. Simon. So mean an opinion was formed of the Duke of Westminster's colt when he was a yearling that he was entered in only ten stakes, and none of them are of any importance. Archiduc is, of course, disqualified for all his English engagements by the death of Count Lagrange, or he would now have been a warm favourite for the Two Thousand. So far as the colts are concerned, there is a vast gulf between the form of this trio and that of such animals as Royal Fern, Harvester, and Wickham. The fillies are far and away superior to the rest of the colts on last year's running, but Lord Falmouth's Busybody, who was probably but little, if anything, inferior to St. Simon, is not entered for either the Two Thousand or the Derby. Peck's Superba, whose form up to the

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Middle Park Plate was exceedingly good, is in the Two Thousand and not in the Derby; and Sir John Willoughby's Adelaide filly (which cost 3,600 gs. as a yearling) is in the Derby but not in the Two Thousand. Superba has been backed at 6 to 1 for her engagement, but I would be sorry to take 66 to 1 about her.

It does not seem probable that much light will be cast upon the future at the Craven Meeting, for it is understood that Lord Falmouth does not intend to start either Harvester or Busybody for their engagements during that week, although they are entered both for the Biennial and for the Craven Stakes. The withdrawal of the pair will leave the Biennial a match between Mr. Houldsworth's Royal Fern, who is now the nominal favourite for the Two Thousand, and Blanton's Wickham, who is not engaged in the great Newmarket race, but who is second favourite for the Derby. With the sale in prospect, Lord Falmouth is unquestionably wise in keeping Harvester at home. If the horse won the Biennial (which is worth only about £500), his market value would not be much increased; while if he happened to be beaten, his price would be diminished by at least £2,000. Moreover, a severe race, whatever might be the issue, would very likely knock him up. It would be absurd to start him for the Craven Stakes, as he would have much the worst of the weights with several animals which enjoy high reputations. The same remarks apply to Busybody, who is said to have "done well" during the winter, and if she really has "trained on," I shall be disappointed if she does not win both One Thousand and Oaks. The result of the sale will be the best "tip" for outsiders, as, if the filly is expected to be a "flyer" as a three-year-old, she will never be allowed to leave Heath House. The tragedy of Reprieve is a wholesome lesson to some of the parsimonious grandees connected with that establishment. The Craven will be a more interesting race than the Biennial, as, omitting Lord Falmouth's fourteen entries, there are Doncaster Cup (8 st. 5½ lb.), a dark colt trained by Brown, which has been backed by some addlebrains down to 14 to 1 for the Two Thousand; Sister to Adelaide colt (8 st. 5 lb.), Cherry (8 st. 12 lb.), this filly has recently changed hands, and is now trained at Kingsclere; Royal Fern (9 st. 1 lb.), Talisman (8st. 5 lb.), and Broad Acres (8 st. 5 lb.). This last is a dark colt, by Springfield out of Lady of the Manor, and belongs to Peck, who gave 700 gs. for him at the Hampton Court yearling sale. In the Friday Stakes I see that Camlet has been entered, and of the rest Prince William is the best. Mr. Redfern's horse would have to win this race easily to have any chance for the Derby. The Craven programme does not promise well, putting aside the handicaps. The Riddlesworth and the Port Stakes will apparently end in a walk over for the Duke of Hamilton. The Column is a certainty for Reprieve, and the four-year-old heat of the Biennial is at the mercy of Ossian.

The rapacity of the Stewards of the Jockey Club is really insatiable. I notice that the added money to the Craven has been cut down to £350, of which £304 comes out of the pockets of the subscribers. The authorities are starving the Newmarket programmes in a most idiotic fashion; and really, considering the vast sums which they receive from their manifold sources of revenue, the conditions of the stakes on their cards are scandalously mean. When the stand was built, it was pointed out that the profits which might be expected from it would enable the Stewards greatly to increase the value of the stakes; but this chimera is now forgotten, or if recalled it is only mentioned to be derided. The Newmarket programmes are whited sepulchres of as flagrant a character as could be found between the Tyne and the Channel.

The sport of the majority of owners has degenerated into a trade, which accounts for their fondness for bye-ways and crooked paths. The fluctuations in the betting on the great races at Lincoln and Liverpool must throw backers into incessant ecstasies of perplexity and apprehension, but no amount of experience, however painful, will induce the gullish herd to postpone their investments until the latest possible moment. The net in this case is spread in the sight of the birds, and not "in vain," but with brilliant success. I shall hope to give a definite opinion on the Lincoln Handicap next week, but in the meantime it seems to me that there has been too much elaborate noise about Fulmen, who is now favourite. Last spring Fulmen was undoubtedly a good horse, and he was well tried after he became the property of Mr. Naylor, but "it is not business" to back a horse on the strength of a last year's trial, and I do not for a moment believe that he has done anything lately to justify his being at his present price. There are some people who still have a dismally distinct recollection of the ignominious failure of Thuringian Prince, Thunder, and other heavy weights which were beaten here by comparative platers. Tonans appears tolerably firm at 100 to 8, but it requires a very artful hocus-pocus of form to make out that this horse has a chance at the weights. Bendigo ought to beat Tonans easily enough on the Cambridgeshire running, and he certainly is not well in. Wandering Nun is creeping up quietly, and she is just the stamp of animal to win this sort of race. A repetition of the Guy Dayrell *coup* would be very popular. In all probability the market will be entirely revolutionised by fresh commissions during the next fortnight.

The feature of the City and Suburban speculation has been the rapid advance of Blue Grass, who is now second favourite, and who bids fair to see a shorter price. I pointed to this horse weeks ago as being one of the "picks" of the handicap, and have over and over again expressed the opinion that, supposing him to come to the post fit and well, it would be impossible for St. Blaise to give him a stone. I know that last year, a fortnight before the Leger, there literally was nothing between Blue Grass and Ossian, and how any one out of Bedlam could believe that St. Blaise would be able to beat Ossian at these weights I am quite unable to conjecture. I should be exceeding surprised to hear of the sagacious "confederates," Lord Alington and Sir Frederick Johnstone, taking 10—1 about St. Blaise nearly two months before the race is run; for, quite apart from the sufficiently

Minton's China.—A visit to Messrs. Mortlock's extensive collection in Oxford-street and Orchard-street will conclusively prove the superiority of taste and lowness of price for which this house has been so celebrated during the last century and a half.

Sanitary Inspection.—Fee, 2 Guineas. Improvement works undertaken. The Sanitary Engineering Co., 115, Victoria-st., Westminster.

momentous question of weights, it is a fact that nothing definite is known about the horse's present form, and his owners do not belong to the great company of the anserous, who back a beast at four years old merely because he was a good three-year-old, in absolute ignorance as to whether he retains his form and has trained on satisfactorily.

The Grand National is really a nauseous subject. There has been the most egregious blundering conceivable with Linde's horses; indeed, there never was anything more perfect in its way. Zitella will, apparently, represent the stable; although it is stated by people who are well-informed on the intricacies of cross-country running that she is far inferior to Too Good and to Chancery; but sordid considerations of a very equivocal character are likely to keep these animals at home. Captain Machell's pair have been dodging each other in the market in a queer fashion. Each can boast of ardent partisans. Cyrus is unsound, and there is a sinister doubt as to whether Cortolvin can get over the Aintree country. If he stands up he must certainly be "with them" at the finish with such a light weight. Frigate is another most "genuine" candidate, and she ought to run well; but it was a grievous error to allow her to incur a 7 lb. penalty. Of the Epsom lot I hear from good authority that Satellite is the best.

There is a long stud report from Blankney. Of Mr. Chaplin's mares, Villafranca (half-sister, by Restitution, to Thurio) has foaled a filly by Hermit, and goes to him again. The Adelaide's dam mare has a dead colt by Hermit (meaning a loss of at least £1,000), and goes to him again. The Anonyma mare (dam of Anchorite) and Assegai each have colts by Hermit, and go to him again. Lord Falmouth's Lady Golightly has a colt by Hampton, and goes to Galopin, to whom also has arrived Lord Cadogan's Mazurka, who is barren to Wenlock. Mr. Walker's Frivola (half-sister, by George Frederick, to Rosicrucian), has a colt by Statesman and goes to Galopin. Mr. Chaplin has sent two mares to George Frederick, at Marden Park, the half-sister (by Hermit) to Pero Gomez, and Khabana.

I hear that Lord Falmouth does not intend to send up for sale either Hurricane, Queen Bertha, or Silverhair, but they are to be allowed to end their days in peace at Mereworth. This is the sort of proceeding that might be expected from Lord Falmouth.

MAMMON.

"GRAND TRUNKS" have had a fall. I am not surprised. Everything, it is said, may be proved by figures. I therefore pay no sort of attention to the figures put forward by the Grand Trunk Directors. Canada is too far off for Englishmen to verify them. I look to a few hard facts. 1. The Grand Trunk Railroad has a capital which is about six times in excess of the actual value of its assets. 2. It has been trying to stave off competition by reckless purchases of other railroads. 3. As a general rule, its expenses are larger than its receipts, and this, year after year, has been met by charging repairs, &c., to capital instead of to revenue account. 4. In the Pacific Canadian Railway it will have a formidable competitor in Canada; whilst in the United States it has, and always will have, formidable competitors. 5. Its Chairman, Sir Henry Tyler, inspires me with no confidence, for, as Chairman of the Brush Company, he declared a huge dividend of 100 per cent., in order that he and his brother Directors might pocket a commission of £25,000, although in reality the Company, far from being in a position to pay such a dividend, had immediately afterwards to make a call in order to avoid bankruptcy. 6. Not content with previous watering operations, there is a proposal on foot for making the arrangement with the Great Western of Canada Company a pretext for a new issue of shares. These reasons account for the utter discredit in which the securities of the Company have fallen. By means of clever manipulation the "Second Preference" were once quoted at 96. Although the dividend is the same now as it was then, they are now quoted at 75. A year ago the "Third Preference" were at 57. They are now at 32. The silly dupes who bought at high prices have lost their money, as every Canadian told them they would.

VARNAS.

A good deal of money must have been made in the bonds and shares of this Bulgarian railroad. The plan seems to have been to buy the securities, and then put about a report that negotiations were on foot to come to a settlement with the Bulgarian Government. This produced a rise in price, when the speculators at once sold. At the present moment the Bulgarian Government has offered to buy the line at a price which would cover the bonds and leave a trifle for the shareholders. The latter, however, object, because in this way a gambling counter would be given a genuine value, and this value would be less than the price quoted on the Stock Exchange. The shares of the Company are a mere effort of financing imagination. They represent nothing tangible, for the railroad did not cost the normal amount of the bonds. If the Bulgarian Government is in default to the shareholders, the latter are in default to the bondholders. There ought to be a foreclosure. The shareholders would thus be swept out of existence, and the bondholders would get what is due to them. So long, however, as all negotiations are left in the hands of the directors, as representatives of the shareholders and not of the bondholders, there is but small probability of the fair and reasonable proposals of the Bulgarian Government being accepted.

MINES.

A correspondent writes to protest against my strictures on mines, and asks me whether I really disbelieve that such a thing as a paying mine exists? Many mines certainly do pay, but still more do not. What I object to is a large sum being paid for a mine, thus leaving all the risks of the speculation to others. Nothing can be more utterly deceptive than the ordinary prospectus of a new mine. The reports of one or two mining engineers are usually appended, but it is not said what is paid for them, and generally they are quite unreliable. If the Company floats,

Options.—Explanatory Pamphlet on Stock Exchange Options, post-free. John Abbott & Co., Stock and Share Brokers, 21 and 22, Palmerston Buildings, London, E.C.

the promoter gets his money; if it does not, and he has to take all the shares himself, a quantity of ore already extracted is sent to market. This enables a large dividend to be declared, and on its strength the shares are foisted on the public. A mining share is a lottery-ticket. It may turn up trumps, and it may not. The odds against success are almost invariably greater than in favour of it, and this for a very simple reason. When a man has a really good mine he does not sell it. A person should never apply for a share in a mine when cash is to be paid for it, and he should never buy a share in a mine upon the assumption that the dividend of one year will be that of subsequent years. Of course, a mine may be worthless even when shares are taken for it by the vendor, but this is far more reasonable than a cash payment. I was reading, a day or two ago, the prospectus of a gold mine in the Argentine Republic. I do not know whether the statements put forth respecting it are correct or the reverse, nor am I aware whether any one taking its shares would lose his money or make by the investment. I observed, however, that the vendors take shares instead of cash, and I merely cite this prospectus because in this particular the system which I have so often recommended is followed.

AN ELECTRIC LIGHT COMPANY.

I have been greatly amused at reading the proceedings at a meeting of the Pilsen-Joel Light Company. It would seem that the Company had a capital of £130,000. Of this, £15,000 in cash and £60,000 in shares were paid to a company called the Union Company for certain patents, which possibly are worth one or two thousand pounds. A committee was appointed to endeavour to get back some of this money. After lengthy negotiations it announced that the Union Company consented to surrender its £60,000 worth of shares for the sum of £14,000. This arrangement was recommended to the shareholders by the Chairman of the Company, and the shareholders appear to have assented to it. But what may have been the market value of those shares? It seems to me that the Union Company make an exceedingly good thing by selling them for £14,000. The argument in favour of the arrangement was a curious one. Some of the shares of the Company are not fully paid up. If the Company were to go into liquidation, said the Chairman, the unpaid capital would have to be called up, and then "the fully paid shareholders would be entitled to their proportion of this amount before anything is returned to those who contributed." This is quite a new view of the liability of holders of shares with an unpaid liability, and, I should say, one as utterly erroneous as it is well possible to conceive.

THE ROAD CAR COMPANY.

I have always hoped that the General Omnibus Company would find some strong competitor, for its omnibuses are a disgrace to a civilised city, and are not likely to be bettered, so long as it remains unquestioned master of our streets. I was, therefore, pleased when I saw some comfortable looking omnibuses plying which I found belonged to the Road Car Company. I am, however, glad to think that I was not betrayed, by my dislike of the General Omnibus Company, to take shares in the Road Car Company. At its meeting curious disclosures were made. It would seem that a new Board has been appointed. The Chairman stated that two of the former Directors had received £1,800 to defray their expenses in visiting the Continent in search of the best type of omnibus; that one of them had claimed £15,000 for certain patent rights in the cars, but had taken £600; that a contract for stables had been given to an engineer, who had sublet it to a builder, and that when an expense of £1,600 had been incurred, the landlord had stopped the work on the ground of breach of covenant in the lease; that ten times the number of chaff-knives that were needed had been bought at ten times the market price; that many horses had been destroyed owing to an infectious disease which had broken out amongst them from underfeeding, although the cost per horse was higher than that paid by the General Omnibus Company; and that a number of horses which had been bought for £30 and £40 each, had been sold at an average price of £12. Altogether the Road Car Company does not seem to be in a very flourishing condition. Its liabilities apparently exceed its assets. Its old Directors lost during the first part of 1883, £2,637; and its new Directors have lost during the last half of the year, £3,850. If the General Omnibus Company is to be seriously tackled, it must be taken in hand by a more solid and a better-managed Company than this Road Car Company.

ANECDOTAL PHOTOGRAPHS.

THE NEW ASSISTANT PAYMASTER-GENERAL.

THE dignified post of Paymaster-General is practically a sinecure, the active duties being relegated to two assistants, one of whom has the control of the parent establishment in Whitehall, and the other performs the functions of Paymaste in Chancery. By a recent Act of Parliament the finance departments of the three divisions of the Supreme Court of Judicature have been consolidated, the successor to the late Chancery Paymaster having now the custody of all legal funds. The difficult and responsible task of carrying out the new scheme has been entrusted to Sir George Welsh Kellner, K.C.M.G. and .S.I., a distinguished Indian official, whose appointment is a unique instance of a member of the uncovenanted service of India being raised to an important position under Government in this country.

Sir George owes his start in life to a caricature. When he was a youth of sixteen, earning a scanty and precarious livelihood in India by giving lessons in drawing, he had the temerity to make a fancy sketch of a Bengal official of high rank. This gentleman, himself an amateur artist of considerable talent, was much struck by the humour and truthfulness of the portrait, and, instead of taking umbrage at a harmless joke, he sought out the

John Shaw, Share Broker, Wardrobe-chambers, Queen Victoria-st., deals at tape prices at an inclusive commission of one-sixteenth.

Family Histories.—"Our Noble and Gentle Families of Royal Descent" commands peculiar interest on account of the numerous genealogies which will only be found in its pages, and which will enable many families for the first time to possess in a permanent and handy form (in addition to their royal descent) an elaborate account of their relatives and kin with a trustworthy history of their ancestors. Now compiling by Mr. Foster, 21, Boundary-rd., London, N.W.

young caricaturist, and befriended him in many ways. Through the kind offices of his magnanimous patron, young Kellner obtained a modest clerkship in a subordinate branch of the financial department of the Indian Government, and this proved the commencement of a career which has been no less remarkable than meritorious.

There are some men who are specially adapted by nature for official life. Energy and capacity go for very little in the public service unless combined with tact and certain courtier-like qualities which are necessary to counteract the effects of dull routine. A clever and ambitious subordinate is hampered and constrained by the traditions of his department, the vested interests of seniors, and the petty jealousies of his less enterprising colleagues. He must have the knack of bringing himself to the front without making any apparent effort to do so, and, above all, he must study the idiosyncrasies of his chiefs. Mr. Kellner soon attracted the notice of the head of his department, and before long contrived to get employed on a special mission which afforded scope for the exercise of his inborn capacity for marshalling facts and figures. An official report of his at length attracted the attention of Lord Dalhousie, then Governor-General of India, by whom he was selected to conduct a special inquiry into one of the administrative departments of the army, and to advise upon the difficult question of providing remounts for the cavalry. This service, which resulted in a considerable saving to the State, obtained for him the favourable notice of Lord Canning, Lord Dalhousie's successor, and he was subsequently employed on similar investigations in nearly every department of the Government. By this means his name was brought prominently before the public, and while still a young man he came to be regarded as an authority on the subject of public accounts and finance.

In 1862 he visited England on furlough, being favourably introduced to the Government of this country by his official superiors. With characteristic zeal and foresight he employed his leave in studying systematically the working of the finance departments of our public offices; and, not content with this, after several months spent in the vicinity of Whitehall, he crossed over to Paris, and passed some time in the War Office over there, mastering the intricacies of the French system of accounts. He also studied the financial working of the principal railways both there and in England, with a view to the introduction of an effective financial control over Indian railways. In fact, being afforded especial facilities by the Government for acquiring a thorough knowledge of the most approved financial methods and principles, he spared no exertion to perfect himself for the discharge of his official duties as an accountant and financier. The wide and varied experience thus gained was turned to profitable use on his return to India, and at length, in 1871, he was appointed on the ground of special fitness, and, contrary to all precedent, to the office of Military Accountant-General. This post, which had always previously been held by a military officer of high rank, he continued to retain until his retirement under the rules of the service in 1878.

Riding Habits.—Specialty of John Redfern & Sons. Ladies' Tailors by Appointment to H.R.H. the Princess of Wales, 26, Conduit-street, London, W. Also at Cowes and Paris.

At this epoch, Mr. Kellner was no longer in the first bloom of youth. He had, by close application and ability, worked his way up from the lowest rung of the official ladder in India to a position of marked distinction. Besides, too, discharging important duties in every part of India, he had been sent on a financial mission to Turkey, and had been deputed to appear before Select Committees of the House of Commons on Indian Finance. His services had been frequently recognised both in India and in England, he had been created a C.S.I., and, though he had been employed for a series of years in labours which would have procured for most men a host of enemies, he had made friends wherever he went. After such a successful and arduous career he might fairly have retired upon his laurels with the comforting retrospect which a well-spent life affords. But, after all, Mr. Kellner was still only middle-aged, and neither his energy nor his keen scent for "missions" had been impaired by time. The result was that within a few months of his retirement he was again engaged on active service, being appointed to accompany Lord Wolseley to Cyprus as Financial Commissioner, for the purpose of inquiring into and organising the financial system of our newly-acquired possession.

His task was by no means easy, owing to the complete ignorance which prevailed with regard to the resources of the island and its fiscal arrangements. The Financial Commissioner found everything in a state of chaos, after long years of Turkish misrule and oppression, and ignorance of the Greek and Turkish languages was not calculated to facilitate his operations. But, in spite of these drawbacks, Mr. Kellner managed to put things in order, and gained the commendation of the Government, notwithstanding that his work was interrupted by a serious attack of fever, which compelled him to return to England prematurely. For his services in connection with Cyprus, Mr. Kellner was created a K.C.M.G. in 1879.

Since then, Sir George Kellner has frequently rendered assistance to the heads of several departments of the Government in the investigation of financial questions. Being indefatigable, far-seeing, and shrewd, he was never the man to take a back seat when an opportunity presented itself of turning to account his large experience as a financial administrator. That his reputation is not confined to official circles is evidenced by the fact that in 1882 he was deputed by the Council of Foreign Bondholders to report upon the condition and prospects of the Republic of Costa Rica. He has also been despatched recently on a financial mission to Canada, and has visited Jamaica and the other West India islands, which enabled him to furnish the Government with a valuable report on their financial condition. His appointment as Assistant Paymaster-General of the Supreme Court of Judicature has been conferred upon him without reference to his political opinions, for he is a Conservative, and was selected, as in the case of his nomination to the Military Accountant-Generalship of India, solely on the ground of special fitness for the post. It is likely to prove highly beneficial to the public that the new Assistant Paymaster is an outsider of varied experience in finance, for he will at least be untrammelled by the musty traditions of Chancery. The

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pronounced red-tapeism of the Circumlocution Office still lingers about the Chancery Pay Department, and a new broom is much needed to sweep away some antiquated cobwebs in the shape of vexatious formulas and absurd regulations which might with advantage be dispensed with.

Sir George is by no means a Dryasdust official, with square-toed notions and a limited range of ideas. He is essentially a man of the world, a thorough cosmopolitan, and possesses tact, discretion, and penetration. He is not to be caught napping, though his blandly courteous demeanour and imperturbable good humour might mislead an incautious subordinate. He is a distinguished-looking man, on the right side of sixty, with polished manners, and devoid of any approach to pompousness. In private life he is of a distinctly sociable turn, a good amateur actor, a member of several clubs, and universally popular.

QUEER STORIES.

MASTER TOM'S ENGAGEMENT.

OLD Mr. Molyneux was immensely proud of his position as a county magnate. He lived in a feudal castle which he had bought cheaply, having taken over at the same time the goodwill, so to speak, of its former owner's social influence and dignity. In consideration of his great wealth, his neighbours charitably ignored the fact that his father had been a small tradesman, and that he himself had carried on a lucrative business in the hardware line for many years. He was not a bad old fellow, his vulgarity being of a subdued and inoffensive kind, and consequently he was received in the best county society. But he aspired to even greater distinction, for his pet project was to marry his only son, Tom, to one of the Earl of Laburnum's daughters. There seemed no reason why this auspicious event should not come about, for the Lady Florence looked kindly upon Master Tom, and his lordship had more than once hinted that he would raise no objection. Lord Laburnum was the lord-lieutenant of the county, and an alliance with his family meant admission into the most aristocratic circles.

Unfortunately Master Tom was rather a scapegrace, and his father preferred to let him see a little of the world before revealing the high honours that were in store for him. The fact was that Tom showed no predilection whatever for the Lady Florence, and he was just at that democratic age when a youth is apt to underrate social advantages. The old man hoped that when Tom had had his fling he would begin to awake to the responsibilities of his position, and be amenable to reason. He knew that Tom was raising a very respectable crop of debts, and that before long his paternal assistance would be sought. When the crisis arrived, he intended to make known his wishes, and to take advantage of the lad's embarrassments to impose conditions. Meanwhile, as Tom seemed to have given his heart a roving commission, there was no apparent danger of his seriously compromising his affections.

One day, however, the young man came down from town, where he was ostensibly studying for the bar, and with a very grave and determined air announced that he was engaged to be married. Old Mr. Molyneux nearly had a fit of apoplexy on the spot, and when Tom proceeded to state that the young lady earned her own living by carrying on the business of a dressmaker at the West-end, his horror and indignation knew no bounds. In vain Tom pleaded that Miss Fabian was a lady by birth and education, and that the poverty of her family was her only crime. His father became more and more furious, until Tom showed symptoms of flat rebellion.

"Think of your position in the county!" cried old Mr. Molyneux, perceiving this, and wisely making an effort to control himself. "I will take it for granted, if you like, that the girl is an exemplary character. She may be lady-like, and well educated, and all the rest of it. But her station is altogether inferior to yours."

"I don't see that," said Tom, stubbornly.

"Why, of course. It is ridiculous," said the old gentleman, swelling with self-importance. "Her father, you say, is a poor out-at-elbows devil of a clerk in the City."

"I've never noticed his coat has holes in it," retorted Tom. "As for his being a clerk in the City, so were you—once. The only difference is that you have been more fortunate than he, and have made enough money to retire upon."

"None of your infernal Radical nonsense here, sir!" cried old Mr. Molyneux, infuriated at this reference to his own origin. "It would be just as sensible to say that you and I are the equals of Lord Laburnum because Adam was our common ancestor. What does it matter if I was once a clerk in the City? I have since attained a superior grade in the social scale, and that is the fact that must be faced. By marrying the daughter of a City clerk, who earns her living by dressmaking, you would be making a mis-alliance."

"Just as Lady Florence would by marrying me," said Tom, looking wonderfully innocent.

"Who is talking about Lady Florence?" said old Mr. Molyneux, taken aback by this unexpected thrust.

"Nobody—only I have an idea you wish me to marry out of my station," retorted Tom.

"I don't wish you to marry at all, sir, not for many a long year!" cried the old man, fairly nonplussed.

"What I mean is, father," said Tom, doggedly, "that I see no more harm in marrying below one's station—to use your own term—than in marrying above it. If one is wrong the other must be."

"Stuff and nonsense, sir! You don't know what you're talking about," exclaimed Mr. Molyneux. "I don't want to have an argument with you. The long and short of the matter is, that I won't hear of this foolish engagement. There! It is no use talking. Let there be an end of it, or I shall have something very unpleasant to say."

The old man bounced out of the room as he spoke, not a little startled and amazed by his son's tone and attitude. Hitherto Tom had never ventured to argue with him, partly from filial duty and partly from inherent weakness of character. He began to fear that the lad possessed unexpected firmness, until he soothed his mind by the reflection that he had probably been carefully coached for the interview.

Vanity Fair says:—"Mr. Benjamin is still the Prince of Ulster and Stalking-Coat Makers." Ulster House, Conduit-street, W.

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This suspicion explained Master Tom's unaccustomed readiness of repartee, which had made him appear a dangerous adversary. Relieved in his mind by the discovery, old Mr. Molyneux gradually cooled down, and completely recovered his self-confidence. He easily convinced himself that Tom would never dare to disobey him, and, instead of feeling the least apprehensive of the marriage taking place, he was only uneasy lest rumours of the engagement should reach the Laburnums.

He prudently resolved to treat the matter as definitely disposed of, and to make no further allusion to it—at all events until Tom had had time for reflection. Judging from appearances, the lad seemed completely subdued. He spent the next few days slaughtering pheasants in a dejected and sulky frame of mind. His father smiled within himself and held his tongue, though he showed by his manner that he did not intend to be trifled with. When he considered that he might safely speak, he said one morning, with assumed carelessness:—

"Well, my boy, what are you going to do?"

"I'm going to shoot over Bailey's farm," replied Tom.

"Nonsense. You know what I am referring to," said the old man, turning red. "I am speaking of this idiotic love affair."

"Oh! Well, of course, I must keep my word," said Tom, with flushed cheek.

"What! you haven't written to break it off?" said Mr. Molyneux, feigning surprise.

"No, guv'nor, I haven't," said Tom. "I hoped you would have softened by this time."

"And I believed you would have remembered that your first duty was to obey your father," cried the old man, beginning to boil. "Do you mean to tell me that you still contemplate marrying a—a dressmaker?"

"She has sold her business, father," said Tom, eagerly. "She might have done better had she waited a bit, but out of deference to your wishes——"

"My wishes!" interrupted Mr. Molyneux, angrily. "I don't care if she carries on twenty businesses. What I say is that you shall never marry her with my consent. That's all."

"I should be very sorry to disobey you, father," began Tom, gravely, "but——"

"Look here, my boy," interrupted the old gentleman, quickly, speaking with unnatural calmness, "let us understand each other. I forbid this foolish engagement, and I order you to break it off instantly. That is my bark. Now for my bite. You leave my house within an hour, and unless you inform me in the course of a week that the affair is at an end, I stop supplies. If you persist in marrying the girl, then, by heaven! I will alter my will and leave every farthing I possess to your cousin Ted—in fact, I will make him my heir and discard you altogether."

It is doubtful whether the old man would have really carried out this serious threat, for he was fond of his son, and proud of him in a way, but he looked very determined when he uttered it, and Tom was evidently impressed. The lad dropped his eyes before his father's irate glance, and the ruddy colour left his cheeks for an instant.

Antique and Decorative French, Italian, and English Furniture, and Old Tapestries, &c.—J. J. Duveen, 181, Oxford-street.

"You know, Tom," he added, noticing the wholesome effect of his words, "you are entirely dependent upon me, and unless you took to poaching, I don't see how you could possibly earn a crust. Besides you are up to your ears in debt."

"I don't owe much," said Tom, quickly, with a tell-tale blush.

"You will find out that you owe a good deal when your creditors learn that I have made your cousin Ted my heir," said the old man, enigmatically.

Tom was evidently seriously disconcerted by this remark. He turned on his heel, muttering something about catching the next train to town, leaving his father master of the situation. The old man considered he had gained a signal victory, and was, therefore, not the least perturbed when his son started off to the station with his luggage, in literal accordance with his injunction. He did not doubt that Master Tom would see the folly of his ways; and, sure enough, two days afterwards the young man re-appeared, looking decidedly sheepish, and tendered his submission. He even brought a copy of the letter he had written to the young lady, which Mr. Molyneux thought a little too curt and matter of fact, if any fault was to be found with it. However, he was not inclined to be hypercritical in this respect, and he heartily applauded Tom's action.

"I'm going away for a bit, guv'nor," said the lad, who winced a little at his father's boisterous good-humour, and seemed half ashamed of his conduct. "Webster and some other fellows have hired a yacht, and sail for Madeira to-morrow."

"By all means, my boy," cried Mr. Molyneux, secretly delighted that his son should leave England for awhile at this juncture; "and look here, Tom, while you are away I will settle matters with these friends of yours."

He produced rather a formidable list of names and figures as he spoke, and Tom started with surprise, as well he might, at perceiving how full and accurate was his father's knowledge of his pecuniary embarrassments. The old man cut short his son's confused protestations of gratitude and apology by saying good-humouredly:

"Well, well, you must turn over a new leaf, my boy. Reasonable economy must henceforth be the order of the day, and I hope, on your return, that you will settle down and reside permanently in the country."

He had it on the tip of his tongue to hint that he must be prepared to marry Lady Florence; but he wisely refrained. Nevertheless, he was as full of the project as ever, and after Tom's departure, he spoke to Lord Laburnum more plainly than he had hitherto done. His lordship, without pledging himself, gave him an encouraging reply; and he resolved to bring matters to a crisis immediately upon his son's return. The consequence was that the task of settling with Tom's creditors proved quite an agreeable relaxation, and did not cause him a moment's ill-humour.

But he was very much startled and disgusted on hearing that his solicitor had been asked to accept service of a writ on Tom's behalf in an action for damages for breach of promise of marriage brought by Miss Fabian against her faithless lover. The news upset him considerably, for such a scandal would set all the papers gossiping about his antecedents, while Tom could hardly fail to cut

a ridiculous figure in the witness-box. Old Mr. Molyneux soon arrived at the conclusion that the action must be compromised at any cost, for the sake of his own dignity, not to mention the projected alliance with the Laburnums. He rushed up to town in quite a frantic state, and disregarding the advice and protestations of his solicitor, insisted that Miss Fabian's claim should be settled forthwith at any sacrifice, in order to avert the danger of the affair finding its way into the papers.

He was successful in his main object, but rich man as he was, he almost groaned when he sat down to write the cheque that Miss Fabian's advisers demanded. The amount was represented by no less than five figures, and the worst of it was that he got no sympathy whatever from his solicitor, who declared that by going to trial, or even by holding out, he might have saved the greater part of the money.

In spite of his great relief that the threatened scandal had been averted, old Mr. Molyneux soon began to regret the sacrifice he had made, and to fret about his enormous loss. He was not by any means a penurious man, but, like all parvenus, he keenly appreciated the value of money. He did not mind what he spent so long as he had something to show for his outlay; but in this instance the result attained was entirely negative. Every one is inclined to underrate a danger when it has passed, and Mr. Molyneux could not help suspecting that he had been too easily frightened. This uncomfortable reflection worried him a good deal, particularly when he learnt that Lord Laburnum had made arrangements to take his family to the south of France for the winter. This did not look as if his lordship was very anxious about his daughter's marriage with Tom, and old Mr. Molyneux was seized with an ominous foreboding when he heard the news.

Tom returned after an absence of three or four months, and was evidently not a little apprehensive of the reception he would meet with. He had received some angry letters from his father, referring to the damages he had had to pay; and he therefore appeared nervous and embarrassed at their first meeting. But the old man, delighted at seeing him again, sought to put him at his ease by saying:—

"I'm not going to allude to what has happened, my boy. I'm willing to let bygones be bygones."

"You are very good, father, but—but——"

"What is the matter?" inquired old Mr. Molyneux, as Tom paused in confusion.

"I still cling to the hope that you will consent to my marriage with Miss Fabian," said Tom, desperately.

"What!" roared his father, with a great start.

"You see, guv'nor," proceeded Tom, "I'm in a much better position than I was before I went away. Then, as you justly pointed out, I was in debt, I had no capital, and I was altogether dependent upon you. But my debts are now paid, and as for capital——"

"Well, sir, what about capital?" interrupted the old man, too much amazed to be angry.

"There is the money you paid to Miss Fabian," said Tom, with a fleeting smile. "The interest on it would keep us from starving, and at least it is enough to buy and stock a farm with."

"But—but I paid the money because you broke your promise to marry her," urged his father, incredulously. "She would never marry you now."

"I think she would," replied Tom, in a confident tone.

"The fact is, sir, that I have been victimised," exclaimed old Mr. Molyneux, suddenly, as the truth flashed across his mind.

"Not exactly, father—at least, not yet," returned Tom, with great earnestness. "I hope you will not withhold your consent to our marriage. If you will consent, the money shall be paid back to you—every farthing. I don't wish to defy you, as it were; and both of us are willing to rely entirely, with regard to the future, upon your generosity."

Old Mr. Molyneux had turned purple in the face, and Tom was justly alarmed at his aspect. But before he could utter a word in reply, a man-servant brought in a note, remarking that a messenger was waiting to know if there was any reply. Mr. Molyneux opened the envelope half-absently, glanced hurriedly at the contents, and then gave vent to a muttered execration which apparently relieved his over-wrought feelings. After striding about the room for a few moments in great agitation, he suddenly halted in front of Tom, and cried in a voice of suppressed passion:—

"You — you impertinent, disrespectful, disobedient rascal! What did you say about the money?"

"I said every farthing would be returned to you," replied Tom, staring at his father.

"Very well," said the old man, abruptly; and he immediately sat down at the writing-table, and wrote a note with a tremulous hand. "Read that," he said to his son, when he had finished.

Tom, in his turn amazed and bewildered, read as follows:—

Dear Lord Laburnum,—It was very kind of you to hasten to inform me, on hearing of my son's return, that you have other views with regard to your daughter Florence. I ought, perhaps, to have mentioned that my son has been engaged to a Miss Fabian for some months, and that his marriage will take place immediately.—Yours faithfully, Jno. Molyneux.

"Oh! father. It is awfully good of you," cried Tom, with tears in his eyes.

"I expect Lord Laburnum will be riled," said old Mr. Molyneux, sulkily, as he folded up the note. "I doubt if I should have made £10,000 by allowing you to marry his daughter."

GIRLS' GOSSIP.

Dearest Amy,—Do you remember my growling to you about chair-backs and their instability, inutility, and a number of other "ilities?" Well, I have just heard from a friend at Cuba, who tells me that she gets from New York a delightful kind of pin, rather like a hairpin, but shorter, and more decorative about the head, which serves to fasten the antimacassar upon the article of furniture to which it acts the part of ivy. I have never seen any in England, so conclude that these pins represent yet another ingenious "Yankee notion."

Another friend writes:—

I am glad you interest yourself so strongly in the cause of *feet* versus *boots*, the latter being nowadays detrimental to the former and also to a *good* "walk," as they are *too* short, high-heeled, and pointed. The "Meyer"-shaped boot, rounded at the outer side, seems better for the foot, sending the toes forward instead of pinching them back, as the present style appears to do. Could not orthopedists invent something—say, in

elastic—which, without stopping the circulation, would compress painful and enlarged joints, and by drawing the great toe towards the heel, bring the former into its right position, and give the foot a more arched appearance? Of course, such a contrivance must be made to wear under the stocking. The ancient sandals were, I fancy, good both for feet and gait.

What do you think of the suggestion? I must confess that I should entertain a lively dislike to any piece of elastic that was to bend my toes towards my heels. Should not you? At the same time, it is certain that numbers of women wilfully hobble themselves by wearing tight boots. At Sandown, on Friday, for instance, I observed several glaring instances of these, and remarked how they destroyed all grace and lightness of carriage on the part of their wearers. One girl absolutely kept standing on one leg, resting each unlucky foot alternately. The effect was rather odd. The short skirts of the present time remorselessly show all these little follies. And then, it is so absolutely futile to wear short boots. Dr. Zacharie, who is a good authority on such matters, writes that if a boot be but long enough, and space allowed for the play of muscles on the instep, no very great harm can ensue, provided the heels be not high. Rather than totter about as some poor girls do, I would prefer to display feet such as are described in "John Bull et son Île" as appertaining to English women, "pieds qui font avant tout songer à la mesure de douze pouces, à laquelle ils ont donné leur nom. Impossible de faire un faux pas," the author adds, "avec de pareilles bases: on ne peut pas perdre son centre de gravité." A little severe, is it not?

Evelyn's sister, who is rather "blue," called yesterday, and delivered herself of quite a tirade against editors and publishers. "I have now tried them," she said, "with fifteen different manuscripts, all on popular subjects, and all better written than three-fourths of the articles one reads. There must be a conspiracy against me. They are afraid of being outshone! I have had every MS. back again."

The poor editors! How I pity them if they receive many contributions like Agatha's. She brings them to read to us, Amy dear, and you can't imagine how full they are of what Maud calls "dictionary words." And every now and then she stops and asks what we think of such and such a passage. Now that is simple cruelty, for we never have an idea what it was about, and if we had it is hardly fair to drive a fellow-creature into a corner from which she can extricate herself only by a fib or a brutal frankness.

She complains that editors give the same reply in each case—"List of contributors complete." She fails to perceive in this a civil mode of declining what she offers; but appears to expect a detailed criticism, which would take a long time for a busy literary man to write, and would, if granted to all her fifteen manuscripts, afford her a very inexpensive course of training in literature. In one instance, after tormenting some unfortunate man to give his reasons for not accepting an article of hers, she received the following:—

In reply to your request, I give you a few of my reasons for rejecting your sketch. Your grammar is defective and your spelling far from faultless. Your characters are marionettes, and your incidents borrowed. Your plot is hackneyed, and your dialogue dull. You make poppies bloom in April, and give people game at dinner in June. I could extend this catalogue of "reasons" to an indefinite length, but will in mercy forbear, hoping you may extend the same mercy to me, and send me no more MSS.

How do you call that for straight? And was it not simple of her to read it to us? Charlie was wicked enough to copy it while it lay unnoticed on the table. He forwarded a copy to a man he knows who edits a paper, with a recommendation to him to have it printed and send it as a reply to troublesome correspondents.

And, then, Agatha is so horribly learned. Fancy being asked, just as you raise your cup of tea to your lips, "Are you interested in the subject of the sun's corona?" or "What are your views on Transcendentalism?" or "Have you formed an opinion as to the whereabouts of the Lost Tribes?" She comes charged with these dreadful questions, and pours them in a lava-flood about our tea-table, so that other callers sink into silence and gradually glide away, leaving us lonely and defenceless.

What a courageous man he would be who would marry Agatha!

We went to see Mr. Morley and Miss Birch married at St. George's. The bride's dress was unusually pretty, the petticoat being made of terry velvet, and the bodice and train of stamped velvet, the latter being edged with marabout. The bridesmaids wore dresses of "London smoke" cashmere, trimmed with marabout, and bonnets of the same with pale pink aigrettes. They carried lovely bouquets, the blossoms being principally pink roses.

The bride's mother was in a toilet that was delightful in its rich simplicity. The dress was of black velvet, made with perfect plainness, and without trimming of any kind An embroidered Indian shawl was worn over this. The bonnet was rather Quaker-like in shape. It, too, was of black velvet, with feathers of pale lavender. The bridegroom was married in spectacles—I suppose in obedience to the recommendation to "look before you leap."

The Rev. Marmaduke Washington, one of the clergymen who officiated, gave *such* a long address! What he said was excellent—at least, at the beginning. I left off listening after the first ten minutes. It is a duty one owes one self when exorbitant demands are made on one's attention.

On Thursday, the 13th inst., Major the Hon. George Gough, Lord Gough's second son, is to be married at St. George's to Miss Hilda Moffatt, who is a sister of Mrs. Howard Vincent. I am sure it will be a pretty wedding. The bridegroom is in the 14th Hussars.

I shall leave the Drawing-room dresses to tell you about next week, as the first is to be held on Friday. I hear it is not expected to be so full a one as that which is to take place on the 20th.

There was such a crowd at Sandown on Friday that it was really difficult to see the dresses. There was a magnificent coat of dark green velvet trimmed with sable-tail; and I noticed a poppy-coloured dress which was effectively toned down by trimmings of brown marabout. There were a few good grey toilets. I observed a tendency to swing the skirts, which, I suppose, we owe to the odious crinolette. It is a far from graceful movement, and is reminiscent of a ballet-dancer. Besides, it reveals ankles that are not always all they might be.

If you want a gem of a song, get "Love in Season." The words are by H. D'Arcy Jaxone, and the composer is Arthur Briscoe. It has a flavour of the old madrigal, and is both quaint and pretty. "Lost and Found" is a capital man's song of the nautical order. The words are Edward Oxenford's, and the music G. H. Newcombe's. I should like to hear Santley sing it. "The Cross of Great St. Paul's" is of the infanticide class of song, which has become so popular since Mr. Austin Dobson killed the little boy-player, and some one set the deed to music. The present instance has for composer Arthur Dyer, who makes a happy hit by contrasting the golden summer days in the country with the squalor and wretchedness of the same days in the City. The first verse is delightful.

We have been trying some new valses. "L'Immensité" is the by no means ambitious title of a set by Louis Gregh, who has apparently found some difficulty in doing justice to a subject so illimitable. "Captivity" is the curious name of an excellent set of valses, dedicated to Mrs. Howard Vincent, and adorned with a pair of handcuffs on the title-page. The composer is M. Moser. "Rigaudon," Raff's op. 204, is arranged for the piano and violin by Joh Lauterbach. "The Dance at the Forge" is pretty, and recalls the "Harmonious Blacksmith." Mr. Sugg, the composer, might have a worse model, might he not?

Here is a delicious Italian *entrée* called "rairoli," which is made and served in a white or yellow earthenware dish in the shape of a bowl. You begin by making a solid sort of stuffing with chopped-up mushrooms, herbs, and bread-crumbs sopped in milk. Then prepare the paste, made with flour, water, salt, and yolk of egg. It must be very thin and dry. Spread it out in a large sheet, and place on it at regular intervals lumps of the stuffing of the size of a

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marble; wet with a brush dipped in water the intervals where the paste shows between the lumps of stuffing; cover the whole with another thin sheet of paste, and make indentations in each interval; then separate each tiny "rairoli," and put them aside. They must be prepared four hours before you want them. Boil them in water, and dispose them in the bowl. First a layer of "rairoli," then a layer of scraped Parmesan, till the bowl is nearly full. Moisten with a béchamel sauce, and heat in the oven for a quarter of an hour before serving hot.

For those who like savoury dishes the following is a capital way of cooking rump-steak. Take a piece of rump-steak, divide it into equal portions of a quarter of a pound each, lard them, and let them soak for twelve hours in a *marinade* compounded of equal quantities of cognac and madeira, in which you will have put thyme, cloves, parsley, tarragon, minced onions, and carrots. Then drain off the *marinade*, roast the pieces of steak briskly till half done pouring the *marinade* over the meat, and adding stock; then take the gravy away again, and let the beef simmer in the kitchener for four hours. You must have prepared some mushrooms, cooked in stock, and some tomatoes, cooked in butter. Arrange your steaks on a dish, surrounding each piece with tomatoes and mushrooms; add the gravy that remains and serve hot. Such is the renowned way of cooking "bœuf à la Provençale."

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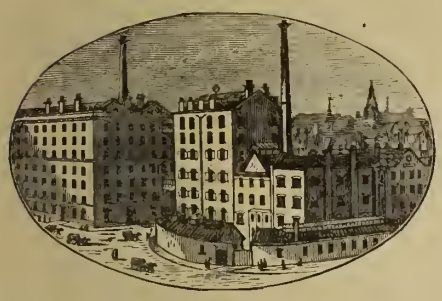

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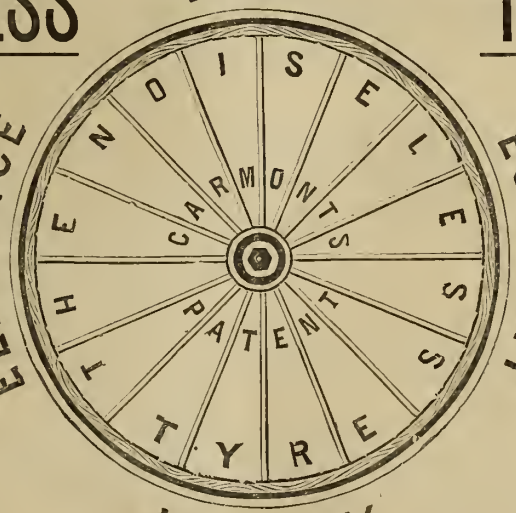

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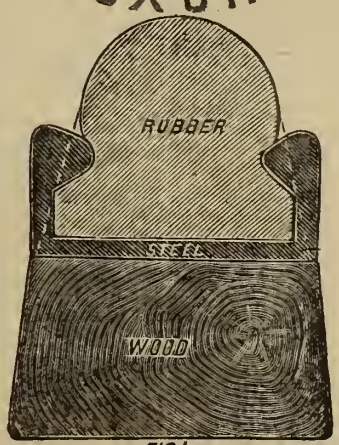

FIG.1

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NOTICE.—A Society much needed in England is one to improve and promote the Breed, and publish a Stud-Book of Light Draught Horses suitable for Field Artillery, Railway Vans, and Tram Traffic. Any persons interested in this would very much oblige, by communicating with the undersigned, who would be happy to give his support and interest in the matter, he would also like to receive any suggestions as to the best means of establishing such a society.—LOFTUS H. RICKETTS, Elmhirst, Banwell, R.S.O.

THE SPORTSMAN'S EXHIBITION.—The THIRD ANNUAL SPORTSMAN'S EXHIBITION will be held at the Agricultural Hall, London, March 13, 14, and 15, 1884.

THE SPORTSMAN'S EXHIBITION.—Under the patronage of His Grace the Duke of Grafton, his Grace the Duke of Beaufort, K.G., M.F.H.; his Grace the Duke of Rutland, K.G., M.F.H.; his Grace the Duke of Hamilton and Brandon, P.C.; his Grace the Duke of Montrose, K.T.; his Grace the Duke of Athole, his Grace the Duke of Portland, his Grace the Duke of Manchester, K.P.; his Grace the Duke of Sutherland, K.G.; his Grace the Duke of Westminster, K.G.; and many other distinguished noblemen and gentlemen.

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THE SPORTSMAN'S EXHIBITION closes Saturday, March 15th. Admission—One Shilling. Manager: John H. Raffety, Agricultural Hall; Secretary: Harry Etherington, 152, Fleet-street, London, E.C.

THE ANNUAL SPRING EXHIBITION of PICTURES by English and Continental Artists, including M. Fortuny's Picture "In the Vatican," is NOW OPEN, at ARTHUR TOOTH & SONS' New Galleries, 5 & 6, Haymarket, opposite Her Majesty's Theatre.—Admission One Shilling, including catalogue.

JAPANESE ART GALLERY, 14, Grafton-street, Bond-street (adjoining Mayall's). "All who wish to see what the Art of Japan really is, should go to the Japanese Fine Art Gallery."—See *World*, December 5th, 1883.

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PRUDENTIAL ASSURANCE COMPANY,
LIMITED, HOLBORN BARS, LONDON.

THIRTY-FIFTH ANNUAL REPORT.
For the Year ending 31st December, 1883.

The Directors have much pleasure in presenting their Report and Accounts for the year 1883.

The reduction in the rate of expenditure in both branches has been continued during the year.

The Funds of the Company have been increased during the year by the sum of £759,818, in the Ordinary Branch £126,255, and in the Industrial Branch £633,563, raising the total assets of the Company to £3,807,217.

It will be seen that the Investments of the year have been confined to the usual first-class securities.

ORDINARY BRANCH.

The New Business of this Branch for the year consists of 9,504 Policies, assuring the sum of £1,166,392 and producing a New Annual Premium income of £46,959.

The claims of the year amount to £86,075, representing 526 Deaths and 21 Endowment Assurances matured.

The Annual Premium Income at the end of the year is £200,790, being an increase of £35,841 over the year 1882. The increase for 1882 was £22,216, making a total increase in the Premium Income for the first two years of the Quinquennium of £58,057.

The rate of expenditure of the Branch slightly exceeds Ten per cent. on the Premium Income.

INDUSTRIAL BRANCH.

The Premiums actually received during the year in this Branch are £2,504,307. 14s. 2d. as compared with the sum of £2,126,022. 3s. 11d. received during 1882, being an increase of Premium Receipts of £378,285. 10s. 3d. The increase for 1882 was £276,527. 5s. 6d., making a total increase in the Premium Receipts for the first two years of the Quinquennium of £654,812. 15s. 9d.

The Claims of the year amount to £912,233.

The total expenses of this Branch, as compared with those of the previous year, show a reduction in the rate of expenditure of Two and a half per cent. on the Premium Income.

The Directors have thought it advisable to make a further addition to their number, and they have invited Dr. Robert Barnes, of Harley-street, one of the original Shareholders of the Company, to a seat at the Board. Dr. Barnes's election will be submitted to the Meeting for confirmation.

The vacancy in the Auditorship has been filled by the appointment of Mr. Thomas Wharrie, of Glasgow, a duly qualified Shareholder.

Life Assurance Companies Act, 1870.—Fourth Schedule.

Balance Sheet of the Prudential Assurance Company, Limited (Ordinary Branch) *on the 31st December*, 1883.

Liabilities.	£.	s.	d.
Life Assurance Fund	1,053,891	4	10
Sickness and Assurance Fund	540	3	8
	£1,054,431	8	6
Claims under Life Policies admitted	10,781	19	5
	£1,065,213	7	11

Assets.				£.	s.	d.
Mortgages on Property within the United Kingdom				383,717	17	7
Metropolitan Board of Works Stock				50,550	0	0
Loans on Municipal and other Rates				16,454	19	5
Loans on the Company's Policies				40,829	10	11
Investments:—						
In British Government Securities (£150,000 Consols)				145,425	10	7
Indian and Colonial Securities				63,836	11	9
Foreign Securities				12,281	11	6
Railway and other Debentures and Debenture Stocks				73,842	17	7
Railway Shares (Preference and Ordinary)				20,526	12	5
House Property				89,000	0	0
Reversions				82,243	18	0
Agents' Balances				9,465	0	1
Outstanding Premiums				1,721	8	5
Outstanding Interest and Rents				9,180	5	2
Cash:—						
On Deposit	£50,000	0	0			
On Current Account	16,037	4	6			
In Hand	100	0	0			
				66,137	4	6
				£1,065,213	7	11

Balance-Sheet of the Prudential Assurance Company, Limited (Industrial Branch), *on the 31st December*, 1883.

Liabilities.	£.	s.	d.
Shareholders' Capital	80,028	0	0
Life Assurance Fund	2,572,758	6	2
Contingency Fund	100,000	0	0
	£2,752,786	6	2
Claims under Life Policies admitted	10,578	15	9
	£2,763,365	1	11

Assets.				£.	s.	d.
Mortgages on Property within the United Kingdom				39,281	17	6
Loans on Municipal and other Rates				812,979	0	6
City of London Corporation Bonds				49,875	0	0
Investments:—						
In British Government Securities (£350,000 New 3 per Cents.)				343,426	0	0
Railway and other Debentures and Debenture Stocks				142,374	6	5
Freehold Ground Rents				774,622	12	6
House Property				211,000	0	0
Scotch Feu Duties				8,062	19	10
Freehold Estates				89,607	12	8
Reversions				46,475	15	11
Furniture and Fittings				22,500	0	0
Loans upon personal security				912	14	0
Agents' Balances				7,947	2	10
Outstanding Premiums				137,496	6	7
Outstanding Interest and Rents				30,677	0	3
Cash in hands of Superintendents				20,153	11	1
Cash:—						
On Current Account	£25,741	1	10			
In hand	250	0	0			
				25,991	1	10
				£2,763,365	1	11

THOS. C. DEWEY, WILLIAM HUGHES, } *Managers.*
W. J. LANCASTER, *Secretary.*

EDGAR HORNE, *Chairman.*
HENRY HARBEN, RICHD. THOS. PUGH, } *Directors.*

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THE WEST ARGENTINE GOLD COMPANY, LIMITED.

Special Features.

No cash is payable to the vendors, who receive the whole of the consideration for the properties in shares. A large portion of the capital has already been applied for by the directors and their friends.

The Directors will take no fees until the Company has paid a dividend, when they will be paid by a percentage on nett profits.

The value of these properties has already been proved, considerable quantities of gold having been extracted prior to the purchase by the vendors under great difficulties for want of capital.

Climate and general conditions of mining excellent, wages low, labour plentiful, registered titles.

Situated in the centre of a rich mineral district.

THE WEST ARGENTINE GOLD COMPANY (Limited).

Capital £50,000, in 50,000 shares of £1 each, of which 16,000 shares are reserved as payment to the vendors, 2,000 shares are to be allotted as fully paid up in part payment for the machinery. 22,000 shares are now offered for subscription. Payment as follows:—5s. on application, 5s. on allotment, and the remaining 10s. as required, not within three months from allotment.

DIRECTORS.

Major-General Wm. Aguew, 6, Belsize-park-gardens.
John Belcher, Esq., 5, Adelaide-place, London Bridge, E.C.
John Turner Hopwood, Esq., Ketton Hall, Stamford.
Thomas Rowland Jordan, Esq., 52, Gracechurch-street, E.C.
(With power to add to their number.)

Bankers—The London and County Banking Company (Limited), 21, Lombard-street, E.C.
Solicitor—Keddey R. Fletcher, Esq., 18, Finshury-circus.
Secretary (pro tem.)—Mr. A. J. Young.
Offices—35, Queen Victoria-street, London.

ABRIDGED PROSPECTUS.

This Company is established to acquire the gold alluvial known as the Canada Honda and the Carolina and Rumaldo Gold Mines, all situate in the Province of San Luis, Argentine Republic, South America.

Careful and elaborate reports have been received from Mr. A. F. Wileman, late Manager of the San Francisco Gold Mining Company, who has had considerable experience of gold mining both in South America and Australia. Major F. J. Ricarde-Seaver, F.R.S., Edinburgh, late Government Inspector-General of Mines in the Argentine Republic, has also favourably reported upon the properties.

Mr. Wileman in his report states:—

"The gold of the Canada Honda is usually coarse, and I have repeatedly seen nuggets varying from 1 oz. to 5 oz. in weight. It varies in fineness from 805 milesemos, and is worth about £3. 15s. per oz.

"Limiting the working days to 300 in the year, and working over 450 cubic yards of pay-dirt per day, it will be necessary to move black soil and gravel, exclusive of pay-dirt, to the amount of 4,050 cubic yards per diem, or say a total of 1,215,000 cubic yards per annum, which, at the average yield of 56¼ oz. gold per diem (⅛ oz. per cubic yard, half the yield now being obtained), will give, at £3. 15s. per oz., a net annual profit of £61,456 sterling."

In addition to the above alluvial deposits, the Company has purchased the well known Carolina Mines.

Some estimate may be formed of the value of the gold quartz of the district from the assays of stone made by Mr. F. Claudet, Assayer to the Bank of England.

In 1882 (April) a parcel of ore from the Carolina lode gave the following result:—

Gold	22 oz.	7 dwt.	12 grs.	per ton of 20 cwt.	
Silver	6 oz.	7 dwt.	0 grs.	,,	,,

And from another assay—

Gold	6 oz.	19 dwt.	9 grs.	,,	,,
Silver	1 oz.	16 dwt.	0 grs.	,,	,,

Regarding the financial prospects of the Company, it will be observed that Mr. A. F. Wileman's reports, which should be read in connection with Major Ricarde-Seaver's remarks thereupon, show that the Canada Honda alluvials alone, under favourable circumstances, may yield an annual return of £61,456 sterling, and the Carolina Mines, based upon a monthly treatment of only 288 tons of ore, £22,730, being together a possible net profit of over £83,000 per annum.

The vendors have made over their entire interests in these properties for 16,000 fully-paid shares in the Company.

Applicants for shares may inspect the contracts or copies of the same, together with the Memorandum and Articles of Association and agreement with the Company, at the office of the Solicitor to the Company. Plants, maps, and photographs, as well as samples of quartz, gold from alluvial, and pay-dirt, may be seen at the office of the Company.

Prospectuses and forms of application for shares may be obtained at the Bankers' and Solicitor's, or at the offices of the Company, 35, Queen Victoria-street, E.C.

NEW YORK, PENNSYLVANIA, AND OHIO RAILROAD COMPANY.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that a MEETING of the FIRST MORTGAGE BONDHOLDERS of this Company, for the purpose of ELECTING persons to act as THREE out of the five VOTING TRUSTEES for the next twelve months, will be held at the Cannon-street Hotel, in the City of London, on Friday, the 21st day of March, 1884, at half-past 1 o'clock precisely.

At the conclusion of the foregoing Meeting of First Mortgage Bondholders a MEETING will be held of the SECOND MORTGAGE BONDHOLDERS for the purpose of ELECTING ONE VOTING TRUSTEE for the next twelve months.

No person's name will be submitted to the Meeting for election unless a formal proposal in writing, containing the name and address of such person, be left at the Office of the London Agency of the Company, directed to the Secretary, not later than Monday, the 17th day of March, at 12 o'clock at noon. Such proposal must state whether the person nominated is to represent the First or Second Mortgage Bondholders, and must be accompanied by a written consent of the person nominated to act as Voting Trustee.

Having regard to the functions to be performed at this Meeting, no person will be admitted without a Card of Admission, which can be obtained at the Office only, on written application by any one claiming to be a Bondholder, stating the amount of his holding of First or Second Mortgage Bonds. Where the holding so stated does not substantially agree with the record in the Company's books, the Trustees reserve to themselves the right of calling for the numbers of the Bonds, or further proof of ownership.

Forms of Proxy may be obtained at the London Agency on and after Tuesday, the 11th day of March, and Proxies must be lodged at the London Agency not later than Wednesday, the 19th day of March, at 12 o'clock.

The Trustees reserve the right of calling for production of the bonds held by, or other satisfactory evidence of the holding of, any person voting in such election, if more than the required number of Voting Trustees in either case shall be nominated. The time, place, and condition of a poll, if one be demanded, in writing, by at least ten persons entitled to vote, and holding 50,000 dols. in the aggregate, will be communicated at the Meeting.

No business can be transacted or resolutions submitted at this Meeting other than the election of the Voting Trustees.

Application for Cards of Admission to the Meeting must be made on the prescribed form, copies of which can be obtained at the Office.

Fred. W. Smith, Secretary London Agency,
Offices of the London Agency, 20, Bucklersbury, E.C.
8th March, 1884.

MESSRS. H. HALFORD & CO., Stock and Share Brokers, 2, Royal Exchange Avenue, London, E.C. Daily Closing Price List and market report on application. Speculative accounts opened on terms to be ascertained. Special business in "Options" at close Market Prices. No "Distances."

The List of Applications for Shares will be closed on Thursday next, the 13th instant, for London and the Country.

THE VIENNA WATERWORKS COMPANY, Limited.

Share Capital, £550,000, in 55,000 Shares of £10 each, of which 6,500 are to be allotted as fully paid in payment for the Concession and all rights, privileges, and beneficial interests of the Vendors, and the Balance (48,500) are now offered for Subscription, payable as follows:—£1 per Share on Application; £2 per Share on Allotment. The Balance by Calls not exceeding £2 per Share, at intervals of not less than Two Months with option to pay up in full on Allotment. Interest at the rate of Five per cent. per annum will be paid by the Contractor, pro rata, upon the amount paid up upon the Shares, until the termination of his Contract, which provides for the completion of the works within two years.

DIRECTORS.

Aldermen Sir Henry Edmund Knight, Chairman (Chairman of the Southwark and Vauxhall Water Company).
George Smith, Esq. (Chairman of the Kent Waterworks Company).
Ernest Oswald Coe, Esq. (Grand Junction Waterworks Company).
Richard Basil Huth, Esq. (Alexandria Waterworks Company, Limited).
George Frederick Smith, Esq. (Amsterdam Waterworks Company).
Vincent Biscoe Trittou, Esq. (Southwark and Vauxhall Water Company).

Bankers—Messrs. Barclay, Bevan, Tritton & Co., Lombard-street, E.C.
Brokers—Messrs. Hope, Dodgson, & Newberry, 26, Royal Exchange, E.C.
Engineers—Messrs. Joseph Quick & Son, M.M.Inst. C.E., 29, Great George-street, Westminster.
Solicitors—Messrs. Hollams, Son & Coward, 30, Mincing-lane, E.C.
Auditors—Messrs. Cooper Brothers & Co., 14, George-street, Mansion House, E.C.
Solicitor in Vienna—Dr. E. Pfob, Hof und Gerichts Advocat, Vienna.
Secretary—J. Oliver Mason, Esq.
Temporary Offices—14, George-street, Mansion House, E.C.

PROSPECTUS.

The Directors invite applications for the above Share Capital, which is required for constructing the necessary Works to supply the Western Districts of Vienna with water, under a Concession granted by the Royal Imperial Austrian Authorities on 1st June, 1880, and finally ratified under a decree of the Royal Imperial Administration Court of 24th January, 1883.

The population of Vienna and its suburbs exceeds 1,100,000 inhabitants. According to the Census taken in 1869 the population of the districts to be supplied was at that period 196,309, and the Census of 1880 shows an increase to 326,141, or at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum; estimating the future increase at the same rate the population to be supplied would be as follows:—

Years.	Population.
1881	345,677
1882	366,417
1883	388,397
1884	411,705
1885	436,407
1886 (when the Works are expected to be completed)	462,591

The supply of water for this large population is at present chiefly derived from shallow wells, but is so contaminated with sewage and other impurities that it is totally unfit for cooking or dietetic purposes; the only supply available for these purposes is obtained for a short time each day from stand pipes placed in the public streets at distances varying from a quarter to half-a-mile apart, whence it has to be conveyed to the houses of the consumers, at a cost varying from 4s. to 9s. per 1,000 gallons. It is almost needless to say that this temporary and uncertain system of supply, in addition to being extremely costly, is most inconvenient.

The Water for the City of Vienna, within the Municipal boundaries, and for the stand pipes in the Western Districts above referred to, is supplied from springs at Hochquellen; but, as is evidenced by the accompanying Proclamation of the Burgomaster of Vienna, dated so recently as December 2nd, 1883, the City itself is at present suffering from a very grave deficiency of Water, which affords conclusive proof of the urgent need of the works to be constructed by this Company.

Further, in a Decree of the Royal Imperial Lieutenancy of the Districts to be supplied by the Company, dated Sechshaus, the 27th July, 1883, the necessity for these works is referred to in the following terms:—"The conceding of your application is supported by the fact that the want of water for drinking and other purposes in the communalities of these Districts is sensibly felt, not only in respect of industrial requirements, but also as regards sanitary conditions in times of danger from epidemics, so that it lies within the interest of the public, and more especially within that of the western suburbs of Vienna, that the works should be carried out."

The Concession contains the following important favourable conditions:—

1. The right for 99 years of taking water, for waterworks purposes, from the upper reaches of the river Wien and its tributaries, comprising an area of about 66 square miles.
2. No water is to be furnished gratis for Municipal or other public purposes, the Company not being under obligation to supply any water free of charge, except in case of fire.
3. There is no power of compulsory purchase of the undertaking by the authorities.

The watershed of the Wiener Wald, above referred to, comprises a range of hills about ten miles from the Capital, the water rights of which will be vested, in accordance with the Imperial and Royal Austrian Water Law in this Company.

The Works have been designed after long and careful personal investigation and surveys on the spot by the Company's Engineers, and will be constructed on a scale sufficiently large to afford a daily supply of 6,000,000 gallons. In view, however, of the anticipated increase in the demand in the near future, the conduit pipes will be of sufficient capacity to deliver double this quantity. The water will be stored in impounding reservoirs of sufficient size to ensure an ample reserve supply in case of drought, and situated at such an elevation that a constant supply will be afforded at high pressure to all parts of the districts by gravitation only, thus avoiding the heavy cost of working and maintaining pumping engines.

As regards the quality of the water, Dr. Frankland, F.R.S., the well-known Analyst, who has for many years reported on the London Water Supply, states in his Report:—"I cannot too strongly express my opinion that the samples of water, although taken when the rivers were in high flood, and consequently in their least pure condition, are all of exceptionally excellent quality, and that after storage in open reservoirs they will furnish to Vienna a supply of drinking water rarely equalled in Europe."

The Works to be constructed under the Concession offer no engineering difficulties, and to ensure their being carried out in a satisfactory and economical manner, a Contract has been entered into with Mr. Rudolf Frey, of Vienna, the well-known Austrian Contractor, who has contracted for the earthworks and general construction, and for the pipes, with Messrs. D. Y. Stewart & Co. of Glasgow. By his Contract Mr. Frey undertakes to construct and hand over to the Company, in a complete and perfect state, the entire Works, in accordance with the requirements and in pursuance of the terms, of the Concession, and to the satisfaction of the Authorities and the Company's Engineers, for the sum of £568,000, including interest during construction, the Contractor also paying all expenses of every description, and brokerage or other charges, up to the date of allotment. The Contract further provides that the Contractor shall accept part payment, if required, for the Works in Shares and Debentures of the Company to an extent of £168,000. The necessary land, rights, and appurtenances will be purchased direct by the Company.

The estimates for the Works have been submitted by the Directors to Mr. Edward Woods, C.E. (Vice-President of the Institution of Civil Engineers), who reports as follows:—

"I am of opinion that, having regard to the nature of the works included in the Contract intended to be entered into with Mr. Rudolf Frey, the amount thereof, viz., £568,000, is fair and reasonable."

In order to obtain an independent and reliable opinion on the whole subject, the Directors at the latter end of January last, instructed Mr. H. G. Huxley, C.E., to visit Vienna for the purpose of investigating the undertaking, and they are able to state that Mr. Huxley's Report is of the most satisfactory and confirmatory character.

Revenue.—Having regard to the population, the cost of the present insufficient supply, and the fact of the usual charge of Continental Water Companies being from four shillings up to as high as nine shillings per head per annum, it is anticipated that this Company may reasonably calculate on a gross revenue of, per annum £100,000
From which has to be deducted for Working and other Expenses, say 20 per cent. * 20,000
Leaving an annual profit of £80,0

Equivalent to fully 10 per cent. on the Share Capital after providing for interest upon the Debentures to be issued to the Contractor in part payment for the Works, and such other Debentures as it may be necessary to issue for the general purposes of the undertaking, and without including any profit which may accrue from the sale of Ice.

Applications for Shares must be made on the accompanying Form, and forwarded together with a deposit of £1 per Share to the Company's Bankers, and where no allotment is made the deposit will be returned in full. Share Warrants to bearer for fully paid-up Shares will be issued if desired.

The following are the Contracts entered into:—

A conditional Agreement, dated the 6th March, 1884, and made between Franz Zaillner von Zaillenthall of the one part, Ernest Innis Husey, the liquidator of the Vienna (West) Waterworks Company, Limited, of the second part, and the Vienna Waterworks Company, Limited, of the third part.

A conditional Contract dated 6th March, 1884, and made between Rudolf Frey, of Vienna, of the one part, and the Vienna Waterworks Company, Limited, of the other part, for the construction of the works.

Copies of the Concession, the Engineers', Dr. Frankland's, Mr. Woods' and Mr. H. G. Huxley's Reports, the Memorandum and Articles of Association, and the above Contracts may be inspected at the Offices of the Company.

Prospectuses and Forms of Application for Shares may be obtained of the Brokers, Bankers and Solicitors; or at the Offices of the Company.

* As compared with 22½ per cent. at Berlin, and 22 per cent. at Amsterdam, inclusive of the cost of pumping, which will not have to be incurred in the present instance.

THE VIENNA WATERWORKS COMPANY, Limited.—The following is a translation of the proclamation of the Burgomaster of Vienna, referred to above.

Fellow Citizens,—

In consequence of several months' continuous drought, the yield to the Hochquellen Waterworks has fallen to such a degree that the requirements of the population of Vienna for water for drinking and cooking purposes can only be satisfied by adopting extraordinary measures for the reduction of the total consumption of water.

For this purpose the supply of water for other uses than drinking and cooking has been cut off as far as practicable. A part of the street wells and of all other public fountains is also shut off, and the supply of water to houses has been diminished by reducing the supply pipes.

Notwithstanding all these measures to maintain a balance, the increasing danger of a general water famine is possible, and it is only by the united exertions of all the inhabitants that, in the event of the continuance or of the aggravation of the present condition of the elements, it will be practicable to secure to all the inhabitants the necessary supply of water for drinking and cooking purposes.

The Burgomaster therefore appeals with confidence to the well-known common sense of the inhabitants of Vienna, and he makes a pressing request that they will exercise the strictest economy in the use of Hochquellen water for drinking and cooking purposes only, and to use for all other requirements water from the house wells, or to obtain it in some other way.

An urgent request is especially addressed to house owners and administrators, to immediately order the cock next the water meter to be shut off during the night, and closed during the day, except at certain intervals, when it shall be opened so that a supply of water from the waterworks shall only be obtained four times a day, and that each period shall be for one hour.

As the Burgomaster has every confidence in the goodwill of the inhabitants to submit to a sacrifice, he feels it to be his duty in the interest of the entire population now to declare that, should these precautions be found insufficient to prevent a scarcity of water for drinking and cooking purposes, in such eventuality, there will be no other course to adopt than to shut off completely all houses services, and to limit the entire water supply to the existing and provisionally erected street wells.

Vienna, 2nd December, 1883. (Signed) EDUARD UHL,
The Burgomaster.

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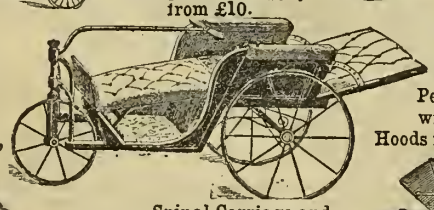

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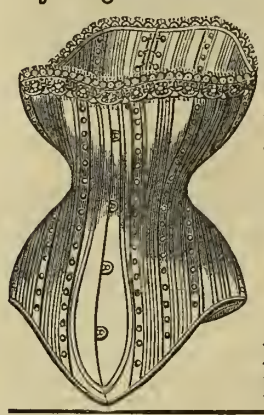

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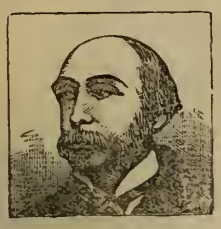

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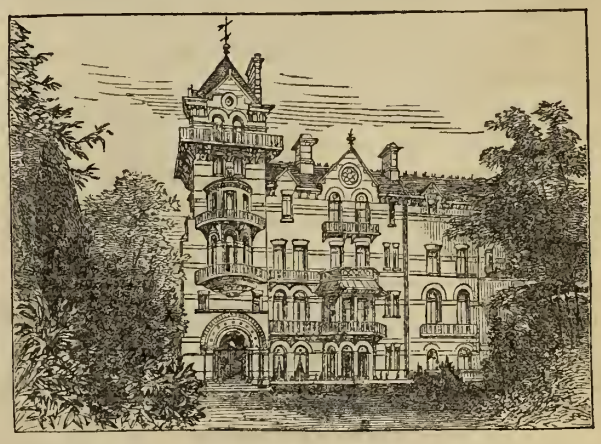

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2. The Puzzle Editor reserves the right, however, of dividing the above sum between two or more competitors, or of withholding the prize, should exceptional circumstances render such a course desirable.

3. The decision and award of the Puzzle Editor must be considered final and irrevocable, and, for obvious reasons, no appeal from his critical judgments can be entertained.

4. In every instance the Prize will be given in money, subject to no condition whatever, except the publication of the winner's real name and address in this journal.

5. Competitors will be allowed eight days for the composition and despatch of their efforts; but all such communications must, at the latest, be received at the Truth Office by the first post on Friday morning in the week succeeding the publication of the subject for competition.

6. Not more than one Prize will be given in a Quarter to the same competitor.

7. All New Contributors are Required to Forward with their First Answers their Real Names and Addresses for Registration; such names and addresses will not be published except in the case of Prize-winners.

8. The *nom-de-plume* chosen by competitors should not exceed 12, and must under no circumstances consist of more than 14 letters.

9. Competitors must on no account change the noms-de-plume they have once assumed.

10. On the announcement of the Prize-winner's *nom-de-plume*, the successful competitor must write and make formal application for the Prize, stating the address to which the cheque must be sent. Any competitor failing to do so within three months of winning the Prize will forfeit all claim to the same.

11. No communication can be received on post-cards, by telegraph, or by hand. They must all be sent by the time named above, all post letters addressed—

PUZZLE EDITOR OF "TRUTH," Carteret-street, Queen Anne's-gate, S.W.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 264.

I was able last week, in accordance with my promise, to print some more "Parliamentary Alphabets," though even this second selection did not exhaust all those I had chosen for the purpose of publication. At the same time I must add that in many of those thus printed faults were by no means lacking. Not a few competitors invested "Parliamentary" with somewhat too comprehensive a signification. Their alphabets in consequence did not savour sufficiently of St. Stephen's; but were too cosmopolitan in their character. In the detail of rhyming, I am glad to say few failed; though there were slips in the metre which even the chosen measure—selected, I may state, because it allows of slight irregularities in the number of feet in each line—could not be deemed to cover. As usual in such competitions, many points have been considered, including not only the rhyming and the scansion, and the aptness of the alphabetical items, but also the general style in which the lines are written. The result has been that Repealer has been selected as the Prize-winner, his alphabet having been found, taking all points into consideration, to be all round the best.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 265.

As this competition is being made the subject of a further one, I postpone the announcement of the winner of the prize until a similar statement can be made as to Competition No. 267, the further one referred to.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 268.

Parodies have been several times tried in these "Puzzle Pages" with most interesting results, and for this week it is proposed to essay another exercise of a similar kind, though instead of taking any well-known lyric or short poem, one stanza only is to be parodied, viz., Dryden's often-quoted lines on Milton. For the benefit of intending parodists, I give the stanza verbatim:—

"Three poets in three distant ages born,
Greece, Italy, and England did adorn;
The first in loftiness of thought surpassed,
The next in majesty, in both the last.
The force of nature could no further go,
To make a third she joined the other two."

The prize of Two Guineas will be given to the competitor who

Composes the Neatest and Best Parody on the above Stanza.

The form and metre of the original must, of course, be preserved, and the number of lines used be the same; but competitors, may, I need scarcely add, apply their parody to Statesmen, Actors, Authors, Warriors, or any other kind of men or women they please. The chosen specimens may be living or dead celebrities; in short, the Parodist may take all reasonable latitude in performing his task.

Answers to Correspondents.

Special Notice.—Puzzle, No. 265.—Competitors will please note that in paragraph No. 14 ("Buried Proverbs"), the last sentence should read "You will make *surer* progress," instead of "*more* progress," as printed.

Nestor.—I duly noted your correction.

Geo. A. H.—Very glad to hear from you again, and congratulate you on the style and finish of your answer.

Jerry.—You do not say what Proverb you have buried in your paragraph.

Bobus and Epsilon.—I will duly note your corrections for your Alphabet.

R. M. E.—You may, as a rule, send in as many answers as you please.

Ivy Green.—Thanks for your kind forethought.

Camurie.—Your first alphabet was never received, but I duly received the duplicate copy.

Polinere.—I am much obliged to you for your very useful suggestion.

Keltie.—I will see that your *nom-de-plume* is not misspelt again.

A Correspondent.—The puzzles are excellently done for one so young.

E. S. A.—I will not forget that this is your *nom-de-plume*.

Mum.—Your Buried Proverb was good, but I had not room enough to publish it.

Rosbeg, Patientia, Pop-Gun, and Meam.—I regret to have to tell you that your "Buried Proverbs" reached me "too late" for publication.

Colchester.—Your letter arrived too late for the correction to be made in print, but I will duly note it.

Sclanidge.—The point you make as to careless burial will not be overlooked. The correction I thank you for.

Harold.—You will hear in due course.

Ned Nettap.—Thanks for your letter.

A. A. H. (St. Joseph, Mo., U.S.A.).—No answers have, as a matter of fact, been received.

THE PUZZLE EDITOR.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 266. ASSORTED SPECIMENS—GOOD AND OTHERWISE.

QUOTATIONS FROM ANY POET ON THE "SITUATION IN EGYPT."

Bondholder (*log.*): I'll have my bond; speak not against my bond.—"Merch. of Venice," act 2, sc. 2.
St. Omar.

The speciality of rule hath been neglected.—"Troilus," act 1, sc. 3.

Omission to do what is necessary
Seals a commission to a blank of danger.—"Troilus," act 3, sc. 3.
Roger Short.

God for his mercy! What a tide of woes
Comes rushing on this woeful land at once!
I know not what to do.—"Richard II.," act 2, sc. 2.
Bishop Bedell.

If we have lost so many tenths of ours
To guard a thing not ours, nor worth to us
The value of one ten,—what merit 's in that reason
Which denies the yielding of her up?—"Troilus," act 2, sc. 2.
Atoma.

"But what good came of it at last?" quoth little Peterkin. "Why, that I cannot tell," said he; "But 'twas a famous victory."—Southey's "Battle of Blenheim."
Yalaah.

Now behold, thou trustest upon the staff of this bruised reed, even upon Egypt, on which if a man lean, it will go into his hand, and pierce it.—"Book of Kings," chap. 18, v. 21.
F. G. B.

The sight is dismal; and our affairs from England come too late.—"Hamlet," act 5, sc. 2.
Nalla.

THE EGYPTIAN GOVERNMENT.

For all the rest
They'll take suggestion as a cat laps milk;
They'll tell the clock to any business that
We say befits the hour.—"Tempest," act 2, sc. 1.
Epsilon.

Delays have dangerous ends.—"Henry VI.," act 3, sc. 2.
Francesca.

For mine own good
All causes shall give way; I am in blood
Stepp'd in so far, that, should I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go o'er.—"Macbeth," act 3, sc. 4.
J. McGeigor Allan.

When two authorities are up,
Neither supreme, how soon confusion
May enter 'twixt the gap of both, and take
The one by the other.—"Coriolanus," act 3.
Doubt.

Disorder, horror, fear, and mutiny,
Shall here inhabit, and this land be called
The field of Golgotha and dead men's skulls.—"Richard II." act 4, sc. 1.
Malignant.

I will use the olive with
My sword, make war breed peace.
Make peace stint war, make each
Prescribe to other as each other's leech.—"Timon of Athens," act 5, sc. 5.
Simla.

But, if the cause be not good, the king himself hath a heavy reckoning to make, when all those legs, and arms, and heads, chopped off in a battle, shall join together at the latter day, and cry all—we died at such a place. . . .—"Henry V.," act 4, sc. 1.
Betty Paingle and Patience.

Oh, my good lord, that comfort comes too late;
'Tis like a pardon after execution:
That gentle physic, given in time, had cur'd me;
But now I am past all comforts here but prayers.—"Henry VIII.," act 4, sc. 2.
J. G. Patteason.

And folks in office at the mention fret,
And fain would blush, if blush they could for shame:
How will posterity the deed proclaim!
Will not our own and fellow-nations sneer?—"Childe Harold."
Mas. Ford.

Retire, we have engaged ourselves too far!—"Antony and Cleopatra," act. 4, sc. 7.
Snipet.

Ye too, believers of incredible creeds,
Whose faith enshrines the monsters which it breeds;
Who, bolder even than Nimrod, think to rise
By nonsense heap'd on nonsense, to the skies.—"Veiled Prophet of Khorassan."
G. E. Nunan.

Oh, pity, God, this miserable age!
What stratagems, how fell, how butcherly,
Erroneous, mutinous, and unnatural
This deadly quarrel daily doth beget.—Henry VI.
Samoth.

Gordon, your zeal and fervour lead you far.
Well, well, an old friend has a privilege;
Blood, Gordon, has been flowing, all too seriously,
Has it begun, to end in nothing, Gordon!—Coleridge's "Death of Wallenstein," act 5, sc. 3.
Colin Clout.

Like a cloud that travels on,
Steamed up from Cairo's swamps of pestilence,
Even so, my countrymen! have we gone forth
And borne to distant tribes slavery and pangs.—Coleridge's "Fears in Solitude."

We have no slaves at home: then why abroad?—Cowper's "Task," book 2.
Camuria.

If I know how or which way to order these affairs,
Thus thrust disorderly into my hands,
Never believe me.—"Richard II.," act 2, sc. 2.
Sissie.

But what they fought each other for,
I could not well make out;
But everybody said, quoth he,
That 'twas a famous victory.—Southey's "Battle of Blenheim."
Juno.

[*Continued on next page.*

O, whither hast thou led me, Egypt!—Antony and Cleopatra," act 3, sc. 9. LITTLE BILLEE.

When without stratagem,
But in plain shock and even play of battle,
Was ever known so great and little loss
On one part and on the other?—"Henry V.," act 4, sc. 8. SAM SLICK.

Thus men go wrong with an ingenious skill,
Bend the straight rule to their own crooked will,
And with a clear and shining lamp supplied,
First put it out, then take it for a guide.—Cowper's "Progress of Errors." RESPICE FINEM.

Nor yet, alas! the dreadful work is done;
* * * * * *
It deepens still, the work is scarce begun,
Nor mortal eye the distant end foresees.—"Childe Harold," c. 1, v., 89. BEEYL.

Much more in this great work
(Which is almost to pluck a kingdom down
And set another up) should we survey
The plot of situation and the model.—"King Henry IV.," act 1, sc. 3. CORNELIUS.

I never saw an action of such shame,
Experience, manhood, honour, ne'er before
Did violate so itself.—"Antony and C.," act 3, sc. 1. CAPEA.

'Tis not enough to help the feeble up,
But to support him after.—"Timon," act 1, sc. 1. CÆSAR'S COARSE.

Loud roar'd applause
As man was slaughter'd by his fellow men,
And wherefore slaughter'd? wherefore, but because
Such were the bloody circus' genial laws
And the imperial pleasure.—"Childe Harold," c. 4, v. 139. JANE EYRE.

All delays are dangerous in war.—Dryden's "Tyrannic Love." CINQUANTE-CINQ.

GENERAL GORDON.

But all his mind is bent to holiness,
To number Ave Marias on his head,
His champions are the prophets and apostles,
His weapons, holy saws of sacred writ.—"King John." PRIMA DONNA.

What would you have, you curs,
That like not peace nor war? The one affrights you,
The other makes you proud. He that trusts you,
Where he should find you lions, finds you hares.—"Coriolanus," act 1, sc. 1. MIDGE.

What plagues and what portents! What meeting!
What raging of the sea! shaking of earth!
Commotion in the winds! Frights, changes, horrors,
Divert and crack, rend and deracinate.—"Troilus and Cressida." J. BETENSON.

Every carle can lord it o'er thy land;
Nor rise thy sons, but idly rail in vain,
Trembling beneath the scourge of Turkish hand,
From birth till death enslaved; in word, in deed, unmanned.—"Childe Harold," c. 2, v. 74. RIENZI.

Let the Egyptians . . . . . go a ducking; we
Have used to conquer, standing on the earth
And fighting foot to foot.—"Ant. and Cleo.," act 3, sc. 7. MERCURY MAKER, JOCK.

The trenchant blade, Toledo trusty,
For want of fighting was grown rusty,
And ate into itself for lack
Of somebody to hew and hack.—"Hudibras," c. 1, l. 359. C. F. REID.

I wonder much, being men of such great leading,
That you foresee not what impedimente
Drag back our expedition.—1st "Henry IV.," act 4, sc. 3. OBIEL.

The vast multitude
That, fir'd by zeal or by oppression wrong'd,
Round the White Standard of the Oppressor throng'd.—"Veiled Prophet." JANET and MALIGNANT.

O whither hast thou led me, Egypt? See
How I convey my shame out of thine eyes
By looking back on what I have left behind
'Stroy'd in dishonour.—"Antony and Cleop.," act 3, sc. 9. J. D. MORGAN, LEX, NUTSHELL, ABEEDONIA, SPHINX, COLIN CLOUT, and SAM SLICK.

One would have ling'ring wars with little cost;
Another would fly swift, but wanteth wings;
A third man thinks, without expense at all,
By guileful fair words, peace may be obtained.—"Henry VI.," act 1, sc. 1. PATIENCE, EPSILON, and FRIAR TUCK.

They tax our policy, and call it cowardice;
Count wisdom as no member of the war;
Forestall prescience, and esteem no act
But that of hand.—"Troilus," act 1, sc. 3. H. B. P., SKEDADDLE, PASTE, ST. OMER, and ROGGEE SHURT.

O this false soul of Egypt! This grave charm . . . . like a right gipsy hath at fast and loose beguiled me to the very heart of lose.—"Antony and Cleo.," act 4, sc. 10. DAPHNIS and MALIGNANT.

Then bid adieu to me, and say, the tears
Belong to Egypt; good now, play one scene
Of excellent dissembling: and let it look
Like perfect honour.—"Antony and Cleo.," act 1, sc. 3. TALE QUALE, KUESAAL, and ABEEDONIA.

Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel; but being in,
Bear't that the opposed may beware of thee.—"Hamlet," act 1, sc. 3. QUEEN and CÆSAR'S COARSE.

If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well
It were done quickly.—"Macbeth," act 1, sc. 7. G. S. M., SMASHER, and TERAR.

A controversy that affords actions for arguments, not words;
Which we must manage at a rate
Of prowess and conduct adequate.—"Hudibras," c. 1. GORTONIA.

We'd suggest
Any lads thirty inches or so round the chest,
And of twelve years of age, would do well as the best,
For shooting down Soudanese savages.—"The Barrel Organ," in TRUTH, p. 342. PADIFROMCORK.

Letting I dare not wait upon I would
Like the poor cat i' the adage.—"Macbeth," act 1, sc. 7. LONG LANE.

And raw in fields the rude militia swarms;
Mouths without hands; maintained at vast expense.
In peace a charge, in war a weak defence.—Dryden's "Cymon," line 400. W. B. DANIEL.

We yield our town and lives to thy soft mercy.
Enter our gates, dispose of us and ours,
For we no longer are defensible.—"Henry 5," act 3, sc. 3. STOKAE.

By my soul I swear
There is no power in the tongue of man
To alter me; I stay here on my bond.—"Merchant of Venice," act 4, sc. 1. ANONYMOUS.

My brave Egyptians all,
By the discandying of this pelleted storm,
Lie graveless, till the flies and gnats of Nile
Have buried them for prey!—"Henry IV.," act 4, sc. 4. ABEEDONIA and ANONYMOUS.

But such is the infection of the time
That, for the health and physic of our right,
We cannot deal but with the very hand
Of stern injustice and confused wrong.—"King John," act 1, sc. 2. SALMO-SALAR.

This might have been prevented and made whole,
With very easy arguments of love!
Which now the manage of two kingdoms must
With fearful bloody issue arbitrate.—"King John," act 1, sc. 1. TEUTH.

First
Or last, your fine Egyptian cookery
Shall have the fame.—"Antony and Cleo.," act 2, sc. 6. JOHN PEEL.

THE KHEDIVE TO MR. GLADSTONE.

Tell him I am prompt
To lay my crown at 'e feet, and there to kneel;
Tell him from his all-obeying breath I hear
The doom of Egypt.—"Antony and Cleo.," act 3, sc. 2. KUESAAL.

'Tis not sleepy business,
But must he looked to speedily and strongly.—"Cymbeline," act 3, sc. 5. ALMIONE.

For we do wisely plot and plot
Rebellion to destroy.
He sees we stand for peace and truth
The clear contrary way.—Richard Crashaw. GEORGE A.

Whilst a field should be dispatch'd and fought
You are disputing of your generals—
One would have lingering wars at little cost.—"Henry VI.," act 1, sc. 1. CREDO.

Gladstone (*loq.*): I made these wars for Egypt and the Queen.—"Antony and Cleo.," act 4, sc. 14. ROSEDALE.

Rous'd in his palace by the dread alarms
That hourly came of the false Prophet's arms,
And of his host of infidels who hurl'd
Defiance fierce at Islam and the world.—"Veiled Prophet of Khorassan." KEEEY PIPPIN.

Take mercy on the poor soule for whom
This hungry war opens his vasty jaws:
And on your head turning the widows' tears,
The orphans' cries, the dead men's blood.—"Henry V.," act 2, sc. 4. SIX KNOBS.

———

Answers have been received from:—Padifromcork, Stoker, Skryke, Aberdonia, Sphinx, George A., Boho, Colchester, Patience, Joey, Malignant, W. B. Daniel, Firefly, C. F. Reid, Long Lane, Rienzi, Aida, H. B. P., St. Omer, Roggee Shurt, Rio, Nella, Atome, Egroeg, F. G. Bassett, Bishop Bedell, Nutshell, Yebroh, Kursaal, Wild Thyme, Six Knobs, Maid of Devon, Waverley, F. G. B., Nalla, Oriel, Epsilon, Gwenillian, Phyllis Fleming, Raig, Francesca, Little Ada, J. McGrigor Allan, Credo, Queen, Doubt, B. A. F., Rosedale, Terar, Lex, Tale Quale, Knotty Ash, Rosbeg, Simplex, Gowk, Smasher, Snuff, Salmo Salar, Kerry Pippins, J. G. Patterson, J. D. Morgan, Truth, First Essay, G. E. N., Mrs. Ford, Cinquante-Cinq., Prima Donna, R. M. E., Georgina, Bodo, Jack, Daphnis, Skrep, Gortonia, Guelder Rose, Poopoo, Skedaddle, Jane Eyre, Caper, Cæsar's Corner, Mercury Maker, Cornelius, Sclanidge, Beryl, Harold, Ivy Leaf, Respice Finem, Little Billee, Sam Slick, Friar Tuck, Repealer, Juno, Mrs. Bloss, Beryl, Sissie, John Peel, Danhini, Camurie, Colin Clout, Samoth, Snipet, Rita, Paste, Betty Pringle, Alè, Veni, Almione, Janet, Simla, Midge, Freda, and J. Betenson.

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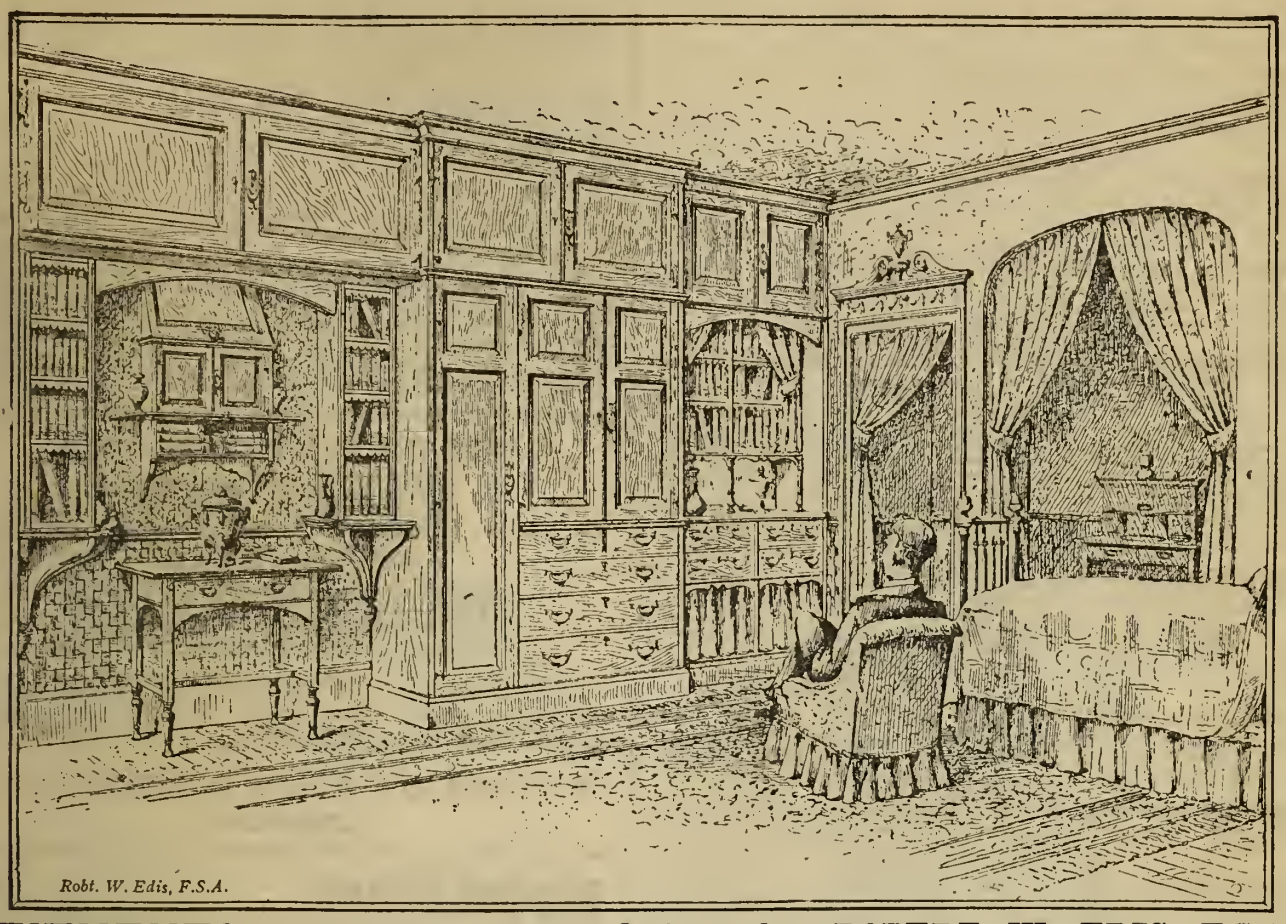

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"Remove the Cause, and the Effect shall cease."

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• TRUTH •

"Cultores Veritatis Fraudis Inimici."—*Cicero.*

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ENTRE NOUS.

THERE was a considerable lack of "go" about the Drawing-room, which lasted only one hour. The prevailing colours were brown and yellow. The Russian Ambassadress and her daughter wore magnificent trains of embroidered scarlet velvet, which were greatly admired, and Mdlle. de Mohrenheim wore the picturesque national head-dress. Madame de Falbe's dress was of pale blue satin, with a train of Royal purple, embroidered with fur. The Duchess of Roxburghe was in grey. Lady Alington was much envied for her pearls. The splendid dresses of the Marchioness Tseng and another Chinese lady attracted universal attention. There was the smallest Royal circle that has been seen for many years, and the attendance was by no means large, except from the Embassies, which were well represented, as it is the rule for the Ambassadors to attend the first Drawing-room, unless it has been intimated that the Queen will hold a Court.

A Tory contemporary announces, apropos of the Drawing-room, that the Queen "is in a most precarious condition." This is a silly invention. The Queen is in excellent health, and her spirits are quite as good as usual. There was no reason whatever why her Majesty should not have attended the Drawing-room, except that she did not care to do so—plainly, that she could not be troubled. This solution is not enough to satisfy the *gobemouches*, who must needs circulate nonsensical romances about her Majesty's "strange depression" and "gloomy view of everything," which are simply evolved out of their own mendacious imaginations.

The dance at Marlborough House included not only children and their parents, but also a large number of the Prince's friends. Dancing commenced before ten, and was kept up till three. The children went to supper at eleven and the adults at midnight. The Princess wore a very becoming dress of pale blue and silver with a long train. The young Princesses were in white, ornamented with bouquets of lilies and bows of ribbon. Most of the children wore white. Lady Millicent Erskine looked well in pale straw. Lady Dudley appeared in white. The party was a great success, and everything went well throughout.

The Queen has taken several drives of unusual length during the last fortnight. One day her Majesty drove to Langley Park, and called upon Sir Robert and Lady Harvey, returning by way of Stoke Pogis. The Queen has also driven through the Forest to Ascot and to Virginia Water. Her Majesty usually drives to Frogmore every morning when the weather is fine, returning to the Castle for luncheon.

In their accounts of the robbery at Windsor Castle the papers describe Löhlein as "secretary" to the Queen. He was confidential valet to Prince Abert for twenty-three years, and on the death of his master he was appointed personal servant to the Queen, and latterly he held that post jointly with John Brown; but after "the Highlander" grew in favour, Löhlein obtained leave to discontinue his attendance on her Majesty at Balmoral and Osborne, and stayed entirely at Windsor, where a capital house within the Castle precincts was assigned to him for a residence. His duties are merely nominal, and he has always occupied an exalted position in the household, and was one of the very few of the Queen's servants who were quite beyond the range of Brown's influence. In the matter of his valuables, Löhlein seems to have acted with an entirely un-German indiscretion, which nobody would have censured more severely than his late master.

The Court functionaries at Darmstadt are well-nigh distracted by the difficulty of providing adequate accommodation for the numerous Royal personages who are expected there for the Princess Victoria's wedding. The various *suites* will have to be quartered at hotels. It is now believed that the Queen will not be present at the marriage, that is "officially," but that her Majesty will view the ceremony from a gallery. This arrangement will have the advantage of rendering it unnecessary for the Lord Chamberlain and other Court personages "of light and leading" to journey to Darmstadt. If the Queen attended the marriage in state she would have to be properly escorted, which would cause much trouble and inconvenience to the officials concerned, and would involve the outlay of a sum of money which would keep the house of the newly-married couple for a year to come.

Prince and Princess Louis of Battenberg will probably go to the Queen's villa at Baden for their honey moon, and they are to come to England early in May, and for the next eighteen months they will reside for the most part at Sennicotts, a very nice place within a short distance of Chichester, which will be convenient for the bridegroom, whose appointment to the *Victoria and Albert* does not expire till the end of next year; and this costly yacht is invariably either in Portsmouth Dockyard or Harbour or in the Solent. When the Prince and Princess leave their temporary Sussex residence they will be provided with apartments either at Kensington or at St. James's Palace.

The Duke of Albany, who left England about three weeks ago with the Duke of Teck, has been staying at Cannes, where he was quartered in a charming villa on the hills above the town. The Duke did not go abroad for the benefit of his health, as has been stated, for he has been particularly strong and well all the winter.

Who is responsible for the erection of these gates?

The powers that be have placed gates with locks on all the cross drives in Claremont Woods. This to us, in the neighbourhood of Esher, is a great loss. I understand Mr. Collins has called upon some who live outside the bounds of Claremont to offer them keys of the gates; but I am glad to say at least one gentleman had the pluck to decline it, saying he would in no way sanction the puting up of the gates.

I hear from Germany that the Emperor of Russia intends to visit the Baths of Ems early in June. The Emperor and Empress will occupy the villas on the north bank of the Lahn, which were rented during several seasons by the late Czar. They will be at Ems at the same time with the German Emperor.

The King of Denmark, who derived much benefit from his stay at Wiesbaden last May, is expected to return there towards the end of next month, and he and the Queen will probably come to England afterwards on a short visit to the Prince and Princess of Wales, returning home through Germany in order to stay for some days at Ems with their Russian relatives.

I extract the following from an "interview" of a New York reporter with Mr. James McHenry. The details are curious, and as Mr. McHenry was a trusted friend and adherent of the late French Emperor, they are no doubt trustworthy:—

Soon after Napoleon's surrender and Eugénie's flight, they were united again in England. The Prince Imperial, who had been sent to Belgium, joined them, and they at once set about repairing their shattered fortunes. Napoleon called on Mr. McHenry in London, asking help to raise a loan of £80,000 to relieve his immediate necessities. He hoped to get the money from eight persons, of whom Mr. McHenry was one. The latter subscribed £10,000, which was afterwards fully and promptly repaid. He had no doubt but the remainder would as easily be secured. But it was not; his different friends, one and all, giving good excuses for withholding their aid. Napoleon's cousin, the Duke of Hamilton, for instance, offered him Hamilton Palace for a time, but nothing more. Napoleon then accepted the use of the estate at Chislehurst, at the hands of a friend, and here he went, never to leave. All the stories of his fabulous wealth, from properties in London and New York, were untrue, and until a settlement was effected with the French Government he was dependent upon his friends for the means of support. "I often visited him at Chislehurst," said Mr. McHenry, "and there he set on foot plans to regain the French throne. There was no deep feeling against him in France, and it was easy to prepare the army for his reception." During one of Mr. McHenry's visits at Chislehurst he says that their Majesties and himself were seated at a table discussing an important paper, which was being drawn up, when Eugénie suddenly said, "Are you sure there is no little tail sticking out?" Mr. McHenry was astonished, and, not understanding her meaning, said, "Madam?" and she again said, "Are you sure there are no little tails sticking out? I have never yet seen any contract for State or private affairs drawn up, which was so compact that a smart man could not catch hold of some little tail that had been left sticking out, and so pull the whole thing to pieces." The astuteness which she often manifested was in strange contrast with her apparent indifference at other times.

Affairs in France were now favourable to Napoleon's enterprise. He was to land at Boulogne, and proceed thence to Paris, and papers are now in existence which, if published, would furnish conclusive proof of the correctness of this statement. The Emperor's ambition was to re-enter Paris mounted on horseback at the head of his armies. This his physicians forbade, saying his health would not permit it, and, that his entry might be made as he wished, he ordered the surgical operation which terminated his life. He died as he had lived, with his mind and heart in France. To the Empress he was a most loving husband. His conduct towards her was beautiful, never reproaching her for her follies, but always showing her the greatest sympathy, tenderness, and respect. His care was first for France, and next for his wife and son.

The annual exhibition of the Irish Fine Arts Society was opened last week in Dublin. Lady Spencer was present with a Viceregal party, and made several purchases. This society, of which the Duke of Connaught is patron, was originally started by lady amateurs. It now numbers amongst its members many distinguished artists. The water-colours exhibited are specially attractive, particularly those of Miss F. Currey, Miss Rose Barton, and Miss Helen O'Hara.

At Dublin Castle the last dinner and select dance of the season was given on Friday evening. Dancing took place in the pretty gold and white Throne-room, and supper was held in the St. Patrick's Hall, so admirably suited for picturesque feasting. Society was very fashionably represented. Many fair faces known to fame found no mean rivals amongst less known sisters, and many lovely frocks bore witness to the aspiring genius of modern millinery, some dreams of twilight and of dawn being specially effective. Lady Spencer wore a beautiful costume of varied shades, dark and light, of coffee-coloured brocade, richly trimmed with lace. Lady Kildare was in black, with steel spangles and trimmings. A remarkable costume was of white satin, with red velvet bodice and paniers, its wearer's pretty figure being very tall and slight. Amongst the guests were the Duchess of Leinster, Ladies Drogheda, Headfort, Donoughmore, Annaley, &c., the Hon. Amy Lambart, Mrs. H. Bourke, the Hon. C. Roche, and Mrs. E. Guinness.

On St. Patrick's Day the Castle season, according to tradition, ends with St. Patrick's ball. On the 18th, Lord and Lady Spencer, with the Viceregal household, leave the Castle. Why the Castle season should end so soon it is hard to understand; but Courts and those who rule their proceedings do not often appeal to the understanding. Custom, without any question as to reason or unreason in its origin, is the courtly creed.

Mr. and Mrs E. Guinness gave a charming dance on Thursday evening at their residence in St. Stephen's Green. Lovely flowers and tropical plants filled the long suite of reception rooms and corridors. Dancing was energetically kept up until a late hour, ending with a cotillon led by the fair hostess and the Hon. H. Bourke.

Lady Howth, who died last week at her residence in Merrion-square, was formerly well known in Dublin society. Of late she had suffered much from ill-health. She was the second wife of the late Lord Howth, her only son, the Hon. R. St. Lawrence, being heir presumptive to the earldom of Howth.

The Irish capital is about to be provided with a new theatre capable of accommodating about three thousand persons. The patent which is required for such a structure under the existing and somewhat anomalous government of the drama in Ireland, was conditionally granted last week to the applicant, Mr. Dillon. The name of the theatre is to be the Lyceum.

The General Stock Exchange, Lim., 48, St. James's-st., corner of Piccadilly.—Private special telephonic and telegraphic communication with the City and other business centres. Great convenience to West-End and Country Clients. Every class of Stock Exchange business transacted. Moderate commissions. Telephone No. 3722.

At the Haymarket.

Geraniums red; violets blue;
Grass is green, and . . . .

Sing a song of vanity,
Sing a song of sells,
Sing of fair incognitas,
Sing a song of swells.

Sing a song of lilies
And violets so sweet
Sing of red geraniums
And of a joke so neat!

She wrote to men in Aldershot,
To men in town wrote she,
She wrote to peers and commoners,
She wrote to Joseph B.

"Oh, come," she said, "in violets,
And come in lilies too,
And I'll come in geraniums—
For I am mashed on you."

Each felt the fair incognita
Had shown the best of taste,
And each one to the rendezvous
Went gaily forth in haste.

And each man wore his violets,
And each his lilies bore,
Sure never were so many men
So much alike before.

So sing a song of vanity,
Sing a song of jokes,
Sing a song of eighty men
Who suffered from a hoax.

For there were no geraniums,
No, not a single one,
But such a lot of violets,
And such a lot of fun.

Sing of bold advertisements,
With sarcastic touch:
"Did you all enjoy yourselves?
I did—very much!"

A marriage is arranged to take place between the Hon. Cecil Bingham, 3rd Hussars, second son of Lord and Lady Cecilia Bingham, and Miss Rose Guthrie, daughter of the late James Alexander Guthrie, of Craigie, Forfarshire.

I am asked to announce that a concert will be given next Friday, at Prince's Hall, Piccadilly, for the benefit of Mrs. Lynedoch Moncrieff, widow of our Consul who lost his life with Hicks Pasha in the Soudan.

To day (Wednesday) there is to be a dinner to celebrate the anniversary of Servian independence.

The annual ball of the New Club, Edinburgh, took place last Tuesday, and was a brilliant success, over 550 people attending.

The new Southsea Railway has already been commenced, and the ceremony of turning the first sod on the site of the proposed station will be performed by Princess Edward of Saxe-Weimar on the 26th inst. About 200 invitations have been issued for a lunch to be given in honour of the occasion in the pavilion of the South Parade Pier.

Minton's China.—A visit to Messrs. Goode's Depôt in South Audley-street will at once show the immense superiority of their collection, both as regards taste, extent, and lowness of price.

Mr. Chaplin is to entertain the Prince of Wales at Blankney for Lincoln Races. The party at the Hall will include the Duchess of Manchester, Lord Alington, Lord Westmorland, Lord and Lady Folkestone, Lord Hartington, and Sir F. Johnstone.

The Prince of Wales owns extensive property in the neighbourhood of Dorchester, including the land on which stand the beautiful avenues for which the town is famous. A petition has been sent to the Prince begging that the custody of all these fine trees may be handed over to the Town Council, so that they may be properly maintained and kept in order.

The Duke and Duchess of Richmond are staying at Goodwood with a family party. Last Friday Lord Walter Lennox gave a lecture on his recent "Tour Round the World" to the members of the "Boxgrove Village Club," which was founded by the Duchess for the recreation and instruction of the villagers during the winter evenings. Lord Walter spoke fluently and easily, giving the usual "globe-trotter's" conventional descriptions now so familiar to all students of the current literature of the day. He, however, mentioned one instructive incident—his taking out a letter of introduction to the son of one of the keepers at Gordon Castle, and his finding this man (who had begun as a small sheep-farmer) a member of the Legislature, a magistrate, an owner of race-horses, and in the enjoyment of a high position and great wealth in the colony.

Mr. Lewis Harcourt, the promising son of the Home Secretary, has been passing the winter at Madeira for the benefit of his health, which has always been delicate.

The Duke and Duchess of St. Albans left Cannes last Thursday, in their yacht *Ceres*, for Mentone, Genoa, and Spezzia. They will quit the yacht at Leghorn for a few days, in order to pay a short visit to Florence and to Rome.

Lord Wolverton, who returned to Cannes about a fortnight ago, leaves this week in his yacht, the *Palatine*, for a cruise to Naples, Palermo, and Malta. Lady Wolverton remains at the Château de Thorenc, which, I hear, they will again occupy next winter.

The Duke and Duchess of Norfolk returned last Wednesday from Paris, where they have been staying at the Embassy on a visit to Lord Lyons.

The old house of the Franklin family at Spilsby, in Lincolnshire, in which Sir John Franklin was born, is to be sold this week. At one time there was a great deal of talk about buying it for a Franklin Museum, but it came to nothing.

The Dowager Lady Huntly has let Orton Longueville, her residence near Peterborough, to Lord and Lady Decies, as she is leaving England to travel in Italy for a time.

The Langham Hotel, Portland Place, W., redecorated throughout combines every modern improvement and luxury. Accommodates more than five hundred guests.

The Hon. F. A. K. Bennet, younger son of Lord Tankerville, is about to take up his residence permanently in America. Mr. Bennet lost one of his eyes by a careless shot when grouse-driving, a year and a half ago, and he has been strongly advised that in order to preserve the sight of the other eye he must give up the Bar and live chiefly in the open air. He has, therefore, determined to turn his attention to cattle-farming in the West.

Lord Aylesford seems to be creating a sensation in Texas. According to the American papers, he owns a ranche of 27,000 acres near Big Springs. He has built a plain wooden house of seven rooms, and here he lives with one of his brothers and five servants. Lord Aylesford has not purchased any cattle, but amuses himself by riding about the country, hunting, and making fun with the cow-boys, who call him "the Jedge," and his brother "the kid." Open-house is kept for the cow-boys, and "a fresh bottle is opened for every man who enters."

Mr. J. S. Balfour, M.P., who has been seriously ill for nearly three months, with a fever which he caught at Rome, has so far recovered that he has been able to leave his residence at Croydon for Brighton, where he will stay for a few weeks for the benefit of the sea air.

Lord Pembroke continues to make good progress towards recovery, and as soon as he can safely be moved he will leave Wilton, with Lady Pembroke, for a two months' cruise in the Mediterranean in the yacht *Minerva*, which he has just purchased from Lord Ormonde, and which is now fitting out at Cowes.

The *Times* of March 15 contained an obituary notice of Colonel Clifford, the Usher of the Black Rod. Colonel Clifford is not dead, and as he reads the paper every day it was only by a mere chance that he was not shocked by reading this notice of himself. Accidents must occur, but what an outcry there would have been if the accident had occurred in the columns of Truth!

The news that Mr. Hamlyn-Fane, of Clovelly Court, had died suddenly in London last Monday excited quite a sensation in Devonshire last week. He was to have left England on Tuesday morning, with his three sisters, for Paris, on their way to Egypt. Mr. Fane, who was only in his twenty-sixth year, inherited considerable property in Hants and in Lincolnshire from his father, who sat in Parliament for South Hants for many years. Clovelly Court, with its extensive estate and romantic demesne, came to him from his mother, Mrs. Hamlyn-Williams, and it will now become the property of his eldest sister. It is a curious coincidence that Mr. Fane's father and mother both died suddenly.

By the death of Mr. James White, of Overtown, Scotland has lost one of her greatest philanthropists. For many years past his name had been a household word, not only for his public benevolence, but also for his munificent private charities. Mr. White was a staunch adherent of the Free Church, but in the distribution of his wealth he was equally liberal to all denominations. One of his last acts during his illness was to send a cheque for £1,250 to the Western Infirmary for the permanent endowment of a bed. When the City of Glasgow Bank failed, he headed the subscription for the sufferers with a donation of £5,000. Mr. White, who practised as a lawyer in early life, had been for more than thirty years the principal partner in the well-known Shawfield Chemical Works, which were established by his father. He bought the estate of Overtown, in Dumbartonshire, many years ago, and built the present mansion, which is one of the finest in the country, and which contains a splendid collection of works of art. Mr. White was a strong Liberal, and he could have entered Parliament at any time had he been so disposed.

On the same day died another well-known "Glaswegian." Mr. Lawrence Drew, of Merryton, was famous throughout the world for his breed of Clydesdales, but he first became known as a breeder of Ayrshire stock, and in this department he took the first prize for nine years in succession at the Lanarkshire County Show. For several years Mr. Drew was Head-Steward for the Hamilton estates, and had charge of the home-farm at the Palace, which was maintained on a very large scale during the latter part of the life of the late Duke. Mr. Drew did not get on with the trustees, who took charge of the property after the death of the Duke in 1863, and he resigned his stewardship, but as soon as the present Duke came of age he granted him a lease of Merryton Farm. He attained very high prices at his yearly sales of Clydesdales, but latterly the prestige of the stud has declined, in consequence of Mr. Drew's strenuous opposition to the Stud-Book movement, as he insisted that to retain the perfection of this breed, it was necessary to cross occasionally with English shire mares. Mr. Drew was visited by the Prince of Wales and by Prince Louis Napoleon during their stay at Hamilton Palace in 1878, and some fantastical stories got about concerning the Mazeppa-like feats of the latter. Mr. Drew was very popular in Lanarkshire, and he was to have been brought forward for the Southern Division, at the General Election, as a tenant-farmers' candidate.

In alluding last week to the death of Mr. Fraser, of Abertarff, I might have mentioned the curious fact that, under an old entail, his estate reverts to Lord Lovat, against whose father he was engaged in litigation for half a century. The property extends over 20,000 acres, but the annual "free rental" is under £2,000.

A great sensation has been excited among anglers in the south of Scotland, in consequence of the Duke of Roxburghe's agents having intimated their intention of applying to the Court of Session for an interdict to prevent the inhabitants of Kelso from fishing in the Tweed for trout, a "right" which they have enjoyed from time immemorial at certain places near the town. The case excites unusual interest, because it is believed that if the Duke is successful in his attempt to deprive the inhabitants of their angling, similar proceedings will be taken elsewhere by other rapacious proprietors.

The *World* alludes to an English Minister who expressed an opinion that a man with £40,000 had a right to expect

a peerage. This is new to me; and I suspect that the writer is thinking dimly of Mr. Pitt's far more startling doctrine, that every landowner with £6,000 a year ought to be a peer, which, Lord Beaconsfield observed, "sounded the knell of the cause for which Hampden died in the field and Sidney on the scaffold."

I hear there are several Arabian horses on their way here from India, and that it is intended that they should take part in the Arab race at the Newmarket July meeting.

The members of the South Warwickshire Hunt held their annual meeting last Wednesday at Wellesbourne, Sir Charles Mordaunt in the Chair, when a silver horn was presented to Lord Willoughby de Broke, the popular master. It has been subscribed for by gentlemen connected with the Hunt, as a small acknowledgment of the admirable manner in which his lordship has hunted the country. Mr. Algernon Rushout attended the meeting on behalf of the North Cotswold Hunt, in order to submit a proposition respecting the division of a neutral country between the two Hunts, but after a long and animated discussion the meeting decided against the proposal. Lord Willoughby de Broke is to hunt four days a week next season, with a guaranteed subscription of £1,800.

Mr. Ames will continue to hunt the Worcestershire country next season with a guaranteed subscription of £1,400. The guarantors (twelve in number) had to make up £60 last year, and in the three previous seasons there were such large deficits that they had to pay over £40 each. Things, however, are mending, and this year the balance is on the right side.

The annual general meeting and dinner of the Mudhook Yacht Club came off last week. Two new members were elected, as well as a chaplain. The gentleman appointed to this post will supply a want doubtless long felt in the club.

That curiously-kept secret as to the owner of the new three-tonner building at Plymouth has leaked out at last. His name is Mr. A. W. Craig, at present owner of the *Coralie*, and at one time owner of the ten-tonner *Myosotis*, with which craft, and the assistance of a protest, he took one prize from the famous *Buttercup*.

Mr. Jessop's yawl *Florinda* was to leave Naples on Friday last for Civita Vecchia, *en route* to Nice for the regatta.

The defeat of Bubear by Wallace Ross, in the recent international sculling match, was very disappointing, more especially as the English representative was in receipt of a start of ten seconds. It does not, however, seem to have struck any of the numerous writers who have spun out columns over this event, that this very allowance may have been the primary cause of Bubear's defeat, and that, as a matter of fact, he would probably have been "better without it." Bubear's game has always been (and it has paid so well as to make him, at any rate, the first English sculler of the day) to row well within himself at the outset, even at the cost of allowing his adversary a lead of several lengths. Then by his undoubted staying power he has gradually but surely overhauled his man during the latter part of the journey. By giving him a start, the wily Canadian party practically ensured Bubear's departure from his usual method, for a man in receipt of an allowance naturally endeavours to retain the lead as long as possible; and in the recent race, moreover, much money depended upon his being first past Hammersmith Bridge. Thus it happened that Bubear rowed much faster for the first half of the course than he has ever done before, and the unwonted exertion left him beaten at the very point where he usually commences to overhaul his rivals.

The Henley Regatta course will not be altered after all. Mr. Mackenzie, of Fawley Court, has placed a prohibitive price upon the portion of the Lion Meadow which it was proposed to remove. I am glad that the negotiations have failed, for the alteration certainly would not have improved the river; and after all, the regatta is only an affair of a couple of days, and it seems to thrive fairly well with the present course, which has always satisfied all but a few exacting experts.

I do not expect either of the University crews to be anything first-class this season. Neither contains such a powerful collection of men, each and all individually good, as that team of Cantabs which came last season to such collective grief for want of homogeneousness. Nevertheless, there is enough stuff in either to make up a very decent crew, and so far there is not much to choose between them in strength. Oxford are decidedly the more advanced; they are also better together, and at present look more like being able to race. I have, however, great faith in Mr. Rhodes, who has lately taken the Cantab coaching in hand, and should not be surprised to see him effect a very marked improvement in their style by the end of the month.

Oxford are practising this week on the Marlow and Cookham reaches, and thereby will come under the eye of Mr. W. G. Grenfell (late M.P. for Salisbury). The president has been teaching them assiduously all the term; but it is no disparagement to him to say that the co-operation of a new coach of experience will help to work the men up a little and to make them take more pains. I have constantly noticed how the advent of a new coach for a day or two puts a crew on its mettle. At the same time, I by no means approve of the plan of too many cooks. Cambridge seems to be well suited this season with their new quarters at Tilehurst, on the Faversham and Maple Durham reaches of the Thames. Next week we may expect to see both crews on London water.

The Amateur Athletic Club are making, at the Lillie Bridge Grounds, a new bicycle and tricycle path which,

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Rimmel's Toilet Vinegar, tonic, refreshing, 2/6. Aromatic Ozonizer, a natural air purifier, 1/. 96, Strand; 128, Regent-st.; 24, Cornhill.

from its width, shape, and construction, will supply a want felt by cyclists desirous of having a practice and race ground easily accessible from all parts of London. The new track is quite distinct from the old running-path.

There is to be a meeting of the members of the Tricycle Union at the Westminster Palace Hotel, on March 25, in favour of the admittance of tricycles to the public parks. If a person were to harness a donkey to his tricycle, he might figure in the Row. Why, then, not equally so without the donkey?

English cricketers are all genuinely glad that Spofforth changed his mind at the very last moment, and sailed for this country last Thursday with the rest of the Australian team, which is, beyond doubt, the strongest eleven yet sent out to represent the Colony. The amount of bowling talent is certainly in excess of anything ever seen in a single team, and, unfortunately, unless there are some new developments this summer, English cricket is likely to be rather worse off than usual in this respect. Apropos of cricket, there have been very alarming rumours current as to the health of Dr. W. G. Grace, but I understand that he has only been suffering from temporary indisposition, and that he is now able to go about his ordinary avocations as usual.

Last Saturday an experiment in billiards was tried at the Aquarium, with the view of remedying in some measure the monotony of the spot-stroke, which is so much complained of by patrons of the game. Cook and Bennett played some exhibition games under the novel condition that when three consecutive spots had been made, the red ball was to be placed on the pyramid spot, whence three more hazards might be made, and so on. The general verdict on the innovation was not very favourable, but it might be worth while to try it again, in which case I would suggest, as an improvement, that the red ball should be placed alternately on either spot, after one hazard from each, for there is no object in allowing three.

I have received the following letter in reference to my last week's remarks about professional and amateur billiard players:—

Sir,—The "vast superiority of ability shown by professionals over amateurs" is due to the fact that professionals all begin to play as mere children. Roberts, Cook, Mitchell, Taylor, and the brothers Bennett were all familiar with the game before they could read. That which is learned in childhood is never forgotten. What amateur ever commenced billiard-practice till he had left school? Not one in a thousand. It takes a good ten years' incessant practice to master the spot-stroke; and even then some professionals never succeed in making more than twenty winning hazards. Given the necessary taste and assiduity, a man might in ten years master three languages and fit himself for any post in any of the learned professions. Is it likely, therefore, that amateurs will, under these circumstances, ever be able to rival the professional players?—Yours, Captain Crawley.

Weston has completed his task of walking 5,000 miles in 100 days, and temperance advocates seem to be greatly elated by this result. I fail to see, however, that Weston has succeeded in proving anything at all. No sensible person has ever denied that many people can ge along as well or better without alcoholic drinks than with them, or thought that Weston's undoubted powers of endurance depended upon the amount of liquor he consumed. Even Dr. Richardson on Saturday night carefully guarded himself from laying down the principle that beer or other stimulants were fatal to feats of endurance. He said, "such feats could not be done on beer or stimulants unless in such small quantities as not to produce their characteristic physiological disturbance" (whatever that may mean), "when of course it would be a cheat." But no amount of tests or speeches will do much permanent good to the temperance cause, so long as its advocates fail to grapple with the real problem of the situation. Weston may walk and all the Canons of the Church may harangue, but the fact remains that beer is cheap and palatable, while most temperance drinks are both dear and nasty. The real difficulty of teetotallers is to find an efficient substitute for beer, and they should direct their energies to meeting this, instead of indulging in so much useless loquacity.

The temperance question has been so thoroughly threshed out of late that it scarcely seems possible to find a new argument on the one side or the other. A certain Dr. Troth, of Perth, however, recently delivered a lecture in which he advances some exceedingly original propositions:—

The drinking of alcoholic beverages is a necessary evil, and is not likely ever to be discontinued. It is like cholera, the plague, or war—one of the wise dispensations of providence for preventing an undue increase of mankind. It prevents the accumulation of all the property of the nation in the hands of a few. . . . By its means the son scatters the savings of his father's lifetime in a few months, enabling another man to fill his position, creates a class of drunken tradesmen to neglect their business, so that energetic men may succeed where they fail. . . . In short, it benefits directly or indirectly everybody but those who drink it, and if they are fools enough to sacrifice themselves and their families for the good of the sober and industrious, why should we interfere with them?

There is really a certain amount of sound sense in the Malthusian selfishness of this ingenious doctor.

Certainly Mr. Barnum is the Prince of Showmen. We had an unreasoning, sentimental affection for Jumbo, and Mr. Barnum now proposes to send him back to us with a wife and a baby. The mothers and the children of England will flock with their shillings and their buns to visit the interesting family.

Romain, now performing at the Gaîté in "La Charbonnière," was terribly put out the other evening. In order to feign emotion in a particular part of the play, he disappears for a second behind one of the side-scenes, where an attendant, who is waiting with a brush covered with white paint, with one touch gives the necessary paleness to the handsome countenance of Romain, who immediately reappears before the audience. On this occasion, when he stepped before the footlights, after the aforesaid operation had been performed, he was greeted with roars of laughter, in lieu of the customary applause. Some minutes elapsed before one of the other actors was able to inform Romain that his face had been painted a lustrous black.

"Royal Charter" Champagne.—Wachter & Co., shippers to H.M. the Queen and H.R.H. the Prince of Wales by special appointment.

Woods' Hotel (within Furnival's Inn, Holborn, E.C.) has been considerably modernised and improved. Families and Gentlemen will find in this Hotel *home comforts*.

The managers of the Bayreuth Festival Plays have just published their programme for this year's Parsifal performances, of which there are to be ten, between July 21 and Aug. 8. The admission for strangers is twenty marks (£1).

Let those who are fond of the German language meditate on the following word, composed of thirty-seven letters!—Staatsschuldenzahlungscassebuchhalter. It means: —Accountant of the bureau where the State debts are paid. Now, in Germany etiquette demands that every one should be saluted by his title, and State functionaries are very particular in exacting their dues in these matters. I pity the subordinates who are obliged daily to welcome their superior with this frightful conglomeration of inharmonious syllables!

Thus does a Western critic in the United States give vent to his views on "Hamlet":—

There is too much chinning in the piece. The author is behind the times, and seems to forget that what we want now a days is hair-raising situations and detectives. In the hands of a skilful playwright a detective would have been put upon the track of Hamlet's uncle, and the old man would have been hunted down in a manner that would have excited the audience out of their Number Elevens. The moral of the piece is not good. The scene where Hamlet sasses his mother is a very bad example to the rising generation, and it is not improved when the dreary old ghost comes in and blows him up. Our advice to the author is, a little more action, a little more gurgling taffy, and a fair share of variety business in his next piece. In the speciality arts of the play-scenes he has entirely missed his opportunities.

A biography of James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, will be published shortly. It is the work of his daughter, Mrs. Gardener, and one notable feature in it will be a letter written by the father of Mr. Ruskin, in which he complains that his son (then a lad of sixteen) wastes his time in scribbling, and yet manifests no marked signs of originality.

I see that Mr. Barnett, the indefatigable vicar of St. Jude's, Whitechapel, is going to repeat the experiment, which he has tried with increasing success now for three consecutive years, of opening a loan exhibition of first-rate pictures in his school-rooms during the Easter holidays. His previous exhibitions have proved that the people will flock to see good pictures when the chance is brought home to them, and the more chances of the kind there are the better. Mr. Barnett's committee take the very sensible step of employing a well-known firm to collect and hang the pictures, and the fact that men like Sir F. Leighton and Mr. G. F. Watts continue to send valuable works shows that the arrangements are well carried out. Pictures are none the worse for having been looked at by twenty thousand Whitechapel folk, and I should hope that Mr. Barnett will find no difficulty in getting as many lent to him as he wants.

Miss Thompson's well-known picture of Quatre Bras, which has hitherto hung in the gallery of a Manchester collector, has been sold to go to Australia, where it is to find a home in the Melbourne Museum.

The full-length recumbent effigy of Dean Stanley, by Mr. Boehm, has been placed in a canopied recess in the north wall of the School Chapel at Rugby, just below the recumbent figure of Dr. Arnold. It is of white marble, and is an admirable likeness. The Latin inscription is by Sir R. Lingen. The papers state that the Dean is represented as wearing the badge of a Royal Chaplain. This is a mistake. He wears the insignia of the Bath, of which order he was Dean *ex officio*.

There is likely to be an exciting row at the approaching session of the Northern Convocation. The Prolocutorship has become vacant by the removal of Dean Cowie from Manchester, and several months ago the church papers printed a list of members, comprising a majority of the Lower House, who had promised to support the candidature of the Dean of York. An intrigue has since been going on with the object of bringing forward a candidate approved by the Archbishop, whose relations with Dr. Purey-Cust are quite as "strained" as they were with Dr Duncombe. The Dean of Durham writes to the *Guardian* to express his indignation at all this underhand work, and states that the Bishopthorpe candidate is an individual who has already given a written promise to support the Dean of York. No doubt Dr. Purey-Cust will be elected, but the squabbling is not likely to increase the harmony of the Northern Province.

Oxford professorships which are in the gift of University electors have generally been decided purely by political considerations, and wire-pulling in the Conservative interest used to be a much better recommendation than historical knowledge for a professorship of history. It is all the more satisfactory, therefore, that Mr. Gladstone has reduced the balance by appointing Mr. E. A. Freeman to the Regius Professorship. In historical knowledge Mr. Freeman's claim to succeed Dr. Stubbs was indisputable, and since a man cannot teach history without teaching politics also, it is an additional advantage that the new professor is a strenuous Liberal.

Mr. Fearon, whose election to the Headmastership of Winchester was a foregone conclusion, is a Wykehamist of the Wykehamists, for nearly the whole of his life since he left the nursery has been spent at one or the other of Wykeham's Colleges. He gained a scholarship at Winchester at a very early age, and then went up in the usual course with a scholarship to New College, where he distinguished himself by getting a "double first" of the good old style—one first class in classical "Greats," that is, and another in mathematical "Greats." He then became a Fellow of New College, and went back as an Assistant Master to Winchester.

As far as the school work is concerned, Winchester will certainly not lose ground under its new head master, for Mr. Fearon is a born teacher, and much of the success of

Beauté. Vérité. Éternité.—Miniatures photographiques inaltérables sur émail vitrifiées au feu (patent). Walery, 5, Conduit-st., W.

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Dr. Ridding's pupils was due to their previous drilling in "the Lower Sixth" under Mr. Fearon. He was particularly good in teaching history and other English subjects, and he will thus be sure to carry on Dr. Ridding's policy of including other things than Latin and Greek in the school curriculum. Mr. Fearon is a young man (he took his B.A. degree just twenty years ago), overflowing with energy and spirits, and, altogether, I should think, Winchester will quite maintain its reputation under his régime.

The *Times*, by the way, being now edited by a Wykehamist, ought to have known better than to head the paragraph about Mr. Fearon's appointment "Winchester *School*." Wykehamists are generally very touchy when it is forgotten that their school is a college.

It is just as well that Winchester should have a Liberal Head-master, for, great as were the reforms effected by Dr. Ridding, there is still plenty of scope for the reformer. The living arrangements in College are not yet all that they should be, and if he were to turn his attention to the dress of the College boys it would be a good thing. The gowns which were invented by William of Wykeham are a ludicrous dress for a schoolboy; they are so inconveniently long that they always have to be tucked up into a bag behind whenever the boy wants to do anything active. As no great coat can be worn over them, they are miserably cold in winter, while they are unendurably hot in summer.

I am sorry to see that Miss Octavia Hill does not approve of giving free dinners to poor school-children, and has even written a letter endeavouring to dissuade others from subscribing money for that purpose. Miss Hill's authority on matters of practical philanthropy within her own sphere is, of course, very high, but I would respectfully suggest that when she travels into the region of economic theory she is hardly so safe a guide. The gift of a dinner to a child is, she says, either "a rate in aid of wages," or "a rate in aid of drink." That, no doubt, is the theory of "orthodox" political economy, but does any one really believe that it corresponds with facts? The argument is, that if the children's dinners are supplied by charity, the fathers will have so much more to spend in drink; but then the fact which has to be dealt with is, that large numbers of the school-children at present get no dinner at all, whilst it also must be taken into consideration that unless it be assumed that all fathers are drunkards, it does not follow as a necessary consequence that every parent spends all his spare cash in drink. And does any one really think that differences are made in the wages of different workmen in the same district according as to whether their children are or are not fed once a day out of the Free Dinners Fund? The system to which Miss Hill objects has now had a fair trial, and it will be time to believe that it is productive of harm when some case in point is produced.

I am glad to hear that the Bishop of Peterborough hopes to be able to preach at St. James's on Sunday week; and I understand that his physicians have sanctioned his doing so. The Bishop and his family are still residing at Mr. Loder's villa at Worthing, but they return to Peterborough early next month. During the Bishop's illness and absence the diocese has been in charge of Bishop Mitchinson, the rector of Sibstone.

It is "good business" to be a popular preacher in America. Mr. Beecher's stipend for this year is £5,000, and Dr. Talmage is to receive £3,000.

With reference to a paragraph in Truth of last week, stating that compensation has been paid to Lord Bute for the loss of the Church patronage of Kingarth, a correspondent writes that the Church Patronage Act (Scotland) provides that the compensation to a patron shall be one year's stipend, payable by four equal yearly instalments out of the first four years' stipend, but that no compensation was to be paid for crown livings or to any except private patrons, and that most of the patrons declined any compensation.

Cardinal Manning is suffering from a severe cold, which at the last moment prevented him from taking part in a great "function" at St. Patrick's, Soho, on the Feast of the Patron Saint of Ireland. The Cardinal's Guards of the Temperance League of the Cross mustered in great force, resplendent in green sashes and shamrocks, but disappointment awaited them and the large congregation which thronged the quaint old chapel—which is within eight years of its hundredth birthday, and remains in internal arrangements much as it was ninety years ago.

A somewhat curious case occurred in the auditing of the army accounts for last year. The Comptroller and Auditor-General found that the pensions included one granted to "the widow of a Roman Catholic chaplain," an anomaly to which he directed his immediate attention. On inquiry it was found that the Roman Catholic chaplain had been actually married, though under an assumed name, to the lady in question, and that on this ground the War Office people granted her a pension. But Sir Henry Dunbar pointed out that the fact of the chaplain being a Roman Catholic precluded him from marrying, and, consequently, from leaving a widow. Directly his vows of celibacy were broken, he ceased to be, legally speaking, a Roman Catholic priest and a Roman Catholic chaplain. It was, therefore, impossible for the Auditor-General to recognise the lady in question as a Roman Catholic chaplain's widow, and the pension was disallowed.

Not even Lord Wolseley could, I should think, state that the Militia is in a satisfactory condition. On January 1, 1884, it was under its establishment 28,213 rank and file, and 561 officers. During 1883, no less than 11,330 Militiamen deserted. If General Bulwer considers this, "on the whole," an improvement upon the old system, what must that have been?

The Kaps Pianofortes, grand and upright. These celebrated instruments can be obtained at C. E. Flavell's, 26, North Audley-street, W.

For a moment's thoughtless madness,
Sudden ruin, years of sadness;
Hopes in which he once delighted
Shattered, future prospects blighted;
To his native land a stranger,
Courting death mid scenes of danger,
Praying Providence to send him
Kindly steel or lead to end him;
Spared, as if the Fates denied him
Rest, till time had once more tried him.
Grave his fault, but stern his sentence,
Long and bitter his repentance.
Hear the men who loved and lost him
With their ringing cheers accost him;
See him, as aforetime, leading,
Dauntless still, though stricken, bleeding.
Grudge him not his meed of glory;
Blot out all the wretched story
Of his fault; grant full remission—
Give him back his lost commission.

Lord Hartington will increase the popularity of the Ministry in rural districts if he puts an end to the custom of calling out certain Militia Regiments in June. The plan may suit the officers, but on the whole it is most objectionable, and causes the greatest possible inconvenience, inasmuch as the men lose their hay-making wages and the farmers have to make special arrangements for the extra labour, so that it falls hard on both classes.

The following return as to the cost of the different head-gears of our army is interesting:—The helmet of the Household Cavalry costs £1. 10s. 2d., and lasts eight years, so the cost per year is 3s. 9½d. The bearskin of the Scots Greys costs 12s. 9d. per annum. The sealskin of the Fusiliers costs 2s. 9d. a year. The ordinary helmet of the line and artillery costs only 6s. and lasts four years. The price of the feather bonnet is £2. 13s. 6d.; it lasts eight years. The bearskin of the Guards costs £4. 9s., and lasts six years.

A curious anomaly has been brought to my notice in connection with the relative position of staff and regimental officers. For instance, staff officers in camp at Aldershot have to pay taxes for their quarters, but regimental officers living in huts adjoining those of the staff men are exempt from taxation. Why is this?

Another instance of official wisdom. It will be remembered that when Alexandria was occupied by the British troops, a large quantity of war material was discovered, consisting of breechloaders, torpedoes, and gunpowder, whilst at Cairo were found Krupp guns, artillery equipment, and Remingtons. All this was destroyed. It is now reported that an Artillery officer has just returned to Egypt from Germany, having been despatched to the latter country to purchase Krupp guns. We also read of gunpowder, &c., being shipped to Egypt from Woolwich. Is it possible to understand such idiocy as this?

I am glad to find that there are some limits to War-Office jobbery. At the last meeting of the Portsmouth Town Council a letter was read stating that the Marquis of Hartington and the Duke of Cambridge regretted greatly that they could not grant any further extension of Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar's term of command, as it was "contrary to the regulations of the service and unfair to other officers." I should think so, indeed! But does it not strike Lord Hartington and the Duke that the description is true of a dozen or so other jobs in favour of members of the Royal family? If so, it is a pity that they do not act upon their own precepts.

Cases having occurred in which officers appointed to regimental depots have not been quite up to their duties, the Duke has thought it expedient to warn commanding officers—with whom the selection rests—that when they recommend officers under their command for duty at regimental depots, they must certify that such officers possess tact and the special qualifications desirable for dealing with recruits and young soldiers. His Royal Highness is right. It is all very well for the Colonel to consult the convenience of his officers, but the interests of the army must also be considered. Captain Brown, whose battalion is serving abroad, may be desirous of returning home, and the Colonel may good-naturedly fall in with his views; or, the fact that Major Smith's wife's mother lives near the headquarters of the regimental district may, or perhaps may not, be a good reason for posting that officer to the depot. But neither of these officers may be in possession of those qualities which it is desirable an officer should possess who has to deal with young men on their enlistment.

The following fact is curious:—While 58 officers of the Royal Navy qualified as Interpreters in Oriental languages, only 26 qualified in modern languages. Oriental languages are, I presume, more easily acquired than French or German.

I am informed that Admiral Ryder is likely to be appointed Governor of Greenwich Hospital, in the room of the late Sir Sydney Dacres.

The manœuvres of the German Navy in the Baltic are to be on a very extensive scale next summer. Twenty-eight vessels are to join in them.

Mr. Petheram, Q.C., is the second member of the Western Circuit who has been selected to fill the post of a judge in India lately, Mr. Norris having preceded him in 1882. The Western Circuit has been prolific in judges. Both the late and the present Chief Justice came from it, as did Sir Robert Collier, Lord Justice Bowen, and Mr. Justice Lopes.

The Court of Session was occupied for two days last week with the action concerning the validity of the codicils to Mr. Stirling-Crawfurd's will. The "pursuer," Captain Stirling-Stuart, of Castlemilk, is younger brother and heir of entail to the testator, and he contends that the deeds were not duly executed. By these codicils the trustees were directed to raise £120,000 on the estate of Melton, which sum was to go absolutely to the Dowager Duchess of Montrose, in addition to the other settlements in her favour. It appeared from the evidence which was led "that for several years before his death it was Mr. Crawfurd's habit to sign his name by means of a brass stamp, which bore his signature, as an affection of the muscles of the right arm rendered it difficult for him to write." Mr. Augustus Savile testified that he had seen the

deeds signed by Mr. Crawfurd, when he was staying with him at Cannes with his brother, the late Mr. Henry Savile, in February, 1881.

People who had anticipated sensational evidence were disappointed, for, considering the remarkable nature of the case, the proceedings were singularly uninteresting. Lord McLaren reserved judgment, but among the advocates and writers in the Parliament House very long odds would have been laid on the "defender."

Why did the City Corporation give Binns a retaining fee of £20 per annum? This was a new departure. There ought to be no public hangman. A surgeon should be appointed to superintend the operation, and, under his supervision, a warder in the prison where the condemned man is to be executed should look to details and draw the bolt. If the latter were given £5 for the job, he probably would not object to this.

Last week, the magistrates at Cirencester sentenced a deaf and dumb lad to three weeks' hard labour for sleeping in a shed. Surely this was a straining of the law. The lad does not seem to have been a model youth, but he was entirely without means. I wonder whether these Cirencester magistrates imagine that those afflicted with loss of hearing and unable to speak are, by some mysterious dispensation, able to go without sleep. A youth, deaf, dumb, hungry, and penniless, ought not to be treated as a criminal because he crept into a shed, and tried to forget his cares and troubles in sleep. What would a Cirencester magistrate himself have done under similar circumstances? I recommend these worthies to get some one to translate to them the following line of Goethe, and, in the meantime, to cultivate a little Christian charity:—

Mit den Unglücklichen, sollten die Glücklichen nicht rechnen.

Michael Jordan was charged at Kingston-on-Thames with being an idle and disorderly person. The prisoner had been hanging on to the back of a waggonette in which the Prince of Wales and other gentlemen were driving to Sandown. On refusing to let go he was seized by the police, and said that he wanted the Prince to give him some money to buy new clothes, and that he meant no disrespect to his Royal Highness. He was sober, and nothing was known against him, but he was sent to prison for fourteen days with hard labour. On the same day George Anderson was charged at Westminster with being drunk and begging. He was seen "reeling drunk," and asking several persons to give him money to get a night's lodging for his family. He had been previously cautioned, and money, bread, and meat were found in his pockets. Mr. D'Eyncourt sentenced him to seven days' hard labour. Am I to understand that to beg from the Prince of Wales is just twice as heinous an offence as to solicit alms from any other of her Majesty's subjects?

Grueber, a solicitor, having been suspended for three years on account of some shady transaction, was the other week struck off the Rolls for a gross and wicked fraud. This is all very well, but why do not the solicitors, for the honour of their profession, prosecute him? I frequently see this or that solicitor is "struck off the Rolls," and this seems to be regarded as a sufficient punishment for conduct which would introduce any one not a solicitor to the retirement of one of her Majesty's prisons.

Music hath charms, but it cannot be contended that a performance on the tenor horn by a beginner for eight hours at a stretch is at all calculated to soothe the breast, savage or otherwise. William Cash was charged at the Salford Police Court with assaulting his next-door neighbour, John Ford. Ford, it appears, occupies his leisure hours, of which he seems to have plenty, in teaching himself to play on the tenor horn. Cash remonstrated in vain, and at length hit Ford in the eye. The defendant pleaded that the "everlasting blasts" of the horn were maddening, and that even when his wife was ill, Ford "would have no mercy," and frequently blew on his instrument of torture from 10 a.m. till 6 p.m. Ford practically admitted the soft impeachment, and the magistrate inflicted a fine of a shilling on his assailant, remarking that of the two evils he should prefer a blow in the eye to eight hours' torture from a horn. It is perhaps a nice point, but on the whole I agree with the magistrate.

The "Wife-beater's Manual" is a very useful pamphlet, for it conclusively proves that, as a rule, the punishment which is awarded to brutal ruffians who belabour and maim their helpmates is utterly and scandalously inadequate. Of course, it is a difficult thing to know how to deal with these gentry. A fine punishes the unfortunate wife just as much as the husband; and if a magistrate sends the man to prison, he knows that in all probability the wife will be left to starve or go to the workhouse. The editor of the "Wife-beater's Manual" suggests flogging, and it really seems as if we should have to resort to this somewhat undesirable expedient. There is no doubtt hat flogging, or the fear of it, put an end to garotting; and if a man can be flogged for knocking a woman down and robbing her of twopence, it is difficult to see why he should not be subjected to this discipline if he happens to leave the twopence behind.

I am asked to say that the schoolmaster at Lochgilphead did not administer castor-oil to his pupils, but that the schoolmaster at Lochgoilhead did. Most English newspapers have confused these two places, to the great indignation of the inhabitants of the former.

A correspondent writes:—

The Home Secretary has been asked to stop ragged little boys from playing in the Home Park. May I inquire to whom do our parks belong? Some time back I myself saw a small boy in Hyde Park, who had dared to throw a ball to another small boy, very roughly dealt with by a policeman (or ranger). As the urchin cried and seemed much terrified, I inquired the reason, and was told that such were the orders issued, and that the *sheep were not to be disturbed*. There were many hundreds of the latter, and no doubt a very large sum of money is thus annually realised by turning our public parks into sheep-walks. Now, I am, perhaps, too inquisitive, but I wish to find out—(1) Who pockets this perquisite? (2) Who has the right to prevent our children from amusing themselves in the parks in their own way?

There is a good deal of complaint against the Metropolitan Board of Works for having altered their plan as regards the new street connecting Piccadilly with Oxford-street. According to the original scheme it was intended

to take down the unsightly corner public-house, the "Black Lion," which for some time has been used externally as an advertisement hoarding. Now, however, this house is not to come down. Considering that the entrance to the new street will be spoilt by this change, and remembering, too, the sums already spent, and that the house could not cost very much, as the lease has only 14 years to run, this is to be regretted.

A correspondent writes to say, apropos of a street being named after Darwin in Paris, that a street was so named in London by the Metropolitan Board sixteen years ago, and that it would "puzzle a well-informed man to find a celebrated English name not in use as a street name in the Metropolis, bar Swinburne, which name was given to a street, but was objected to by the inhabitants." This surely is hardly correct.

Statistics have just been published showing the amount of business done by the numerous Bouillons Duval in Paris during the past year. In 1883 no less than 4,041,056 meals were served to their customers by these restaurants—that is to say, 11,000 a day. We have nothing in London which at all resembles a Bouillon-Duval, but these figures might well encourage some enterprising capitalist to try the experiment of starting kindred establishments here.

The Vicar of Halifax writes to the *Times* respecting the efforts of some English ladies to give food to the *chiffonniers* of Paris, and suggests that contributions should be sent to aid in this object. Probably the Parisian *chiffonniers* would be considerably the better for a good meal; but so would many people in London. Paris is one of the most wealthy cities in the world, and—laudable as all charity is—I hardly think that this is a legitimate demand upon the purses of Londoners.

An Anglo-Servian Bank is, I understand, shortly to be launched. If well conducted, it ought to make money.

There is a good deal of complaint in Ireland respecting the conduct of the Directors of the Great Southern and Western Railroad Company. They have been making a clearance of a considerable number of their station-masters, the only crime of these men being that they have been many years in the Company's service. Some of them have been in it for nearly forty years, and, as the Company is rich, one year's salary is hardly a generous retiring pension for them.

Steamers have begun to run between London and York. They now go up the Ouse without transhipment at Hull or Goole.

I am told that many traders still evade the Truck Act in Cornwall. Their mode now seems to be to ask the women whether they will have money or goods. Should they prefer the former, they are paid 2s. 6d. instead of the usual 3s., and are told that there will be no more knitting for them. The Inspector of Factories in Cornwall should inquire into this with a view of instituting legal proceedings.

For Breakfast, Epps's Cocoa is grateful and comforting. Boiling water or milk only. James Epps & Co., Homœopathic Chemists.

So the cat is now out of the bag! Mr. Gladstone is ill, and obliged to seek repose in the country, and the open secret that he has been coerced by his colleagues into a foreign policy antagonistic to his own views has ceased to be even the semblance of a secret. Is it or is it not a fact that the Prime Minister was not in favour of the insane and wicked policy of a military expedition to the Eastern Soudan, which has resulted, as every one knew it would, in a considerable loss of British life, and in the slaughter of Arabs whose only crime was that they were defending that independence to which we have again and again declared that they are fully entitled?

But how comes it that Mr. Gladstone has been forced into such a policy? A few weeks ago a number of Whigs and financialists of the baser sort signed a manifesto, and presented it to him, urging him to take more energetic action in Egypt. Since then the Radicals who object to this blood-and-murder policy have, with very few exceptions, not ventured to give effect to their views in the House of Commons by their votes. Mr. Gladstone's colleagues, therefore, are able to say that the country and the House of Commons are with them, and this they will continue to do, until the Radicals in the House and out of it pluck up heart, and realise that in protesting against Jingoism in Egypt and in the Soudan, they are untying the hands of the Prime Minister.

What a comment upon the City it is, that when on Monday a telegram was put up on the Stock Exchange announcing that Mr. Gladstone had resigned, there was an immediate rush of speculators to buy Egyptian securities! These speculators were in the right; Mr. Gladstone stands between the harpies of finance and the British taxpayer. The former are for "Unifieds at 80," the latter for Mr. Gladstone.

This is the latest riddle: Why does Mr. Gladstone advise the making of jam? Because there are so many "jars" in his Cabinet.

Again the cry is raised that the Reform Bill is endangered owing to members of the House of Commons occupying so much time in protesting against the blood-and-murder policy in the Soudan. This is drivel. Every member of the Government is perfectly aware that no amount of discussion on Egypt and on the Soudan will imperil the Bill in the House of Commons. If Ministers are to be allowed to do precisely what they please in every part of the habitable globe, and to slaughter as many of its inhabitants as they choose, without protest or comment, provided that they promise in the course of the Parliamentary Session to carry, if possible, some useful domestic Act, of what use is it that Parliament should sit except when this Act is to be expedited?

I do not, however, blame Ministers for putting forward this plea in order to prevent attention being called to their

Screens, with tea-cup shelf on each fold, from 21s. A large variety of screens in Japanese leather paper, needlework, stained glass, and hand-painted in all sizes and styles.—C. Hindley & Sons, 290 to 294, Oxford-street London

"military operations" in the Soudan. It is, indeed, not one whit more absurd than much else that they have urged in their defence.

The Psalms for Sunday morning last seemed to apply most appropriately to the events in Egypt during the past week. Here are a few verses :—

> We are become an open shame to our enemies: a very scorn and derision unto them that are round about us.
> O let the sorrowful sighing of the prisoners come before thee: according to the greatness of thy power, preserve thou them that are appointed to die.
> Thou hast made us a very strife unto our neighbours: and our enemies laugh us to scorn.

General Gordon has not, as yet, proved a success at Khartoum. He may, but, if so, it will surprise me. Judging from the extracts from his works which the *Pall Mall Gazette* has published, his mind upon many points is in such a condition that Dr. Forbes Winslow would have no compunction in signing a certificate to confine him in a Lunatic Asylum, for the cranks and oddities of Mrs. Weldon were nothing in comparison with those of the General. He is brave, honest, and, in many things, admirable. But I suspect that he entirely over-estimated his influence with the Soudanese. His suggestion to make Zebehr, the chief of the slave-dealers, Governor of the Soudan, coupled with his proclamation legalising slavery, commends itself to few, and his appointment of the Mahdi as Sultan of Kordofan is hardly in accordance with his approval of our attacking the Mahdi's lieutenant, Osman Digna.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* would have us leave him in the Soudan as its Sultan. This it terms "Sarawaking the Soudan." By all means let him remain there if he pleases, and if the Soudanese please; but on the express understanding that we are not to be called upon to send an army to maintain his rule.

One is reminded by the policy of our Government in Egypt of the Marquis Wellesley's famous remark on the late Lord Normandy's administration of Ireland in 1837 :—

> Our friend Mulgrave has dramatised the Royal prerogatives. He has made Mercy blind instead of Justice.

The correspondent of the *Times* at Cairo writes me to protest against its being said that he has ever vilified the Khedive Tewfik, and he asks for proof. I have looked over the back numbers of the *Times*, and I am bound to say that he never has. He gives the Khedive this certificate :—

> My own opinion of the Khedive, whom I have known intimately for five years, is, perhaps, not of much consequence, but, to prevent misconception, I may state that I consider him a man who possesses some very excellent qualities, who is all round the honestest Turk I have met in my nearly twenty years' experience in the East, and who is neither remarkably intelligent nor so remarkably silly as it suits some people to pretend.

"It is easy," said Sheridan, "to be honest with £10,000 per annum," and I do not suppose that Tewfik robs.

> "I often wish that I had clear
> For life three thousand pounds a year."

To say of a man that he is the honestest of Turks is no very high recommendation.

The "Græculus esuriens" still keeps the character he won in Juvenal's day, and I notice in the list of awards by the Indemnity Commission at Alexandria that the Greeks come easily first, with 24 per cent. of the £4,250,000 allowed. Curiously enough, England is nearly last on the list, and only gets 6 per cent. of the whole. The Commission seems to have gone on the simple plan of reducing the claims in the aggregate by one half; but it would be an interesting study in comparative morality to know the degrees of extortion attempted by the different countries. If we had to pay these claims, we should have looked sharply into them; but as we intend to make the Egyptians pay, it, of course, does not matter what the amount may be.

That well-known Indian journal, the *Englishman*, is in a state of indignation because I ventured to publish certain facts in regard to the Island of Perim. I am a "cockney person," and my knowledge of the world does not extend beyond "a tea and shrimps excursion to Greenwich." Nevertheless, it seems to me that the *Englishman* and I agree that either Perim ought not to be a coal depot, or that it ought to be fortified. It is in the Straits of Babelmandeb; it blocks the entrance to the Red Sea or it does not. If it does not, it ought not to be fortified, and ought not to be a coaling station, for, in case of war, the coals would not be safe; if it does, it ought to be fortified.

It is a pity that Lord Reay could not be persuaded to accept the Governorship of Victoria, but the fact of its being offered to him ought to show our Colonial fellow-citizens that the Home Government is anxious to do its best for them. Hitherto there has certainly been much truth in the remark that Colonial Governorships are regarded as convenient berths for "used-up diplomatists" or as happy hunting grounds for "necessitous peers." It does not require much penetration, however, to see that, apart from purely Colonial questions, complications may easily arise which would make the presence of a really competent man highly desirable. The threat of the Australian colonies to exclude French ships from their ports unless the transportation scheme is abandoned is a case in point; and I hope the Government will succeed in finding some one as able as Lord Reay who is willing to go into colonial exile. If the Australians love a Lord, there is no reason why the home Government should not humour their weakness.

To be Let, for three or four months, from the beginning of May, a Handsomely Furnished Flat in Victoria-street, consisting of three sitting-rooms, two double-bedded rooms, a single ditto, bath-room (with bed if required), kitchen, &c., and servants' room. Has private entrance direct into the street.—For particulars apply to Messrs. Lumley, 22, St. James's-street, S.W.

"The International System of Education."—Notice to Principals of Schools and to Parents everywhere who are interested in practical Middle-class Education. Messrs. Haysman & Son are now prepared to extend to Daily Pupils, as well as to Boarders of High Schools and other Middle-class Schools of good repute throughout Great Britain, Europe, the British Colonies, and America, all the important advantages of "Haysman's System of International Education," and are, therefore, willing to enter into arrangements with the Principals of such Schools, wherever situated, for the care, board, and education of their pupils in England, France, or Germany during any period not less than six months.—Applications to be addressed to the Secretary, "International High School," The College, Richmond-green, near London.

Mr. Elton has signalised his entry into Parliament, not only by the unexampled feat of making four speeches on his first night, but also by propounding the most extravagant doctrine which the House of Commons, with all its "passion for compensation," has yet heard. Mr. Elton has no objection to a man being forbidden to build houses upon disused burial-grounds, but if any such vested right be taken away, Parliament "should provide for the payment of compensation." The reason why it is proposed to disallow such building is, of course, that the houses are mere fever dens, but if things go on at this pace we shall have Mr. Elton bringing in a Bill for providing compensation to all those whose vested rights are interfered with by the policeman.

Sir William Harcourt's replies to questions regarding cremation amount to this: he is not prepared to say that he has the legal power to hinder it, but if he has, he will use the power. Under these circumstances, the Cremation Society would do well to burn a corpse, and either invite Sir William to prosecute them, or, if he interferes with them, they should prosecute him. Thus the question of legality would be definitely settled.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* of Monday contains the opinions of a Northern shipowner of eminence respecting Mr. Chamberlain's Merchant Shipping Bill. Thus does the Northern man defend the system of insuring ships for more than their value:—

> The value to be accepted is the value of a ship to her owner at the moment of her loss. You bought a carriage for £300, we will say, ten years ago. To-day a collision in the streets may raise the question of its value. The carriage may now be estimated by outsiders as not worth more than £100; but, as a matter of fact, it is still worth to you the whole sum you originally paid for it, for it serves your purpose just the same as the first day you rode in it. Apply the illustration to the case of a ship, you have the case of the shipowner; but this is not the principle which finds expression in this Bill.

Possibly not; for if it did, a man would be a fool ever to buy a new ship or a new carriage; he would insure both for their cost price, and go on working them until the first sank, and the second was run into. "Defend me from my friends," the shipowners must say, when they read the naïf utterances of this sage.

It is somewhat doubtful whether the Parks Railroad will be an unmixed benefit. It will facilitate communications between the north and south of London. On the other hand, the line which it follows is by no means the best for this object. As regards "ventilators," the company promises not to have any in the parks. It is, however, contended that the railroad will be so unwholesome without them that no sooner will it be made than an agitation will be commenced to enable the company to evade this promise. The reason why ventilators are required in the District Railroad is because, when there are several trains going opposite ways in a tunnel at the same time, there is no clear current either way; and, consequently, the air remains in the tunnel, where it is churned up. The Committee, therefore, before which the Parks Bill will go, ought to insist that there be a separate tunnel for each line of rails. If this be done, ventilators will never be needed.

Vanity Fair says:—"Mr. Benjamin is still the Prince of Ulster and Stalking-Coat Makers." Ulster House, Conduit-street, W

It is really most discreditable to the Ministry that the Estimates should be rushed through Parliament in the small hours by a few drowsy members. It is a fact that the most equivocal items pass almost unchallenged in the present Radical House of Commons, which, fifty years ago, when there were not a score of Radicals in the House, would have been severely censured—if, indeed, Ministers had ever ventured to bring them forward.

That the country should be required to pay £548 for the Garter fees of Prince Albert Victor is quite monstrous; and I do not understand why it should cost £100 more to make H.R.H. a Knight than was paid last year for the King of the Netherlands. This amount is, for the most part, a "perquisite" of the Dean of Windsor, who (a young man not yet thirty-six) receives besides over £2,000 a year (with an excellent house) from the revenues of "her Majesty's free-chapel," and £600 a year as Domestic Chaplain to the Queen.

The charge for Royal journeys to the Continent is not less scandalous, for all these voyages are mere pleasure expeditions. There were twenty-three charges of £40 each. The Prince of Wales and his sons had crossed seven times, the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh five times, the Duke and Duchess of Mecklenburg and the Duke and Duchess of Connaught each three times, the German Crown Princess twice, and the Duchess of Teck, Duke of Cambridge, and Princess Beatrice once each. That the taxpayer should be mulcted in the travelling expenses of the German Crown Princess and of the Strelitz family is really too bad; but the previous year there were similar charges for the King and Queen of Greece and the Prince and Princess of Waldeck-Pyrmont.

It is mere drivelling to talk of there being "a prescriptive right" in the matter, for it was not till the present reign that the Royal family began frequently to travel abroad, and there is no sort of analogy between the rare journeys of the reign of George II. and George IV. and those of the royalties of the present day. If these distinguished travellers require private steamers at £40 a passage, they can well afford to pay for them out of the ample allowances which have been granted them by the country.

All good Conservatives are supposed just now to have the utmost horror of what is called the "delegate" theory of a Member of Parliament, but I have never seen the theory carried to greater length or expressed more frankly than it is in Mr. Boord's letter about the Cattle Diseases Bill. "My own conviction," he says, "is that Mr. Chaplin's Bill is both necessary and expedient;" but the public interests happen to conflict with those of my constituents, and "my first duty," therefore, is to "withdraw my support from Mr. Chaplin." Many people would be inclined to say that Mr. Boord's first duty was rather to make way for some member who happened to agree with the views of his constituents.

The Granville, Ramsgate.—The Redecoration of this Hotel is now complete, and under entirely new Proprietorship. Present terms, 10s. 6d. per day, including attendance, bedroom, and full board. Tariff on application. The Band plays during Table d'Hôte.

In connection with the complaint of the Conservatives that Mr. Chamberlain appointed a Receiver in Bankruptcy at Ipswich on political grounds, it is a curious fact that many years ago, when Sir Fitzroy Kelly contested Ipswich, an agent of his was sentenced to imprisonment for bribery and corruption. Subsequently he dragged on for many years in poverty. But when Sir Fitzroy came into power, he remembered the poor scapegoat, and hoisted him into a County Court Judgeship.

Mr. Chamberlain's Bankruptcy Act certainly was not passed too soon. At Ryde, last week, there was a case in which £600 had been realised from a debtor's estate, but of this £480 had been swallowed up in "costs" of various kinds.

The suggestion in the following communication is an excellent one. Assuredly the Bill should be brought again into the Lords. If it passes there, Government would probably afford facilities for its passing in the House of Commons:—

The Bill for legalisation of marriage with a deceased wife's sister being so nearly carried triumphantly through the Lords last year, I thought myself at liberty to win the affection of my late wife's sister, feeling sure that this year the law would be altered, and that I could give her honourable and legal marriage. To my great dismay I now find that little effort seems to be manifested to pass the measure this session, a mere resolution, for which as yet no day has been secured, being substituted in the Commons for the Bill. I am aware that the second reading was so low down in the orders of the day for the 26th as to give small prospect of its ever being reached. But that being the case, why was the Bill not forthwith introduced into the Lords again? With a little pressure in the way of public agitation and petitions brought to bear, there would be little risk of the fiasco of last year again occurring.

SCRUTATOR.

THE AMATEUR CURSE.

THE private theatrical nuisance is beginning to exceed all bounds. There have usually been a certain number of amateurs in London whose personal gifts have made them endurable—at least on a private stage; and I know one or two who, being born actors, are better worth seeing than many who are only actors by profession. But the delusion that every one who has a pretty face or a good figure, or a good opinion of him or her self, can act, is alarmingly on the increase.

I went recently to a notable house with a "reputation" for amateur stage plays. I had never been there before. I certainly never wish to go again; and upon what that theatrical reputation is built I am not able to say. Perhaps Sarah once spoke a piece there; perhaps Lady Monckton once took the management. At any rate, it was considered the thing to go, and the thing to look grave and knowing over. It was understood that a literary gentleman had "arranged" a piece, "from the French,' of course, and that A, B, C, and D, all amateurs, had kindly consented to appear.

The room was packed; the piece was execrable; the performers!—well, the intimate friends and relations of mine host could not be sharply criticised. Still, it was a little too bad even to pass muster. The heroine looked mostly at the audience when receiving the attention of her lover. The gentleman who did the lover sat down with the soles of his boots presented to the audience, from which I gathered that he must have walked to the house, and that it was raining outside. The heroine came in with the wrong foot first, could not manage her train, and when she was not full front to the audience mumbled with her back to us. The middle-aged uncle sat, or rather sprawled, on the sofa in such an inelegant fashion as to reveal a certain slovenliness of attire which we all condemned, but which it is unnecessary further to characterise. And this was the cast which a company of well-dressed people were invited to witness for two mortal hours!

But of that I am not so much astonished, as people's notions of entertaining notoriously differ; but what surprised me was the blatant effrontery of the praise. No one said, as far as I gathered, "How kind of Miss Horticultural to oblige her host;" or "How good-natured of Mr. Exotic to learn his part and do his best;" but they said, "How much better is this than the real theatre! How much more entertaining than Toole! How much more interesting than Ellen! What grace! What talent! How exciting!" I can understand politeness, but polite lying, carried to this pitch of hypocrisy, is not only degrading in itself, but it tends to foster the growing evil of insane vanity, and props up an altogether false and vapid system of entertaining.

I can go to a crush to see and be seen, and to talk. I can go to an "At Home," where there is good professional music. I can even stand an occasional recitation, if fairly well done; but to be boxed up for two hours in a crowded drawing-room, however spacious, surrounded by people, inwardly yawning, and outwardly affecting to gaze with rapture on half-a-dozen society dummies—why, in the name of Art and the Drama, this is, I protest, a stretch of polite endurance which ought not to be expected of me or any other man.

The retort, "Stay at home!" is obvious; but that is just the point. You cut the knot, but I want to ask what business has that knot to be tied? The reason of "these tears," I think, is this: London is getting more and more into sets and cliques. One little set has its poet, Arthur Flammarion, whose "Ballades," or "Sighs," or "Kisses" the public won't buy, but who earns a little by treating *de haut en bas* in the *Weekly Scarifier* the works of more fortunate authors. Another set has its artist, Gabriel Michael Angelo, who can talk, but can't paint; and another clique has its pretty women and its æsthetes or sucking diplomats, who pose, and simper, and swagger, but can't act. Still they are "great creatures." They do well enough at bazaars; they get photographed and raved about; their uncles or papas have influence in the House or on 'Change. They are bent on self-display, pose, and get danced round, and as long as they act and simper to their own set, all is well—but soon that is not enough. "Vaulting ambition" acts we all know how. The largest available drawing-room is secured—perhaps even a public room. Conscious merit courts a wider field of triumph. Then, at last, the spell is rudely broken. The "corps" get bluntly told what they are worth.

Cinderella at Drury Lane.—Every evening at 7.30. Every Wednesday and Saturday at 1.45.

Phillips' China and Glass.—Simply the largest Stock in London of Common and Best Services, Ornaments, and Duplex Lamps.—W. P. & G. Phillips, 175, 177, and 179, Oxford-street, W.

Plain Smith, of the Temple, or even a theatrical critic, is admitted, and says half out aloud: "What business have they to ask me to waste my time here?—who are these dummies?" "What! not know the refined Mrs. Amarynth Simperkin; not know Captain Gewgaw—quite the wag—or the painter Fleshpot, whose talent for the drama has been only lately discovered?" Well! indeed, their fame has never reached that outer circle of active life in which you, Smith, the rising barrister, move, or that other circle where yonder really clever playwright culls his well-earned laurels. They are out of it, I am out of it, every one is out of it—except the set. Then, I say, let the set keep to its set, and not try to impose its mediocrities right and left, and palm off these delusions on the world of common-sense and literary and artistic worth, under cover of fashion or the prestige of aristocracy.

I know the value of both those things. I don't want to under-rate either, but rank and fashion have no more business to claim the praise due to industry and talent than has a footman to be elected a member of the Athenæum. I will not speak here of music. Private "At home" music is often a nuisance, but not so great a nuisance as the ambitious theatricals which I have been alluding to, partly because there are more good singers than actors, and on these occasions they are oftener professional, and also because their efforts don't usually last quite so long. But the fault of such twaddling entertainments is, after all, more in those who encourage them by pretending to like them than in those who give them. Trusting to their own personal predilections and to the opinion of others, your host has been coaxed, and he does not know any better. Those who do should not mislead him further. You need not rave about Gewgaw, who makes such a fool of himself. You may say politely that Mrs. Amarynth is pretty. You need not declare that you have seen Ristori, but that after all even she must yield the palm to such natural talent, such grace, such &c. Be polite, and avoid the fulsome flattery that now goes on at these entertainments, and the eyes of the entertainers, if not the eyes of the deluded actors themselves, might possibly be opened, the truth might leak out, and some more rational and legitimate form of recreation, if only conversation, be substituted.

The passion for personal display is the grave of social felicity. Half a dozen people are constantly made happy and vain at the expense of a room full. That, to my mind, as regards most private theatricals, is the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth; and as nobody dares to mutter it even in the supper-room, it may as well be proclaimed for once from the housetops for the benefit of all those whom it may concern. To see ourselves as others see us is proverbially an unusual accomplishment; but I should like to have held the mirror up to Nature the other night. The actors certainly did not succeed in holding Nature's mirror up to me.

MUSIC.

Many people are sorry when the "Boosey" Ballad Concerts are over, and the last takes place to-night (the 19th). Without being crowded, I should say that the present series has met with a fair amount of encouragement. The attempt to push certain composers and certain firms is quite undisguised, and is, I believe, considered legitimate as a business transaction. Music publishers, like others, dread nothing like dead stock. Songs that won't go off must be sung and puffed till they do. But the results are sometimes deplorable. It is quite sad to see Mdme. A. Sterling wasting her fine voice and great power on such stuff as Cowen's "Reaper and the Flowers," and quite strange that any one who could write the graceful "Spinning Song" in the same programme should compromise his reputation by publishing the "Reaper." Cowen I like, but I like him "neat;" Cowen and water does not agree with me.

Madame Carlotta Patti seemed on the last occasion, for some reason or other, to be in a towering rage. She came on and positively hurled the "Shadow Song" at our heads. We felt no worse, and applauded, but not quite as loud or quite as long as we used to applaud her at the Covent Garden Promenade Concerts, I don't quite recollect how many years ago. However, Madame Carlotta was good enough to come on again, and we were all expectation. Some malicious person seems to have mis-translated to her my remarks a week or so ago about her ridiculous rendering of the "Last Rose of Summer." They no doubt assured her that they were highly complimentary to her pronunciation of English, and that the English liked nothing so much as to hear an Italian sing English ballads. So for an encore Mdme. Carlotta Patti gave us another taste of her English quality. I was delighted, if not impressed, at her rendering of the words, "The lass she blushed and turned aside," which she pronounced "The ass she blush an," &c. Ah! could we but only hear ourselves as others hear us, why some of us would hear odd things!

Santley was not in good cue with the "Erl King." No one can be always in good cue, least of all a great artist with a highly-strung organisation, and no one understands that better than the public, ever indulgent to its favourites. Foli was the success of the evening, first with Mendelssohn's "I'm a roamer," and afterwards with the naughty song of "Drinking! drinking! drinking!" It was received in the gallery with a warm rapture, quite Bacchanalian, and quite unchilled by a few Blue-Ribbonite hisses down below.

I never heard Miss de Fonblanque in better form, though I don't care for the "Bebee" and the "Wooden Shoe" school, which seems over-popular just now. I always did like to keep pap in its right place. I was rather surprised, and even hurt, to see the complete absence of emotion or excitement of any kind with which Hullah's "Three Fishers" was greeted. Seeing that he has only just been laid in his grave, and that he has done more for the people's music than perhaps any one man of the present generation, I should have thought that a Popular Ballad Concert audience would have paid to his memory a more enthusiastic tribute. No doubt we are tired of the "Three Fishers," because the song has, owing to its singular merit, been rather overdone for several years; but, for all that, the "occasion" was not "improved" last week.

"Glenrosa," Pure Scotch Whisky. Delicate and well matured. "A particularly soft, mellow spirit of very agreeable flavour, may be safely recommended."—*Medical Times*. Price 42s. per dozen, of all Wine Merchants. Wholesale Depôt: 48, Mark-lane, London.

Madame Norman-Néruda is ill-advised to play Leonardi's dull and unaccompanied "Romance." It is a piece written apparently to reveal instead of to conceal the limits of the violin—all that the instrument *cannot* do is suggested, and what it can do is spoilt. Her revival of Bazzini's light and piquant solos strikes me as much more to the purpose.

The Sacred Harmonic scored a triumph on Friday with "Elijah." Maas and Santley were both in good form, and Anna Williams was quite as vigorous as usual. A crowded room always seems to inspire a real artist, who apparently under such conditions inhales any quantity of poisoned air with impunity.

I am quite willing to approve of a composer manifesting himself if he can by a programme exclusively selected from his own works. So does Mr. Cowen. His audience on Wednesday was large and appreciative. He professes to stand for the higher Ballad School. There is but one way to stand for that viz., by writing higher ballads. If Mr. Cowen would only write, or at least publish, the "higher" kind—in his case about one in six, at his present rate of composition—he would do well. Every poor ballad sends a good composer down—if not in his own—in other people's estimation. "No public performer," said Sothern, once to me, "however great his reputation, can afford to trifle with his audience. The instant he begins to trade upon his reputation he begins to go down."

I looked in at the Misses Allitsen's "At Home" at Claridge's. These ladies, popular in the concert-room, dispensed a graceful hospitality in a manner no less popular. There was an excellent staff of talent: Corney Grain, very good in the Spanish, English, and Italian ballad, and Mr. Child powerful in a very little-known poem of Körner's, the "Idiot Brothers." I did not look for much from those brothers, but my blood crept and my hair stood on end at the awful "Dies Iræ" of that idiot dirge. If any one wants to know what it is all about, ask Mr. Child. His daughter accompanied his recitation *à la* Clifford Harrison.

By the way, Clifford Harrison's recitations at the Steinway Hall have quite justified his expectations. It was a long and ambitious, but, beyond all doubt, and in spite of some amount of friendly "paper," a highly successful series.

As I write, Mrs. (not Mr., as per printer's error last week) Moscheles still lies in a precarious state, but is reported a little better. I sincerely hope she may still be restored to her wide and anxious circle of friends.

How about Pirani?

SOCIETY OF LADY ARTISTS.

The Exhibition of the works of the Members and Associates of the Society of Lady Artists, with those of other lady contributors, has just been opened at their well-arranged gallery, in Great Marlborough-street, Regent street. It may fairly be said that the artistic display this year is above the usual level. Among the water-colour pictures will be found some capital works by Miss Freeman Kempson, No. 143, "The Sleep that is among the Lonely Hills," and No. 111, "After Sunset—Loch Tarbert," being specially worthy of notice. Mrs. Emma Cooper contributes two landscapes, good in colour and quality, No. 220, "Out for a Holiday," and No. 423, "Old Church, South Wales"; also a splendid bit of flower-painting, No. 430, "Hydrangeas." Mrs. Marrable is well represented by no less than ten pictures, the best of which are No. 74, "Amongst the Olives, Bordighera," and No. 196, "A Capri Street from the Hotel Quisisana, Bay of Naples;" "Mist in the Meadows," No. 221, by Miss Jane Deakin, is a clever picture; No. 45, "The Old Umbrella-Mender, Pont Aven," by Miss Melicent S. Grose, is an attractive sketch, the colouring of the glass, china, and cabinet in the background being very good. No 101, "Azaleas," Miss Louisa Smith; No. 457, "In the Wood," Miss Marian Chase; No. 541, "Japanese Anemones," Miss G. Colville; and No. 502, "Love and His Lovers," Miss Edith Marrable, are among the best flower-pieces. No. 249, "Still Water," Miss Louisa Wren; No. 273, "Portrait of S. C. Hall, Esq.," Miss Emily Barnard; No. 277, "From Damascus," Miss Emily Merrick; and No. 112, "Chrysanthemums Miss Grace Hastie, are all excellent.

THE BARREL ORGAN.

Tune.—Bumble's Dying Effort.

[On Tuesday last a deputation representing a combination of nine metropolitan vestries waited on the Home Secretary in order to bespeak his aid in obtaining such a change in the law as would place in the hands of the local authorities summary powers to deal with the proprietors of merry-go-rounds, steam-swings, and peripatetic shows of all kinds. But Sir William Harcourt in his reply most clearly stated that he would do nothing which tended to interfere with the cheap recreation of the masses of the population, and curtly dismissed the deputation.—*Weekly Papers.*]

"AND so, Mr. Bumble, you clearly intend
To keep to the end your well-known reputation?
You mean your besotted existence to end
'Midst a general shout of extreme execration?—
Aye, mean still to be all you've been in the past,
Rude, bigoted, brutal, and blind to the last?

"The few little months that are left you to live—
(For Parliament's only deferring your sentence),
You, dull as you are, might have chosen to give
To thoughts of a needful and tardy repentance;
You might, at the least, in near prospect of death,
Have used in confession the last of your breath.

"But what do we find? Not a word of regret,
Not a sign of remorse, not a sob of contrition;
No plea that your sins we may learn to forget;
No symptom of grief at your painful position.
No! Still like the bully and tyrant you've been,
You spitefully spit out your venom and spleen.

"Nay, more; it is not yet enough you have doomed
The poor, by your rule, to a wretched existence
In fever dens never by sunshine illumed,
And where Famine oft knocks with a cruel persistence—
It is not yet enough that to you the poor owe
The worst of their hopeless privation and woe.

"But you, not content with the evil you've wrought
In their homes you have left to such foul degradation,
Have now, with incredible cruelty, sought
To crush their one chance of out-door recreation,
As though 'twere your sinister purpose and care
That nothing but drink should allay their despair.

Rowland's Macassar Oil contains no lead, or mineral ingredients; sold in golden colour for fair-haired children and people.

Minton's China.—A visit to Messrs. Mortlock's extensive collection in Oxford-street and Orchard-street will conclusively prove the superiority of taste and lowness of price for which this house has been so celebrated during the last century and a half.

"It is true the amusements you're trying to ban
Are not very high in their price of admission;
But the Merry-go-round and the gay Caravan
Are suited, at least, to their patrons' condition;
And the Peep show and Swing, and the Nut-winning Gun,
Are surely, as pastimes, much b.tter than none.

"For you, when you prayed for effective control
Of shows and of showmen, we doubt not, intended,
By rigorous rule and exorbitant toll,
Such common amusements should quickly be ended;
Not meaning, as soon as such action you dared,
That e'en 'Punch and Judy' itself should be spared.

"Yes, strange as it seems, you were ready to ask
That *you* with this censorship new should be trusted;
And that *you* should essay the most delicate task,
How the sports of the masses be fitly adjusted.
Yes, *you* dared to ask—*you*, our parishes' pest,
You whom London has learned to despise and detest!

"For long as you 've lasted, and much as you 've done,
No action of yours can impel admiration;
Your record, since first your dark reign you 've begun,
Is one of self-love and self-glorification,
Of selfishness utter, continuous jobbery,
Of gorging and guzzling, corruption and robbery!

"The people's amusements you ever have tried
By all petty methods to hamper and harass;
All efforts to lighten their lives have decried,
And used all your might their best friends to embarrass.
Determined, though you like a glutton regale,
That the masses should taste of no more cakes and ale.

"But too long you've usurped the great power you abuse;
Far too long have we suffered from you and your factions,
But soon, thank Reform! you are fated to lose
The chance to repeat your maleficent actions;
Aye, soon the metropolis gladly will boast
The utter extinction of Bumbledom's host."

NOTES FROM PARIS.

ELYSIAN BLISS.

THE last ball at the Elysée was not so terribly overcrowded as the first. When the invitation lists were made out, applications for cards were left unanswered. The President looked weary as he stood at the door of the first salon to receive his guests. Means were taken to enable those who wanted to go at once to the ball-room to do so without passing through the official circle. Each door was guarded by officers whose business it was to keep the streams of pleasure-seekers flowing. At the supper-room door wearers of epaulettes were backed by Cuirassiers. These guards had orders not to let an ugly rush be made on the tables where viands were set out; and hard work they had in obeying them. I must say, however, that I have been in worse crushes at the Tuileries, and that I remember a struggle for entrance to the supper-room at a ball given by Prince Napoleon at the Palais Royal, which transcended in roughness what I saw at the Elysée. State ball-rooms in France were built when those who had access to them were a select few. There was room and to spare for all who were invited to the Royal festivities at Versailles. An Austrian Ambassador there wrote to the Empress Maria Theresa, that only three ladies who did not hold functions at Court attended a ball given by the Queen, her daughter.

In Louis Philippe's time, notwithstanding the barricade origin of the Throne and the civic pretensions of the King, he and the Queen could walk comfortably round the ball-rooms and speak to those whom they recognised in their progress. Paris was not then the *auberge* of the whole world and on the road to everywhere. The Chamber sprang from a very restricted electorate. The whole Foreign Press was represented here by Andrew O'Reilly, J. F. Corkran, Percy St. John, Heinrich Heine, who wrote for the *Gazette* of Augsburg, and the staff of *Galignani*. America was represented in "society" by Colonel Thorne and a few old-fashioned ladies who knew Lafayette when he was a young officer. Those who most pressed upon the Grand Chamberlain for invitations were connected with the Hôtel de Ville, where Comte Rambuteau acted as Prefect of the Seine, with the Bourse, and with the Prefect of Police, Gabriel Delessert. This last group was made up of Protestant traders and manufacturers, and their wives and daughters, who were staid and almost Quakerly in their dress. Provincial folks did not dream then of coming to Paris to obtain, through their deputies, invitations for *fêtes* at the Tuileries and at the Ministries. One of the events of the children's ball, given at the Ministry of the Interior, in honour of the Royal Family of Naples, about thirty-six years ago, was the arrival from St. Germain-en-Laye of a bevy of young people with their fathers and mothers. If a similar party were now to come from Brussels or Berlin by express, it would not cause so much astonishment. Ladies of free lives, who now crowd into social gatherings, were treated with rigour by the Queen. Scandalmongers in 1833 told, and in no whisper, how a banker's wife was, although on excellent terms with her husband, frowned out of the Court circle. She was suspected there of encouraging the addresses of a rising statesman and historian, to whom the King owed his Crown. The lady was an energetic woman, and, to hurl back the slander at the Queen, took her eldest daughter from school, and married her to the personage with whom she was said to be on too good terms. This move showed that she only wanted in cajoling him to make sure of a son-in-law with whom she could live in perfect amity. Her Majesty yielded; but M. Dupin, the President of the Chamber, continued not to send invitations for balls to the lady. She went to remonstrate with him. Her great argument was an invitation to dine at the Tuileries. "Cela ne fait rien à l'affaire," answered the rude wit. "Le Roi seul exerce le droit de grâce."

In the next reign the people were, in theory, sovereign. Many railways converged on Paris. The Emperor and Empress wanted to be popular, and high society stood aloof. The experiment of a jolly Court was made. Beauty and extravagantly fine clothing enabled almost any "speckled peach" to obtain an entrance to the Salle des Maréchaux. Provincial people were encouraged by the Prefects and sub-Prefects to get themselves invited whenever a ball was announced. Pretty Americans began to find their way in shoals to Paris, and so crowded upon their Minister for presentations, that it was proposed to Mr. Dayton to send

Antique and Decorative French, Italian, and English Furniture, and Old Tapestries, &c.—J. J. Duveen, 181, Oxford-street.

Libertys' Arabian, Chinese, and Indian Furniture and Decoration. A new Sketch-book post-free. Chesham House. Regent-street, W.

them up to a gallery whence they could look down on the Salle du Trône. He refused to lend himself to this idea, but would not have objected to a limit being fixed to the number of fair countrywomen whom he could present on festive nights to the Emperor and Empress.

The Chambers are now the real Sovereigns, and they are named by all France. Grévy is popular. Great prizes are to be picked up by pushing and intriguing persons in the official world. There is a cosmopolitan crowd of pleasure-seekers in Paris, who are rich enough to afford themselves expensive clothes and amusements. In trying to indulge in the latter they are shoving and enterprising. If good for the shopkeepers, they are a nuisance to those who remember when Paris was far less congested. All this more than explains why there were upwards of seven thousand persons at the first Elysian Ball this season, and why there is so much grumbling because less than five thousand invitations were issued for the second. Even in letting in so many as these the problem of the reel in the bottle was surpassed. It was out of the question for the President to walk round the rooms with some highly-honoured guest, as he used to do when he was new to office. The most he can now do is to make his way upstairs with a lady on his arm to the supper-rooms, which are near the landing-place. When he and she have supped, the general company is allowed to enter in batches that form the heads of two *queues*. The Cuirassiers have hard work in preserving order for more than two hours. When not able to get in behind the President, I generally prefer not to sup at his expense, But last Thursday I fell in with an adventurous Irishman. who thought it would be foul scorn, and particularly as he knew "all the ropes," not to succeed in getting in early to the supper-room. It was delightful to see how he made his way, without seeming to struggle, from the tail to the head of a *queue*, and got to where the viands were laid out. When there, he was ready to attend to every lady who had become separated from her cavalier. There are some things which are certain to be good at a State ball in France. Burgundy, Bordeaux, and Champagne are among them. After a temperature reminding one of the Black Hole of Calcutta, M. Grévy's cool, soft Burgundy is quite a treat. The viands were all cold, and included, among other things, lobster, salmon, Russian salad, gelatine, and roast fowls, beef, an endless variety of confectionery, pineapple and orange salads, and ices. "Old soldiers" must envy the relish which young fellows from St. Cyr and the Polytechnic show for these viands. On the 13th, however, there were no students from the latter school. Offence had been taken there at a memorandum enclosed with twenty tickets which the Governor was charged to distribute. It reproached the students with having obtained *par surprise* a larger number for the first ball than they were usually sent. The words I have given in italics were taken as an affront, and it was therefore resolved to send back the score of cards.

It was possible on Thursday night to see well the skirts of ladies' dresses. Nobody who came to dance wore a train. Ankles were well in view. High heels were so rare as to look odd. I suppose it was because there were so few that the *danseuses* appeared to enjoy dancing. M. and Mdme. Edmond About, with two daughters in the rose phase of youth, were in the ball-room. He was undisguisedly happy to note the effect his girls produced. They have intelligent physiognomies, piquancy, fresh, clear complexions, the neatest and prettiest figures imaginable, fair and abundant heads of hair, and are dressed, as becomes their age, with elegant simplicity. They seem to be allowed a good deal of initiative, and have frank manners. Mdme. About wore powder in her hair. As she has dark, lively eyes, and a piquant physiognomy, it well suited her.

Launchers of *canards* have anticipated the first of April in giving us a circumstantial history of M. Jules Ferry's tardy marriage with his wife, at midnight, at the Nunciature Chapel. The person who first set the story afloat was neither Rochefort nor the editor of the *Gaulois*, but a titled dowager of Alsatian family, and connected with the late General Rapp. She declares she had it from a priest who is in the Nuncio's train. The lady in question has been for the greater part of her life in diplomatic society, and has a son who, until quite lately, was in diplomacy. He still is nominally attached to the Foreign Office here. As he is obliging, and a thoroughly agreeable person, and in some respects a sceptic, he has friends in every camp. He literally knows every one, and is liked by all except a few political men connected with his department, and his mother-in-law. The enmity of this lady is his misfortune and not her fault, her temper having been spoiled by finding herself fortuneless in the decline of a gay and very gilded life. Flatterers have fallen away from her, and she is unable to find consolation in surveying herself in the looking-glass. If she belonged to the present generation she would have recourse to morphine; but dating from the reign of Louis Philippe, she looks for solace in litigation with the diplomatic son-in-law, and in attending to the health of lap-dogs. The other dowager—she who put the story of M. Ferry's midnight marriage in circulation—is a woman of talent, and of many social gifts. She hardly ever goes out, but who is there whom she does not receive? Her drawing-room is a delightful news exchange. She often receives ecclesiastics of mark and influence. I do not believe in the midnight marriage of the Premier, nor do I question the good faith of the interesting dowager in whose salon it was first circulated. It has been suggested that the Nuncio, who is an Orleanist, and an "old boy" of the late Bishop Dupanloup's school, had an interest in its being propagated. Bismarck, you see, believes that so long as there is a Republican Government in France on a pretty stable basis, the wire-pulling influence of his Holiness in Europe will not be exercised on behalf of the French. The Pope would be glad to see a King at the Elysée who would be obliged to lean on the parochial clergy and the orders, and therefore defend whenever he could the independence of the Vatican against Italy. It is impossible for him to rely for so much as a single session upon the

A Beautiful Complexion.—Hagan's Magnolia Balm gives a pure and blooming complexion. It restores and preserves youthful beauty. Its effects are gradual, natural, and perfect. It removes redness, blotches, pimples, tan, sunburn, and freckles, and makes a lady of thirty appear but twenty. The Magnolia Balm makes the skin smooth and pearly, and imparts a fresh appearance to the countenance. Hagan's Magnolia Balm has been established nearly 40 years, and is sold by all Chemists and Perfumers.

friendship of any Premier dependent on the Chamber. But he would not be sorry for Bismarck to think he could work just as well with Ferry under Grévy as under the Comte de Paris.

Madame Jules Ferry is too proud to admit, as she would have done in going to be married at the Nunciature, that her status has not been that of an honest woman. The alleged ceremony would have been an insult to all those who have been in the habit of receiving her. Madame Ferry is a Deistical Protestant, and her husband accompanies her on Sundays to a Temple where a Lutheran of free views preaches. Her family would not hear of her, when she was engaged to be married, going before a Catholic Priest. The ladies of the Ferry connection thought it would be *infra dig.* were the bridegroom to stand before a pastor if he did not first submit to the Latin rite. So it was arranged that there should be only one ceremony, the obligatory civil one. Enemies nevertheless whispered that after the bride left her father's house to be brought to her husband's, he, to please an aunt, induced her to go with him to receive the nuptial benediction from a priest. La Maréchale MacMahon, disbelieving this story, and regarding Madame Jules Ferry as being imperfectly married, refused to invite her to the Elysée.

The Premier has certainly coquetted a good deal with the Nuncio. But he did not do so until the German Crown Prince went to call on the Pope and Alphonso. There is a notion held here, which Monsignor Rende fosters. It is that the Vatican would be glad to place its European influence at the service of France on the condition of *donnant donnant.* The Pope would be no inconsiderable ally under given circumstances, which the Spanish King and German Prince must have discussed. But he does not intend to place himself on the French side unless he is able to reckon upon the success of the Orleanist party, which now go in for a return to the ancient Monarchy. A King held in by the Chambers, like M. Grévy, would not be a serious prop. If the French could be persuaded to give up all hope of recovering their old eastern frontier, and the other States of Europe were to cease from having any foreign policy, what a blessing it would be all round!

SPORTING NOTES.

A FEW months ago an article appeared in the *Field*, in which it was asserted, in the plainest possible terms, that there is a swindling confederacy of dishonest jockeys whose object is to enrich themselves and their associates by deceiving, betraying, and plundering their employers and the public. There has been gossip enough on this subject of late, and in any club or at any table where men interested in the turf have met together, it has been the first topic introduced, while the names of certain "fashionable" and successful riders have been very freely mentioned. The more independent of the sporting papers have been indulging in hints and innuendoes, which were perfectly intelligible to those *en connaissance de cause.* Luckily the present Stewards of the Jockey Club are men of unexceptionable position in every respect, so they can afford to act with salutary severity towards any offender against whom there is reasonable evidence, and the time has certainly arrived when it behoves them to exercise these powers. During the winter articles have appeared in *Wilkes's Spirit of the Times*, which is the leading sporting journal in the United States, in which several of our most prominent jockeys have not only been accused of gross and systematic roguery, but the most minutely circumstantial accounts of their flagitious transactions have been given. According to this authority, they not only bet heavily themselves, and suit their riding to their books, but they sell stable secrets to their friends and to other persons who will pay a sufficient price for their information. This American journal has a very large circulation in England, and the persons implicated cannot be in ignorance of the charges which have been brought against them. If they are innocent, they ought to appeal to the Jockey Club for a thorough investigation; and if they do not feel called upon to take any such step, the Stewards should make it their business to look carefully into the cases mentioned, and, with the valuable assistance of Sir Henry Hawkins, their procedure will be thoroughly trustworthy. Indeed, if one-tenth of what has been asserted in print is true, it is a question not of refusing or taking away licences, but of warning-off from the turf. One does not look for any manifestation of acute sensibility from a jockey, but it seems incredible that men of renown in their profession can sit quiet under such charges, unless they are paralysed by a consciousness of guilt. If these jockeys have always conducted themselves with strict integrity, they have been foully libelled, and their accuser deserves a severe punishment. Be this as it may, there can be no question that the matter demands the immediate and careful attention of the Stewards, and if they do already possess evidence that any jockey has made a market of stable secrets, either for himself or for anybody else, it is to be hoped that no consideration whatever will induce them to overlook the offence. The very last number of *Wilkes's Spirit of the Times* which has reached England (March 1) alludes to a "crack" light-weight jockey as having "ceased to go straight," and as having "joined 'the school,' as the little clique of untrustworthy jockeys is called." If the lad in question is innocent, he, or his principal employer, ought to bring the matter before the Stewards of the Jockey Club.

For years past certain jockeys have never been mentioned but to be magnified, and considering their antecedents, it is no wonder if they lose such small wits as Nature may have given them, when they find themselves courted and quoted by their betters, and almost worshipped by a legion of incredibly silly fools, while they can count on the abject idolatry of a herd of toadies at every place they visit. One does not expect anything but fantastical fooleries from a Lord Haremarch or a Sir Simple Silly; but, unluckily, this murrain of jockey-worship has spread to quarters where a more becoming demeanour might have been looked for. However, this is quite a minor evil as compared with the stories of corruption which have been so scandalously common of late. The Stewards must play

Sanitary Inspection.—Fee, 2 Guineas. Improvement works undertaken. The Sanitary Engineering Co., 115, Victoria-st., Westminster.

Minton's China.—Thomas Goode & Co., Artists and Designers in Porcelain, South Audley-street Grosvenor-square.

the part of Hercules in the Augæan stable, instead of clinging with the pertinacity of a limpet to a rock to the favourite Newmarket motto, *quieta non movere.*

In any proceedings which the Stewards may take, it may reasonably be anticipated, if the issue is unfortunately adverse to the jockeys implicated, that warning-off decrees will be enforced against any pestilent vagabonds who may have been proved to have enriched themselves by the alleged treachery of these riders, although it is always difficult to reach rascals of this description :

> Such cunning those who dwell on high
> Have given to the Greek.

That several jockeys bet on an outrageously heavy scale has long been notorious, and nothing but successful speculations in the ring can account for the wealth of certain riders, the extent of which they would have been more prudent to conceal. It is needless to add that an owner suffers grievously when he is afflicted with a plunging jockey, unless, indeed he is knavish or needy, and comes to an understanding for mutual profit with his confidential rider. Hitherto, with one or two exceptions, attempts to scotch evils of this sort have been feeble and irresolute, but now it is earnestly to be hoped that the charges which have been brought will be investigated with rigorous fairness, and, if they are proved, that the Stewards will strike widely and hard. If, on the other hand, it is found that they are malignant inventions, no pains should be spared to discover and punish the libeller. The matter cannot rest where it is unless the rulers of the turf are to fall into utter contempt.

THE LINCOLN HANDICAP.

It is by no means easy to give a definite opinion as to the probable result of this race ten days before it is run, inasmuch as it is quite impossible to form anything like a precise estimate of the strength of the field. Many horses which now look like non-starters will "come" in the betting during the next week. Fulmen (4 yrs., 8 st. 10 lb.) is now favourite; and, as he will be ridden by Archer, he is sure to start at very short odds if he keeps well. This horse represents the best "class" of the race; but I shall not recommend him, because I do not believe that he has been tried; and, although his public form as a two-year-old and his private form as a three-year-old may have been excellent, yet their recommendations are not conclusive to a practical man. Fulmen, moreover, has a very heavy weight, and if the records of this race teach anything, it is that heavy weights never show to advantage in it. A still more cogent reason for repudiating Fulmen is afforded by the prominent position which Wild Arab (4 yrs., 7 st. 4 lb.) has all along occupied in the betting. It should be remembered that this horse is trained by John Dawson, who had charge of Fulmen till he was bought by Mr. Naylor, and who therefore knows precisely the length of that favourite's tether. Many writers have been thrown into paroxysms of praise by Fulmen's grand form and splendid appearance, but we may be sure that if John Dawson (than whom there is no better judge in Newmarket) thought that he could give Wild Arab 20 lb., Mr. Alexander's horse would not be at 10 to 1. He will be ridden by Bowman, and, with regard to his past form, I need only add that directly the weights appeared many good judges pointed to him as one of the "picks" of the handicap. Tonans (6 yrs., 8 st. 4 lb.) has been all along at a short price, but I cannot see that he has a chance on his form of last autumn. He will be ridden by C. Wood. Tonans belongs to a bookmaker; and the next candidate, Florence (4 yrs., 7 st. 10 lb.), is the property of a professional backer. She has been backed with much ostentation for the City and Suburban, as well as for this race, but I shall be surprised if she wins either the one or the other, and she is manifestly "out of" both on public form, but under the circumstances it might not be prudent to depend on the records of the volumes of "Races Past." She is to be ridden by Barrett. Prince (4 yrs., 8 st. 5 lb.) will, it is said, be ridden by Rossiter. This horse has not won a race since he beat Grandmaster last Craven week for the Biennial, but he has usually been running, either in the best company or else out of his distance. If there was any affinity to reason in the purchase of Prince for £10,000, surely Harvester and Busybody will fetch at least £25,000! Prince has quite enough weight, and it may be that this mile will be just a trifle too far for him. I therefore discard him; but in the full expectation of seeing him win a good T.Y.C. handicap before we are six months older. Abbotsford (a., 7 st. 3 lb.) cannot be recommended; nor do I fancy Cosy (4 yrs., 6 st. 13 lb.), about whom there was much elaborate bustle when betting on the race first commenced. The victory of Toastmaster (a., 8 st. 4 lb.) would be most popular, for Lord Zetland's colours have been very unsuccessful of late; but I cannot anticipate the success of the old horse, although he has been going well at Newmarket. He is to be ridden by Watts. Antler (4 yrs., 7 st. 4 lb.) is reported to be capable of winning both this race and the City and Suburban, but this, no doubt, is one of the extravagant "flim-flams" of the season. He is said to have run well in the Cambridgeshire, but vague assertions of this kind are not "business," and last year Antler's best form was over five furlongs. Moreover, he is trained in a plating stable, where they are always apt on their trials to "buy and sell by their own bushel," and a horse which "loses" platers will, in its turn, be lost when it comes to run against animals of higher calibre. Wandering Nun (6 yrs., 7st. 3 lb.) has been turned out at Blankney all the winter, and will, no doubt, be as big as a brood mare, in which case she may be expected to show her best form. This is just her distance, and she has already distinguished herself over this course, as she won the Brocklesby in 1880. I hardly expect, however, that Mr. Chaplin's mare will *quite* win. Captain Machell has been busy with the candidates of "Mr. Manton," but the results appear to have been rather disheartening. I never fancied Energy for this race, as the distance is two furlongs too far for him; and Keir is over-weighted. I am told that Courtship (4 yrs., 6 st. 11 lb.) is a promising outsider. Buchanan

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a., 7 st. 12 lb.) now stands at the equivocal price of 33—1 offered, but he seems to have been doing real good work at Manton, and when he won three years ago his name was not mentioned seriously till a few days before the race. If Buchanan comes all right to the post, I expect he will win; but as he may be reserved for something later in the season, I must add that if Taylor's horse does not run, Wild Arab ought to take the prize.

MAMMON.

CHILI AND PERU.

THE interference of her Majesty's Government was evoked by Sir Henry Tyler, acting in the name of the Peruvian Bondholders' Committee, who complain of the manner in which Chili is dealing with Peruvian creditors. A cable despatch from Chili shows that this action has aroused a strong feeling of indignation throughout the Chilian Republic, for the Chilians claim that they have acted with a generosity towards the Peruvian creditors never before witnessed in any conflict between two nations. Is this claim justified?

Peru, while in undisturbed possession of all her revenues, from July, 1875, to the breaking out of the war with Chili in 1879, never paid her foreign creditors one shilling in the form of principal or interest on her foreign debt. When Chili by the fortune of war obtained practical possession of the Peruvian guano deposits, she not only recognised the claims of the foreign holders of Peruvian bonds, but issued a decree permitting them to carry away every ton of guano in the country, if they had chosen to do so, on payment of a royalty of 30s. per ton—a sum not more than sufficient to cover the expenses of the Chilian Government in superintending the shipment, and providing for the peace of the country. The committee representing the Peruvian bondholders in England were, however, an impracticable and vacillating body, quarrelling amongst themselves, and causing interminable delay, so that not as much guano was shipped in two years as might have been shipped in three months. The Chilian Government therefore took the matter into their own hands, and issued a decree inviting tenders for the purchase of one million tons of guano, the net proceeds to be divided between themselves and the creditors of Peru. The protocol of the Treaty of Peace between Chili and Peru provides that the net proceeds arising from the sale of guano in all the known deposits shall continue to be divided in equal parts between the bondholders and the Government, but that in future any new discoveries shall be the sole property of the Chilian Government.

Now, instead of Sir Henry Tyler and his committee instructing their Commissioner in Chili, Mr. Procter, to request an abrogation of this article in the protocol as to the future deposits, or the Committee itself addressing the Chilian Minister in London, they, without first doing so, rush off with a memorial to her Majesty's Government, invoking their aid, and thereby imputing to Chili a desire to do that which was unjust to the Peruvian creditors.

This action of Sir Henry Tyler immediately gained for him the co-operation of numerous people in France, Germany, and Italy, who are the holders of what are known as "Nitrate Certificates," which they became possessed of in the following manner:—In 1875, when Peru desired to create an entire monopoly in the guano trade, and prevent the manufacture of artificial manures competing with it, they passed a decree expropriating all the nitrate manufactories in Peruvian territory. They were empowered to do this by unearthing an old law still in existence. They took the manufacture of nitrate into their own hands, and gave to the owners certificates bearing interest at 8 per cent. per annum; but before this decree was issued, the late General Purdo and all his friends staked out on the nitrate deposits an immense number of claims, and these claimants received in exchange certificates like the *bonâ-fide* holders of nitrate property, such as Messrs. Gibbs & Co. and others. These bogus certificates were sent over to Europe, and extensively sold in France, Germany, and Italy. When Chili took possession of the country in which these nitrate deposits were situated, it was against the declared policy of the Government to carry on anything in the shape of a monopoly, and they called upon the certificate-holders to return their certificates and take back their property. All the *bonâ-fide* holders forthwith did so, but this did not suit the bogus certificate-holders, for the property for which the certificates had been granted was of little value. The amount of these certificates outstanding is a little over two millions, and the holders of them readily joined Sir Henry Tyler in invoking the co-operation of the Governments of France, Germany, and Italy to force Chili to pay these certificates, which were originally issued without any proper consideration. Considering that the Chilian people are conspicuous amongst the South American Republics for their industry and honesty; that they have faithfully paid all the obligations which they have contracted in Europe; that they have an ever-increasing import and export trade; that 75 per cent. of that trade is with Great Britain; and that, notwithstanding a prolonged war, they have contracted no new loan in Europe, they may treat with a light heart the threats that no new securities which they may issue will be allowed to be quoted on the European exchanges.

Says Sir Henry Tyler:—

> I confidently submit, as a fundamental maxim of international law, laid down by all writers of acknowledged eminence, and supported by many precedents, that on the conquest of a country the successful belligerent is bound to recognise the property of neutrals, and can only acquire the rights and properties of the vanquished Government; but private rights are unaffected by the conquest. The property of a Government consists in its possessions, the right to raise supplies by taxation, &c., and if the property is engaged or mortgaged to neutrals (as in the present case), the conquering power (in this case Chili) is only legally and equitably entitled to appropriate that property subject to the liabilities affecting it.

In support of this contention he cites various instances where, according to him, this principle has been recognised. Not one of these is in point. The claim of the neutral is

Family Histories.—"Our Noble and Gentle Families of Royal Descent" commands peculiar interest on account of the numerous genealogies which will only be found in its pages, and which will enable many families for the first time to possess in a permanent and handy form (in addition to their royal descent) an elaborate account of their relatives and kin with a trustworthy history of their ancestors. Now compiling by Mr. Foster, 21, Boundary-rd, London, N.W.

Options.—Explanatory Pamphlet on Stock Exchange Options, post-free. John Abbott & Co., Stock and Share Brokers, 21 and 22, Palmerston Buildings, London, E.C.

invariably on the Government to which it lends money. When that Government cedes a portion of its territory, the treaty of peace may, or may not, contain an article stipulating that in consequence of the cession a portion of the General Debt shall be thrown upon the Government acquiring the ceded territory. If it does not, the claim of the debtor remains good against the borrowing Government alone.

This claim, however, is a moral, not a legal, one; and in no single instance—with the exception of Egypt—can it be shown that our Government has interfered on behalf of Englishmen who have lent their money to a foreign Government, and who have not been paid. The reason for this is that those who lend do so on the security of the honour of the borrowing Government alone. No one would have dreamt of our interfering to make Peru pay the bondholders; and, indeed, we did not interfere, although for years they got no interest. How, then, can it be pretended that because a portion of Peru has been acquired by Chili, we ought to interfere to insist upon Chili doing what Peru never did? About a year ago Sir Henry Tyler was the Chairman of the Brush Company. He and his brother Directors laid their hands on £25,000 of the property of the Company. The shareholders have a moral right to get that money back. But Government is not likely to interfere for them; nor would it be more likely to interfere were Sir Henry Tyler to become bankrupt to-morrow, and his assets to pass into the hands of a liquidator. The sooner speculators in the City realise that they cannot buy bonds of a defaulting State at rubbish price, and then sell them at a profit by the expedient of asking our Government to force the defaulting State to pay, the better. Why, even in the best of times, was a Peruvian Bond worth less than its cash equivalent in Consols? Because in the one case the guarantee was a Peruvian one, and in the other case it was an English one. To say that if Peru defaults, England is to interfere, is tantamount to saying that the holders of Consols, who are satisfied with 3 per cent., are to be taxed to ensure that holders of Peruvian Bonds are to receive more than 3 per cent.

NEW YORK CENTRAL.

An American friend of mine, who is in a position to know a good deal about American railroads, and on whose *bona fides* I can rely, writes:—

> I observe in Truth, just received, an excellent article upon American Railroads, which has been republished here in several newspapers. You, however, make a mistake in regard to New York Central. I do not know what Mr. Vanderbilt may have said to a reporter, but he has shown by his semi-annual statements and sworn reports, that he is able to divide, and has divided for several years, 8 per cent. on their par value. It is not generally known in England, but it is a fact, that the vast real estate held by the Central Company in New York is placed in trust as security for their shares: but to those who know the New York Central, the protection is unnecessary, as beyond doubt the business of the Company, if its affairs were managed on the English system, would give the shares a much larger dividend.

This is very much my opinion. The property is a good one, but what hinders investment in the shares is that the system of management, rightly or wrongly, does not inspire confidence, nor is it likely to, so long as a railway king is the uncontrolled autocrat.

John Shaw, Share Broker, Wardrobe-chambers, Queen Victoria-st., deals at tape prices at an inclusive commission of one-sixteenth.

ANECDOTAL PHOTOGRAPHS.

MRS. LYNN LINTON.

Born at the foot of Skiddaw and by the border of Derwentwater, Mrs. Lynn Linton has preserved that intense love for nature which characterises mountaineers and the natives of picturesque places. Among the happiest hours of her life she counts those which she has spent alone on the wild coast of Cornwall, in the accentuated district of the Peak, among the hills and vales of her own native county; and among her earliest recollections are certain atmospheric effects which startled and awed, and in a sense awakened her intelligence, laying the foundations, as it were, of the future keen observation which, had other things been equal, would have made her an artist rather than a writer.

Precocious, strong, energetic, and much left to herself, Eliza Lynn early formed her own theories, and, herself her own sole educator, fashioned her own mind and character. And, as was natural with one whose vigour touched on turbulence and whose energy defied restraint, she, albeit the youngest child of a High Tory clergyman, became a passionate and unreasoning democrat. In her early youth O'Connell was at his zenith, and the chief figure in the Liberal world; and, for want of a better, she made him her political idol. Her youthful enthusiasm received still further accession when the Great Dictator made a quasi-triumphal entry into Stroud and Rochester at a time when the Lynn family were living at that Gadshill House which, after the father's death, they sold to Charles Dickens. A group of pretty girls and bright-eyed children clustered at the windows, waving white handkerchiefs or lengths of green ribbon, naturally attracted O'Connell's notice. And the fact that he stood up in the carriage, and bowed specially to the little party, made an ineffaceable impression on the twelve-year-old adherent. And as constancy is one of her characteristics, she remained faithful to "King Dan," in spite of all that his opponents might say. Years after, when she met his daughter, Mrs. FitzSimon, in Paris, there was quite an affecting scene between the two—the one deeply moved by meeting the daughter of her former political Zeus, the other by hearing once more the old language of reverence and enthusiasm for her father to which she had been so long a stranger. It is only fair, however, to Mrs. Lynn Linton's present personality, to say that the blood-and-thunder exuberance of her past Liberalism has toned down to a more thoughtful and comprehensive philosophy; and that she no longer believes in freedom enforced at the cannon's mouth, but rather in that patient process of construction which builds up bit by bit according to the scientific method of nature itself.

A curious law of isolation, consequent on her strong individuality and the courage that she has of her convictions, seems to have ruled Mrs. Lynn Linton's life. Without going into private details, we may mention that which is patent to all the world;—she is a Liberal of the Liberals, a philosophic Republican and a Democrat both by temper and principle, yet she is not a Woman's Rights woman. She has got entangled in the net of sexual

fitness, and she cannot break loose into indefinite individualism. Perhaps, too, she has experienced in her own person some of the penalties attached to feminine independence, and knows what it is to receive hard knocks from the very men who are loudest in their advocacy of the rights, and their exaltation of the race, of women. Certain Liberal papers have been extremely severe on her because of her views on the woman question; and one, now defunct, was protected only by a legal technicality from an action for libel. When she speaks of these things she says:—"These men are themselves the justification of my dislike to the unprotected publicity of women's lives. We are not accustomed to take blows and buffets from the sex to which, from our youth upward, we have looked for protection and chivalrous respect; and the fact that men of my own political party have dealt so brutally by me, because I do not hold all their opinions, shows what little mercy may be expected for women from the mass. Women's Rights men have not been ashamed to meet a woman's independence of view with insults which they knew she could neither resent nor punish; and if such things are done in the green tree, what will not be done in the dry?"

The great personal honour to which Mrs. Lynn Linton clings with most persistence is her well-known friendship with Walter Savage Landor. This persistence is due not only to her love for the Old Man Eloquent, sincere and faithful as that is, but also in part to the jealousy which has led so many to ignore what they could not deny. John Forster was the first to set the example. Jealous and exacting, he could not bear that any one should pluck a flower where he had harvested both fruit and grain. In his collected works, of which Mr. Landor had given him the copyright, he suppressed the two poems written to Eliza Linn, and made no mention of her name in his Life; and she was deprived of her legacy. But she holds on; and perhaps by pluck and perseverance she will set things right which now are manifestly wrong.

Mrs. Lynn Linton's connection with the *Saturday Review* brought her both *kudos* and condemnation. Her "Girl of the Period" and other connate sketches were a kind of rallying-cry in their time; and she had to bear no little obloquy more or less publicly administered. One lady, on coming out of James Martineau's chapel, as a practical illustration of Christian doctrines, vehemently refused to shake hands with her as usual; another—a well-known sister authoress—also refused the human charity of speech; in this case, because of a paper which Mrs. Lynn Linton had not written; and she has had the odd luxury of hearing herself spoken of by strangers as out of the pale of Christian charity and social recognition. But, like all strong people, she is brave to bear if also quick to resent; and she is no coward to flinch when her hour of trial and reprisals has come.

Of late years Mrs. Lynn Linton has been a great deal in Italy—love for which dates also from early days. The first time she went there she was young and more impulsive than she is even now. It was during the Austrian occupation of the Quadrilateral and Venice, and at the latter place she was placed next to an Austrian officer at the *table d'hôte*. She got up all in a blaze of youthful indignation. "I will not sit next to an Austrian soldier in Venice!" she said, passionately. The officer understood English, and Miss Lynn's friends had to apologise. When she went again in later years, she was only saved from making a fool of herself by the fact of having with her a charming young girl, for whom she had too true a maternal respect to draw on her public attention. Else, the first time she saw the national flag—on the occasion of High Mass for the Duchess d'Aosta—had she been alone she would have kissed it in reverent joy that the "Italia Una" of her early hopes was now an accomplished fact. She is, of course, a strong Nationalist and dead against the "Codino" party; and with all her theoretic Republicanism, in Italy she is a Monarchist to her finger-tips. Devoted as she is to the country with the "fatal gift of beauty," she is nevertheless a true Englishwoman, and never forgets what is due to the honour of the English name. One characteristic anecdote illustrates this. She and others had agreed to pass the summer in a certain house, and thus to hold the landlady harmless for the rent, &c. For one cause or another things went wrong, and the landlady was left with a heavier burden than she could bear. The proprietor, a Neapolitan, was excessively abusive, not only to the landlady, but to the English generally, saying that they were swindlers, like any others, and that they gave themselves airs of honesty which their conduct did not justify. Mrs. Lynn Linton, indignant at these insults but also sensitively alive to the echo of truth in them, though herself the least well-endowed in worldly goods of the party, wrote a cheque for the deficit, to save the name of Englishwomen from coarse handling. When she is asked if she is a true patriot she laughs and says, "Yes, to the extent of sixty pounds—which is so far a proof of fidelity to the dear old flag!"

Personally Mrs. Lynn Linton is both tender and sympathetic. She nurses sick compatriots, listens to the woes of servants, puts herself *à quatre* to do good to any hotel where she may have established herself, as well as to aid private friends and all who require help. Of course, she is rewarded by ingratitude. Of the stuff created by nature as pabulum for crafty knaves, she gets cheated occasionally and *exploitée* always. This seems strange in view of her undoubted knowledge of the world. But abstract knowledge does not conquer the tremendous motive force of opposing temperament; and, as with many others, her temperament is both stronger than, and out of harmony with, her intellect. The one governs her actions, the other her writings. All her bitterness is reserved for her pen, with which she can be sharp and biting enough. In private life she is known mainly for her affectionateness, fidelity, and reliability. She is a woman who can keep a secret and whose word is as good as her bond. In fact, the character she has always striven to make and retain is that of absolute trustworthiness; and one of the greatest honours of her life, she says, was, when Charles Dickens in his private

"Advice to Dyspeptics."—Symptoms of Dyspepsia, and Indigestion with special advice as to diet.—"This little pamphlet appeals *forcibly* to those who have allowed the palate to decide everything for them, and have paid the inevitable penalty of their folly."—Sent for one stamp. J. M. Richards, Publisher, 92, Great Russell-street, London.

list of capacities and contributors given to a new Editor of *All the Year Round*, set her name at the head of the list; "Mrs. Lynn Linton, good for everything and thoroughly reliable." At her desk, however, she knows neither weakness nor pity. She is thus two distinct persons, capable of sacrificing herself to the last shred in the one character; capable of scarifying to the quick in the other. Without fear, she neither asks nor grants favour; and she places all her pride in her absolute independence as well as in her inability to be "got at." What she thinks right to do, that she does, let who will suffer. What she is, she is with passion, zeal, and truth. What she has done she has done by herself, unpatronised, unhelped. With a little dash of time-serving, a little more suppleness and looking after her own interests, she would have gone a great deal farther. But she herself says, "I can afford to wait." Her favourite two mottoes in life are, "Velle est agere," and "Break or Bear," and on these she has acted from the beginning up to now. Finally, she is a woman who is either very much beloved or very much disliked; and her person follows the rule of her character. Those who like her think her handsome; those who do not, hold her to be plain and forbidding. And this divergence must needs be where a nature is both strong and many-sided, and where the temperament and the intellect are not in harmony.

QUEER STORIES.

AN AMICABLE ARRANGEMENT.

Mr. Gimblet, the celebrated ex-detective, was foolish enough to transact his Stock Exchange business through an outside broker. With all his astuteness, he shared the idosyncrasy of many clever people, of being somewhat careless about his private affairs, and the glowing advertisements of Messrs. Vant & Slowbody had proved irresistible. He had not done badly by the firm, upon the whole, when one morning he learnt to his great disgust that the junior partner had disappeared after committing extensive defalcations.

Mr. Gimblet, fortunately, had recently realised nearly all his securities and duly received payment. There remained a balance due to him, but it was not very much, and if the failure of Messrs. Vant & Slowbody had occurred in the ordinary way, he would have borne his loss with equanimity. But, according to the reports published in the newspapers, it appeared that the misfortune had been entirely brought about by the flagrant dishonesty of Mr. Slowbody, who had taken advantage of his senior's temporary absence to abscond with an enormous sum of money, and had apparently contrived to get clear away with his booty. The greatest sympathy was expressed for Mr. Vant, who had hastened home on hearing the startling news, only to find himself utterly ruined. It made Mr. Gimblet very angry indeed to think that he had been robbed, and he determined that Mr. Slowbody should not escape scot-free for want of any assistance he could render.

I certainly recommend Mr. & Mrs. Hart, 15, Stockbridge-terrace, Pimlico, S.W., as the most just and liberal purchasers of Cast-off Clothes, Jewellery, and every description of property. They punctually keep appointments, and remit P.O.O. for articles per return.

Accordingly Mr. Gimblet attended the preliminary meeting of the creditors of the firm, dressed in his best, with the inevitable flower in his button-hole. Nobody paid the slightest attention to him, for he modestly kept in the background and took no part in the proceedings. He did not trouble his head by attempting to follow the figures and the dry business details which bore upon the important question of the dividend the estate would yield, but certain parts of Mr. Vant's pathetic and eloquent statement interested him so much, that when the meeting adjourned, he politely accosted that gentleman and requested a few minutes' conversation.

Mr. Vant seemed inclined to resent Mr. Gimblet's demand as an impertinence. He was a florid, elderly man, with a loud voice, and rather pompous manners. He probably considered that after the ample statement he had made, the questions he had satisfactorily answered, and the unanimous vote of sympathy by which his creditors had testified their appreciation of his straightforward conduct, he might be spared the importunities of individual creditors.

"I am afraid that just at this moment I have no time to give you, sir," he replied, glancing rather superciliously at Mr. Gimblet.

"Very well. Only I thought I might possibly be of some service to you," said Mr. Gimblet, quietly.

"In what way?" inquired Mr. Vant.

"My name is Gimblet," said the ex-detective, producing one of his business cards.

"Oh! ah! To be sure," said Mr. Vant, with sudden cordiality. "I believe you generally transacted your business through my late partner. That is why I did not recognise you. Come in here."

Mr. Gimblet followed Mr. Vant into a small private room, with a gratified smile upon his shrewd lips. Vanity was the ex-detective's weak point, and he could not help feeling flattered at Mr. Vant's change of manner.

"I believe you are one of the smaller creditors, Mr. Gimblet, fortunately for yourself," remarked Mr. Vant, when they were alone.

"Yes," said Mr. Gimblet, taking a mental note of the fact that for the first time during the day Mr. Vant showed signs of nervousness. "However, I did not wish to trouble you about that."

"Oh! don't consider me for a moment," said Mr. Vant, with a wave of his white hand. "I place myself entirely and unreservedly at the disposition of my creditors. Everything I possess in the world—my house, my plate, and my carriages, and even my wife's jewellery—will go towards increasing the dividend and repairing this terrible disaster as far as lies in my power."

"So I understand," said Mr. Gimblet, quite unmoved. "I wanted to ask about Mr. Slowbody."

"A warrant has been issued for his apprehension," returned Mr. Vant, somewhat impatiently.

"Yes, sir, I know. But not until too late."

"What do you mean? I gave information to the police within an hour of my return home," said Mr. Vant, reddening slightly.

"I understand the facts are these," said Mr. Gimblet. "You and your family were staying at Biarritz."

"We had been there two months," interposed Mr. Vant

"Exactly. You had no suspicion of your partner's proceedings until——"

"Until I received his letter written from Queenstown, informing me of his flight," interrupted Mr. Vant, quickly. "I immediately started home by the first train, and after spending half an hour here, I called in the police. You see I did not lose a moment."

"No; but the letter did not reach you till several days —more than a week, in fact—after date," remarked Mr. Gimblet.

"That is so. Unfortunately I had left Biarritz with my family the day before the letter arrived there. Consequently, it had to be forwarded on to Paris, and that caused delay."

"Mr. Slowbody had plenty of time to reach America, if that was his destination, between the date of his letter and the time of your giving information to the police," observed Mr. Gimblet, musingly.

"That may be. I presume these questions have reference to a desire on your part to assist in apprehending my late partner?" said Mr. Vant, drawing himself up.

"Most certainly. Considering that he has robbed and ruined you, no one in his senses would imagine you desired to assist his escape," said Mr. Gimblet, with an innocent air.

"My dear sir, I—I am a Christian, a professing Christian certainly, and, I hope, a sincere one. At the same time, I cannot help feeling vindictive towards my late partner. As you say, he has robbed and ruined me. When I think of the misery and suffering he has wrought——"

"What do the police say, sir?" said Mr. Gimblet, interrupting Mr. Vant's remarks with scant courtesy.

"Well, they have no clue at present, but they are hopeful," answered Mr. Vant. "I am sure they would be grateful for any suggestion you could make to them."

"No they wouldn't, because I might tell them that they are on the wrong scent altogether," said Mr. Gimblet, looking his companion straight in the face. "However," he added, feigning not to notice Mr. Vant's start and look of confusion, "I never interfere in what doesn't concern me. The police can go their way, and I will go mine."

"You are exceedingly kind," returned Mr. Vant, evidently striving to appear cordial, "to interest yourself about the matter."

"Don't mention it, sir," said Mr. Gimblet, taking up his hat; "you see I've been robbed—that is the long and short of it. I've not lost much; it's the having been swindled that riles me. I should like to be even with Mr. Slowbody."

"You are not singular in that desire, Mr. Gimblet," said Mr. Vant, extending his hand. "Anything you have to suggest shall receive the most careful attention."

Mr. Gimblet wended his way homeward in a very thoughtful frame of mind after this interview. The fact was that he felt completely mystified by Mr. Vant's behaviour. While that gentleman was making his statement to his creditors, the ex-detective had been struck by a sudden suspicion that he was acting a part. The idea came to him with the force and suddenness which he had learnt from experience to associate with a happy inspiration. The great secret of Mr. Gimblet's success in his peculiar line of business was a singular knack of forming a correct conclusion without the process of reasoning. He was by no means wanting in logical perception, but he was frequently aided in his investigations by a sort of intuition which put him on the right track when others were vainly groping in the dark. He had instinctively mistrusted Mr. Vant from the moment he commenced his speech, and when the proceedings terminated he felt impelled to engage him in conversation in order to gauge his character. He had no difficulty in this, for Mr. Vant's demeanour had not been calculated to inspire confidence. In fact, Mr. Gimblet had a very strong impression that, in spite of direct evidence to the contrary, the gentleman was no more entitled to sympathy than his defaulting partner.

When he came to consider the details, however, Mr. Gimblet was inclined to mistrust his opinion. It was quite clear that Mr. Slowbody had decamped, as alleged, and had involved his partner in ruin. The report of the accountants, a firm of high standing, proved indisputably not only that Mr. Slowbody had robbed his clients, but also that he had pledged property belonging to Mr. Vant, besides appropriating the whole of their joint capital. The statement of affairs disclosed the most shameful frauds on the part of Mr. Slowbody, in none of which was there the slightest evidence to show that Mr. Vant had been implicated. In fact, the surrounding circumstances all pointed to the innocence of the senior partner, and no shadow of suspicion appeared to rest upon him. But when Mr. Gimblet was seized with an idea, he did not easily suffer himself to be disconcerted by adverse facts. Consequently, when he reached his dingy office, he said to one of his assistants:—

"Grainger, you live at Clapham, don't you?"

"Yes, sir."

"I want you to make a few inquiries about a Mr. Vant," said Mr. Gimblet, thoughtfully drawing crosses with his pen on his blotting-pad.

"Is that the gentleman who has been swindled by his partner?"

"Yes. The matter doesn't press at all; any time will do. Just find out when he left Biarritz, and what day he received in Paris the news of his partner's disappearance. You may be able to get it from one of the servants."

After this Mr. Gimblet dismissed the subject from his mind for some days, having more important business on hand. He learnt from the newspapers that no clue had been obtained as to the whereabouts of the defaulting partner, and it seemed pretty certain that he had made good his escape. At length his subordinate reminded him of the mission he had entrusted to him.

"Well, what have you ascertained?"

"I made the acquaintance of the gentleman's valet, sir, who accompanied the family to Biarritz."

"Yes?"

"Every one in Clapham sympathises very much with Mr. Vant. The house and furniture are to be sold, and the servants have all received notice."

Riding Habits.—Specialty of John Redfern & Sons. Ladies' Tailors by Appointment to H.R.H. the Princess of Wales, 26, Conduit-street, London, W. Also at Cowes and Paris.

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"Of course," said Mr. Gimblet, impatiently.

"The family stayed at Biarritz nearly two months, at the Hôtel d'Angleterre. They left on the 20th of January, and went to Paris. The letter followed them there, forwarded with other letters from Biarritz some days later."

"Yes?"

"The valet was in the room when the letter arrived. Mr. Vant opened it, and was dreadfully upset. Of course, the valet did not know what had happened at the time, but he guessed there was something wrong by the way Mr. Vant abused him for picking up the envelope from the floor."

"Oh! How was that?" inquired Mr. Gimblet, with sudden interest.

"The valet stooped to pick up the envelope which had fallen. Mr. Vant pounced upon him directly, and snatched it away from him and destroyed it in a passion."

"I suppose he saw the man looking curiously at the postmark or something," said Mr. Gimblet, thoughtfully.

"I suppose he did, but the valet didn't notice anything except that the letter had a Spanish stamp."

"Eh?" exclaimed Mr. Gimblet, quickly.

"That is what the man said, sir," said the clerk, a little startled by an abrupt movement of his master.

"Very well. What else?" inquired Mr. Gimblet.

It was evident, however, that his mind was pre-occupied, and that he paid but little attention to the remaining details which his assistant related. The latter were quite unimportant, and when the man had finished, Mr. Gimblet dismissed him without asking anything further. But the incident of the letter—or rather the envelope—afforded him food for reflection. The letter professed to have been written from Queenstown, and to have come from there. Mr. Gimblet had seen a copy of it, the original being in the hands of the police. Obviously the envelope containing it ought to have been franked by an English stamp. The fact of its having a Spanish stamp showed conclusively that it had not been posted in Ireland. Of course, it was just possible that the valet may have been mistaken at a hasty glance; but, on the other hand, why should Mr. Vant have seized it so anxiously, and why had he destroyed so important a piece of evidence? Upon the whole, Mr. Gimblet was inclined to believe the correctness of the valet's story; and this suggested the inference that Mr. Vant had deliberately been misleading the police and his creditors for the purpose of screening his partner.

The train of thought which followed this discovery kept Mr. Gimblet's mind fully occupied for half-an-hour, during which he sat at his desk whistling softly to himself, with a very knowing expression. At length he roused himself from his reverie, and started off into the City, where he paid a visit to Mr. Vant.

"I've called, sir," he said, quietly, upon being ushered into that gentleman's office, "with reference to our conversation the other day."

"Ah! Very glad to see you, Mr. Gimblet," said Mr. Vant, who had been permitted, owing to the sympathy of his creditors, to continue his business under favourable auspices. "There is no news, I'm sorry to say. I suppose you have none?"

"Well, I think I've found out something, sir," said Mr. Gimblet, with edifying humility.

"Indeed! What is it?" inquired Mr. Vant, condescendingly.

"You said the letter announcing the flight of your partner came from Queenstown?"

"So it did. The police have it."

"It professed to come from Queenstown, but I can prove that it really came from Spain, and that you knew it," said Mr. Gimblet, in a matter-of-fact tone.

Mr. Vant fell back in his chair as though he had been shot, and turned as pale as marble. The ex-detective's calm and penetrating gaze caused the denial he attempted to utter to die away on his lips. After a pause he said hoarsely:—

"I did it for the best. He had wronged me, but he had been my friend. I had no other motive."

"You may tell that to the marines, sir," said Mr. Gimblet, with a wink. "Do you mind my telling you a little story?"

"What about?" murmured Mr. Vant.

"About two friends of mine—call 'em Smith and Jones," began Mr. Gimblet, quite cheerfully. "Smith and Jones were in business together, but things went from bad to worse, till nothing remained but to shut up shop. But Smith, who was an enterprising fellow, proposed to Jones to raise all the money they could, to collar everything they could lay their hands on, and to make a bolt."

"Nothing of the kind! nothing of the kind!" gasped Mr. Vant.

"But Jones had a better idea than that," resumed Mr. Gimblet. "He suggested instead that Smith should do as he proposed, and leave him behind. This arrangement would suit both of them. Smith would have more capital to make a fresh start in another country, while Jones would remain behind and pose as a martyr. You see, sir, a crash was inevitable; Jones was bound to have lost everything, and he preferred to do so under circumstances that would secure popular sympathy and induce his friends to come forward. Besides, of course, he was to have part of the swag on the quiet."

"No. I'll swear, not a farthing," cried Mr. Vant, vehemently. "It's—it's a lie, all of it," he added, evidently beside himself.

"There is a precious lot of money gone, Mr. Vant," said Mr. Gimblet, meaningly.

"Look here, Mr. Gimblet," said Mr. Vant, making a desperate effort to recover his composure, and dropping his voice to a tremulous whisper, "suppose everything had happened precisely as you say, what could you prove?"

"I should leave that to others," replied Mr. Gimblet, evasively.

"But nobody could prove anything. Do you doubt, if I had done as you suggest, I should not have taken every possible precaution? As regards your wonderful discovery about the letter having come from Spain ——"

"Well?" inquired Mr. Gimblet, as his companion paused.

"I deny it, but still—name your price!"

Notice of Re-opening.—Almond's Hotel, situated in the best position of the West-end and close to the theatres, parks, &c., is now re-opened. A spacious Salle à Manger and Ladies' Drawing-room have been added, also hot and cold baths and many single bedrooms. Special attention has been directed to sanitary improvements. 6 and 7, Clifford-street, Bond-street, W.

GIRLS' GOSSIP.

DEAREST AMY,—The first Drawing-room was highly fortunate in the matter of weather. Very different was the temperature on Friday from that endured by those who attended last year's opening function of the same kind. Then there were icy blasts from the East, and noses were red, and the legs of the footmen looked blue with cold through the meshes of their pink silk stockings, the frigid azure turning the latter into a tender shade of violet. This year the sun shone, the air was balmy, the dust was frightful, and the crowd was thick. Contrary to expectation, it was a very full Drawing-room, and there were some pretty faces to be seen. The crowd, however, was so great, and moreover such a rough one, that we walked but once down the line of carriages, and had only what Jeames de la Pluche calls a "cussory view" of the Court splendours. We refrained from putting our heads inside the carriages, as we saw some people do. One woman had hers so far in that if the people inside had chosen to pull up the window she would certainly have been beheaded. It is true that many of these *belles dames* invite curiosity, but such a very liberal response must be rather embarrassing.

I felt as though I could steal some of the bouquets, so lovely were they. It does not seem so wicked to covet flowers as it does to want other articles of your neighbour's goods. Does it? I should have liked, first, to annex a glorious bouquet of scarlet Nice anemones and yellow roses; then a huge bunch of lilies-of-the-valley; and, thirdly, one of azaleas in every possible shade of yellow and apricot.

Have you read about the lovely gown the Princess of Wales wore? The petticoat was of brown marabout, and the drapery and train of Vandyke brown velvet. The bodice was made of similar velvet, with Indian gold embroidery for trimming, and sleeves of marabout. The Court train was also of the richest Indian gold embroidery, lined with gold satin and bordered with marabout. It must have looked magnificent, and yet delightfully soft, with so much marabout—must it not?

I only saw one dress sufficiently well to describe it. Here it is. The petticoat was of grey satin, in a warm and somewhat deep shade, edged with very thick, though light-looking, ruches of grey tulle, and trimmed with many rows of diagonal flounces across the lower portion of the front. Above these were two tunics of similar tulle, arranged in soft folds and crossing each other, the folds being held by plumes of ostrich feathers in a delicious shade of salmon-pink. The bodice and train were of velvet in a darker grey, the latter being lined with salmon-pink satin and edged with ruches of grey tulle. Plumes of pink feathers were placed here and there, each plume nestling in folds of tulle.

The sun shone so hotly on us that we realised that the parasol season had begun, and went on to Gorringe's to buy one. Would you like to know what are the newest freaks of fashion in the direction of sunshades? For this mid-season an *en-tout-cas* is the correct thing, as it is useful for both shine and shower. Those in cardinal silk are still popular, as well as the ones made of shot silks. I saw a lovely red satin one, with a long black stick and tortoise-shell handle.

The "last thing out" in sunshades is the mushroom-coloured satin, trimmed with lace to match round the edges and round the ferule, while on each panel is a butterfly bow of similar lace. This "mushroom colour" is a lovely shade of brownish-greyish-fawn. Does that convey any idea to your mind? It is the colour of a mushroom before it is peeled, and while a little earth still adheres to it. It is just a tint paler than what you are acquainted with under the title of "ficelle." Now, be sure to remember this, for "mushroom" is to be very fashionable this season.

Another novelty is a sunshade made of a sort of fine, soft canvas broché, also in mushroom colour, over which lace to match is draped in full folds, which are caught down at the edge with pearls, one being placed in the middle of each panel. This parasol is dome-shaped. The stick is almost of the same colour as the lace, and ends in a shepherd's crook. The same can be ad in black satin, covered with Chantilly and with a frill of similar lace round the edge fastened down with ırge jet beads. Some of these parasols are lined with black, but the prettiest have cardinal satin and gilt wires. A bow of ribbon is invariably tied on the handle, and the ferule has either a bow to match or a sweet little chenille tassel.

Other new ones were in broché velvet of two shades. One was in golden-brown and cinnamon, and another was in two shades of grey, with chenille tassel and grey ribbons round the handle. The sticks were rustic. A very comfortable handle had a piece cut out of the wood, large enough to pass the fingers through, and forming a kind of diamond in shape. A beautiful sunshade was of old gold broché satin lined with cream-colour and edged with a handsome fringe of gold-coloured chenille.

What sort of handle do you like? If you commission me to buy you a sunshade, do not omit to give me instructions on this important point. Some women use their parasols as walking-sticks. In fact, it is now, I am sorry to say, quite fashionable to do so. In this case, a long handle is necessary. Others nurse these useful appendages as though they were babies. Some girls playfully swing and twirl their sunshades—a detestable practice, especially in a crowded place. I saw one individual in the park the other day carrying her umbrella gun-fashion, resting on her shoulder. I have seen others who, with the handle of an open *en-tout-cas* in one hand, hold one of the points of it in the other—an excellent plan for displaying a pretty waist.

Very different is the mode among simple countrywomen. Have you not observed how tightly they clutch the handle of their umbrella (usually of substantial dimensions) in both hands, carrying it a few inches in front of them, as though it were imperative to keep an eye upon a possession so precious? On Sundays they insert a folded handkerchief between hands and handle.

A woman of that class does not consider herself completely equipped for the street without her "umbrella," nor does her husband regard himself as fully dressed, even on the hottest day, without many yards of comforter disposed round his neck, and buttoned under his waistcoat, with fringed ends hanging below it.

Major Gough was married on Thursday at St. George's, to Miss Hilda Moffatt. There were four bridesmaids, and each carried a large basket filled, and the handles covered, with wallflowers and white lilac. It is not often that one hears waltz music in church, but while the guests awaited the bride, a German band in the street outside played a delicious valse, the strains of which resounded through dear old St. George's. The bride arrived some minutes before the appointed time, and as the bridegroom, with military exactitude (he is in the 14th Hussars), only put in an appearance at the precise moment, the lady had some minutes to wait. "Oh there and then was rushing to and fro." I saw a gleam in some eyes feminine which indicated that they would rather have enjoyed a sensational episode. "Suppose he should not come!" their expression seemed to say. Fortunately, nothing so tragic occurred. The bride wore a handsome gown of brocaded velvet. Her hair was done on the top of her head, a trying arrangement, and some sprays of orange-blossoms did duty for the now neglected wreath. The latter has been discovered to be "too much" for daylight wear.

The bridesmaids wore remarkably pretty dresses of silk muslin. A deep flounce round the edge was trimmed with five rows of white ribbon. The tunics were of embroidered silk muslin, and were similarly trimmed. They also had little bows of ribbon down the front. The bodices had pretty little gathered waistcoats of the plain muslin. The two grown-up bridesmaids wore small white chip Princess bonnets lined with wallflower velvet, and trimmed with a spray of wallflowers and a tiny white aigrette, and with velvet strings. The other two wore large white chip hats, gracefully curved, the brims being lined with wallflower velvet, and the trimming consisting of ostrich plumes and flowers, with a softening drapery of silk muslin.

I forgot to look at their shoes and stockings.

Some pretty toilettes were worn by the guests. Mrs.

Old Lace.—The finest collection in London at A. Blackborne & Co.'s, 35, South Audley-street, Grosvenor-square.

Howard Vincent—the bride's sister—was in dark-blue velvet. Lady Gough's dress was of very handsome moss-coloured brocade. Her bonnet was trimmed with pink flowers, and on her shoulders she wore a shawl of white embroidered china crêpe. Mrs. Alfred Morrison, who exhibited such exquisite lace at the Mansion-house last season, and whose gowns are always trimmed with costly specimens, was in grey. Her skirt was dark velvet, trimmed with a quantity of magnificent Greek point. The polonaise was of silver-grey ottoman, fitting to perfection, and also trimmed with Greek point. The form was rather novel, and very becoming. The right side of the front was continued diagonally, so that it crossed over to the left, passing beneath the waist-belt of dark grey velvet, and curving round upon the hip, to disappear beneath the folds of the back drapery. The sleeves were of dark velvet, and also the collar, under which was a deep pointed collar of the lace. Mrs. Morrison carried a magnificent bouquet of azaleas and stephanotis, and wore similar flowers in her bonnet and on the bodice of her dress.

Another handsome gown was of green velvet, with a gathered plastron of amber satin down the whole of the front. The flounce running round the edge of this dress was lined with amber satin. I admired very much a dress made of mushroom-coloured satin, with cape to match trimmed with marabout of precisely the same shade. Panels of marabout trimmed the sides of the skirt. Bonnet and gloves being also mushroom-coloured, the whole was harmonious. A dress of extremely bright peacock-blue plush set off to advantage the golden hair and blond colouring of its wearer.

I have offended somebody by my freely-expressed opinion of the Kensington variety of valse. This somebody informs me with a little acerbity, that the valse in question is invariably danced by the exceptionally good waltzers, and that it can thus be deprived of its idiotic look. I am glad to hear it, and perhaps, if I am fortunate, I may live to see the Kensington develop into a graceful dance.

I see that Leslie's choir is to perform Spohr's Mass in C for the first time during the season. I hear on excellent authority that this is a magnificent work. It has never been performed in England, and it seems that it is so very difficult that Spohr himself laid it aside after one performance by his own choir on St. Cecilia's Day in 1827.

I send you a splendid recipe for Sauce Hollandaise, given me by Mrs. Marshall, of the School of Cookery. The one I gave you before is Sauce Hollandaise à l'Anglaise, and it seems that the true *cordon bleu* scorns the idea of putting flour in the true sauce. This is the orthodox method, and the result is delicious. Being Lent, I went in for "A Dressed Fish Day," and since then have been of the opinion that a so-called fast day is only a feast day in disguise, especially if oysters form an appreciable portion of the menu. Here is the sauce:—

Put in a small stewpan two tablespoonfuls of French vinegar, and boil to half the quantity with eight crushed peppercorns and two bay-leaves; then stir in the yolks of two eggs, standing the pan in the bain-marie, then gradually work in ¼ lb. of fresh butter. As soon as the sauce thickens remove the pan from the bain-marie, and add a little salt and a slight pinch of pepper.

Here is by far the best recipe for Dutch sauce that I have ever met with, and it is very simple:—"Yolks of two eggs. One quarter pint of good cream. Two and a quarter tablespoonfuls of elder-flower vinegar. A small quantity of fresh butter. A small blade of mace. Flour enough to render the sauce the consistency of a custard, which it should nearly resemble." I take this from Mr. Hayward's "Art of Dining."

You ask me to give you the receipt for making milk-punch. Papa always gets his from Messrs. Hedges & Butler, and as the Prince of Wales seems to do the same, I should advise you to write and ask them if they will take pity on a country cousin, and let you have the particulars of its component parts.

Good-bye, dear. From your loving cousin, MADGE.

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The Right Honourable, Lord Carlingford, K.P., Lord President of the Council, has kindly consented to preside.

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Noblemen and gentlemen willing to accept the office of stewards are requested to send their names to the Secretary at the Hospital.

No liability attaches to the office of stewards.

The dinner will be free of charge, trusting to the liberality of the donations.

PIETRO MICHELLI, Secretary.

CONVALESCENT RELIEF.

The First Annual Report of the Convalescent Committee of the Charity Organisation Society is now ready, and will be sent on application to

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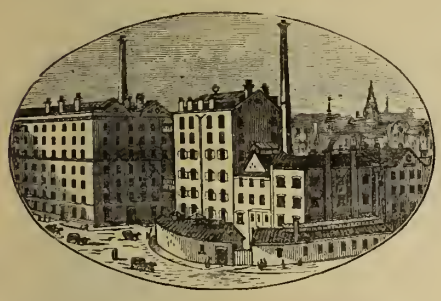

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LONDON INTERNATIONAL and UNIVERSAL EXHIBITION, 1884. To be held at the CRYSTAL PALACE.

The Directors of the Crystal Palace Company, London, will hold at the Crystal Palace an International Exhibition of Arts, Manufactures, and Scientific, Agricultural, and Industrial Products. The Exhibition will be opened on St. George's Day, the 23rd of April, 1884, and will remain open for a period of at least six months.

Prospectuses, entry forms, and all information may be obtained from the Executive Commissioner, or any of the Official Agents.

The arrangements from the Fine Arts Section are under the direction of Mr. J. Forbes Robertson, 25, Charlotte-street, Bedford-square, W.C.

GEORGE COLLINS LEVEY, Executive Commissioner,
19 & 21, Queen Victoria-street, London, E.C.
G. GORDON CLEATHER, Manager, Crystal Palace, S.E.

THE ANNUAL SPRING EXHIBITION of PICTURES by English and Continental Artists, including M. Fortuny's Picture "In the Vatican," is NOW OPEN, at ARTHUR TOOTH & SONS' New Galleries, 5 & 6, Haymarket, opposite Her Majesty's Theatre.—Admission One Shilling, including catalogue.

THE SOCIETY OF ARTS' PRACTICAL EXAMINATIONS in MUSIC will commence in London on June 9th.—Full particulars may be had on application to the Secretary. H. TRUEMAN WOOD, Secretary, Society's House, Anelphi, London, W.C.

EXTENSION OF ST. MARY'S HOSPITAL, W.

Her Royal Highness the Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, has graciously consented to Open the New Wing on Tuesday the 6th of May next.

Tickets to admit to the Ceremony, Purses for Presentation, and all information can be had on application at the Hospital.

By Order, PIETRO MICHELLI, Secretary.

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"'Phantom Fortune' is a book worthy of the great master of sensational fiction—its resuscitator if not its actual inventor. The story is well contrived and cleverly told, and the reader's interest in it never for a moment grows torpid."—*The Standard.*

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"The author has cleverly accomplished the task he has undertaken, his wit and satire are keen and polished."—*Manchester Courier.*

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MR. FRANCIS CLUTTON, whose practical knowledge (the result of 12 years' experience of Land and Cattle Ranching in the United States) renders him eminently qualified for the purpose, has, on behalf of the Directors, personally inspected and valued the properties acquired by this Company, and has confirmed the vendor's description in every particular, a copy of which is enclosed herewith. Mr. Clutton's competency and experience in the valuation of Ranche properties is confirmed by two eminent firms of land agents and other gentlemen of high standing in London.

The Texas Freehold Land Colonisation and Cattle Breeding Company, Limited.

Incorporated under the Companies Acts, 1862 to 1883, whereby the liability of members is limited to the amount unpaid on their shares.

Capital £250,000, in 50,000 shares of £5 each, with power to increase. Present issue, 25,000 shares. Subscribers to present issue of shares will have the right of priority and the privilege of allotment, *pro rata* of any future issue at par. Payable 5s. on application, 25s. on allotment, 30s. a month after allotment, the balance at intervals of not less than two months, or the whole amount may be paid up in full on allotment.

DIRECTORS.

Chairman.—The Right Hon. the Earl of Huntingdon.

Vice-Chairman.—J. Bailey Denton, Esq., J.P., of Messrs. Bailey, Denton, Son & North, 22, Whitehall-place, S.W.

F. R. Fisher, Esq., Shipowner, 23, 24, and 25, Billiter-street, E.C.

Frank Hodgkinson, Esq., Normau-cross, Peterborough, a Director of the Nevada Land and Cattle Company, Limited.

W. H. Richards, Esq., 36, Mark-lane, E.C., a Director of the Anglo-American Mortgage Company, Limited.

George Dundas Yeoman, Esq., M.A. (Fellow of Institute of Surveyors, 12, Great George-street, Westminster, S.W.), Priory Lodge, Bedford.

The Vendor or his nominee will join the Board after allotment.

Bankers—London and Scotland: The Commercial Bank of Scotland (Limited), 123, Bishopsgate-street, E.C., and Branches.

America: The First National Bank, San Antonio, Texas, U.S.A.

Solicitor—Francis Fearon, Esq., 25, Parliament-street, S.W.

Broker—Edwin Thomson, 2, Crown-court, Threadneedle-street, E.C. General Manager in America—Henry Hoddiug, Esq.

Auditors—Messrs. Laurie, Ladbury, & Davies, Chartered Accountants, 2, Gresham-buildings, Basinghall-street.

Secretary, pro tem.—Charles E. Hodson, Esq., M.A., F.R.G.S. Offices, pro tem.—101, Leadenhall-street, E.C.

THE Company is formed to purchase freehold land and other properties in Texas and other parts of the United States of America, situated conveniently to markets and railroads, and possessing facilities for the cultivation of various crops pending their realisation, it is proposed to take advantage of the profits attached to stock raising, by conducting them as cattle ranches. It is anticipated that large profits will eventually result from the re-sale of such properties, land in Texas having greatly increased in value in the last few years.

Several very eligible properties are now before the Directors, and they have provisionally agreed to purchase one or both of the following on favourable terms, viz.:—

First—The well-established estate or Ranche on the Frio River, in the County of Frio, Texas, consisting of over 40,000 acres of freehold grazing and agricultural land, all of which is enclosed by fence and sub-divided into seven separate pastures, together with dwelling-houses, stables, corrals, branding pens, and the necessary improvements for successfully working the property.

The estate is near the rising city of San Antonio, which has a population of about 35,000, and a railway station at the growing town of Pearsall, 5½ miles distant, which places it in direct communication with the whole railway system of America.

Water is abundantly supplied by two large rivers which flow through the land some 12 miles, besides which there are springs and smaller streams, affording water to all portions of the Ranche. The soil is rich and will grow cotton, corn, oats, vegetables, and fruit.

The cattle now on the property comprise nearly 4,500 head of graded animals, including Short-horn, Hereford, and other improved bulls; there are also the necessary horses for conducting the business.

Second—A large agricultural and grazing Ranche, consisting of about 36,000 acres of freehold land, situated in one of the healthiest districts of Western Texas, including the famous "Blue Mountain" district, which is noted for producing fat cattle. The whole estate is enclosed by a strong barbed wire, rail and stone wall fence. Two fine rivers, besides smaller streams and springs, run through the property, affording abundance of water.

This estate has been in successful operation for some years, and is equally well adapted for both stock breeding or agriculture. The soil being very rich, and easily cultivated, will grow all kinds of cereals, fruits, and vegetables.

About 5,000 head of cattle are now on the property with the necessary bulls and horses, and about 1,000 hogs are kept to consume the mast or nuts that fall from the trees.

The property is about 20 miles from the town of Mason, and 45 miles from Fredericksburg, and a railroad is surveyed to run within 15 miles. This land is nearly 2,000 ft. above the level of the sea, thus making the climate exceedingly healthy, and well adapted to colonisation.

Admirable buildings, consisting of large stone dwelling-houses, stables, corrals, &c., &c., are now on the property.

The grasses on both these estates consist of the long and curly mesquite, and the varieties of Texan grasses which are celebrated for keeping cattle fat all the year round. And there is abundance of fine timber for building and fencing purposes.

The whole of the 9,500 cattle on these Ranches will be counted on delivery to the Company, and payment only made on the number actually branded on delivery.

Several adjoining properties, making altogether about 100,000 to 150,000 acres, it is stated, can be purchased on advantageous terms, and the vendor has agreed to use his influence to assist the Directors in acquiring the same, if desirable.

The profitable character of Cattle Ranching is now well-known. The Royal Commissioners sent out by the House of Commons to report on the agricultural resources of America state as follows in their Report (numbered C. 2, 678 year 1880, and sold by Messrs. Eyre & Spottiswoode, H.M. Printers):—

"It is generally acknowledged that the average profit of the stock owner has been for years fully 33 per cent." (Report p. 8.) "The latter figure is probably below the mark." (App. p. 11.) "And the greatest returns are secured by employing a large amount of capital." (Report p. 8.) "No doubt this is by far the most remunerative branch of American farming." (Report p. 8.)

Mr. Charles Goodnight, of the firm of Adair & Goodnight, one of the largest holders of cattle in Texas, states, according to the *American Live Stock Journal*, that the increase in his herd "has averaged, say, 94 per cent. each of the last three years, and last year ran up to 96 per cent. of calves to the number of cows in the herd."

The *Times*, of August 29, states that at Mr. C. Goodnight's sale of yearlings in Texas, they fetched $20 per head, the average price being $15.

As to the reliability of Mr. Goodnight's figures, the following is an extract from a letter of Mr. S. Nugent Townshend, Vice-President of the American Agricultural Association, perhaps better known as "St. Kames," of the *Field* newspaper:—"I am intimately acquainted with the firm of Messrs. Adair & Goodnight, and the statements of that firm are above all question."

Taking the increase at 85 per cent. on the number of cows, and assuming that half are heifers, which will be added to the breeding stock of the Company, and the other half steers, which will be sold as yearlings at, say, £3 per head, the herd will be doubled in less than three years.

The properties, comprising together about 76,000 acres of freehold land, buildings, fences, and improvements, together with about 9,500 head of cattle, are acquired by the Company on the exact terms of Mr. Clutton's valuation on behalf of the Company, namely, 18s. 9d. per acre for the land, with all improvements as stated above, and £4. 15s. 10d. per head for the cattle, payable as follows, viz.:—£15,000 in fully paid-up Shares, £18,000 on delivery and verification of titles, and the balance in payments extending over three years.

The following is from the *Times*, Nov. 10, 1883:— . . . . . "The industries which have made the greatest strides are cotton and cattle in Texas. . . . . Texas has been largely colonised from European and other sources. . . . . The constant travel through the South of European capitalists has been most beneficial. They have invested largely in the cheap lands and cheap cattle of Texas. . . . . Texas now stands at the head of the attractive fields for settlement in the New World."

The *Times*, November 27, 1883, says:—"Texas, described as the young giant of the South, is making such progress that it will soon be placed at the head of all the States. It is now sixth in railroad mileage, and sixth in agricultural productions, and is adding to its assessed wealth at the rate of $120,000,000 a year."

The *Times*, of January 26, 1883, states:—"Ranching is well-known to have recently been a profitable business, earning with good management 20 to 50 per cent. One Scotch Company last spring divided among its Shareholders 28 per cent. as the dividend for the year, and besides put aside something towards a sinking fund; and many economically managed private concerns have done better."

The *Daily Telegraph*, November 29, 1883, writes:—"During the last three or four years an immense amount of Capital has been invested in American Ranches, and the enormous profits yielded by the business when well conducted will doubtless tempt other capitalists to follow suit."

The *Citizen*, of February 9, 1884, says:—"The purchase of sound and well situate lands not only adds security to the Cattle business, but provides an additional source of profit in the gradually advancing value of such properties."

The lucrative employment of capital in Cattle Raising in the Western States will also be seen by the following extract from the "Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Dundee Stock Exchanges' Reports," February 7, 1884.

	Par.	Value Plus Div. £	s.	d.	Last Dividend.
Prairie Cattle Co., Limited.....	£10 Shares, £5 paid	8	15	0	20½ per cent.
Arkansas Land and Cattle Co., Ld.	,, ,,	5	15	0	10 ,,
Cattle Ranche and Land Co., Ld....	,, ,,	5	5	0	10 ,,
Western Land and Cattle Co., Ld..	,, ,,	7	0	0	15 ,,
Powder River Cattle Co., Limited.	,, all paid	12	0	0	10 ,,
Texas Land and Cattle Co., Limited	,, £5 paid	6	10	0	12½ ,,

Many of the above Companies have large reserve funds.

It is proposed to develop the lands of the Company by colonisation where advisable, and to sell in small tracts of not less than forty acres to actual settlers, giving easy terms of payment. (See fly-sheet.)

The Directors have also on treaty other valuable properties, for particulars of which see fly-sheet.

Negotiations have been entered into with a thoroughly competent Resident General-Manager, who is a gentleman of many years' experience in all matters relative to stock and land in Australia and the Western States of America. The Directors have satisfied themselves that this gentleman is thoroughly qualified for the position; and he has agreed that his salary shall be largely dependent upon the net profits of the Company.

The whole of the preliminary expenses incidental to the formation of the Company, up to the allotment of Shares (other than brokerage), will be paid by the vendor (who is also the promoter of the Company) out of the amount payable to him under the valuation made for the Company by Mr. Clutton; but, in consideration of the vendor accepting such valuation, the Company will allow him the sum of £1,200 towards such preliminary expenses.

The only agreement entered into on behalf of the Company is dated the 29th day of February, 1884, and made between Thomas Frederick Veasey, of the one part, and Henry Hodding, as Trustee for the Company, of the other part, relating to the purchase of the above-described properties, and which, together with the Memorandum and Articles of Association, can be inspected at the Offices of the Solicitor to the Company.

Application will be made in due course to the Stock Exchange for a settlement and quotation.

Applicants for a larger number of Shares than are allotted to them will have the surplus credited to the amount that will become due on such Shares. Should no Allotment be made, the deposits will be returned in full.

Prospectuses, Reports, Plans of the Estates, and Forms of Application can be obtained from the Bankers, Solicitor, Auditors, and at the Offices of the Company

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CLOTH GOWNS, NEWMARKET COATS, JACKETS, ULSTERS, RIDING HABITS, AND COVERT COATS.

The best Materials only used, and perfect Fit and Finish guaranteed.

Tramways in course of construction and shortly to be opened for traffic.
The List of Applications for Shares will close on Monday, March 24th.
Interest at the rate of £6 per cent. per annum will be paid to the Shareholders during construction.

THE BRIGHTON DISTRICT TRAMWAYS COMPANY.

Incorporated by special Act of Parliament, Session 1882, whereby the liability of Shareholders is limited to the amount of their Shares. Authorised Capital, £40,000, in 4,000 Shares of £10 each, with the usual borrowing powers. Issue of £40,000, in 4,000 Shares of £10 each, of which 2,245 Shares (£22,450) have already been subscribed.

The Shares are payable as follows:—10s. per Share upon Application, £1. 10s. per Share on Allotment, and the Balance by Calls of £2 per Share at not less intervals than three months; or the whole amount may be paid up on Allotment, Interest at the rate of Six per cent. per annum being paid by the Contractor on all amounts so paid up until the completion of the Line.

DIRECTORS.

John S. Peirce, Esq., C.E. (Chairman Birmingham and Midland Tramways Company), 10, St. Swithin's-lane, E.C. Chairman.
Lieut.-Colonel A. Campbell-Walker (Chairman Preston Tramways Company), Ashley Warren, Walton-on-Thames.
Lawrence B. Phillips, Esq., 55, Sutherland Gardens, Maida Vale, W.
William Hall, Esq. (Chairman Shoreham Harbour Trustees), Lancing, Shoreham.

Bankers—Messrs. Hall, Bevan, West, & Hall, Union Bank, Brighton; and their London Agents.
The London and Westminster Bank, Limited, Lothbury, London, E.C.
Solicitors—Messrs. Goldring & Mitchell, 13, Southampton-street, Bloomsbury, London, W.C.
Engineer—W. Lyster Holt, Esq., 17, Parliament-street, Westminster, S.W.
Auditors—Messrs. R. Mackay & Co., Chartered Accountants, 3, Lothbury, London, E.C.
Secretary—Mr. Alfred M. Rose.
Offices—69, Ship-street, Brighton.
London—Palace Chambers, Bridge-street, Westminster, S.W.

PROSPECTUS.

This Company, under a special Act of Parliament, whereby the liability of shareholders is limited to the amount of their shares, is constructing, equipping, and about to work, either by animal or mechanical power, a system of Tramways in the important and populous district lying between Brighton and Hove and the town of New Shoreham, passing through the parishes of Aldrington, Portslade, Southwick, Kingston-by-Sea, and terminating at New Shoreham, a distance of five miles three furlongs and four chains, and including turn-outs and sidings of seven miles and two chains.

The neighbourhood is rapidly increasing in population, as may be gathered from the fact that, in 1861, the total number of inhabitants of the combined parishes of Hove, Aldrington, Portslade, Southwick, Kingston-by-Sea, and New Shoreham amounted only to 15,536, whereas in 1871 the population had increased to 20,195, and the census returns of 1881 show that there were 31,099, with 5,543 houses, 5,377 of which were inhabited, and 247 in course of construction, thus showing an increase in the population of over 33 per cent. in ten years, and 100 per cent. in 20 years.

It will be seen from these figures that the population of the district which will be immediately accommodated by the Tramways is about 32,000, but in addition to this the Town of Brighton has a population of 108,000, and during the season, which is practically continuous, the resident visitors average a further number of from 40,000 to 50,000, without reckoning the vast numbers of daily excursionists who visit Brighton.

The Tramways will afford a pleasant ride by way of Aldrington, Portslade-by-Sea, Fishergate, Southwick, Kingston-by-Sea to Shoreham, where are the well-known Swiss Gardens, up to the gates of which the tram-cars will run. These Gardens form one of the principal attractions to the inhabitants and visitors of Brighton, and are frequently visited during the summer by not less than 4,000 persons in one day. Shoreham Harbour is the seaport for Brighton, and consequently the traffic to and from the Harbour alone will of itself be a large source of income.

Probably no district in England is extending so much as Brighton and the immediate neighbourhood, such extension developing most rapidly westward, so that it is fair to assume that this line of Tramways will yield a handsome return on the capital expended, and will prove one of the most remunerative investments in Tramways in the United Kingdom.

The contractor has entered into an agreement with the Company to start a new line of well-appointed omnibuses to run at frequent intervals from the Tramway terminus to the Brighton Railway Station, other parts of the town, and also to the extreme east of Brighton, so that there will be continuous line of communication between the latter point and Shoreham, a distance of about eight miles.

The construction of the lines is on the point of completion. The rolling stock and depôt will be ready for use at an early date, and the line will subsequently be open for traffic.

A Contract has been made for the construction of the Line and the erection of stables, engine and car-sheds, with all necessary sidings, with Mr. F. C. Winby. The Contractor will pay to the Shareholders interest at the rate of £6 per cent. per annum upon the amounts paid upon their Shares, from the dates of such payment until completion of the Line. Copies of the Act of Parliament and plans and sections and the above contracts can be seen at the office of the Solicitors.

Application for Shares must be made on the form accompanying the Prospectus and forwarded to the Bankers of the Company.

Prospectuses and Forms of Application for Shares may be obtained at the offices of the Company, or of the Solicitors, Bankers and Auditors.

London, March 13th, 1884.

THE BURGLAR'S HORROR;

or, Prevention Better than Cure.

CLARKE'S PATENT PYRAMID NIGHT LAMPS.

1s. Each, Sold Everywhere.

Caution.—To Prevent Burglaries. — A Pyramid Night Light should be lighted in a front and back room of every house, as soon as it is dark. Burglaries are more frequently perpetrated before bedtime than after. Housebreakers have the greatest dread of a light. The police recommend a Night Light as the best safeguard. Almost all burglaries might be prevented, and much *valuable property saved*, if this simple and inexpensive plan is adopted. The Pyramid Night Lights are much larger and give *three times the light* of the common night lights, and are therefore particularly adapted for this purpose.

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TO BE HAD FROM ALL WINE MERCHANTS.

SPECIAL ATTENTION IS DIRECTED TO THE FOLLOWING FEATURES.

1. A large amount has been spent on the property, so that the Company will enter on what may fairly be termed a thoroughly proved rich mine, with all the mineral it contains standing intact.
2. Several valuable lodes of rich ore are laid open. From the adjacent mines many thousand tons have been raised, which have realised millions of pounds sterling.
3. Enormous profits may be anticipated to result from the operations of this Company at a very early date.
4. The property contains no less than four miles of lodes.
5. The grant is so large and lodes so numerous, that it seems impossible for any one Company to exhaust them for centuries; it may therefore be reasonably expected that a sub-division of the property will be made, on such terms as to give a bonus to the Shareholders.

Great West Shepherds

LIMITED.

Incorporated under the Companies Acts, 1862 to 1880, whereby the liability of Shareholders is absolutely limited to the amount of their Shares.

Capital £50,000, in 50,000 Shares of £1 each.

Payment as follows:—2s. per Share on Application, 3s. on Allotment, 5s. one month, 5s. two months, and the remaining 5s. three months after Allotment. Should no Allotment be made amounts paid on Application will be returned in full.

DIRECTORS.

Isaac Robinson, Esq., 48, Tavistock-square, W.C.
Bennett Van Pragh, Esq., 9, St. Edmund's-terrace, Regent's-park, N.W.
Stanley Freme Cross, Esq., 85, Gracechurch-street, E.C.
James Knill, Esq., Etherley House, West-green, N.

Bankers.

London.—The Royal Exchange Bank, Limited, 75, Cornhill.
Cornwall.—South Cornwall Bank, St. Austell.

Solicitors.—Messrs. Wild, Browne, & Wild, Ironmonger-lane, London, E.C.

Secretary.—Mr. Edmund Harvey.

Registered Offices.—8, Old Jewry, London, E.C.

PROSPECTUS.

This Company is formed for the purpose of acquiring and working a most valuable range of silver-lead lodes, known as Great West Shepherds, adjoining the celebrated Old Shepherds, and in close proximity to East Wheal Rose and West Chiverton, than which there is no richer belt in the county of Cornwall, held under lease from the Ecclesiastical Commissioners for England, dated the 26th May, 1881, for 21 years from Michaelmas, 1880, at moderate rents and dues.

The property embraces all the known lodes in Old Shepherds which have already given in profits over £240,000 in a few years.

Great care has been taken to estimate the value of the property. Several skilled engineers have reported in the highest terms; in close proximity to it are the following celebrated mines, and Great West Shepherds itself is a part of this extraordinary rich silver-lead formation:—

East Wheal Rose has paid	...	£278,000 in dividends.
Old Shepherds ,,	...	£241,000 ,,
West Chiverton ,,	...	£160,000 ,,

Besides the above, and adjacent, are Wheal Albert, East Wheal Anna, West Wheal Anna, Wheal Hope, Goonhaven, Cargoll, and other mines, all of which have made large returns from shallow depths.

The following machinery, &c., is on the mine, in course of erection, and is included in the purchase:—40-inch engine, with necessary pumping appliances; 12-ton boiler and fittings complete; 7-horse-power winding engine, with gear and house complete; 16 fathoms 10-inch pitwork; horse whim and connections; 100 fathoms flat rods; smith's shop and carpenter's shop, changing house, &c.

The engine-house for the 40-inch engine is nearly completed, and the engine shaft has been sunk 16 fathoms from surface. Three lodes have been proved rich, even at this shallow depth (vide report).

In commercial undertakings it is impossible to give a positive estimate of the profits likely to be made; but, taking into consideration the exceptional rich surrounding of this property, the many proved lodes running into and through it, the large proportion of silver found with the lead, and the cheap means by which it can be worked, the directors have no hesitation in saying it is probable larger profits will be made than have been known in British mining for many years.

The directors feel they cannot better or more strongly recommend this enterprise to the investing public than by adopting the words of the eminent mining authorities whose reports are enclosed:—

(a) Captains R. and J. Nancarrow.—"The known lodes, all in virgin ground, which proved so vastly rich in Old Shepherds, we, without hesitation, say we do not know another propery held in such high repute by practical men, and we fully think that it cannot fail to be a grand success."

(b) Captain Doidge.—"In all my experience I never saw a better piece of ground, and lodes that have proved so rich contiguous to each end of the sett."

(c) Captain P. Argall.—"I consider the Great West Shepherds a rich and valuable piece of virgin ground; its success is a moral certainty."

(d) Captain W. Hooper.—"Cannot conscientiously say otherwise than this is a grand property."

(e) Captain John Phillips.—"I have not the slightest hesitation in saying you have a property that must produce large and continuous dividends."

The Company acquire the whole property from E. O. Daniel, who is the promoter of the Company, for £22,500, of which £12,500 is to be paid in cash, and £10,000 in shares of the Company.

Copies of the Contracts, Memorandum and Articles of Association, the reports above referred to, and the lease of the property may be seen at the offices of the Company, where further information can be obtained. Prospectuses and forms of application for shares may be obtained from the Bankers, and at the Offices of the Company.

ESTIMATED NET PROFIT, UPWARDS OF £40,000 PER ANNUM.

ISSUE OF 150,000 TEN PER CENT. PREFERENCE SHARES OF £1 EACH

OF THE

Pinos Altos (Mexico) Mining Company, Lim.

Registered under the Companies Acts, 1862 to 1880, whereby the liability of the Shareholders is limited to the amount of their Shares.

TOTAL CAPITAL of the COMPANY, £250,000 in 250,000 SHARES of £1 EACH,

Of which 150,000 are Preference Shares as above, and 100,000 are Ordinary Shares issued as fully paid, for the Purchase of the Property.

The Preference Shares are entitled to a cumulative preferential Dividend of 10 per cent. until they have received 50 per cent. of their nominal value, when they will become Ordinary Shares; and they are also entitled to further advantages as to Dividends, as explained in this Prospectus.

The present issue is of the above Preference Shares, payable as follows:—5s. on Application, 5s. on Allotment, and the balance in Calls of not more than 5s. each, at intervals of not less than three months.

DIRECTORS.

Lieut.-Col. DAVID MILNE HOME, M.P., Paxton House, Berwick-on-Tweed, N.B., Chairman.
Sir THOMAS BUCHAN HEPBURN, Bart., Smeaton Hepburn, Prestonkirk, N.B.
Gen. Sir. ARCHIBALD LITTLE, K.C.B., Tetbury Upton, Tetbury.
Lieut.-Col. CHARLES D. RICH, 3, Grove Crescent, Kingston-on-Thames.
ARCHIBALD BUCHAN HEPBURN, Esq., Junior Carlton Club, S.W.

The new Shareholders are authorised in General Meeting to increase this number to seven and appoint two additional Directors.

Bankers—BANK of SCOTLAND, Edinburgh, London, and Branches in Scotland.
Solicitors—Messrs. COPE & CO., 3, Great George Street, Westminster, S.W.
Brokers—Messrs. BULLOCK & WOLTON, St. Stephen's Chambers, Telegraph Street, E.C.
Consulting Engineers—Messrs. RICKARD BROS., 58, Lombard Street, E.C.
Auditors—Messrs. CHATTERIS, NICHOLS, & CHATTERIS, 1, Queen Victoria Street, E.C.
Secretary—J. B. PALMER, Esq.
Registered Offices—49 and 50, Palace Chambers, Bridge Street, Westminster, S.W.

PROSPECTUS.

THIS Company is a reconstitution of the undertaking incorporated under the same title in 1879, and formed for the purpose of acquiring and working a very valuable gold and silver mining property, situate at Pinos Altos, in the state of Chihuahua, Mexico. The original Company consisted almost wholly of the present directors and their friends, who, before inviting the public to take part in the enterprise, had determined to prove the value of the mines, and make them a paying concern.

Pinos Altos is situated on the western slope of the Sierra Madra Mountains, a region embracing many of the most famous mines of Mexico, and is distant about 250 miles from Chihuahua, on the Mexcian Central Railroad, to which place there is direct communication. The mines can also be reached from Guaymas, on the sea coast or Alamos. The climate is temperate and good. The country is well wooded, pine and oak being abundant for fuel and timber. A stream runs through the property, affording a permanent water supply.

The old Company occupied the property from the date of their incorporation, and their grantors, who had themselves carried out considerable developments, were in possession for several years previously. Titles are officially recorded at Uruachic.

Shortly after the Company's formation it was decided to send Mr. Luckhardt, an eminent mining engineer from San Francisco, to advise upon the value of the property and the best means of working it. His report, which is of a highly favourable nature, is open to inspection at the Company's office, whilst extracts from a further report made by the same gentleman in June, 1881, will be found herewith.

The early workings had been conducted in a very primitive manner; it was therefore determined, so soon as the Company took possession, to replace the old with improved new machinery and to develop the property as much as possible. Thus, since operatious were commenced in 1879, the shaft of the Main (Santo Niño) Lode has been continued to a depth of over 700 feet; a new mill of 45 stamps has been put up; new hoisting works have been erected, and corresponding developments have been carried out throughout. Moreover, bullion is being produced at the rate of £50,000 per annum. The exact yield for the year 1882 was $248,141·15 (say £49,628), and for 1883 the return was $247,101·78 (say £49,420·35).

Besides the Santo Niño there are other lodes within the boundary of the Company's territory, on all of which important preparatory work has been done, demonstrating the valuable character of the property. These are the Victoria, the Santo Elijio, the Alma de Maria, and the Providencia.

The directors having engaged the services of Mr. J. M. Rogers, formerly with Messrs. John Taylor & Sons, sent him out to the mine in December, 1882. A copy of his report dated 9th January, 1883, will also be found herewith.

In the original purchase and in the above operations there has been expended nearly £200,000, a considerable part of which has been borrowed. Further capital being necessary, it has been decided to re-constitute the Company on the basis stated above. As a preliminary to this course, the Board determined to obtain independent testimony of the value of the property, and accordingly make arrangements with Messrs. Rickard Bros., of Lombard-street, London, for one of their firm proceeding to Pinos Altos, and reporting upon it. The gentleman selected was Mr. Reuben Rickard, whose full report, dated 29th December, 1883, can be seen at the Company's office, and extracts therefrom accompany this prospectus.

Of the Santo Niño Lode, Mr. Rickard says:—

"I consider the Santo Niño Lode one of undoubted permanence, and, if properly equipped and developed, it cannot fail to be highly remunerative."

The ore in sight, giving an average assay value of $38·80 per ton, Mr. Rickard estimated at 26,610 tons, but in order to permit a safe valuation to be made, he has taken $35 per ton only as a basis for his calculations. At this figure—

The 26,610 tons of ore would produce	$698,512	50
Deduct mint charges, discount, cost of working, &c., as set out in the report	418,508	77
And the actual cash value would be	$280,003	73

Or, say, £56,000.

A considerable increase has been made in the quantity of ore in sight since Mr. Rickard's visit to the mine, and there are also large reserves of lower grade ore exposed, averaging from $10 to $25 per ton, of which no account has been taken in his calculations, but a considerable proportion of which can be profitably worked after the suggested improvements are carried out.

Of the whole property, Mr. Rickard says:—

"I have no hesitation in saying that the property of the Pinos Altos Company is a very valuable one, and if the foregoing recommendations are vigorously carried into effect, will prove to be very remunerative and permanently so."

When the improvements recommended are completed, *i.e.*, in nine months from the present time, Mr. Rickard estimates a monthly profit of $17,677·80, or $212,133·60 (say £42,426) per annum. This return would be almost three times as much as the total annual interest on the Preference Shares and would permit the payment of a dividend of nearly 17 per cent. upon the whole capital of the Company. Some reduction should, however, be made from this estimate to cover administration expenses on this side, though these will, it is anticipated, be more than met by the increased yield to be obtained after the completion of the tunnel referred to in the reports.

Out of the proceeds of the present issue of Preference Shares, after setting aside sufficient for working capital, and for the additional outlay contemplated by Mr. Rickard's Report, £110,000, will be devoted to the redemption of the debentures and the payment of the floating debt of the old Company. Should the subscription not be sufficient to meet the above £110,000, the creditors of the old Company have agreed to take Preference Shares for any deficiency, by which means the new Company will be started entirely free from debt.

The shareholders in the old Company have accepted the Ordinary Shares in full compensation of their personal outlay and interests, and they will also defray the expenses of and incident to the formation of the present Company up to the date of the allotment of the shares.

The Preference Shares now offered for subscription will, in the first place, and until they are converted into Ordinary Shares, be entitled to a cumulative preferential dividend of £10 per cent. per annum, and the balance of yearly profit resulting from the operations of the Company will, after paying £10 per cent. on the Ordinary Shares and providing a reserve fund, be distributed among all the Shares of the Company. After the conversion of the Preference into Ordinary Shares, all the Capital will rank equally for dividends.

The present Company take to the Mine and Works from the old Company as a going concern, but all wages at the Mine up to the 29th February, 1884, will be discharged out of the assets of the old Company.

The following agreements have been entered into and can be seen at the office of the Solicitors, viz.:—

Agreement dated 30th January, 1884, made between James McDouall, of the one part, and Alexander Storer of the other part.

Agreement dated 28th February, 1884, made between the old Company, of the first part, James Buckland Palmer of the second part, and the new Company of the third part.

Applications may be made in the form annexed to Prospectus accompanied by a payment of 5s. per Share on the number of Shares applied for and be forwarded to The Bank of Scotland, Edinburgh; London (Lothbury, E.C.), or any Branch in Scotland.

Where no allotment is made, the application money will be returned in full.

In default of payment of the sum due on allotment, or of any of the subsequent instalments, the allotment and all payments will be liable to forfeiture.

If in any case a less number of Shares than are applied for be allotted the surplus of the deposit on application will be applied towards the amount payable on allotment.

Application will be made for a Stock Exchange settlement and quotation immediately after allotment.

Prospectuses and Forms of Application for Shares can be procured from the Company's office, and every information obtained from the Secretary.

London, 29th February, 1884.

The List of Applications for Shares will be Closed on Wednesday, the 19th March, for London, on Thursday, the 20th, for the Country.

THE HUNGARIAN GOLD AND SILVER REDUCTION WORKS, LIMITED,

For Extracting the Precious Metals by Amalgamation with the aid of Electricity.

Capital £250,000, divided into 33,333 Preferred Shares of £5 each, and 83,335 Deferred shares of £1 each. FIRST ISSUE, £183,330, of which £83,330 in Deferred shares are taken by the vendors in part payment. The Preferred shares are entitled to priority in repayment of capital and to a preferential dividend of 10 per cent. per annum on the amount paid up thereon, so far as the profits of each year shall extend. After a dividend at a like rate has been paid on the Deferred shares, all further profits will be divisible upon both classes of shares, pro rata to the amount paid up thereon, but the amount paid or payable as dividend in any year on the Deferred shares shall not exceed the amount paid or payable as Dividend on the Preferred shares. 20,000 Preferred shares of £5 each are now offered for subscription in England and Austria-Hungary, payable as follows:

5s. on application.
15s. on allotment.
15s. one month after allotment.
15s. two months after allotment.

£2. 10s.

Should further calls be necessary, three months' notice thereof will be given; but it is not intendod to make any further call.

DIRECTORS.

IN ENGLAND.

N. Story-Maskelyne, Esq., M.P., Salthrop, Wroughton, Wilts, and Athenæum Club, S.W., Chairman.
Sir James Buchanan, Bart., Craigend Castle, Milngavie, Glasgow.
Sir Charles Clifford, K.B. (Deputy-Chairman of the British and Australasian Trust and Loan Company, Limited), Hatherton Hall, Cannock, Stafford.
H. E. Gilman, Esq. (Messrs. Gilman Brothers & Co.), 9, New Broad-street, E.C.
Harvey Ranking, Esq. (Messrs. John Ranking & Co.), 11, St. Helen's-place, E.C.
*William John Tanner, Esq. (Chairman of the Electro-Amalgamator Company, Limited), 5, Argyll-road, Kensington, W.

IN HUNGARY.

Count K. Esterhszy (Governor-General of Transylvania, Member of the Hungarian Upper House), Klausenburg.
Count E. Zichy (Member of the Hungarian Upper House), Buda Pesth.
Herr Martin Von Daniel (Privy Councillor, M.P., &c.), Buda Pesth
Dr. Karl Mandello (Director of the Ersten Siebenbürger Eisenbahn; of the Foncière Pester Versicherungsanstalt, and of Ganz & Co.), Buda Pesth.
*The Chevalier Henri de Mayne, Buda Pesth (Managing Director in Hungary).

The gentlemen marked thus (*) are vendors, or interested in the sale, and will not join the board till after completion of the purchase.

Assayer and Analyst—Ritter A. von Hauch (Mining Chemist-in-Chief to the Hungarian Government).

BANKERS—Royal Bank of Scotland, Edinburgh, London, and Branches; Messrs. Roharts, Lubbock, & Co., 15, Lombard-street, London, E.C.; Banque des Pays Hongrois (Société Anonyme), Buda Pesth.

SOLICITORS—Messrs. Norton, Rose, Norton, & Co., 6, Victoria-street, Westminster Abbey, S.W., and 24, Coleman-street, E.C.

BROKERS—Messrs. Robertson & Charles, Stock Exchange, and 14, Throgmorton-street, E.C.

AUDITORS—Messrs. James & Edwards, 66, Coleman-street, E.C.

SECRETARY (pro tem.)—Arthur G. Snelgrove, Esq.

TEMPORARY OFFICES—London: Tower-chambers, Moorgate, E.C. Buda Pesth: 137, Radialstrasse.

ABRIDGED PROSPECTUS.

This Company is formed for the purpose of developing the gold and silver mining industry of Austria-Hungary, by the purchase and introduction of Barker's patent electro-amalgamating process for extracting the precious metals by amalgamation with the aid of electricity.

Recognising at once the great practical value of the process, and its consequent national importance, the Government of Hungary afforded every facility for testing it on a considerable scale in that country, deputing official experts to watch the proceedings.

In an exhaustive report, Herr von Daniel says on this point:

"In my position as a member of the Hungarian Parliament, and Director-General of Mines, I had the happiness to assist, from beginning to end, at all the trials that were made here with the 'Barker' process. All the results obtained I have verified with many persons skilled in chemistry, and we were all compelled to recognise that the important problem of treating poor and refractory ores profitably was solved.

"In my long practice connected with metallurgy and chemistry, it has been necessary for me to test almost every process for dealing with ores; and it is with pleasure that I emphatically confirm the great superiority of the Barker process to every other process known. The results obtained here have proved to demonstration that each particle of the metallic gold, including the whole of the float gold, is amalgamated."

According to the report of the Hungarian directors there are in Transylvania alone upwards of 400 mines worked by private owners, who lose from 40 to 50 per cent. of the precious metal, on account of a large amount of the gold in the ore being "float gold," which these private miners are unable to secure by their primitive methods of treatment. Upwards of 300,000 tons are thus annually treated.

The large centres of the gold mines, even at the present moment, and under the disadvantageous conditions in which they are placed, will provide the company with 100,000 tons a year at least to treat, and that quantity might be tripled directly the mine operatives can work with a slight increase of profit and without interruption.

The Government establishment at Topanfalva has been leased by the company for a period of 40 years, and the directors purpose setting up additional amalgamating works in the various mining centres. It is estimated by the Chevalier de Mayne, that at each of such works, 30,000 tons of ore can be treated annually by the Barker process, at a profit of at least £1 per ton. It is anticipated that practical work can be commenced within the next few weeks.

The Chevalier de Mayne transferred to this company nearly 3,500 acres of the rich auriferous alluvial deposits of Veröspatak, Aranjos, and Olahpian-Sarpian, thus making the company sole proprietors of a vast track of gold-bearing land, and rendering it entirely independent of any other source of revenue; since, according to Herr M. von Daniel's report, hundreds of thousands of tons of this auriferous sand can be treated annually; which upon his estimate of the amount of the contents, will produce a profit to the company of between 15s. and 25s. a ton.

In addition to the above, the company is owner of prospecting mining rights to the number of 84.

The Hungarian directors estimate that about 100,000 tons of ore from the private mines can be treated yearly by the Barker process, at a profit of £1 per ton, with at least 100,000 tons of alluvial deposit at 15s. a ton.

Accepting this estimate of quantity, but allowing a net profit at an average of only 10s. a ton, the result would show a return of 40 per cent. on the whole nominal capital of the company.

"To sum up" (in the words of Herr von Daniel's report):

"Your company is the owner of 84 concessions of gold mines—of nearly 3,500 acres (English) of auriferous alluvial land of an undisputed and indisputable richness—of the establishment of Topanfalva—and of the Electro-Amalgamator Patent, which, I repeat, assures you, de facto, the monopoly of the treatment of the auriferous ores in the most important mining district of Hungary."

The list of contracts entered into is set out in the full prospectus which, with reports and forms of application for shares, can be obtained from the company's secretary, bankers, solicitors, and brokers.

NOW READY.

Price 2s.; post-free, 2s. 2d.

John Abbott's Manual of American Railways,

With Specially Prepared Map by Stanford.

Containing all Latest Information as to the Incorporation, History, Progress, Capital, Bonded Debt, Revenue, Working Expenses, Mileage, Dividends and Fluctuations in price for many years past of the **TWENTY AMERICAN RAILWAYS** most dealt in in the London Market.

To be had from all booksellers or direct from JOHN ABBOTT & CO., Stock and Share Brokers, 21 and 22, Palmerston-buildings, E.C.

MESSRS. H. HALFORD & CO., Stock and Share Brokers, 2, Royal Exchange Avenue, London, E.C. Daily CLOSING Price List and market report on application. Speculative accounts opened on terms to be ascertained. Special business in "Options" at CLOSE MARKET PRICES. No "DISTANCES."

LONDON AND COUNTY ADVANCE AND DISCOUNT COMPANY, Limited.—Cash advanced from £10 to £500, without preliminary fees or deductions for interest, for short or long periods, repayable by easy instalments, at moderate rates upon approved security. Bills discounted. Forms free. Offices, 57 and 58, Chancery-lane, W.C.—JOHN STONE, Secretary.

MONEY.—UNION DEPOSIT BANK, No. 17, King William-street, Charing-cross, London, W.C.

Established 1867.—Capital, £225,000; reserve, £120,000.

ADVANCES made without deductions, for short or long periods, in sums of £20 to £2,000, on personal security, furniture, stock-in-trade (without removal); also deeds, life policies, at 5 per cent., without mortgage expenses, from one to 10 years. Prospectus gratis, or post-free on application (personal visit preferred).

ROBERT P. HART, Manager.

N.B.—No fees. No sureties. First letter of applicant immediately attended to. Special terms for country loans. Distance no object. Easy repayments, and no genuine application refused. A gentleman sent from the bank to carry out all arrangements. Deposits received at three-and-a-half per cent.

MONEY ADVANCED AT A DAY'S NOTICE by the NATIONAL DEPOSIT BANK,

16 and 17, Russell Street, Covent Garden, London, Established 1867,

From £30 to £2,000,

To male or female, in town or country, upon note of hand, furniture, or stock, without removal. Also upon foreign stocks, bonds, shares, deeds, life policies, jewellery and plate, from one month to ten years, at £5 per cent. No sureties required. All communications strictly private.

Prospectus forwarded gratis. State amount required.

WALTER RUSSELL, Manager.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—The above bank has the largest capital and lends more money annually than any two or three combined of the largest advance offices throughout England.

PRUDENTIAL ASSURANCE COMPANY, LIMITED,

HOLBORN BARS, LONDON, E.C.

REVERSIONS PURCHASED.

EVERY DESCRIPTION OF LIFE ASSURANCE AND ANNUITY BUSINESS TRANSACTED.

The ordinary policies in this Company become absolutely indisputable after they have been in existence five years, or immediately to the extent of the principal, interest, and costs, not exceeding the sum assured, if assigned to an innocent holder for a *bonâ fide* consideration.

IMPERIAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY. (Established 1803), 1, Old Broad-street, E.C., and 22, Pall Mall, S.W.—Capital £1,600,000; Paid-up and Invested, £700,000. E. COZENS SMITH, General Manager.

LIFE ASSOCIATION OF SCOTLAND

(For Life Assurance and Annuities).

Funds **£2,740,000**

Annual Revenue **£470,400**

LOANS made on Freeholds, Leaseholds, and other securities, including Life Interests, and Absolute or Contingent Reversions. Loans upon Reversions are made at annual interest, or in consideration of a deferred charge.

London: 5, Lombard-street, and 123, Pall Mall.
Edinburgh: 82, Princes-street.

ACCIDENT INSURANCE COMPANY (Limited),

No. 10, St. Swithin's-lane, London, E.C.

General Accidents. | Personal Injuries.
Railway Accidents. | Death by Accidents.

C. HARDING, Manager

64, CORNHILL.

PERILS ABOUND ON EVERY SIDE!!

THE RAILWAY PASSENGERS' ASSURANCE COMPANY insures against Accidents of all kinds, on land or water, and has the Largest Invested Capital, the Largest Income, and pays yearly the Largest Amount of Compensation of any Accidental Assurance Company. Chairman, Harvie M. Farquhar, Esq. Apply to the Clerks at the Railway Stations, the Local Agents, or West-end Office, 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Charing Cross; or at the Head Office, 64, Cornhill, London, E.C. WILLIAM J. VIAN, Secretary.

SAUNDERS AND COMPANY, LIMITED,

DISCOUNT COMPANY,

BANK CHAMBERS, 1, LONG ACRE, W.C.

DEPOSITS received, repayable at fixed periods or on demand, in amounts of £10 and upwards at from 4 to 6 per cent. per annum.

SHARES, £5 each, £2. 10s. paid. Dividend for 1883, 10 per cent. Applications to be made to the Managing Director.

MANITOBA AND THE CANADIAN NORTH-WEST.

For full particulars and the newest pamphlets descriptive of the country and its resources, apply personally or by letter to

ALEXANDER BEGG, G. E. Agent,

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY,

88, Cannon-street, London, E.C.

NOTE.—The Offices of the CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY COMPANY have recently been removed from 101, to 88, Cannon-street.

A. BEGG, G. E. Agent, Canadian Pacific Railway.

THE

GRESHAM

LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY.

ST. MILDRED'S HOUSE, POULTRY, LONDON, E.C.

FUNDS.

Realised Assets (1883)	£3,351,200
Life Assurance and Annuity Funds	3,265,000
Annual Income	664,094

The Directors are prepared to receive from Local Boards and Corporations applications for Loans upon Rates. The Society also grant Loans upon Security of Freehold, Copyhold, and Leasehold Property, Life Interests, and Reversions.

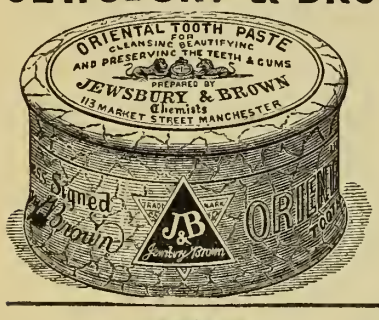
Prospectus, Reports, and Proposal Forms, on application to the Society's Agents and Branch Offices; or to

JOSEPH ALLEN, *Secretary.*

PUBLIC NOTICE—COUNTERFEITS ARE OFFERED.

—WHITE, SOUND, AND BEAUTIFUL TEETH INSURED.—

JEWSBURY & BROWN'S CELEBRATED ORIENTAL TOOTH PASTE.



IN USE IN THE HIGHEST CIRCLES SIXTY YEARS, FOR CLEANSING, BEAUTIFYING, AND PRESERVING THE TEETH AND GUMS TO OLD AGE. SOLE PROPRIETORS AND MAKERS,

JEWSBURY & BROWN, MANCHESTER.

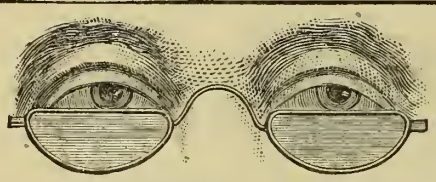
THE ORIGINAL ORIENTAL TOOTH PASTE

Is composed only of the purest vegetable substances blended with exquisitely fragrant and rare compounds. It is distinguished by its extraordinary efficacy in removing tartar, insuring to the teeth the most BEAUTIFUL and PEARLY WHITENESS, and inducing a healthy action of the gums. It gives peculiar FRAGRANCE TO THE BREATH, and will

PRESERVE THE TEETH AND GUMS TO OLD AGE.

Pots, 1s. 6d., or double size, 2s. 6d. Of all Perfumers and Chemists.

CAUTION.—OBSERVE THE NAME AND ADDRESS, ALSO THE TRADE MARK (J. & B. IN A DOUBLE TRIANGLE) ON EACH POT. WITHOUT THESE NONE ARE GENUINE. IMITATIONS AND COUNTERFEITS ARE OFFERED. JEWSBURY & BROWN'S ONLY GENUINE ORIENTAL TOOTH PASTE KEEPS PERFECT IN ALL CLIMATES, AND EVERY POT BEARS THEIR SIGNATURE.



SPECTACLES v. BLINDNESS.

Imperfect glasses, together with the haphazard plan of selection employed by the mere vendor, is the cause of most cases of Blindness and Defective Vision. Sir Julius Benedict writes:—"I have tried the principal opticians in London without success; but the spectacles you have adapted suit admirably. The clearness of your glasses as compared with others is really surprising." Testimonials from Earl and Countess Lindsay; F. D. Dixon Hartland, Esq., M.P.; Sir Graham Briggs; Dr. Radcliffe, Consulting Physician, Westminster Hospital, &c. &c.

Mr. HENRY LAURANCE, F.S.S., Oculist Optician, having made the scientific adaptation of Spectacles his especial and sole study for upwards of thirty years, *personally adapts his Improved* Spectacles.

Pamphlet, "Spectacles: Their Use and Abuse," post-free.

1a, OLD BOND STREET. (One door from Piccadilly.)

City Branches: 6, POULTRY. 22, FENCHURCH STREET.

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T. R. Blurton & Co.'s

EASY WIDE WELT

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OUR PUZZLES.

RULES.

1. The sum of £2. 2s. will be given every week for the best Epigram, Conundrum, Lipogram, Bouts-Rimés, or whatever the announced subject of the competition for the week may be.

2. The Puzzle Editor reserves the right, however, of dividing the above sum between two or more competitors, or of withholding the prize, should exceptional circumstances render such a course desirable.

3. The decision and award of the Puzzle Editor must be considered final and irrevocablo, and, for obvious reasons, no appeal from his critical judgments can be entertained.

4. In every instance the Prize will be given in money, subject to no condition whatever, except the publication of the winner's real name and address in this journal.

5. Competitors will be allowed eight days for the composition and despatch of their efforts; but all such commnnications must, at the latest, be received at the Truth Office by the first post on Friday morning in the week succeeding the publication of the subject for competition.

6. Not more than one Prize will be given in a Quarter to the same competitor.

7. All New Contributors are Required to Forward with their First Answers their Real Names and Addresses for Registration; such names and addresses will not be published except in the case of Prize-winners.

8. The *nom-de-plume* chosen by competitors should not exceed 12, and must under no circumstances consist of more than 14 letters.

9. Competitors must on no account change the noms-de-plume they have once assumed.

10. On the announcement of the Prize-winner's *nom-de-plume*, the successful competitor must write and make formal application for the Prize, stating the address to which the cheque must be sent. Any competitor failing to do so within three months of winning the Prize will forfeit all claim to the same.

11. No communication can be received on post-cards, by telegraph, or by hand. They must all be sent by the time named above, all post letters addressed—

PUZZLE EDITOR OF "TRUTH," Carteret-street, Queen Anne's-gate, S.W.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 264.—PARLIAMENTARY ALPHABET.

Repealer (Miss F. Montgomery, 15, Burlington-road, Bayswater, W.) £2 2 0

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 265.

The adjudication of the Prize in this competition will not be made public until the competition arising out of it (No. 267) can also be decided; and it would be rash to say that a week will suffice for the latter task. A very large number of replies have been received in this competition, No. 267: the appearance of the whole of the answers taken in bulk being, in fact, somewhat overwhelming. At the least the examination of them is bound to occupy a considerable time.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 266.

This competition proved to be unusually interesting, and the quotations, of which I could only publish a portion, in many instances curiously apropos. Shakespeare, as it generally happens in such a case, furnished a large majority of the lines quoted, though several other poets had been searched with excellent result, especially Southey and Byron. No rule was laid down as to the political complexion of the poetical comments, and it is all the more suggestive to note with what well-nigh unbroken unanimity competitors chose quotations implying censure of the Government's Egyptian policy. One of the most prevalent shortcomings was the disposition shown to select lines relating to a particular individual or incident rather than to the Egyptian Question as a whole. A verse having seeming reference, however significant, to General Gordon, could scarcely be considered applicable to the "Situation in Egypt." Of the quotations, then, which related to the latter in its wider sense, it has been decided that the best were sent in by Atome and Jane Eyre, between whom the Prize is divided.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 269.

For this week the competition will be one of those, depending somewhat on chance guessing, by means of which the circle of competitors is so considerably widened. The Prize of Two Guineas will be given, in fact, to that person who on or before Friday, the 28th inst., sends in

I. The Name of the Winning University in the Approaching Oxford and Cambridge Race.

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III. The Name of the Crew that will Win the Toss.

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No long accounts are required; in fact, no account making more than ten lines (or eighty words) in print will be published, so that it will be the object of competitors to see who can get the most correct anticipations of the race in the said space. Only one guess must be made as to each prediction.

It may be said that the reports of the various papers as to the space between the rival boats frequently differ, and admitting this to be the case, it may be stated that for the purpose of deciding this competition the *Times* report will be taken and its statements relied upon.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 267.

*** As it would be obviously uninteresting to publish a selection of answers in which the same Proverbs, &c., are repeated, it has been decided to merely print a complete list of the 100 Sayings buried in the paragraphs published on this and the following page a fortnight ago. THE PUZZLE EDITOR.

1. Where the carcase is there will the eagles be gathered together.—Altioaa Peto.
2. When poverty comes in at the door, love flies out at the window.—The Old Oradiah.
3. Little boats must keep in shore; big ships may venture more.—P. M. E.
4. She that will not stoop to pick up a pin may live to want one.—Kerry Pippin.
5. When Adam delve and Eve span,
   Where was then the gentleman?—Old Log.
6. He that will not when he may, when he will he shall have nay.—A Rodin Hood.
7. How oft the means to do ill deeds makes ill deeds done.—Pen and Ink.
8. Where your treasure is, there will your heart be also.—Chica.
9. There are as fine fish in the sea as ever yet came out.—Janet.
10. Nothing in his life became him like the leaving it.—Jick.
11. The best throw with the dice is to throw them away.—Samoth.
12. To be of use ought to be the end and aim of our lives.—Rogger Shurt.
13. He that is born to be hanged will never be drowned.—G. A. H.
14. It's not the gay coat that makes the gentleman.—Sclanidge.
15. Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.—Esterel.
16. Ditto.—Altiora Pato.
17. The course of true love never did run smooth.—Tartulig.
18. It is an ill wind that blows no one any good.—Pasta.
19. Where there is a will there is always a way.—Silly Suffolk.
20. 'Tis an ill wind that blows no one any good.—Ivy Green.
21. The Devil is not as black as he is painted.—E. Y. N.
22. A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.—Sphinx.
23. Ditto.—Snipet.
24. The nearer the bone the sweeter the meat.—Apollo.
25. Between two stools we come to the ground.—Amanda.
26. They also serve who only stand and wait.—Bob Ridley.
27. It is an ill wind that blows nobody good.—Niahs.
28. As you make your bed, so must you lie on it.—Uxor.
29. There is many a true word spoken in jest.—Cinderalla.
30. Don't halloo till you are out of the wood.—You and I.
31. Many go out for wool and come home shorn.—Coamon.
32. Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.—Ignoramus.
33. It is better to wear out than to rust out.—Minx.
34. What the eye sees not the heart rues not.—Malionant.
35. They also serve who only stand and wait.—Camurie.
36. A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.—Hodgus Bodgus.
37. None so deaf as they that will not hear.—Jackdaw.
38. A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.—E. da M.
39. When the cat is away the mice will play.—Almione.
40. The quality of mercy is not strained.—Sprite.
41. Every one rakes the fire under his own pot.—Lupus.
42. When the cat is away the mice may play.—Rapaalae.
43. It is a wise child knows its own father.—Cilikig.
44. When the cat's away the mice will play.—Paint Pots.
45. Almost and very nigh save many a lie.—Winslow.
46. Possession is nine points of the law.—Juno.
47. Truth will aye stand without a prop.—Connie.
48. None but the brave deserve the fair.—Paovaeb.
49. It is a long lane that has no turning.—Eva Yorke.
50. Ditto.—Guinea Pig.
51. Ditto.—Nad Nettap.
52. Ditto.—Doaa.
53. Ditto.—Cornelius.
54. Ditto.—Nox.
55. Ditto.—Stella.
56. Ditto.—Grigshole.
57. Ditto.—Daubini.
58. There are not two measures of truth.—Malsah.
59. If at first you don't succeed, try again.—H. Marsh Green.
60. There is no royal road to learning.—Daphnis.
61. Tell the truth and shame the devil.—Anonymous.
62. There is no new thing under the sun.—Naptuna.
63. If you swear you will catch no fish.—Chamin.
64. A soft answer turneth away wrath.—Odsalvee.
65. Ditto.—Two Spoons.
66. Faint heart never won fair lady.—Rhytina.
67. A soft answer turneth away wrath.—Goring.
68. The cat in gloves catches no mice.—Skedaddle.
69. Misfortunes never come singly.—Giglio.
70. He that hath a wife has a master.—Philadelphia.*
71. Be sure your sin will find you out.—Forget-me-not.
72. A bad shift is better than none.
73. Trust me not at all or all in all.—Invalid.
74. The rain it raineth every daye.—Tooth Paste.
75. Faint heart never won fair lady.—Paddy.
76. Ditto.—Graton.
77. Ditto.—W. Valpy English.
78. Ditto.—Moonshine.
79. Ditto.—F. Raady.
80. Ditto.—Lednah.
81. Where there's a will there's a way.—Mrs. Andrews.
82. Ditto.—King Cole.
83. Ditto.—Laaissa.
84. Ditto.—Borus.
85. Ditto.—Pseudonym.
86. Ditto.—Rolling Stone.
87. Ditto.—Poowong.
88. He who runs fast will not run long.—Loyalty.
89. A rolling stone gathers no moss.—Ecila May.
90. All is not lost that is in danger.—Bay-Dido.
91. Help the lame dog over the stile.—Dnalwor.
92. One good turn deserves another.—Soft Daiad.
93. Call a dog a bad name and hang him.—Skryna.
94. As the tree falls so shall it lie.—E. J. C.
95. Let every man skin his own skunk.—Le Paopdète.
96. Rolling stones gather no moss.—Pie.
97. Sloth is the mother of poverty.—Colchastea.
98. Weave the warp and weave the woof.—H. B. P.
99. There is reason in the roasting of eggs.—Rural Dean.
100. Second thoughts are often the best.—Mahdi.

Answers have been received from:—Nospmis, B. D., A. Holroyd, W. Val English, Toby, Creature, Perseverence, Drenhoe, Proverb, M. S., Jerry, Hank, Parsoma, Gurner, Laddie, A. M. C., Poker, Boodle, Ne Vile Vebs, E. de M., Dagobert, The Ashcart, Rhiw, Alice, Anak, Miggs, Sexton, Silly Dick, Ella C.,

* It may be explained, with apologies to all competitors, that the paragraph containing this proverb was inserted under a misapprehension. It contains the above proverb, but it is "buried," not in words, but in letters. Under these circumstances, it will be altogether withdrawn from the competition.—The P. E.

Gondibert, Zena, Moira, Links, Epsilon, May, Abastor, Bay-dido, Shackle, Swollen Cheek, H. B P., Gwendoline, Give it up, Golly, The Old 'Un, Second Fiddle, Eliva, Pompadour, Miss Kate Wilson, Agelastes, Mrs. Poyser, Werda, Ulsterman, Hela, Daphnis, The Old Obadiah, Crum, Lady Fad, 'Tis so, 'tis so, M. D. M., Whitechapel, Pomponnet, Ajax, Malsah, Cygne, King Cole, Swash-javelin, Kirby, Saudrock, Pale Face, Liberior, Lethes, Puzzled, Leaping Water, Mrs. Wellington Young, Gala, R. A., Yolande, Nox, Pocahontas, Plussy, Jess, Cissie R., Electricus, Dustman, F. E. G., Luxle, Cendrillon, Dried Grass, Sappbira, Exhumes, A. D. R., Sphinx, E. Y. R., A. H. S., Moralist, Long Lane, Toy, Cara, Hermione, Chigs, Patience, Midge, Litlaugood, Castle Bar, Tilly, Daphne, Freda, Bob Ridley, Esa, Mordecai, Pennycross, Mary F., Skedaddle, Giglio, Paddy, P. M. G., Mumbo & Co., Femcon (?), Bobadil, Ivy, F. F. C., Mushroom, Lednah, Tréeve, Blackbrook, Jersey Lily, J. H. P., Almida, Sloe, Pisastratus, Rex, Gully, Alec, Ernst, Dum Spiro Spero, Bully, Kerry Pippin, Parsonides, Credo, Madcap, United, Glenville, Bubyhoy, Weardale, Squip, Forncettius, Codford, Novice, Black-eyed Susan, Old Heifer, Midge, Joco-Seria, Little Ada, Weeda, G. N. M., Young Toggles, Nathan, Tim Kali, Zero, R. F. A., Kitty Gaythorne, Jick, Bonbon, Chemin, Pollymoon, Much Ado, Two Heads, Uncas, Yeoboy, Lenx House, Mater Goat, Lunatic, Ecila May, Boot Polish, Kitten II., Dry Monopole, Wits, J. H. C., G. A. H., Siequilla, A Little Q, Mounie, Oriel, Sclanidge, Puddles, Frumski, N. C. N., Zaxus, L. E., Royel, Geraldine, Larissa, Virago, Falka, Henry VIII., Audaces Juvo, Sagnachs, David Welsh, Bad Boys' Diary, Ivy Green, Sprite, Waverley, Nellog, Poopoo, Jani, W. A. C. Denny, Mactavish, Legis, Cæsar's Corner, Koorp ot, Vinaigrette, Birch-rod, Ceylon, R. M. E., Peter Piper (aged 14), Pens, Two Heads are Better than One, Edinbane, Atome, Eva Yorke, Claudian, M. Brigstocke, Ardmasson, Dot, Bobo, Ruperto, Zellah, Morgane, Snipet, Simla, Janet, Chartadomus, Buzzard, Derwentwater, E. M. B., Abercarn, Rita, Cbat, Squire Bull, E. Y. N., Eclipse, W. A. O., Smytche, Dense Nigands, Daubini, Cinderella, Evening Star, Luxie, Mrs. Jim, X. Y. Z., Mrs. A. S., Cantab, Ajax (No. 2), Alicujus, Die, Galleyhillian, Dora, Buggins, Coaly Tyne, Yendis, Grovelly, Forget-me-Not, Pax, Goring, Ubique, Sheep Shear, Marksley, Novice, A. G. O. P., Lazy Lounce, Mildew, Capr, Map, Tulip, Tits, Tommy Dodd, Rimo, Verp, Samoth, Sum Puer, Trottie, Novice, Polidere, Blood Orange, Ivyleaf, Otaki, Patience, May Fairy, Punchinello, Hael, Sophia, Respice Finem, King Lud, Gammi Phi, Moung Phi, A. E. I. O. U., Artemus, Asthmon, Walt n, Yelrah, Jackdaw, Rosedale, W. A. P., Ye Joyful Owl, Chica, Fireman, Cid, Sans Changer, Tukes, Pen and Ink, Harkaway, Ghemini, Pluwiper, Elma, Hopeless, Juno, Percy, F. E. F. N. D., Telford, Thrush, Sealing Wax, R. Hitbloday, Montezuma, March Hare, Tbe Goblin, Bene, Grimpus, Robin, Cæsar's Coruer, Almione, Winslow, Kittifonia, Oriole, Cwmtwich, Gaultia, Invalid, Lady Jane Grey, Jno. Patrick, Marmory & Co., Custos, Teapot, Asymptote, Fomasc, Roxburgh, Magellan, Knaresborough, Guelder Rose, Grig's Hole, Rose, Ringdove, Midsummer May, Tranmere, T. D. Sinvalid, Georgina Sis, A. J. R., Westward Ho, Yankee Doodle, Beryl, Zephyr, Parsonides, Missing, Gridiron, Grosvenor, Kursaal, Evermore, Devereux, Neptune, Ribadlicum, Polly, Até, Jane Wells, Bertha, Canute, Guinea Pig, Sweetbriar, Cactus, Delphi, Glenalmond, Stortfordian, Margyne, Pomme-de-Terr-, Quilp, Artaxominus, Zebedee, Lemon, Teapot, Whack, Clytie, Thug, Una, Nona, Bung-Bung, Madge, Glen, Phœbus, Plumepierre, Sexton, Lyceum, Conans, Pentland, Nokomis, Fynvola, Allebam, Mizmaze, Merioneth, Beautiful Sam, Unthoo, Caniche, Fly-by-Night, Mrs. Jane Kennedy, Baculus, St. Michael's, Nell, Cricket-a-Wee, Beatrice R., Paintpots, Z. T. Hall, Fanshaw, Indiens, Colchester, Theodora, Maximus, Ernst, Dame Rouge, Vol-au-Vent, Dot, &c.

Answers to Correspondents.

*** Puzzle No. 267.—To make it fair for all competitors alike, I shall place all of them on a similar footing with regard to the misprint in Buried Proverb No. 14.

*** A reply to Puzzle No. 267, containing 77 unburied saws, was received unsigned. To whom does this belong?

Old Log.—Many thanks for your criticisms.

Lednah.—Your Shakespeareau quotations arrived "too late" for publication, I am sorry to tell you.

Edna C. Leake.—Many thanks for your kind suggestion.

Young Toggles.—I gladly comply with your request.

Nathan, Black-eyed Susan, M. A. D.—Your names and addresses have been duly registered.

F. F. C., Sexton, Yolande, Pleessy, Indicus, Grenville, Gunner, Teapot, Bad Boy's Diary, Colchester, Mildew, Smash Javelin, Tim Kali, Edenbane, Creature, Alec, Frank, Castle Bar, Cygne, Puzzled, Rhiw, Pocahontas, Elsie Pepper, Pollymoon, J. H. P., Cæsar's Corner, Gamma Phi.—I have received letters from all these competitors, and shall duly comply with tbe request they contain.

Terar.—I have borne in mind your quotation as actually sent.

Provident.—Have you sent a list of the 100 proverbs, &c., you claim to have unburied?

Altioba Peto.—I will now add your name to Buried Proverb, No. 61, which was printed as anonymous.

J. Betenson.—In justice to you I think it right to state your quotation should have read, "What plague! what portents! what *mutiny*," &c., and that meeting was a misprint for the last word.

Miss H——y.—I regret that your letter reached me too late for my reply to be of any service to you.

Resurrectionist.—Thanks for your letter. THE PUZZLE EDITOR.

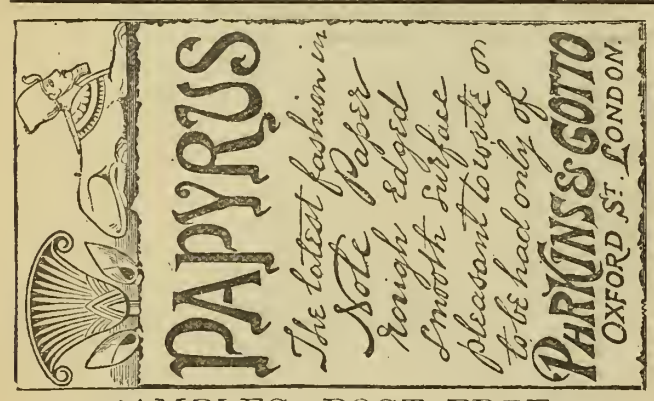
"There's no sweeter Tobacco comes from Virginia and no better brand than the

Three Castles."

Thackeray (The Virginians.)

"For dear are those 'Three Castles' to my wants."

Tennyson (Princess, Can. II.)



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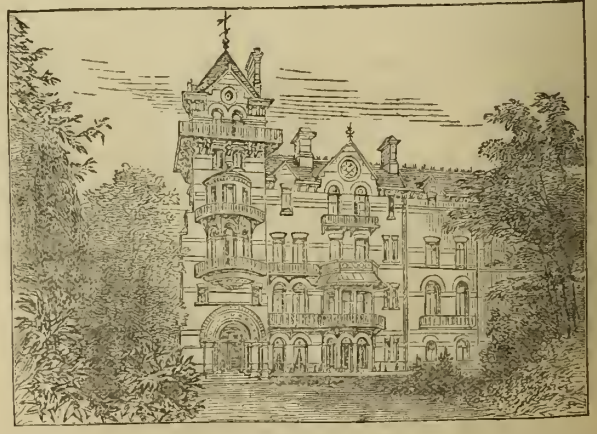

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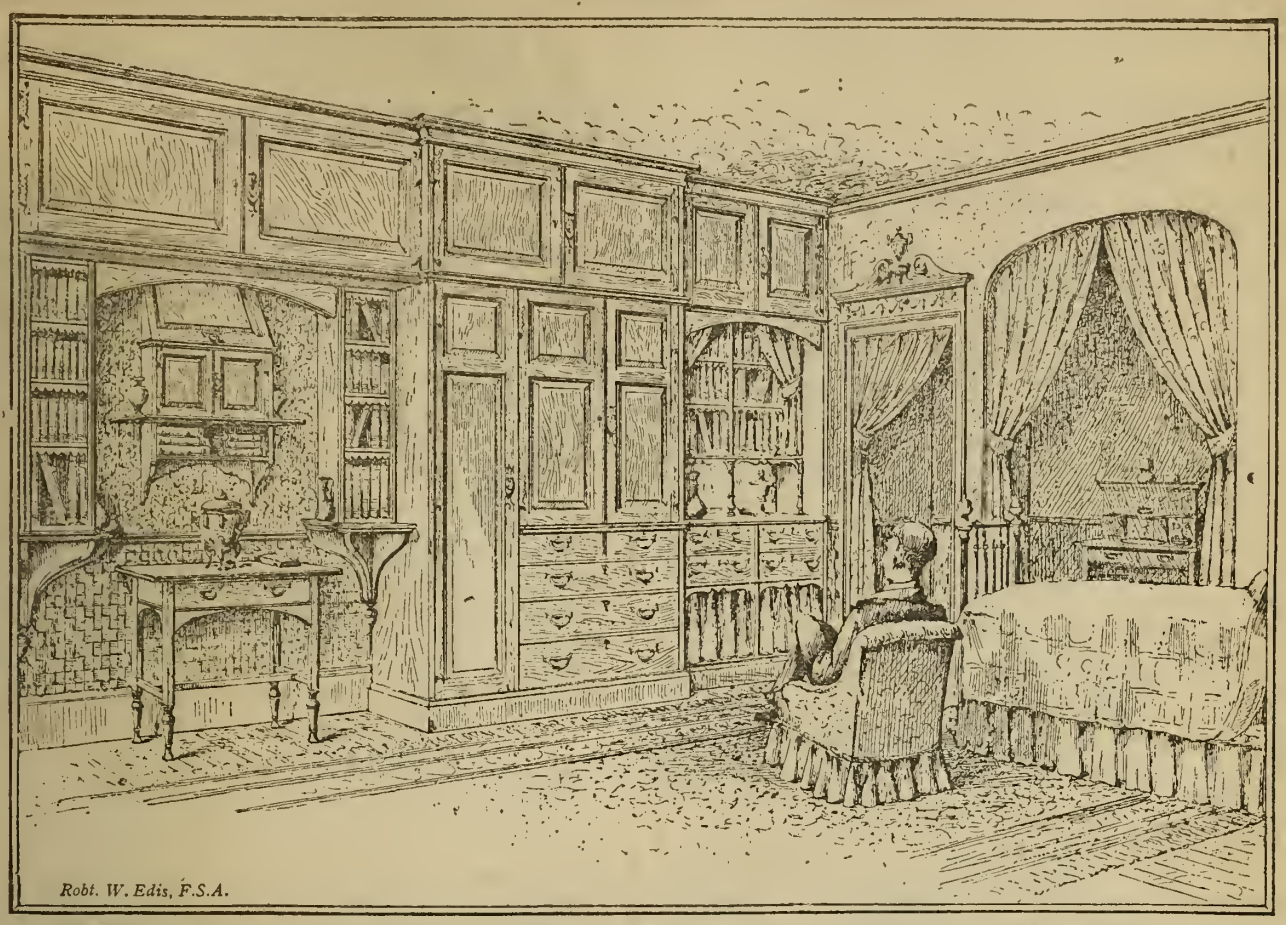

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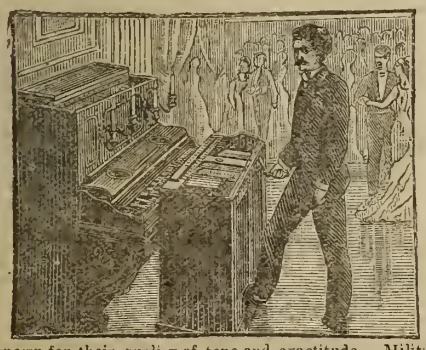

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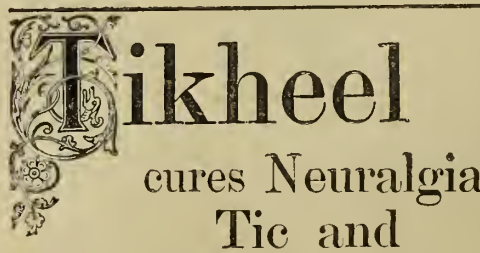

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• TRUTH •

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ENTRE NOUS.

THE Queen, accompanied by Princess Beatrice, is to leave Windsor for Germany on Monday week. Her Majesty will not remain abroad for as long as had originally been proposed, but will stay at Darmstadt for only a fortnight, returning to Windsor Castle on April 24 or 25.

Her Majesty will maintain the strictest *incognita* during her journeys abroad, and will travel as the Countess of Balmoral. The Dutch and German authorities have been particularly requested to prohibit any demonstration, and the usual attendance of local officials will be dispensed with. The arrangements for the Royal journey from Flushing Pier to Darmstadt have all been completed, and it is expected that the Queen's train will start about eleven on Tuesday night, arriving at Darmstadt between seven and eight on the following morning. The train will stop only to change engines, and it is to pass round the curve at Cologne without entering the station.

The Queen will not embark at Queenborough, as was first intended, but is to join her yacht from the new pier of the South-Eastern Railway at Port Victoria, the terminus of the new Hundred of Hoo branch, at the mouth of the Medway, opposite Sheerness.

The Dowager Lady Ely, Lady Churchill, Lord Bridport, and Sir Henry Ponsonby will be in attendance. The same number of servants will go as accompanied her Majesty to Mentone—*i.e.*, as few as possible.

While at Darmstadt the Queen will occupy apartments in the Neue Schloss, in which Princess Alice resided during the early years of her marriage. Her Majesty will probably retire to Kranichstein, the Grand Duke's Jagd-Schloss in the woods, while the public festivities in honour of the Royal wedding are in progress.

The Prince and Princess of Wales will leave Marlborough House for the Continent at the end of next week, and propose to pass some days in Paris while they are abroad. They will not stay at Darmstadt for more than a week. The Prince and Princess will return to England not later than April the 28th, as H.R.H. is desirous of witnessing the race for the Two Thousand at Newmarket, on the 30th.

The Prince of Wales will visit Yarmouth for two days during the third week in May, for the purpose of inspecting the P.W.O. Militia, of which he is Colonel, and which will then be out for the annual training. H.R.H has consented to open an old English fancy fair, which is to be held in aid of the restoration of St. Nicholas Church.

Prince George's ship, the *Canada*, which is now at Barbadoes, leaves in about a fortnight for Bermuda, where she will stay for several weeks.

Whether it is that people are getting more rational, and will not run the risk of attending daylight Drawing-rooms in March, or whether they do not care to go to the Palace when the Queen is not there, I do not know; but it is certain that last week's function was not a bit more brisk than was that of the 14th; and, indeed, it is many years since there has been two such empty Drawing-rooms. Ladies who are waiting till after Easter in the hope that the Queen may hold the May Drawing-rooms are likely to be disappointed, for I hear that her Majesty has no present intention of honouring Buckingham Palace with her presence this year. The remaining Drawing-rooms will probably be held on May 13 and 15.

The Queen contemplates building a villa on a portion of the Claremont Estate, near Esher, which is to serve as a country residence for Princess Louise. It seems rather a waste of money, considering the numerous Royal country houses which are at present unoccupied. Kew has not been visited by the Duchess of Cambridge for the last ten years, and is sadly in want of repairs; and the White Lodge in Richmond Park is also empty, and likely to remain so, as there is no probability of the return of the Duke and Duchess of Teck, to whom it is lent. Then there is Frogmore, which has not been used as a residence since the Prince and Princess of Wales lived there for a few weeks just twenty years ago. Frogmore, however, is practically unavailable, as the Queen keeps all the rooms which were regularly occupied by the Duchess of Kent locked up, and they are the best in the house; so that there would not be much accommodotion for a new-comer.

Princess Louise and Lord Lorne intend to go abroad for the month of April, so their proposed visit to Inverary has been postponed till September.

The Duchess of Edinburgh, who has been in town for the last two months, leaves Clarence House early next

week for Eastwell, where she will pass the month of April. The Duke will probably return from the Mediterranean about the middle of May.

The German Crown Prince has been ordered by his physicians to take a course of the Kissingen waters, and he will go there early in June for a month.

The Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz is expected this week at the Duchess of Cambridge's house in St. James's Palace from Neu Strelitz, and she will stay with her mother for two months. The Grand Duke will also come over after Easter. I suppose that, as usual, this visit will cost the British taxpayer a trifle for the hire of a Channel boat, to convey these august personages to and from Dover.

Prince and Princess Edward of Saxe-Weimar are not to be allowed to leave Portsmouth without the usual testimonial and address. A public meeting was held last Thursday in that town, at which various flattering resolutions were passed, and a committee appointed to collect funds for the purchase of some more substantial token of regard for presentation to the Princess.

St. Patrick's Ball, on the evening of the 17th inst., brought the season at Dublin Castle to a close. This national festivity has many idiosyncrasies which distinguish it from other balls, and suggest that an originating Lord-Lieutenant must at some time have existed. History, however, does not record his name; it is lost in antiquity, probably, for within the memory of the oldest inhabitant no Viceroy has ever wandered from the strict way of established precedent with regard to social arrangements. The usual invitation card is dispensed with for the occasion, all who have been presented at Court during the season being privileged to attend. Court dress is worn, as at the Drawing-rooms, with the exception of trains on the part of the ladies. The ball opens with a country-dance, in which the lively strains of "St. Patrick's Day" are tempered with the more solemn "God Save the Queen." By the way, it is not easy to understand why the turning of the National Anthem into dance music so specially commends itself to loyal Irish taste.

Over twelve hundred guests were assembled when Lord and Lady Spencer, with the Viceregal party and all the members of the Household, entered St. Patrick's Hall in procession shortly after ten o'clock. Lady Spencer, who looked remarkably well, wore a pale green dress, freely ornamented with shamrocks and clusters of diamonds. Lord Spencer had forsaken the Viceregal blue and gold, and was in a military uniform. He led off the country dance with Lady Fingall, followed by Lady Spencer, whose partner was Colonel Dease.

The display of Celtic beauty was worthy of the occasion, and pretty faces and figures were seen to advantage in the bright and picturesque surroundings. Shamrocks were largely worn as trimmings to many charming dresses and in bouquets. Both Mrs. E. Guinness's and the Hon. Amy Lambert's costumes were specially remarkable in this respect. Mrs. Harry Bourke wore white, with a crimson bodice. Lady Donoughmore was in dark green trimmed with sunflowers, with a lovely fan of orange-coloured ostrich feathers.

Although the Castle season is ended, society in Dublin has not been sated with gaiety. The first of a series of assembly balls was held on Wednesday evening, in the Rotunda, Rutland-square, under most fashionable patronage, the Duchess of Leinster, Lady Gough, the Hon. Mrs. Brooke, &c., being amongst the patronesses. Lady Florence Maxwell took a most active part in all the arrangements. The ball-room was prettily decorated, and dancing was kept up till a late hour. Lady Gough wore a dark, handsome costume; Mrs. E. Guinness was in red, Lady Southampton in black. A pretty dress was black, with fringes of buttercups round the bodice and skirts.

That facts are sturdy and trustworthy things is a consoling thought amidst conflict of opinions. Matrimony is undoubtedly the blessing of peaceful not of troubled times. The announcement of the approaching marriage of the Irish Attorney-General is a fact of pleasant augury. Mr. J. Naish is engaged to Miss Dease, niece of Colonel G. Dease, Chamberlain at Dublin Castle. Her sister is the present Lady Gainsborough. The Irish Nationalists should greatly rejoice at such a case of "Castle" conversion to the principles of Home Rule.

Kensington Parish Church was, on Thursday last, a scene of confusion, which created no little sensation. The church had been fitted up without regard to expense for the marriage of a Mrs. MacGregor to a Mr. W. G. Bunting. There was an awning fixed from the porch to the gate, and carpets were laid down from the road to the steps of the altar, whilst the altar itself was decorated with a profusion of hot-house flowers. The ceremony had been fixed for 10.45, by which time the church was well-filled, for besides the large gathering of invited guests, a large crowd of lookers-on was attracted. The curate came in robed at the time appointed, with a number of choristers in their surplices; but although the guests were all assembled, and the bridegroom was present, there was no sign of the bride. Time went on, and people began to whisper that something must have happened. At last some one called out that the bride was coming, when the organ struck up and the choristers went singing down the nave to welcome her. Every eye was directed to the door; but it turned out that it was not the bride after all, but only a woman who had come to be churched.

After this false start, which created no small amusement, the people all went back to their places, and the

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curate, who was an economist of time, proceeded to read the churching service. At 11.25 he went up into the pulpit and announced that there could be no wedding that day, because at 11.30 the Bishop was coming by appointment to perform a special service for communicants. He therefore requested the wedding-party to withdraw from the church as quickly and orderly as they could to make way for the Bishop's congregation. He then retired into the vestry, when the vergers commenced to remove the various decorations from the altar. The bridegroom and his party stood aghast, and the vestry became the scene of angry remonstrance. The guests contended that they had a right to stay until 12 o'clock; but the curate was inexorable, and by his orders the altar was prepared for the communion service.

Whilst this discussion was going on, the bride put in an appearance. She had been waiting for her dress, which was sent expressly for the occasion from Paris. Her arrival, however, made no difference with the curate, who insisted that, as he had once announced from the pulpit that there would be no wedding, there should be none. At last the rector, Mr. Carr Glyn, arrived with the Bishop, and when it was pointed out to them what an annoyance it would be if all the expense incurred was thrown away, they good-naturedly told the curate to perform the service.

The Royal Concert at Bristol, which was got up by Lady Miles, and was attended by the Prince of Wales, has produced a clear profit of £109, which has been divided between the Royal Infirmary and the General Hospital. The receipts amounted to £497, and the expenditure to £388.

The Dowager Duchess of Roxburghe intends to hold a fancy fair in Broxmouth Park, her place in East Lothian, next August, in aid of the fund for the restoration of Durham Church. Articles will be sent to it by the Queen, the Princess of Wales, Princess Christian, Princess Louise, Princess Beatrice, and other members of the Royal Family.

Lord and Lady Dudley leave Dudley House next week for Witley Court, and intend to stay in Worcestershire till the beginning of May.

The Duke and Duchess of Norfolk have returned to Arundel Castle, where they will remain until after Easter.

Sir Henry Allsopp has disposed of his town house, 83, Eaton-square, to Mr. Albemarle Cator, of Woodbastwick Hall, Norfolk, for the sum of £15,000.

The Duchess of Sutherland and Lady Alexandrina Leveson-Gower returned to their villa at Torquay last week, after passing a month in town. They will not come up to Stafford House for the season before the beginning of May.

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Lord Ailsa returned to Cannes last week after a lengthened cruise in the Levant. His party were encamped for a month in Asia Minor, and in that time they killed thirty wild boars and two panthers, as well as a large bag of small game. The yacht visited Beyrout, Alexandria, Corfu, Palermo, and Naples.

The Duke and Duchess of Cleveland, after a two months' stay at the Hôtel des Anglais, Monte Carlo, left on Saturday for Italy to join Lady Mary Primrose.

Lord and Lady Harrowby are staying at Algiers, and propose to remain there for some time.

I am sorry to hear that Lord Macdonald of the Isles is lying dangerously ill with diphtheria at Nice.

I very much regret to hear, too, that Sir Watkin Williams Wynn has experienced a relapse within the last week, and that the condition of his wounded foot is again causing the greatest anxiety. Sir Watkin, who is staying at his house in St. James's-square, will probably go to the seaside as soon as he can safely be moved, as it is thought that change of air may be beneficial to him.

The new Governor of the Bahamas and Mrs. Blake had a splendid reception on their arrival at Nassau. Salutes were fired, flags were displayed in profusion, both ashore and afloat, and there were universal acclamations. The *Nassau Guardian* writes in enthusiastic terms of "the excellent impression" they have made on all classes. Mrs. Blake is eulogised for "her distinguished and graceful bearing," while the Governor "looked every inch a man of thought and decision."

Sir William Gregory, who is staying in Ceylon, has been engaged in several elephant hunts with Sir Arthur Gordon and Lord Ronald Gower, most of which have been very successful.

The following interesting interview with Miss Faithfull recently appeared in a Californian journal:—

What Pleased her Most.—"Which of our institutions that you examined pleased you most?" "Next after the seals?" queried Miss Faithfull, smiling. "I think the Foundling Asylum on Golden Gate-avenue did. I was introduced to it by Dr. and Mrs. Hardy, and saw in the nursery more than a dozen little infants, none over a few days old. They looked like little seals themselves. I think this institution is one that should be warmly supported, for the children are well cared for there, and then adopted by people who can be trusted to watch over them. The asylum has been at work fifteen years, I was told, and more than a thousand children have been received. The poor girls—the unhappy mothers, I mean—never see any one. Everything is done to enable them to make a new start in life." "What is your opinion of the theory that such complete shelter for the erring ones fosters vice?" "Misdirected severity," said Miss Faithfull, promptly. "The world is far too hard upon women. Christians seem to forget the mercy shown by the great Master. Women, in particular, are not ready enough to say to their sisters, 'Neither do I condemn thee; go and sin no more.'" "You are naturally much interested in the kindergartens?" "I am, indeed, and I was very much touched at the kind tribute paid by the board of management of the Jackson-street Kindergarten, in naming one of its schools the Emily Faithfull

The Langham Hotel, Portland Place, W., redecorated throughout combines every modern improvement and luxury. Accommodates more than five hundred guests.

Kindergarten. I hope," she added, laughing, "that it will behave better than the ship that was christened after me at Liverpool. She broke away from her moorings an hour before the christening ceremonial."

Silk Culture.—"You looked into the workings of our silk culture associations, I understand. What do you think of its prospects?" "Bright and promising. I was very much interested in the silk culture, and have been given some beautiful specimens." As she spoke, Miss Faithfull showed some glossy skeins lying in an open box near her on the table. "Mrs. Richmond's printing office is an establishment akin to one of your own. What do you think of it?" "I am very much pleased with the basis it is founded upon, and the work it does." "If you don't say something that can be passed to print about the bigness of the Palace Hotel, the interview will be in vain," said the reporter. "I have been exceedingly comfortable here, and it is an enormous place," said Miss Faithfull, smiling, "and, by the way, we had a splendid view of that big fire the other night." "What plans have you formed about your colonisation scheme?" "I am going to Fresno now, and to the southern part of the State to see if I can send people here. No, I am not empowered to purchase land, but to see what the agricultural characteristics of certain parts of the country are, and then to be able to advise emigrants where to go, and in what to engage. I shall not send single women. What you need here is family colonisation." "Then you will probably address yourself to the farming class?" "Yes, farmers and special cultivators. As for clerks and shopkeepers, from the letters I have received from people of education of both sexes, since I have been in the city, people unable to find employment here, I feel assured that there is no more room in those directions. It is the country that needs developing here; the city is full."

The Condition of Women.—"To approach another of your special subjects, what do you think of the condition of women here?" "There is no doubt," said Miss Faithfull, gravely, "that the rich American woman has, to use her own phrase, 'a real elegant time;' but when you come to working women, I can't think that they are better off here than elsewhere, except for better chances of good marriage, from the fact that here there are more men than women. Not only is it the other way in the older countries, but in your own Eastern States. One of your papers said that my lecture on the woman question was not applicable to the situation here, where women, high and low alike, had cool business heads. That may be, but I have not observed in America, any more than in England, a provident spirit in rich parents in the matter of cultivating in their daughters some one bread-winning talent, to be useful in case of unforeseen poverty. The same criticism objected to what it called the mistake I made to suppose that American widows, wives, and daughters, suffered from popular indifference to, or thoughtlessness of, women's position in relation to work. I could answer that criticism most effectually by publishing, if I felt at liberty to do so without betraying confidence, the letters I have received since my arrival from people of this city upon that subject; letters asking for money, advice, and assistance—all dwelling bitterly upon the fact that 'without good clothes you are nowhere.' I may tell you this about New York life, however. When I first came to America, about ten years ago, I was very handsomely entertained by a General in the army. His death left his widow in great distress; and, during my recent visit to New York, I found her engaged in trying to obtain work in a store or anywhere else—everywhere she was unsuccessful, the rush for places was so great." "Miss Faithfull, how did you come to enter upon your public career?" asked the reporter, at departure. "By laughing at 'the shrieking sisterhood,' at the eccentric, uncouth social movements in which some women participated. Some sentiment of justice made me look closer than the fantastic outside. I was ridiculing, and I saw the truth there is in it."

Lord Scarsdale is going to establish a large butter-factory at Kedleston, after the pattern of the one which was started by the late Lord Vernon at Sudbury, in the same county. It ought to be a success, as Kedleston is the centre of an extensive and productive dairy country.

The Corporation of Ayr have purchased the estate of Seafield, near their town, for £15,000. It includes a very good house, with extensive grounds, which extend to the sea-shore.

The Barry Dock scheme at Cardiff, about which there has been so much talk of late, has been postponed for two months, in order to enable the deputation to proceed to Athens, to lay a full statement of the case before Lord Bute.

Roper Frères' 1st Quality extra dry Champagne. Roper Frères' 1st Quality medium dry. Of all Wine Merchants.

I believe the Lansdowne estates are regarded as something like a model property in Ireland. This being so, it is instructive to notice that the rental of Lord Lansdowne's Limerick estates was last week reduced by the Commissioners by a trifle of 25 per cent.—from £2,400 to £1,800.

At the present time farms to the extent of over 7,000 acres are unoccupied in Essex. There were 8,000 acres unoccupied in Hampshire two years ago, but now there are only 1,600. There are 5,000 in Warwickshire, and 3,000 in Northamptonshire; but in the latter county there were 7,600 unoccupied acres in 1882. Wiltshire during the last two years has sunk from 7,200 to 1,370, and Notts from 6,800 to 1,400.

The Duke of Bedford is reported to be a heavy loser by the bankruptcy of Messrs. Parker.

It is reported in Wiltshire that Mr. Alfred Morrison intends shortly to give up his large home-farm at Fonthill, and that his famous flock of Hampshire Downs is to be sold. Mr. Morrison has been a most successful breeder of sheep, and has obtained innumerable prizes both at home and abroad.

Mr. Judge, of Leinthall, has sold three Hereford cows to an American breeder for £682, which is the highest price ever yet paid for such stock.

Lord Lorne is going to make an attempt to introduce the white fish of the Canadian lakes into several rivers and lochs in the west of Scotland. Half a million eggs of these fish reached Inverary from Canada last week.

The following letter, which has been sent to all the fishermen at Maidenhead, shows that Mr. Story-Maskelyne's Select Committee has its work cut out for it:—

Sir,—Mrs. Graham Smith is the owner of three villas on the Berkshire side of the river Thames at Maidenhead, and the grounds thereto attached, one of which is on the south side of the Great Western Railway, and has a small island nearly in the middle of the river in the front of it, which she purchased a short time since of Mrs. Normansell's representatives; and the two other villas are between the Great Western Railway and Maidenhead Bridge, and were formerly occupied by Mr. Ouvry and Mr. Collier. She also owns the islands in front of all these villas, and she occupies the villas and premises and the islands.

She has the right of fishery over the whole of the River Thames opposite these various properties. She is very unwilling to be discourteous, but it is necessary that she should preserve the right of fishing in that part of the river which lies between the islands and the Berkshire shore, and also that part which runs up into the largest island in a sort of bay or inlet, and she must use all means in her power to prevent persons from fishing in the water indicated; but while reserving to herself the full power of withdrawing any permission she may give, she will, as a rule, be disposed to permit fishing in the river on the Buckinghamshire side between the various eyots or islands and the Buckinghamshire banks.

She hopes that you, as one of the fishermen who take people on the river Thames, will see that her wishes, which I have stated in this notice, will be respected.

You are aware that if any person fishes in private waters (such as this has been declared to be) without permission he can be summoned before a bench of magistrates and fined.—Yours obediently, Robt. A. Ward.

Maidenhead, *Feb.* 21, 1884.

What rules the price of salmon to the London consumer? So far as it has been given to me to understand the facts and figures of the salmon fishery, the supply of the present season is more than three times what it was in the

season of 1882; but the price this year is quite as high as it was then. How is this?

Sport has not been abundant lately in the Tay district, the rivers having been frequently in flood. There has not been much doing on the Loch, the season on which will be over in another month. The Tweed also has been out of order and full of snow "bree." The Dee has been yielding well, especially the Glentanar water. The tenant of Colonel Farquharson's fine stretch near Braemar has obtained abundance of sport; and the Balmoral water (just below) has been successfully fished almost every day it has been tried, most of the salmon being despatched to the south for the use of the Queen.

A firm of photographers are about to issue a picture entitled "England's Yachtsmen," in which, from all accounts, yachting-men will be as conspicuous by their absence as those without claim to that distinction are by their presence. Surely no more correct definition of a snob has as yet been arrived at than that of a man about town, who, happening to belong to a metropolitan yacht club, presumes on his membership to consider himself one of England's yachtsmen.

One of Lord Alfred Paget's hired yachts, to wit, the *Santa Cecilia*, has made the amazing run of 2,030 knots in eight days and nine hours in the West Indies.

Mr. Kettlewell's steam yacht *Marchesa*, which has been cruising in foreign waters for two years, is expected to arrive at Southampton shortly. It is said that Mr. Kettlewell contemplates building a yacht of 1,000 tons for foreign cruising.

The following should interest University oarsmen:—

Dear Truth,—Having rowed all the time I was at the University, I naturally take an interest in following the progress of the crews in their training. But Printing House-square seems to be going in for practical jokes. What on earth am I to think of the following, in to-day's paper, about the Oxford crew?—

"Their chief faults are want of uniformity, as the stroke is not begun nor ended simultaneously by all the oarsmen. Besides this, there is a good deal of feathering under water, and the oars are carried back so slow that many of them hit the water as they are brought forward."

Is "carried back" the same as "pulled through?" If not, and it is the recovery that is "so slow," how can they hit the water when "brought forward?" When I rowed, I believe my oar was in the water on those occasions. But perhaps it is a new style of rowing, to match the English.—I am, dear sir, yours truly,

March 24, 1884. Stumped.

The "Pau and Oloron" coach has been taken off the road for this season. It, however, was so popular—all the places being booked weeks in advance—that it is intended to put it on the road again next season.

Lord Waterford has been down in Northumberland to inspect the Glendale country, but the sanguine expectations of the members of the Hunt have been disappointed, as he has decided not to accept the Mastership, and they are now looking out for a local successor to Mr. Grey.

The members of the Quorn Hunt are still looking out for a Master, and the Old Berks, the H. H., the Essex and Suffolk, and the Surrey Union are in the same predicament. I hear that Sir Thomas Boughey has consented to keep on the Albrighton for one more season—greatly to the satisfaction of the Hunt. The fact that the hounds have been secured for the Quorn country ought to facilitate the business of obtaining a satisfactory successor to Mr. Coupland. It is proposed to build new kennels in the vicinity of Melton before next season, and to give up the old ones at Quorndon.

In spite of the efforts of a few enthusiasts who would play the game all the year round, the football season of 1883-4 is well-nigh at its last gasp. It has been, perhaps, on the whole, a fairly successful one. Certainly in the important respect of weather, players have been most fortunate, and this has brought about another element of success—namely, increased attendance of the public at matches. Indeed, the crowds that have frequently assembled in the provinces to witness the different cup ties have been simply phenomenal. Many people, however, do not regard this as an unmixed benefit, the hankering after gate-money being often more noticeable in club committees than the desire to promote the interests of sport. The evil effects of the Association Challenge Cup competition, and of the hosts of similar institutions that have cropped up, have never been so unpleasantly obvious as during the past season; and before the ball is set rolling again it is to be hoped that great changes will have occurred, as a strong attempt ought to be made to grapple with the professionalism and unblushing bribery now rampant in many quarters. Three of the largest of the provincial clubs have been turned out of the association for various malpractices which it was impossible even for that lax and lenient body to overlook, but the numerous open protests and the continuous grumbling of the past six months show that far more remains to be done if the prosperity of the dribbling game is to be maintained.

As to the Rugby game, the season has been both successful and pleasant; it is a pity, therefore, that an unseemly dispute between two of the leading clubs should have occurred to mar it just at the end, the more so since the cause of the quarrel is the alleged rough play of an institution that has won its way to the front rank by the genuine skill of its representatives.

One of the most ridiculous and disgusting exhibitions to which the epithet of "sporting" has ever been applied has just been concluded at Bingley Hall, Birmingham. What attraction a Female Six Days' Walking Competition can possibly have for the public is a matter of mystery; still, about ten thousand people assembled to witness the finish of the race. It is to be hoped that the poorness of the performance will tend to discourage further efforts in the same direction.

I really see no particular reason why a testimonial of £1,000 should be raised for the benefit of Weston. To my mind he did no sort of good to the community by walking about England. The notion that, because he consumed whilst walking no spirituous drink, he proved that a man can do more work on water than on beer, is utter nonsense and clap-trap. Indeed, he himself appears to have only given up spirituous liquors a few years ago, and to have performed remarkable walking feats before then.

The following extract from a letter which I have received will doubtless prove interesting to violinists:—

I happened to look in at my old friend Mr. Hill's, the violin-maker and doctor, in Wardour-street, a few days back. "Come upstairs," said he; "I will show you something." I went, and in a snug case, lined with delicate purple plush and satin, he opened to my eyes such a "Strad." as I have not looked upon since I inspected Mr. Adams' splendid collection at Blackheath, now, alas! sold and scattered. This genuine £600 worth—and worth it all—is finished in the master's purest style. The wood of the belly very closely grained deal, the back fine, the ribs excellent in tone—almost finer where the varnish is nearly worn than where it still clings lovingly, as loth to leave the wood to which it is so closely wed. I took up the gem. "It is warm," I said. "Warm," says my friend, "from the hand of Norman-Néruda. She has only just left, and is enchanted with it." I don't wonder. The tone throughout is of the loveliest clear, ringing quality, and sympathetic to a degree. It leaps to meet the fingers, and seems to linger about the strings after the bow has left them. This fiddle has all the "Strad." quality of warming up to its work, like a horse of fine mettle. If I had £500 to spare, I would pay it down and owe the rest. A good deal has been said about the selfishness of collectors, who lay up, but often use not, these rare specimens—but where would these masterpieces be were it not for the collector?—always in the market, always being played on and worn out. No doubt a violin will last two, three, or four hundred years; but, after all, 'tis wood, and when strung, wood under the strain of several hundredweight. There are limits to its endurance, and the collector often steps in and gives it rest for ten or twenty years. How long this "Strad." has rested, I know not. May it fall into loving and tender hands, and be touched with reverence as well as rapture!

The members of the Savage Club do not appear to have managed their Albert Hall entertainment very cleverly, for, although the receipts were £2,587, the expenses were so heavy that the balance now in hand for the Royal College of Music is only £820, which is not enough by £180 to establish an exhibition in that institution.

In the *Winning Post* of last week there is a list of the persons who were sent invitations to go with flowers in their button-holes to the Haymarket Theatre, in order to meet a lady who was to appear in the stalls. A list of those weak-minded persons who accepted the invitation would be curious. The *Winning Post* hints that the authors of the joke occupied the Royal box on the evening in question.

It is now quite settled that Irving will play another season in America after his next appearance in London. He will commence his transatlantic tour in Canada, and work his way down to New York in time to appear there the week following the Presidential Election. He has written a book with Mr. Joseph Hatton, containing their American impressions, which will probably be published next May, by Messrs. Osgoods, in America, and Messrs. Sampson Low, in London. Mr. Hatton sails for England in the *Arizona*, on May 3, and Mr. Irving returns on May 30.

Mr. Bram Stoker, the energetic aide-de-camp to Mr. Irving, and Mr. William Terriss have put their heads together, and engaged for a series of performances in England the whole of an American comedy company. It is the company engaged at Mr. Daly's theatre, and is said to be the best and most representative one that can be found in New York. They will bring over their own plays and their own ideas of art, and will open at Toole's Theatre when Mr. Toole departs for his summer tour in the provinces.

It is not at all improbable that the capital acquired by Mr. Irving during his two American campaigns will be partly devoted to building, in London, a new theatre of his own, on models and plans designed by himself. This has for a very long time been a favourite project with this popular actor. I am not surprised at it. The ambition of an actor is never satisfied until he has shown his intellectuality in Hamlet, his passion in Romeo, and his—well, I will not say what—in building a theatre.

Mr. Terriss has been engaged to support Miss Mary Anderson when she returns to the Lyceum in the autumn. But, unfortunately for him, Mr. Forbes Robertson had been previously engaged for Romeo to the American Juliet. So Mr. Terriss will play Mercutio and Romeo alternately with Mr. Forbes Robertson; and according to orders from Mr. Abbey, he is to study Macbeth at once. Miss Anderson's Lady Macbeth would be an interesting experiment. Meanwhile, what has become of poor Mr. Barnes, the Macbeth of other days? In the battle of competition for the dramatic hand of Mary Anderson in the future, "handsome Jack," as he is called by his comrades, appears to have come off third best.

The Church and Stage Guild should send a special mission to Portsea to endeavour to spread more sensible views about actresses than at present appear to prevail there. This is how the Rev. H. L. Young, vicar of St. John's, expresses himself about a recitation given by Mrs. Billington in aid of a Young Men's Christian Association:—

When people had to engage an actress—as he believed Mrs. Billington to be—to give humorous recitations under the auspices of a Christian Association, he believed it was time to expunge the word "Christian" from the title of such association. A Christian Association had no right to provide so worldly an entertainment as that for the young, whose consistent course after that would be to frequent the Theatre Royal.

At Berlin the authorities have absolutely prohibited the sale or circulation of "La Société de Berlin," either in French or in German; and anybody found in possession of the book is threatened with severe punishment.

Very few of the personages mentioned by "Comte Paul de Vassili" are praised, but among this select band it is satisfactory to find Lord and Lady Ampthill. Of the Ambassador, he says:—

He is a man of immense wit, remarkable *finesse*, exquisite tact. . . His intimacy with Cardinal Antonelli enabled him to acquire that Italian suppleness which is rarely to be found in an Englishman. . . Lord Ampthill is a great admirer of Prince Bismarck. Is he sincere or not in his enthusiasm? It is impossible to say, for, without being a sphinx, this Ambassador is inscrutable.

Lady Ampthill is described in even more glowing terms:—

She is created to shine, to entertain, to preside over a great establishment, and we cannot fancy her the wife of a simple gentlemen. . . . Her *fêtes* and her dinners are always admirably managed, and if she aspires to be a queen, it is only fair to say that she joyfully accept the duties of royalty towards her subjects.

Minton's China.—Thomas Goode & Co., Artists and Designers in Porcelain, South Audley-street Grosvenor-square.

Mr. T. Paynter Allen's little book is a useful contribution to the Deceased Wife's Sister question. It contains the opinions of seventy of the foremost Greek and Hebrew scholars of the Universities of Europe and America on the Biblical aspect of the question. Of the whole seventy, only one opinion is unequivocally adverse to the proposed change in the law. I should not decide the question for myself on Biblical arguments, one way or the other, but a perusal of this collection of opinions ought to convert a good many worthy people who have hitherto found conscientious grounds for regarding marriage with a sister-in-law as anathema.

The committee which has been busying itself with a memorial to Pepys in the City ought to turn its attention Westward. I have been much amused to see in the window of a well-known bookseller in Piccadilly a handsome book in many volumes, with the label "Pepy's Diary" attached.

Mr. Felix Joseph has just sent on loan to the South London Free Library and Fine Art Gallery (the only museum open on Sundays) a selection of vases, plaques, medallions, and smelling-bottles, from his well-known collection of old Wedgewood ware, thus giving our transpontine art amateurs the opportunity of inspecting this beautifully artistic and national ware, which the South Kensington Museum so contemptuously and unwisely declined to exhibit.

By the way, it would be an interesting inquiry how many of the noble and reverend Lords who protested against the opening of Museums on the ground that the result would be to deprive the officials of their holiday have ever travelled by railway on Sunday. Somehow or another the Railway Companies manage to run trains and yet give their people more or less of a holiday every Sunday, and a complete holiday once or twice a month, and if a Railway Company manager can manage this, why not a public Museum authority?

The cost of fitting up the new Museum of Classical Archæology at Cambridge was estimated at £1,500, but it has cost altogether just £2,450; so Professor Sidney Colvin is appealing to members of the University for funds to meet this deficit, and also to provide a suitable library for the institution. The Duke of Devonshire, with his usual liberality, has subscribed £250, and Lord Powis has given £50.

There was a large crowd at the Royal Institution on Friday evening to hear Mr. Matthew Arnold, and the audience, to tell the truth, was a good deal more interesting than the lecture. For one thing, the interest of it had already been discounted by the full reports sent from America; and for another, it was rather a disappointment to find that the famous elocution lessons had not done much for lucidity of voice, and that whenever Mr. Arnold wished to be particularly impressive, he was perfectly inaudible.

Antique and Decorative French, Italian, and English Furniture, and Old Tapestries, &c.—J. J. Duveen, 181, Oxford-street.

I shall not be greatly surprised if the forthcoming celebration of the Tercentenary of Edinburgh University is marked by some rather unpleasant scenes. The University authorities, with remarkable selfishness and want of tact, have determined to exclude the students as much as possible from all share in the demonstration. To such an extent has this unwise principle been carried that no students are to receive their M.A. degree on the important occasion. The reason alleged is want of time, as 79 LL.D.'s and eight D.D.'s are to be created, about each of whom a separate speech must be made. I should certainly advise the professors to cut the speeches short and allow the students to take their degrees.

A large number of undergraduates are staying at Oxford for the vacation, some for reading, others for athletics. Several colleges—notably Christ Church, Keble, and Wadham—have kept eights up during the week. This plan strikes me, however, as being most undesirable, for it entails expense and often inconvenience. The eights are all very well in their season, but why turn pastime into slavery? And why should a man, if he wishes to row in the eights, be often compelled, at a tyrannical captain's behest, to sacrifice part of his vacation, and spend an extra sum of money in staying up?

The Ireland Scholarship, which is one of the most valuable prizes open to undergraduates at Oxford, has again fallen this year to Baliol. The new Scholar, Mr. F. W. Pember, is an old Harrow boy, and a son of the well-known Parliamentary Q.C.

Several colleges at Oxford have been very hard hit by the agricultural depression. Wadham's revenues are diminished by about fifty per cent. Things are so bad with St. John's that the President has refused to accept his stipend for three years past; and Lincoln is also suffering severely.

The Bishop of Exeter has now delivered two of his Bampton Lectures at Oxford, and they have attracted very crowded congregations—by far the largest that have attended "the Bampton" since the Bishop of Derry's famous sermons in 1876. Dr. Temple has chosen for his subject the relations of science to faith. It is well that the University has at last obtained an ecclesiastic "of light and leading" as Bampton Lecturer, for of late the preachers selected have not been remarkable for either eloquence, scholarship, or originality, and the thing was falling into contempt.

It is hoped that it will be possible to use the great organ in Westminster Abbey on Easter Day. It has been so entirely altered that it is to all intents and purposes a new instrument, and there is not now a finer organ in the country. It is nearly fourteen months since it was taken down from the screen.

The Belgrave Laundry, 194 & 196, Ebury-street, Belgravia. A laundry for high-class families.

Canon Liddon will be in residence at St. Paul's during next month, and will preach on Sunday afternoons. The Dean will preach one of his rare sermons at the morning service on Easter Day.

The clergy and laity of the diocese of Peterborough intend to present a portrait of their admirable Bishop to Mrs. Magee. It is to be hung in the gallery of the Episcopal Palace, and will ultimately become the property of the see.

A strenuous effort is to be made at Bristol to raise £4,000 towards the endowment fund of the proposed Bishopric before Easter. Mr. Gladstone has intimated that he will introduce the necessary Bill directly after the recess, provided that £20,000 has been subscribed. At present the fund amounts to £16,200. Even granting that it is desirable that there should be a Bishop of Bristol, I fail to understand the necessity for passing a Bill, or for troubling Parliament with the matter until the whole endowment is in hand; and if the Southwell and Truro precedents are to be followed, at least £60,000 will be required, putting aside Bishop Ellicott's offer of £500 a year from the revenues of his see. It is the universal opinion in Bristol that the Bishop's offer is a very shabby one, and that under the circumstances he ought to be prepared to sacrifice £1,000 a year.

The Bishop of Rochester made an appeal four years ago for £50,000 wherewith to build more churches in the London part of his diocese. Over £42,000 has already been subscribed, and I see that the Archbishop of York remarked at a meeting the other day that whereas in all probability "nothing would come of" the Royal Commission on the dwellings of the poor, this "Ten Churches Fund had a great and practical object." These new buildings are, it appears, to "cement together our great social system" and to "make the Church of God shine as the light of the world." It is almost a pity that his grace did not go a little more into details; for considering that on the admission of clergymen of all denominations, three-fourths of the working classes have never set foot in any of the existing churches or chapels at all, it is rather hard to see what good these new churches will be to the poor. The truth is, as most practical philanthropists are beginning to see, that it is absurd to talk of "spiritualising" people as long as they live under conditions which make morality impossible; and in what way the building of a church is calculated to improve the sanitary condition of a slum I must confess my entire inability to understand.

A splendid monument of Sicilian marble has just been completed at Edinburgh for the grave of Sir John McNeill in the cemetery at Cannes. It is in the old Scottish style, and the decorations, which are very artistic and elaborate, have principally been taken from the famous cross and sculptured stones at Oronsay Priory.

Lord Fitzhardinge and Lady Caroline Manse are about to erect a large brass in Berkeley Church to the memory of Thomas Moreton, Earl of Berkeley, who died in 1882. Lord Berkeley certainly deserves a monument, for out of deference to the susceptibilities of his relatives he never assumed his titles, and lived in complete retirement throughout his long life.

A considerable sensation has been excited in the south-western counties of Scotland by the announcement that Mr. David Hunter-Blair, who owns large estates in Ayrshire and Wigtonshire, is about to join the Benedictine Monastery at Fort Augustus. In accordance with the Benedictine vow of poverty, Mr. Hunter-Blair's property (which is worth over £6,000 a year) will be formally conveyed to the community to which he proposes to attach himself.

Officialdom in India is fatherly, not to say grandmotherly. I gather from the latest issue of general orders that the Government of India, having recommended that "the flannel and worsted stockings to which women are entitled for use on the voyage to England should be issued to them before they leave their regiment, instead of on board ship," the concession is sanctioned by his Excellency the Commander-in-Chief, "on the understanding that the cost of conveying the articles to the regiment is borne by the regiment, and that in the event of casualties, the surplus stockings and flannel, or garments made up from the latter, are returned into clothing-store at Bombay, or paid for regimentally."

There has been a great deal said lately on the subject of compulsory retirement of officers on reaching a certain age; but I have seen little or nothing about the same subject as regards non-commissioned officers. It is difficult to understand why a similar system should not be introduced affecting the non-commissioned ranks. At present a non-commissioned officer can, on completing twenty-one years towards pension, prolong his service for an indefinite period, and by doing so, bar promotion, as far as the ranks junior to him are concerned, until he thinks fit to take his discharge.

Take, for example, the following case:—A battery sergeant-major has completed twenty-one years' service, and is entitled to the full pension of his rank. His senior sergeant, who is in his eighteenth year of service, is naturally looking forward for the step, but is sadly disappointed by hearing that the sergeant-major has decided to prolong his service for, perhaps, three years. At the end of these three years the sergeant-major takes his discharge, and the sergeant gets promoted. Had the serjeant-major taken his discharge on completing twenty-one years' service, his successor would have been entitled, on his completing twenty one years, to a higher rate of pension than he actually receives. It would not be a misdirection of his energies were Lord Hartington to turn his attention to this matter.

For Breakfast, Epps's Cocoa is grateful and comforting. Boiling water or milk only. James Epps & Co., Homœopathic Chemists.

"Royal Charter" Champagne.—Wachter & Co., shippers to H.M. the Queen and H.R.H. the Prince of Wales by special appointment

Edmund's military knowledge appears to begin with the Zulu campaign. He seems to know nothing either of the events or the soldiers of an earlier date. He carps at the appointment of General Elliot as successor to General Fraser, at the Curragh, having heard that "he is by no means one of our younger Generals." Why are all "our younger Generals" to grab everything? As a matter of fact, General Elliot is, I believe, but little over fifty, and he certainly deserves a good berth, for he has seen plenty of service, and is a most distinguished officer. He was the hero of one of the most brilliant charges in the Crimea, and ought to have been made a V.C.

Two despatch-boats have been ordered by the Admiralty to be built at Jarrow-on-Tyne. They are to replace the *Lively* and the *Salamis*, which has recently been condemned.

The Admiralty have published a set of stringent regulations with regard to smoking. Some of the orders seem a trifle grandmotherly. Smoking is only permitted during certain hours and in certain places. Only flag officers and captains are allowed to smoke in their cabins. Officers in uniform are forbidden to smoke in the streets when wearing their uniform; and the use of the fragrant weed is altogether denied to officers or boys under eighteen, whether ashore or afloat.

So long as acts of high-handed injustice are perpetrated by the Admiralty authorities, it is surely too much to expect common sense or equity from their subordinates. Take the following case:—A ship's corporal, named George Wright, of the *Swiftsure*, one of the Pacific Squadron, has just been sentenced by the Admiralty to be disrated to the status of ordinary seaman and deprived of two good-conduct badges. His offence was alleged to be that he allowed a party of men who were in his charge to get drunk and miss a train just before leaving England. He had no opportunity of defending himself, and was not even accorded the barren satisfaction of being tried by court-martial. Moreover, a lieutenant of the *Swiftsure* says that he was in no way to blame, as a gunner of the *Royal Adelaide*, and not Wright, was in charge of the party. It is to be hoped that the Admiral's endeavour to have the matter reconsidered will prove successful.

As to courts-martial, I have repeatedly during the last three years called attention to the outrageous and very mischievous severity of their sentences. I am, therefore, glad to see that the Duke of Cambridge and Lord Hartington have issued an official circular, in which it is pointed out in very plain terms that the conditions of military service have greatly changed of late, and that it is desirable to reduce as much as possible the scale of punishments, except in cases of an aggravated character. The circular is well-timed, and it is to be hoped that it will speedily be followed by one from the Admiralty, in which it will be laid down clearly that, in the admirable words of the War Office circular, the maxim to regulate courts-martial is "that the proper amount of punishment to be awarded is the least by which discipline can be effectually maintained."

Beauté. Vérité. Éternité.—Miniatures photographiques inaltérables sur émail vitrifiées au feu (patent). Walery, 5, Conduit-st., W.

I am rather sorry that Mrs. Weldon has not gained more by her action with Dr. Forbes Winslow, for I regard the latter gentleman as an exceedingly dangerous individual, inasmuch as he seems possessed with the idea that every person with whom he comes in contact is more or less of a lunatic, and that he alone is sane. Mrs. Weldon, however, may console herself by the reflection that she has done good service in once more calling attention to the outrageous condition of our Lunacy Laws, which seem to have been framed with the express purpose of incarcerating as many sane people in lunatic asylums as possible, and of increasing the practice of Dr. Forbes Winslow and his brother specialists. Not only can any one be shut up on the certificate of any two doctors, who may be knaves, fools, or monomaniacs, but the arrangements for visiting asylums are so scandalously inadequate that six professional commissioners are expected to look after and report on the mental condition of 75,000 supposed lunatics! Under these circumstances, the only surprising thing is that any person who happens to have quarrelled with his or her relations, and is endowed with wealth, or any other qualification which may render his or her seclusion desirable in the interests of others, is still permitted to remain at large.

All people do not clothe ragged children, or keep pet rabbits, or believe either in Spiritualism or in the transmigration of souls. But it by no means follows that those who do are so dangerous to the community that they ought to be confined as lunatics.

Sir William Harcourt says that he is anxious to change the law, but that were he to introduce a Bill on the subject it would be blocked. Why does he not make the experiment? The matter is of importance to every one, and I doubt whether any one would block such a Bill. It might be referred to the Grand Committee on Law.

Several people have written to me to ask whether it is possible that the "case" in regard to Miss Warden and a detective, which I recounted a fortnight ago, could be true. The following letter from one of the persons concerned is proof that it was actual fact. Mr. Attwood says that he is not disposed to allow such unwarrantable and uncalled-for assertions to pass unnoticed. I beg to inform him that I regard his conduct as not only questionable, but scandalous, and my only regret is that the law cannot take hold of him and punish him. Miss Warden is a quiet, modest girl,

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who earns her livelihood on the stage; and because a "gentleman" in India chose to give this Attwood three guineas to inquire about a Mrs. Charlotte Auger, this was no reason why he should have given one guinea to a "Colonel Williams" to pry into Miss Warden's private affairs. *Qui facit per alium facit per se*, and Attwood is responsible for the acts of his "Colonel."

"A Detective Scandal."

6, Catherine-street, Strand, W.C., London, *March* 20, 1884.

Sir,—In your article on the above matter, as you have styled me "a somewhat questionable member of society," and "one deserving punishment," you can easily imagine that, "having an address," and being at all times "forthcoming," I do not feel disposed to allow such unwarrantable and uncalled-for assertions to pass unnoticed.

The case was entrusted to me as "strictly confidential," and would have remained so; but as Miss Warden has thought proper, through her solicitors, to make the matter public to the last degree, I think I am fully entitled to defend myself.

I was instructed by a gentleman in India (whose name I can produce confidentially) to make *private* inquiries for a fee of three guineas, as follows:—"If the undersigned was respectable, and was she the person she represented herself to be:—

"Name, Mrs. Charlotte Auger (widow); profession, actress; age 28; slim; about 5 ft. 4 in. in height; dark; short cut and frizzly hair; well educated. She acted a part at the Haymarket Theatre (last May, June, &c.), taking the part of Olga, under the name of Miss Julia Warden. She may now be performing under her maiden name, Bellew. She states that she is a sister of a Mr. Bellew, an actor of some renown on the London boards," &c.

On receipt of the foregoing, I placed the matter in the hands of a man calling himself Colonel Williams, who had some time previously applied to me for work, and had done one or two small cases pretty satisfactorily.

For the information he furnished, which was incomplete, I paid him about a guinea.

How he did the work I did not know, for when I wrote to him asking particulars, as promised, he replied as follows:—"The information I got about Miss Warden was given to me in confidence, and therefore it would be a breach of faith if I were to tell you."

Having ascertained the man Williams was never Colonel of the 1st Dragoon Guards, as he had represented; and further, being generally dissatisfied with him, business between us ceased.

When Miss Warden's solicitors called upon me on the matter, I offered to show them (confidentially) the correspondence, in order that they might see how trivial the case had been, and that I knew absolutely nothing of the gross fabrications or fictions made by Williams; but they did not avail themselves of the offer.

I therefore think, sir, that before you seek to vilify me you should have heard the other side of the case.—I am, sir, obediently yours,

H. G. Attwood.

Why was Mr. Petheram made Chief Justice at Allahabad? The appointment carries with it a high salary and a very large retiring pension. Mr. Petheram is an able lawyer, but a rank Tory. Are we to understand that no Liberal sufficiently learned in law could be found to accept this post?

A County Magistrate writes:—

A Staffordshire correspondent of Truth complains that the Lord-Lieutenant of that county declines to place Liberals on the Commission, and nominates the sons of Tory squires and parsons. This last statement must be an exaggeration, as very few "sons" of either squires or parsons are qualified for the Commission. The writer does not seem to be aware that practically any person who is really qualified for the Commission can have his name placed upon it by appealing to the Lord Chancellor; and any Staffordshire Liberals who may have been rejected by Lord Lichfield may be sure of finding acceptance with Lord Selborne, provided, of course, that their claims are well founded; and no Lord-Lieutenant would dare to disregard the "recommendations" of a Chancellor. In 1839, that inveterate Tory and bigot, the Duke of Newcastle, was summarily dismissed by Lord Melbourne from the Lieutenancy of Notts for refusing to make additions to the Commission of the Peace, which had been "recommended" by the Lord Chancellor, because the individuals indicated were not Tories, and did not belong to the Church of England. Here is a cogent precedent for any Liberal who is aggrieved by a Tory or Whig Lord-Lieutenant.

I hope that jurymen will, in the future, take notice of what passed in the Divisional Court last week on the attempt to upset General Brereton's verdict against the Great Eastern Railway Company. General Brereton's injury was the breaking of one or both his legs. Before the accident he was in receipt of a pension of £600 a year, and, of course, he continued to receive it afterwards, so that there was no question of compensation for loss of income. The jury gave him £6,500. Counsel for the Company argued that this was too much for a broken leg—even a General's—and that if the verdict was to stand, every passenger, third class or first, ought in future to receive his £6,500 for a broken limb. This argument is perfectly unanswerable; and I am, therefore, glad, for the sake of third-class passengers, to see that the Court declined to interfere with the verdict.

Last week judgment was given by the Scotch Court of Session in an important case, in which the Duke of Hamilton was "defender." The trustees of Mr. John Dunlop desired to have the Duke interdicted from working or leasing the minerals beneath the estate of Smiddycroft, which, in 1794, was transferred to the then Duke in exchange for other lands, the minerals, however, being reserved. The decision was against the Duke of Hamilton, and the value of the coals already worked out of the property is to be refunded to the pursuers.

Every one must rejoice that Mr. Gantlett obtained £1,000 damages from the Grosvenor Bank and Discount Company last week. As I make the case out, Mr. Gantlett borrowed £200 from the Company in February last year on a bill of sale for £226, the money to be repaid in weekly instalments. In April, although Mr. Gantlett had money on deposit at the bank, the Company had goods seized worth £535, and sold them for £172. The manager of the Company is, it would appear, an ex-policeman, the deputy-manager an ex-greengrocer, and the vice-chairman an auctioneer and furniture-dealer. The opinion both of the judge and of the jury seems to have been that there had been gross roguery, and, under these circumstances, it is to be regretted that the ex-policeman, the ex-greengrocer, and the auctioneer are not prosecuted for conspiracy. It would be desirable to learn who were the real persons who became possessors of the goods. I should like to see bills of sale abolished. A man who gives one is in reality already ruined, for his credit is gone, and the lender almost invariably is a shark.

At the Marylebone Police Court, Richard Cotterill, Reginald Roome, and Thomas Sedden, army students, were charged with beating two cats to death. Thomas Watkins, a military tutor, of 90, Kensington-park-road, deposed that they were pupils of his, and were well-conducted young men. This was the only defence, and they

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Riding Habits.—Specialty of John Redfern & Sons. Ladies' Tailors by Appointment to H.R.H. the Princess of Wales, 26, Conduit-street, London, W. Also at Cowes and Paris.

were each fined £3. Most persons would think that they got off more cheaply than the cats. Not so these young "gentlemen." One of them at once indited a letter to the *Bayswater Chronicle* "in the interests of justice." In this he points out that "only one cat was struck at," that "only two of us struck at the cat," and that "although on bail, we were locked up with the common prisoners until our case came on (one hour and a-half)." It may possibly surprise this youth to learn that it would have been more in accordance with the interests of justice had he and his friends been locked up, by a sentence of the magistrate, for several weeks with common prisoners.

The *Bayswater Chronicle*, however, contains a statement anent this case which is hardly credible: we are told that in Bayswater there is a Boys' Cat League, "established for torturing cats. An oath is administered by the captains of implicit obedience, with fines, rewards, &c. They steal their poor victims generally on Sundays, Bank Holidays, and evenings after dark, for this savage, cowardly pastime, and carry them into private pleasure-grounds, quiet streets, and empty houses, there to torture them."

Henrietta Spiegle was charged before the Borough Police-court at Jarrow with stealing goods from a variety of shops. The defence was that she "had behaved well towards her husband." The Bench said that, "owing to the manner in which the advocate for the defence had laid the matter before them, they would deal leniently with the prisoner," and Henrietta was fined 10s. in each case. I never yet heard that the excellence of a woman as a wife should be regarded as a justification for pilfering. This, however, seems to be the view taken in Jarrow. It is clearly a doctrine more consoling to husbands than to tradesmen.

Why is it considered so venial an offence to belabour one's wife? At Warrington Police-court, last week, Mr. Chorley, "a tradesman of good position in the town," was charged with assaulting his wife. He had come home mad drunk on Sunday morning, and tried to turn her out of the house. She locked herself in her room, but he smashed the door open, swore he would have her life, threw her down, knelt on her chest, and throttled her till she became insensible. Three months before he had given her two black eyes and driven several hair-pins into her head. The sympathising magistrates said "it was a painful case, and they thought that Mr. Chorley, with whom they were both well acquainted, one of the last men to be brought up on such a charge." The defendant was fined £10, and a separation order granted to his wife, under which he was to allow her the magnificent sum of fifteen shillings a week. But it seems to me that Chorley ought either to have been sent to gaol for a few months' hard labour or else incarcerated in a lunatic asylum. The facts that he occupied a good position and was an educated man aggravate the offence enormously, and if magistrates will not make an example in a case like this, I cannot see where they are likely to begin.

John Colwill, "a stalwart young boatman," was a little less fortunate than Mr. Chorley, but he also may fairly congratulate himself on having got off cheaply. He kicked his wife all over the body because she asked him for food, and then dealt her two tremendous blows in the face, drenching her with blood. The Ilfracombe magistrates sent him to prison for seven days, expressing the exceedingly sanguine hope that this punishment would "tame him." Cases like these are simply a public scandal.

It seems to be a common rule of workhouse discipline that if a man has a sick wife, whom he is unable to support from want of employment, he is not allowed to send her to the workhouse unless he also goes himself. A tailor was charged, at Bow-street, with deserting his wife and family, whom he had been compelled to send to the workhouse. His offence was that he had gone to seek work instead of living on the ratepayers. I am glad to see that Mr. Vaughan declined to follow the example of certain provincial Shallows, and discharged him. The man was perfectly willing to work, and to make him a pauper merely because he wanted relief for his wife is a proceeding which it might puzzle Mr. Bumble himself to justify.

Some interesting secrets of the picture trade were let out in a case recently before the Lambeth County Court judge, when a dealer sued an auctioneer for damages sustained by the non-delivery of a work purchased by the former. The price given was 25s., but the damages claimed were £12, and one of the witnesses was very frank in explaining the reason of this discrepancy. The picture, although not, in fact, by Sartorius, was capable, under proper treatment, of being sold as such. The dogs were badly done, but were to be "touched up," and the horse, which "looked rather like a child's rocking-horse," could easily be "softened down." The line was to be drawn, it seems, at putting a good name on the picture—not so much from any conscientious qualms, as because "it requires a particular touch," which the witness modestly disclaimed. "We must all live," this gentleman added, and the judge—rather weakly, as it seems to me—admitted the necessity and awarded the plaintiff £4 for the loss of his bargain.

It would be well if County Benches would exercise special care in committing men to prison at the instance of School Board authorities. A case has recently occurred at Croydon which certainly demands the attention of the Executive. A man named Mason was committed to prison in default of not paying a fine, for neglecting to send his children to school. Inquiry into the matter showed that Mason and his family occupied one miserable room, destitute of furniture, while the children were covered with nothing more than a few dirty rags. The Chairman of Petty Sessions declared that if these facts had been brought to the notice of the Bench, they would never have sent Mason to prison. Is it too late for the Home Secretary to release this unfortunate individual, as

Phillips' China and Glass.—Simply the largest Stock in London of Common and Best Services, Ornaments, and Duplex Lamps.—W. P. & G. Phillips, 175, 177, and 179, Oxford-street, W.

the intention of the law was to imprison those who could pay, but wouldn't, not those who didn't pay because they couldn't?

The Local Government Board has apparently been seized with a paroxysm of economy. At the last meeting of the Holborn Guardians a letter was read from the Board in reference to the salary of a gentleman who acts as baker and cook at Mitcham schools. The guardians had proposed that he should receive a salary of 35s. a week, but the Local Government Board sternly refused to sanction such extravagance, and suggested that a salary of 30s., rising to 35s., should be given. Again, the Guardians of the City of London Union are quarrelling with the Board about the salary of their clerk, the Guardians wishing to give him an increase of £50 a year, and the Board refusing to agree. This activity in reducing expenditure is, of course, extremely gratifying, but I cannot help thinking that if the Board wishes to cut down salaries they might begin a little higher up the official ladder.

Miss Octavia Hill's protest against free dinners for school-children has been backed up, I see, by Mr. Barnett, whose long experience among the poor of Whitechapel makes him a very high authority on such a subject. But in this case he seems to me to be carrying a favourite principle to an altogether unnecessary length. It is all very well to say that the condition of the poor can only be improved in the long run by calling out their self-reliance and self-effort; but it is going rather far to insist on the children being starved on the chance of the fathers some day learning thereby to demand higher wages or to spend less on drink. Yet this is exactly what Mr. Barnett's argument comes to. The "cry of the children" is to be passed unheeded by the rich because it is "the cry" (says Mr. Barnett) "which might restrain the fathers from drink." This is visiting the sins of the fathers upon the children with a vengeance. And, after all, the restraining influence is admittedly doubtful, whilst the reality of the cry of hunger is only too certain.

To illustrate how completely some people are at the mercy of domestics, a correspondent who resides in the neighbourhood of Hampstead Heath sends me the following amusing narrative:—

Arriving home rather late a few nights back, I was accosted by a policeman who was hanging about outside my gate:—"Beg pardon, sir; but are you aware of the goings-on of your servants?" "No; what do you mean?" I said rather sharply. "Well, sir, it's just this; there ain't one on 'em about the place." "Oh, nonsense," I said. "Why they've all been in bed and asleep these two hours." "Excuse me, sir, but if you'll follow me I'll soon convince you that you havn't a servant in your house." Seeing that the man was serious, I followed him to a certain dancing saloon not very far away. I had little difficulty in gaining admittance, and there, sure enough, were cook, housemaid, and nurse desporting themselves in the mazy valse. The nurse was the first to "spot" me, and I at once began to remonstrate with her for neglecting her special charge—a child in arms. Imagine my horror when, in self-defence, she produced the pride of the family from a cupboard in the corner, where she had carefully stowed it away, so that the enjoyment of the dance might not be interfered with.

To be Let, for three or four months, from the beginning of May, a Handsomely Furnished Flat in Victoria-street, consisting of three sitting-rooms, two double-bedded rooms, a single ditto, bath-room (with bed if required), kitchen, &c., and servants' room. Has private entrance direct into the street.—For particulars apply to Messrs. Lumley, 22, St. James's-street, S.W.

One of the possible difficulties connected with Government rewards for the detection of crime has recently arisen in India. In April last the Anglo-Indian Spinning and Manufacturing Company, of Bombay, offered, through the Commissioner of Police, a reward of Rs. 5,000 for information that should lead to the apprehension of Kakoo Wadia, their defaulting cashier. In November, Kakoo was apprehended, and in due course the reward was claimed by Sir Frank Souter, on behalf of the informers who had given the clue to the police. The Company refused to pay unless the police should divulge the source of their information, and give an undertaking to hold them harmless against any other claim. Naturally Sir F. Souter declined to do this, though he undertook to give a receipt for the money. As the reward is still withheld, he has requested the Government to advance the amount, in order to prevent the police from being placed in a false position. They might, I should think, unhesitatingly do this, at the same time advising, however, the law officers to enforce payment.

There has been a tremendous row in the Italian Chamber (as to which Charles Lever once wrote that the tinkling of the President's bell excited no more attention than the summons for a waiter in an Irish inn) about the case of a man, accused of theft at Rome, who was tortured in the police-station by the carbineers who had charge of him for thirty six hours. They ironed his feet together, and then fastened him to a chain, head downwards; and the officials gradually tightened the irons in order to extort a confession. The lame and halting explanation of the Minister excited general indignation. He could only say that "this regrettable act" was "exceptional."

Senator Sumner is making a brave push with his Bill for the Reform of the Postal Telegraphy System in America. He spoke very strongly on the subject some months ago when he was in England. He said we might be accustomed to a little jobbery here and there in what we called our private enterprises and monopolies—railways or water-works; but that the jobbery and corruption in connection with similar monopolies in America was worse. Of course, he alluded to the telegraph system, which he is anxious to see put under official Government control. The Senator now writes to a friend:—

I am having a big battle for the Postal Telegraph. No knowing how it will come out this session. The monopoly is sending out all sorts of falsehoods, saying that Great Britain is about to give up her Government telegraph and send it back to private enterprise.

A correspondent, writing from Brussels on a post-card, says:—

Leaving London the other day I went into a South-Western District Post Office, and bought a packet of post-cards. I proceeded to write upon one in the office. I was informed that "it was not allowed." I am writing this in the chief office at Brussels, where a green baize covered table is provided, three chairs, good pens, blotting-paper, &c. I raise my hat to the Belgian "Fawcett," and remain, yours, G.

The Town Council of Glasgow contemplate applying to Parliament for a Bill authorising the construction of a second aqueduct from Loch Katrine, as the present water supply is inadequate for the requirements of the city.

The suggestion that a crematorium in full working order should be included among the appliances at the National Health Exhibition is an excellent one, and it will be absurd if the prejudices of Sir W. Harcourt or any one else in high quarters are allowed to prevent what would certainly be one of the most useful, and probably also one of the most popular, things in the show. Even if public sentiment were as dead against cremation as Sir W. Harcourt represents, that would be no reason why the process should not be exhibited at Kensington; for the very point of such an exhibition is to familiarise people with the latest results of sanitary science, and nothing is more certain than that cremation is an enormous improvement, from the sanitary point of view, on burial. I hear that the committee are going to arrange a row of sanitary houses and a row of unsanitary houses facing each other, and it is a pity they cannot also exhibit alongside of a crematorium a section of a cemetery. The senses, if not the sentiment, of the public would, I fancy, hardly be on the side of the cemetery.

Trade in Zanzibar is, I hear, in a bad way, and some English firms in Manchester and elsewhere are likely to repent their guileless credulity. It seems that houses who would never dream of giving credit to English customers without strict inquiry, are ready to send goods by the cargo to every trumpery pedlar in Zanzibar. For the benefit of the victims, I think it well to explain the course these gentry adopt. The goods are shipped to Zanzibar by the British India boats. The bills of lading are sent to Bombay, and are deposited with a bank to secure advances. Either by persuasion or else by their valuable personal guarantee the indigent Zanzibarees obtain the goods from the British India agents without the bills of lading. Then they sell the goods, taking promissory notes from the purchasers on the strict understanding that they are not negotiable, the notes being in English, and an incorrect translation being produced for the benefit of the person who is to sign them. Finally, these notes are sold to a frien who is in the secret for further advances, which disappear immediately. When the smash comes there are not even outstanding debts to collect.

I have already had occasion to notice signs of an unholy alliance between the City Corporation and the House of Lords. The existence of such an understanding was made abundantly manifest at the Mansion House, on Saturday night, when, as I am informed, Lord Salisbury made a declaration which was interpreted by the company to mean that his lordship intends to oppose the Municipal Reform Bill by all the means in his power. This announcement was, of course, received with rapturous applause; but it is not likely to strike terror into the hearts of the reformers, for the support of one effete and unrepresentative body to another is likely in the long run to prove more harmful than beneficial to the latter's existence. It reminds one of something about blind people and a ditch.

Screens, with tea-cup shelf on each fold, from 21s. A large variety of screens in Japanese leather paper, needlework, stained glass, and hand-painted in all sizes and styles.—C. Hindley & Sons, 290 to 294, Oxford-street London

We are frequently told that the language of political warfare is deteriorating both in the Press and in Parliament. Is this so? I happened to turn to a number of the *Times*, A.D. 1837. In one article I came across the following passage:—

> A friend has pointed out to us in a miserable morning newspaper—the reputed organ, as he informs us, of the stewards' room, the still-room, the nursery, the servants' hall, and, finally (on basting days), of the kitchen, no less than three paragraphs, two of them thrown out into leading articles, containing what are apparently intended for pieces of impertinence to the *Times*. If the poor, starving, pitiable devils want to advertise themselves into notice by abusing us, they are heartily welcome. We will neither encourage nor reward them by introducing to the upper world a name consigned at this moment to low and menial notoriety."

In another article in the same number, Ministers are termed the Queen's "sordid, factious, and dishonest advisers." Lord John Russell is called the "flash-man to the Radicals," "hypocritical," "dishonest," "disloyal," and "fraudulent," and the nation is asked whether "the whole public life and character and being of such a man are not one unmitigated, one unadulterated, falsehood?"

The papers state that "it is not settled" that Lord Cranborne is to be one of the Conservative candidates for Lynn at the General Election. This announcement hardly conveys a correct impression of the circumstances. Last week a meeting of the Lynn Conservatives was held, and it was proposed by certain individuals, who are understood to have been in communication with the Carlton "caucus," that Lord Cranborne should be invited to stand for the borough in conjunction with Mr. Bourke. The feeling of the meeting, however, was strongly against this inspired proposition, and there was a large majority in favour of the candidature of Mr. W. Harris, of Mark-lane. The Liberals will "run" two candidates.

The following is the circular of the "Primrose League." It may perhaps be useful to those who wish to join it to know that the office of the League is 30, Essex-street, Strand:—

> Declaration.—I declare on my honour and faith that I will devote my best ability to the maintenance of Religion, of the Estates of the Realm, and of the Imperial ascendency of Great Britain; and that consistently with my allegiance to the Sovereign of these Realms, I will promote with discretion and fidelity the above objects, being those of the Primrose League.
>
> *Signature*.....
> *Name in Full*.....
> *Address*.....
> .....

The motion of Mr. Willis for the removal of the Bishops from the House of Lords would have been carried last Friday had not the Whig section of the Cabinet, under the leadership of Sir William Harcourt, allied themselves with the Conservatives against the entire Liberal party. Twenty-six members of the Government did not vote. Query: Would the Home Secretary say that this was a case in which a "dirty trick" did succeed?

According to the voting at the last General Election, there are only 10 per cent. more Liberal than Conservative electors in England. If, therefore, 6 per cent. of the electors go over to the Conservatives, it looks at first sight as though the Conservatives would win the day; but in point of fact, owing to the number of small boroughs where

the decision depends upon a dozen electors going one way or the other, the Conservatives might win with far less than a gain of 6 per cent. This is why Government should be careful not to damp the zeal of their followers.

It is somewhat amusing to observe how a myth develops. On the Saturday of the week before last, the House of Commons sat to pass the Estimates. On these occasions any Member may call attention to whatever subject he pleases. On the paper was a notice of a Conservative Member urging Government to act with greater energy in the Soudan. Observing this, a Radical placed upon the paper a counter notice stating that the necessity for the loss of British and Arab life that had already taken place in the Soudan had not been made apparent. The Conservative Member made a speech on his notice, then the Radical moved his. The Conservatives, observing that the number of Ministerialists were few in the House, suddenly announced their intention to vote for the Radical motion, although it was in direct antagonism with the policy which they had advocated.

Loud were the denunciations of the Ministerial-at-all-price journals. They evolved from their inner consciousness the fact that the Radical had prepared his motion with the Conservatives, and that an unholy alliance had been entered into on the previous evening.

Now, as a matter of fact, not one single Conservative had seen the Radical notice, nor had the remotest idea before the Saturday sitting had commenced that he intended to move it. The alliance and the plot were myths. The Radicals who supported it were as much taken aback as any one at the support given to it by the Conservatives.

So much for the "plot"; but ever since this motion was moved the Radicals in favour of it have been told that they are unpractical persons, who sacrifice everything to fads, and the public is told that the first duty of a Radical is not only to support the existing Administration, but to eschew criticism of any of its acts, because this may imperil the passing of a Franchise Bill.

Now, on what did the last General Election turn? On two issues—on the reversal of the foreign policy of the Conservatives, and on the reduction of the Franchise in counties. The former issue—as any one who studied Mr. Gladstone's Midlothian speeches will remember—was more prominently put forward than the latter.

Had the country been told that the result of a Liberal victory would have been that we should spend millions in Egypt; that we should support a Khedive against his own subjects by bombarding an Egyptian town and by slaughtering an Egyptian army; and that then, having established as the Government of Egypt a puppet as Khedive, a shady Armenian as Prime Minister, and an ex-satrap of Mr. Forster's at the Ministry of the Interior, we should proceed to slay about 10,000 Arabs in the Soudan because, while we recognised that they ought to be masters there, we held that they would endanger our Indian Empire did they object to our occupying, in the name of Egypt, an obscure port in their country—this would hardly have come up to their idea of a reversal of a Jingo policy.

Those who object to this policy may be in error, but at least they are logical. It is conceivable that some few may continue to think in 1884 as the entire Liberal party thought in 1880, without being dangerous lunatics who ought to be accommodated with strait-waistcoats. Mr. Bright and Mr. Cobden were termed idiots for protesting against the Crimean War; Mr. Gladstone was termed a pernicious madman for raising his voice against Lord Beaconsfield's costly "Peace with honour"; yet the country has by this time recognised that these men were in the right.

Jingoes and usurers have made common cause. Had there been no Egyptian bonds, there would be no Egyptian question now. At the bottom of the whole matter are a certain number of financialists, who want to make money, and who would use the British taxpayers as their catspaws to draw this money out of the fire for them. Their scheme is, and has been, to compromise us, and after urging us to take some forward step, to use this as an argument for a further advance. The Cabinet are weak and divided. It is an open secret that Mr. Gladstone is in a minority, that he has been opposed to the Suakin slaughters, and that he objects to anything and everything which may prolong our occupation of Egypt. Unless, however, he be supported by the Radicals, he must remain powerless.

Let us suppose that we do assume a Protectorate over Egypt. We should have to maintain an army there. What would happen were we at war with some powerful neighbour? The army would be attacked. Of how many men would it consist? Say of ten thousand. These ten thousand men would be isolated, and, by a concentration of an attacking force, would be vanquished. And if we do hold Egypt, we must inevitably be involved in complications on its southern frontier. As Mr. Gladstone has pointed out, the occupation of Egypt means the establishment of an Anglo-African empire, which would stretch from north to south and from east to west. This would involve us in heavy responsibilities. We "idiots and faddists," therefore, urge that our entire policy in Egypt should be based upon an intention to withdraw. We do not see the advantage of holding the littoral of the Red Sea. We want, in fact, the Ministerial declarations of last session to be carried out, and not—as the Jingo and bondholding interest urge—that the Liberals should cry peccavi, and that there should be a new departure. To say that we are in the wrong, is to say that the Conservatives at the General Election were in the right, and that the Liberals obtained their victory by the advocacy of error.

Is it surprising, therefore, that the Ministerialists-at-all-price should be indignant at any one venturing to draw attention to what is going on in Egypt and the Soudan, and that, being utterly ashamed of their foreign policy, they should wish attention to be diverted from it by the

ridiculous cry, that any criticism of it hinders the passing of a Reform Bill? In plain language this means that, whilst every Liberal ought to protest against enlargement of Empire, foreign aggression, waste of our resources, and massacres of men whose crime is that they are defending their native land whenever these things are done by a Conservative Administration, not one word should be raised against them when they are done by a Liberal Administration. The Arabs in the Soudan, poor misguided creatures, ought to be thankful that philanthropists are taking so lively an interest in them as to kill them, and the Egyptian fellahs ought to raise their voices in thanksgiving to Allah because these same Liberal philanthropists have undertaken to act as taskmasters over them, and to see that without straw they deliver up their full tale of bricks to the usurers, who are crushing them and their country. Party spirit is all very well, but is not this carrying it a little too far?

The following extract from one of Count Moltke's letters from Turkey may be interesting at a time when the controversy about Gordon Pasha's proclamation has again opened the question of slavery in the East. It should be remembered that Count Moltke's testimony is not that of an ordinary traveller who has done the East in order to be able to air his opinions in Parliament or on the hustings, nor that of a special correspondent labouring under the necessity of giving an opinion by return of post. The letters he wrote were not intended for publication, but were addressed to his sister. This one is dated Constantinople, February 9, 1836:—

Whenever slavery in the East has been under discussion, people have nearly always overlooked the world-wide difference which exists between a Turkish and a negro slave. The very term slave, in the sense usually associated with that word, is misleading. "Abd" does not mean "slave," but rather "servant;" Abd-allah, "the servant of God;" Abd-al-medschid, "the servant of devotion," &c. A bought Turkish servant is immeasurably better off than a hired one. Just because he is the property of his master, and an expensive property too, is he spared by him. His lord tends him when he is sick, and takes good care not to cause him to break down through over-exertion. Of tasks, such as are imposed in the sugar plantations, there is no question at all. As little as one can deny that the Turks in general are towards their household equable in temper, fair, and benevolent, at least the Koran enjoins that "slaves, male or female, should not be punished with more than six strokes of the lash." The lack of liberty of a Turkish slave is hardly greater than that of a *glebæ adscriptus*, a position which till a few years ago we beheld in our own country, and which is inseparable from a certain grade of civilisation. But, at the same time, the general remaining condition of the slave is disproportionately milder than that of the peasant who is bound to the soil. If any European Power were to effect the emancipation of all slaves in the East, these latter would return small thanks for it. The slave, received as a child into the house of his employer, constitutes a member of the family. He shares the meals with the sons of the house, just as he also shares with them the work of the household. The latter consist for the most part of the following duties:—Attending to a horse, or accompanying his master, carrying his master's clothes when he goes to the bath, or his pipe when he takes a ride. Thousands of slaves, the "Kavedschi" and "Tuetundschi," have no other employment except making coffee and holding the pipe in its stand. Almost always the term of slavery ends not with emancipation alone, but with an outfit for life. Generally the slave marries the daughter of the house, and where there are no sons comes in for an inheritance from his lord. After all, the sons-in-law of the Sultan are bought slaves, and one might determine the market price of most of the dignitaries of the realm.

The appreciation accorded by the highest circles during the last sixty years to Jewsbury & Brown's Original and only Genuine Oriental Tooth Paste proves the efficacy of this refined toilet luxury. It is compounded of rare and fragrant herbs in an especial manner known only to the sole proprietors and manufacturers, Jewsbury & Brown, Chemists, of Manchester. Its use keeps the teeth and gums in a state of preservation and soundness to old age, while its rare aromatic properties render the breath always exceedingly pleasant. It retains its invaluable properties in all climates, and can be obtained through all perfumers and chemists at home and abroad.

SCRUTATOR.

BLUE-NOSED, NAKED, AND ASHAMED.

THERE is probably no capital in the world where the custom of paying respect to the titled representatives of a Court system is carried on under circumstances of such aggravating cruelty. In England we are supposed to love and protect our womankind; we have been reigned over, and are never tired of owning it, by one of the most gracious and considerate of women, who is continually showing kindly sympathy with the sick and suffering; we prate incessantly about our courtesy and domestic virtues, and yet the Court and the Court system are directly and immediately responsible for a state of things that, in any other country, would be looked upon as little less than downright barbarity. A London Drawing-room in the reign of Queen Victoria is, when carefully considered, as discreditable and inhuman a spectacle as can be conceived, and though the evils attendant on the institution have been pointed out over and over again, though they must be perfectly familiar to the Court authorities, to the Court advisers, and to the Polonius of the period, yet things go on in the same stereotyped jog-trot system, and no steps whatever are taken to protect loyal subjects from the frequent discourtesies and many insults to which they are subjected. With scant consideration for comfort, or even decency, the principal Drawing-rooms of the season are fixed at a time of year when the weather is most treacherous, and those who attend them are compelled to appear in a costume quite out of character with a ceremony that is to take place at daylight. Take the case of a delicate young girl—or, indeed, of any ordinary fragile beauty who desires to pay her respects to her Majesty, or to the chosen representative of her Majesty, at one of the first London Drawing-rooms. It is March weather—the fiercest, most uncanny and treacherous season of the year. A bright deceptive sun is accompanied by a wild undisciplined wind that finds its way into every hole and cranny of a huge, unwarmed, untenanted, and uncomfortable Palace. The sun, the wind, and the dust of March are the doctor's best friends, and the agents in advance of the undertaker. In this weather women, accustomed to cloak and clothe themselves in wraps and furs whenever they take their drives abroad or face the piercing atmosphere, are compelled to bare their necks and shoulders, to strip themselves of their apparel after the fashion of their prototype, Godiva, and for weary hours to expose themselves to the gaze of all the rascally Peeping Toms who choose to congregate in the Park and indulge in impertinences that disgrace the name of men and Englishmen. Few know who have not experienced it, the bitter insults to which modest women are subjected on their way from home to attend a Court or Drawing-room at Buckingham Palace. The Park is full of riff-raff and seemingly respectable libertines. The curious observers of London life have often wondered where the seedy, down-at-heel, raffish-looking creatures come from who haunt St. James's Park every morning when the band plays and the guard is changed. They belong to the very scum of London life; they are mannerless and reckless. At the sound of military music, they seem to start up

from no one knows where; when the band ceases, they depart no one cares whither. On Drawing-room days the ragged ranks of this Falstaffian army are materially increased, and the regiment of ruffians is officered, as it were, by young men—who ought to know better—from the Whitehall Government offices, and by old fellows who spend their mornings and the best part of their day in the windows of Pall Mall clubs. As there is little organisation of the traffic, and there is sure to be a dead block at some point or other in the park, the shivering women are constantly exposed to the curious gaze of these eager sight-seers. Such a mob as this is no respecter of persons. We have few sights in London, and the appetising one of women, young and old, dressed up in the daytime in the most unbecoming and uncomfortable of all costumes is not to be resisted. The riff-raff go up to the carriage-doors and freely offer their comments. Modest ears are shocked by words of indecency and profanity. Often indignant dowagers draw down the blinds of their carriages in order to protect their charges as far as they possibly can from annoyance. Arrived at the palace, the fair courtiers receive but a cold welcome. So far they have braved cast winds, dust, and a London mob to find the dread chill of a half-warmed mansion and to tread the silence of deserted halls. In the most unbecoming light and under the most cheerless circumstances possible these fair and tender women pay their respects to their Sovereign or to her deputy. A man in a dress-coat or in orthodox evening attire in the daytime is an object wretched enough to behold. He would sink in shame from such an attire. Our countrymen have to don it in St. Peter's at Rome on Easter Day, and at other Continental ceremonies; but the women can at least hide their blushes or complexions behind the folds of a black lace mantilla. But here at Court, without artificial light of any kind, without warmth, and without appropriate colour, they are compelled to unbare their beauty in a cruel and uncompromising fashion. If an ordinary woman of society cannot receive the male gaze in her tea-room without pink shades and rose-coloured blinds, think of the appalling trial for her when she stalks these icy corridors in the full glare of a spring sun and in a dress that would be considered out of place at an ordinary ball!

The Court, besides being cruel, is inhospitable. If women feel faint or are attacked by a sudden paralysis of nervousness, they can, after making a fuss, from which most women would shrink, obtain from a Court official a restorative, in the shape of sherry or the more consoling brandy. But to ask for such temporary assistance is to call down the sneers of the stronger sisters. Surely it would not be beyond the bounds of etiquette to administer in the corridors tea, coffee, or other light refreshments to those who have often to wait long before they are admitted into the Presence-Chamber. Such a boon would be inestimable. Cheeks might regain their colour and spirits revive under the grateful effects of a cup of tea.

It is one thing to apportion the blame, another to suggest a remedy. In this case the remedy is obvious. A laudable precedent and example are given at Dublin, where the loyal and generous-hearted Irishmen understand the respect and deference that are due to women. The Drawing-rooms and receptions at Dublin Castle are held by the Lord-Lieutenant in the evening, and they afford the most charming sight that it is possible to conceive. Light and flowers, warmth and comfort, add a glow to the scene, and beauty, adorned or unadorned, stands out triumphantly against its fair and legitimate background of gilding and candle. No one who has had the pleasure of attending a Dublin Drawing-room or has witnessed an investiture of a Knight of St. Patrick, under the auspices of Sir Bernard Burke at Dublin Castle, can question the propriety of fixing these State ceremonies at night, instead of in the afternoon. Were this done at Buckingham Palace, all the present difficulties would instantaneously disappear. There would be no more shivering in the corridors and no more prying in the Park. Women would at once be comforted and protected. Indeed, it is difficult to see why the alteration should be delayed for another season. There might be a feasible excuse for the practice of day Drawing-rooms if they were held by the Queen, and if it were necessary to suit her Majesty's convenience that she should get back to Windsor before nightfall. But her Majesty's attendance in London, the capital of her kingdom, is so exceptional that this difficulty should not be allowed to interfere with the direct comfort of so many of her beautiful and modest subjects. H.R.H. the Prince of Wales is so distinguished for his chivalry and courtesy, and the Princess of Wales sets such a laudable example of all that is gentle, unaffected, and in good taste, that it cannot be doubted they would both throw in their influence in favour of a change that recommends itself to all who love and respect women of every degree and station.

MUSIC.

I see that Von Bülow is expected this season, and there are even rumours of Rubinstein. I do not in the least believe that the two intend to clash, as they certainly would if they announced rival recitals. There was war between Wagner and Rubinstein, and we all know the bad taste of which the great pianist was guilty in announcing his recitals simultaneously with the Wagner Festivals at the Albert Hall. But Rubinstein and Bülow are, or, at all events, were, on friendly terms. "Go to America," said Rubinstein to his friend. "I have paved the way for you." Madame Schumann is the only rival Bülow has to fear in England at present, although a contemporary chooses to call her the "aged widow of Robert Schumann," —a misnomer, as, though sixty-five, she is by far the most popular pianist in England except Rubinstein. Then she has the advantage of belonging to the opposition, or anti-Wagner school, which gives her an independent and enthusiastic following.

Richter's nine evening concerts are announced to begin April 21, and end on June 16. It is to be hoped that he will prevail on the band to spare him adequate rehearsals—the musicians will be all overworked about that time. The Philharmonic plan of suddenly putting in orchestral work a "scena" or "concerto" without rehearsal, tends to lower the standard of excellence and encourage that presumption and self-conceit in the rank and file which most conductors have to face sooner or later, and which the Philharmonic authorities have lately shown themselves so unequal to cope with.

I was speaking to Professor Ella—who, I am glad to say, though quite blind and in his 86th year, is in excellent health—about the Pirani scandal at the Philharmonic a week or two ago. "I hear," said the Professor, "that he broke down in his part at the rehearsal." "That's so," I said. "Was Stanford conducting?" "Yes." "A very capable man, I am told. But," he added, "they tell me the band objected to accompany Signor Pirani. I should like to have seen the band under Costa dare to do such a thing. I remember three similar occasions: De Beriot, one of the greatest soloists who ever lived, forgot his part on one occasion; Sainton, certainly one of the steadiest, did the same; and Henry Holmes, broke down from sheer nervousness at the Philharmonic. They never had him again; but these three were concert-room failures, not rehearsals. At rehearsals it is customary to forgive much. I think the Philharmonic were hard on Pirani." "So do I." The Professor also agreed with me in condemning the constant change of conductors.

It is a pity that trustworthy artists like Miss Robertson, even at farewell concerts, should content themselves with programme names. The great tenor attractions advertised did not appear—neither Sims Reeves nor Maas. When we see a galaxy of names on such benefit programmes, some of them are sure to represent good-will only, and the concert-giver has usually a shrewd idea of those who are likely to fail. The clause "have promised" would exonerate the advertiser, whilst putting the saddle on the right horse. Miss Robertson's next engagement is of a matrimonial character, and there is no fear of the gentleman disappointing. She must, I think, have been gratified with her last professional reception.

Dvorák's appearance at the Philharmonic, following closely on the production of his "Stabat Mater" at the Albert Hall, naturally produced a considerable sensation. He is, in fact, a new composer, though we have for some time been acquainted with some of his works. But one or two clever things do not make a new composer, and London, as it has often been said, is the grave of reputations. Dvorák was born in 1841. He is the son of a tavern-keeper, at Mülhausen, in Bohemia. At sixteen he already earned his living, though a very poor one, as organist, and he then made a serious push for a Government grant, and got what is known in Vienna as the "artist's stipend," which brought him across Brahms, and from that moment his place and fame were assured. His music still retains a breath of the rude but romantic gipsy songs he listened to, as a boy, in the "biergarten"—the wild "aroma," if I may venture on the word, lingers about the complex score, just as the national *cornemuse* creeps out in Auber and Gounod, and, as Madame Sand used to say, in every French composer. But Dvorák's music is redolent of memories less simple and more recent—of Liszt, Brahms, and of Wagner. No copyist; a disciple first, now a master — and I think the world will say a great master — Dvorák stands head and shoulders above all that host of adventurers and officious pretenders who have got into the Wagnerian labyrinth and not been able to get out of it. Dvorák's "Hussite" overture is full of great and vigorous writing, definite intention, and directness, and shows unlimited facility of orchestral handling. It speaks to me, it tells me something; the man who wrote it is not consumed with himself, but with his subject. He uses all arts, knows all orchestral secrets, but is not for ever striving to show off, by deviating from the customary musical forms. When he does so we hardly notice it, on account of the perfect adaptation of means to ends. The overture or tone-gospel according to Huss—the premature reformer and martyr—has the spirit of the individual or personal, just as Mendelssohn's Reformation Symphony has that of the national or general struggle. There is the anxious strife within; the ferment of a new religious life in conflict with the old; the restless endeavour to manifest it; the opposition it meets with; the persecution; the moody loneliness, reaction, almost despondency; the enduring faith; the sweet and peaceful respite of quiet communion in the secluded, closely-knit circles of the new believers; the sharp pain, yet triumph of martyrdom; we seem to see the falchions of flame leaping round the victim at the stake. "Words! words! words!" as Hamlet says: but what if thoughts like these come to me when I hear Dvorák's music, instead of "skilful combination," "clever, queer turn," &c., &c.?—if I am set thinking about Huss and the Hussites, and feeling about them, too, instead of about Dvorák and the cliques, I infer that I am in the presence of a master; and I think last week every one was of the same opinion. Dvorák is a man in the prime of life and energy—you can see that from the brisk, business-like way he stepped on to the platform. He has a square Polish head, good wide, not high, forehead, black hair, a close-knit frame, and is perfectly natural and unaffected in manner. Dvorák, wholly concentrated on his work, walked straight to a pile of music, and had to *find his own score!* Why in the world the gentleman who makes the long speeches about absentees, and who apologises for Mr. Maas, could not have done that I do not know; or has the Philharmonic no librarian whose business it is to attend to the music on the desks? No one seems to be in authority, or, rather, every one is, which amounts to the same thing. Still, I am bound to say that, in spite of what are, in my opinion, errors of judgment and defects of administration, the Philharmonic Society shows a certain vitality and an enterprise that I hardly looked for at one time, and the public seem to be supporting the directors with much spirit and genuine interest.

A new song of Cotsford Dick's, called the "Ivory Gate," was given at the last Ballad Concert, sung by Mrs. A. Sterling. I need hardly say that it was encored, as it well deserved to be. Bonawitz' grand opera is to come off at St. George's Hall, on Tuesday, the 1st of April. His friends implored him to change the date, but the imperturbable Pole would not see the joke.

On the 3rd, a more auspicious date, I see that a special concert is to be given at Princes' Hall, under the patronage of the Princess of Wales, two Duchesses—and as for Countesses, their name is legion. Lady Constance Stanley's Home for Homeless Children is to profit by the exertions of José Sherrington, Helen D'Alton, the violoncellist Hollman, and others. I am glad to hear that the guinea stalls are going off. I am also asked to say that further applications will be promptly attended to. Some seats—those for

The Kaps Pianofortes, grand and upright. These celebrated instruments can be obtained at C. E. Flavell's, 26, North Audley-street, W.

mere Baronets, I suppose—are down as low as two-and-sixpence. I hope that as a result of Lady Constance Stanley's good enterprise many little homeless ones may be safely and comfortably housed.

AT THE BRITANNIA.

I was rather astonished on dropping into the Britannia Theatre the other night to see in one of the boxes the familiar face of Mrs. Stirling. She afterwards told me that this was the first pilgrimage she had made to an East-end theatre for—well, I won't say how long. The reason of the unusual occurrence was the appearance of Miss May Harlowe, one of the many young ladies whom America has sent over to this country for the last few years to complete their training for the stage. Miss Harlowe is a pupil in whom Mrs. Stirling has placed high hopes; and her performance as Norah O'Donnell in the "Irish Rebel" has done much to prove these hopes well-founded. The play is full-blooded, a little incoherent, and of but slight literary merit; but what there was to be made of the part of the heroine, Miss Harlowe did make. With a slight figure, a delicate and emotional face, and a clear, telling voice, which she manages with much skill, she is the type for a play of strong situations and vehement passion. She has adopted a wise course in avoiding the matinée, and starting in modest fashion; but I hope to see her soon at a West-end theatre.

THE BARREL ORGAN.

Tune.—A Word from Tom Tough.

"YES, my name, d'ye see,'s Tom Tough, and I've seed a sight o' service
Where the waves have rolled like mountains and the howling winds have blown,
And I've never shirked my dooty, and to feel what want of nerve is
Is a thing—I says it proudly—as I've never, never known.
No; I've tried with my lot to be always content,
And never gone in for a railer,
But I've taken the things as Dame Fortune has sent,
Like a honest and brave British sailor!

"And I'm not complainin' now. No! I'd scorn the very notion,
Though I fear as 'ow Shipowners isn't quite the best o' men;
But you see I'm gettin' older than when fust I sailed the ocean,
And there's reasons for my speakin' which was not existin' then.
For now I've a wife and four little ones, too,
More sober and cautious to make me;
For it's Heav'n only knows what it is they could do,
If disaster and death overtake me.

"Lor! I've been to sea in ships as I knowed was well-nigh rotten;
I've a-sailed with big deck cargoes as was scandalus to see;
And I've run so many risks that I've half o' them forgotten,
And I never once protested, no, nor grumbled, sir—not me!
But, then, as I've said, there was only Tom Tough,
And no one to bother about him;
And if *he* comed to grief, why, 'twas certain enough
That the world could get well on without him.

"But the matter's changed entirely since the bonniest o' lasses
Swore she'd ever love me truly; for since then, where'er I roam,
Why, my heart with fervent longing, that all other thoughts surpasses,
Keeps a-turning ever constant towards my happy little home,
For there sits my Polly a-waitin' for me,
Her heart, with the billows, time beating,
Whilst each of our little ones bends at her knee—
A prayer for its father repeating.

"Yes, it is for Polly's sake, and the bairns, I've been attending
To all that they've been saying of Shipowners and their craft,
And been brooding o'er those wrongs, sir, which the Board o' Trade means mending,
And at which, when I was reckless, why, I only took and laughed.
So you, please, mustn't think that Tom Tough is a shirk,
Nor in anyways flustered or frighted,
If he should ask you, whilst he sticks to his work,
To try if those wrongs can't be righted.

"For you see I ain't no spouter, and I've not the gift o' patter,
But all the same I knows full well that many things is wrong;
And drownding is for me and mine so serious a matter,
That if the case is put for us, it can't be put too strong.
So whilst I continues my dooty to do,
Until my last trip is completed,
I hope that the Board will do *its* dooty, too,
And see that Tom's properly treated.

"There's such talk about insoorance and the likes, I've often wonder'd
If there's any human feeling in this great and Christian land,
For all the while they're chatt'ring, men is drownding by the hunderd,
Through the acts o' greedy owners, if I rightly understand.
Aye, it's this that is makin' a coward of the best,
And turning good hands into railers;
It's this that is crushing the pluck and the zest
From the hearts o' your brave British sailors!

"So it ain't for no great favour that Tom Tough just now is praying,
He wants to have fair chances in the struggle, that is all;
And if Englishmen loves justice, why there'll be no more delaying
In list'ning and attending to his very urgent call.
Or, leastways, if they at my language still sneer,
And pass my petition unheeding,
I knows very well they won't turn a deaf ear
To my wife and my little ones' pleading!"

NOTES FROM PARIS.

MID-LENT JUNKETINGS.

THIS Mid-Lent, Paris was perhaps as gay as when Lord Henry Seymour used to head the *descente de la Courtille*. Between the laundresses and traders wanting to advertise themselves, the lust of the eye was richly satisfied on the Boulevards. When once mummers and maskers set the ball rolling, a universal disposition was evinced to dance after it. Most of the fun was in the streets. "Society" has not yet got over the effects of the "krach" of two winters ago, and its still wealthy members, who have no particular reason for staying

here in spring, think it *bon ton* to follow the Comte and Comtesse de Paris to Cannes. Sunshine greatly tended to promote hilarity. The policemen folded their arms and looked on when the crowds were led away by their animal spirits. This was the best course to take. It is a good thing for hard-worked people now and then to make fools of themselves. The folly of a French mob on holiday occasions is Pagan in its manifestations, but seldom very, very naughty. Naughtiness has a better chance of meeting with encouragement at the *bal de l'Opéra*, and at *redoutes* in great houses than in the streets in Mid-Lent. The sovereign people in this country are anything but strait-laced. Yet they are prone to resent the triumph of vice in public places. Lord Shaftesbury may, perhaps, be glad to hear that, in consequence of this disposition, it has been found impossible to utilise the open ground in the Bois de Vincennes as a racecourse. Attempts were made under Imperial, and then under Municipal, auspices to give a fillip to speculation in building-ground near that park by running horses there. They all came to naught, because of the rude manner in which Madame de Pavia, Cora, Skittles, and other sirens were treated on their way to the Eastern Bois through the Rue St. Antoine.

On the Boulevards, at the last Mi-Carême, the fair occupants of two sumptuously-appointed open carriages were roughly used. These charmers meant to represent Venus and her Court, and were dressed in ballet-girls' tights and garments of Indian muslin—the most transparent and clinging of all draperies. Kisses were blown by them on the western Boulevards to club-men standing on the balconies of *cercles*, and the compliments were returned. But the advent of the ladies on the Boulevard de Bonnes Nouvelles called forth a storm of virtuous indignation. "Venus" attempted to mollify the crowd by showering down roses from a be-ribboned basket, on the handle of which a dove was perched. The flowers were tossed back. She then strove to turn away wrath with jests. An old woman, who sold fried potatoes, called out for *chiffonniers* to clear off "ces immondices." A Pierrot moved an amendment, which was carried. It was to requisition places in the carriage for some of those dreadful beings, 'yclept Alphonsos, whom he saw prowling about. Venus and her attendant Graces, who were evidently used to cavaliers of a much higher, though perhaps not better, *monde*, had to put up with the companions assigned them by the mob, and were sent on amid roars of laughter.

The laundresses' procession was bright, gay, and spectacular. Each public wash-house or river wash-boat elected a queen, and provided her with a car and a *cortége*. The vehicles on which the temporary sovereigns were enthroned were, in many cases, those long waggons used for the transport of wine-tubs. But they were so arranged and dressed out that their owners who lent them for the day would have failed to recognise them. A Bercy laundress sat on a pile of wine-tubs ornamented with artificial grapes and vine foliage, and surrounded by girls in peasants' costumes, with baskets filled with the fruit sacred to Bacchus. Some washerwomen in blouses, straw hats, and trousers tucked up to the knees, had their bare feet and legs stained with purple, as if they had come out of a wine-press. Whenever the car halted, the queen drew wine from a barrel that was on tap, and handed it to the crowd to drink the health of the Republic and success to the wine-merchants of Bercy. A very pretty car took the shape of a basket, tricked out with ribbons, flags, and verdure. Its occupants were all children, who had evidently been selected for their beauty. They were dressed by a great shop, prospectuses of which they scattered as they rode along. A queen from a washing-boat sat back to back with the driver, and had, in lieu of a sceptre, a pole which bore specimens of her skill as a *blanchisseuse de fin*. Another car was in itself a trophy of the laundresses' art, and was got up by the washing sisterhood of Billancourt. The central figure was a tall, finely-built damsel, who was dressed in a *peignoir* of white muslin, elaborately trimmed with goffered frills and flounces. It doubtless belonged to a customer. Paris washerwomen do not scruple to wear on the Mi-Carême the pick of the body-linen and other articles of clothing which have been sent to them to do up. If the elegant muslin petticoats are much the worse for having done service at a *lavoir* ball, *tant pis pour la pratique*. No Correctional Judge would punish a laundress for appearing on such an occasion in a customer's finery. Clear-starchers and flat-ironers prefer at Mid-Lent under-garments and handkerchiefs belonging to rich women of the highest quality, and marked with their coronets. If at a masked public ball you are ever given as a token of reciprocated admiration a handkerchief with the insignia of a Princess, you may be sure that the donor is a *blanchisseuse de fin*.

Among Bavarians and other Catholic members of the German colony there was a good deal of Mid-Lent junketing. Baroness Saul David gave a masked ball, at which all the costumes were revivals of old South German ones, and all the wines were from the banks of the Rhine, and at which Munich beer was drawn from a great tub in the dining-room, and served in antique Bavarian flagons. The presents for the cotillon were small *objets d'art* in carved wood and ivory from Berchtesgaden. A chorus of "students" sang drinking-songs at supper, and a band of "wandering musicians" from the Bavarian Highlands accompanied them. The Baroness wrote on her cards, "Messieurs les invités et mesdames les invitées sont priés de ne pas se gêner, mais de se laisser aller à leur verve."

I hear that the Duke and Duchess of Campofelice intend to make up after Easter for the want of gaiety at their house in the Mid-Lent. The Duchess, I am also told, felt too much distressed about the death of an ex-English M.P. and Cabinet Minister, with whose wife she is intimate, to plunge into Mi-Carême dissipation. Mrs. Mackay followed the fashion—or, perhaps, helped to lead it—in going to Cannes. Madame Adam, who is tired of her crowd of courtiers, hurried off to Roumania before the Mid-Lent came round, to have some literary and political talk with the Queen of that small State.

M. and Madame Gustave de Molinari not only stood their ground, but gave a dance, at which there were flowers and buds of beauty gathered from all lands. M. Molinari is a

I certainly recommend Mr. & Mrs. Hart, 15, Stockbridge-terrace, Pimlico, S.W., as the most just and liberal purchasers of Cast-off Clothes, Jewellery, and every description of property. They punctually keep appointments, and remit P.O.O. for articles per return.

Belgian, who—as his articles in the *Débats* show—writes French like a Parisian. He has a quality rare in Belgium and less frequent here than is generally supposed—*l'esprit.* But in his cordial hospitality he shows to what country he belongs by birth. Being a great traveller, and having, wherever he goes, access to the best houses, the visiting-list of his wife is brilliant and cosmopolitan. In making out invitations for a ball, Madame and Mdlle. de Molinari have *l'embarras de choix.* At their Mid-Lent *fête*, rose-bud *danseuses* were dressed either in white, pale pink, or pale blue, and generally in satin veiled with tulle. Skirts were short, and coiffures very simple. Ribbons were worn handkerchief-wise, to border the pointed openings of corsages, as *bretelles*, and, when the body was low, diagonally, like the Grand Cordon of an Order. These adornments are only in their place on youthful chests and shoulders. Riper beauty needs something richer. Mrs. Mitford felt so in hiding her diagonal chest-ribbon under diamond ornaments, one of which was an arrow long enough for an archer to use. One might have thought she kept it handy to slip on to a Cupid, when, growing tired of charming, she wanted to kill right out. Mrs. M. has every quality requisite for a belle, but is too happy in being unaffected to posture as one. It is a treat in the insipid world of fashion to hear her laugh, talk, bandy repartees, and to see her dance and flirt her fan. She has a tall, supple figure, an elastic step, free gait, and a face that would go well with the character of Anne Page, in the "Merry Wives of Windsor." Mrs. Mitford is a granddaughter of Commodore Vanderbilt. She did not need the *beaux atours* in which she came to Madame Molinari's ball to be strikingly handsome. I saw her the next evening in a box over the orchestra at the Italian opera, looking handsome and attractive, and as plainly dressed as she could be in such a place. Her *vis-à vis* in the corresponding box was Madame G——, one of the finest specimens of wig-block loveliness that ever shone in a Paris drawing-room. Her plastic beauty could not be more perfect, except, perhaps, in the nose, which is rather long. Brow, eyelids, cheeks, chin, neck, shoulders, arms, bosom, and back are in shape and tissue faultless. Jealousy hints that the smooth gloss of the skin is due to enamel, which also explains why Madame G—— in looking about has the revolving movement of a wax head in a coiffeur's shop. She certainly bears herself as if she fancied she were of alabaster, and afraid to stir lest she should get broken. Still I disbelieve envy and ascribe the monotonous attitude and studiously expressionless countenance to a false idea of grace. It comes of a wish to be statuesque. The outlines are all that Canova would have desired in a model. Yet there is an utter absence of charm, and one feels vexed at this want. Madame G—— could dress as low as any of Sir Peter Lely's beauties without offending Puritans. The plastic loveliness is such that one cannot say where modesty should begin. Her mantua maker thus opines, and makes dorsal and anterior *échancrures* in her corsage, which extend as low down as the stay-maker will allow. The delight of this lady's life is in being on view in Ministerial and other salons, and at the Français on Tuesdays, the Italian Opera on Thursdays, and the Opera on Fridays. Her box at all these theatres juts out, and she sits in the front of it, silent and inanimate, with a plain sarcastic Parisienne at right angles to her, and facing the house. Her coiffure is that of Diana, with a small diamond crescent over her forehead. Americans call her Luna, and Frenchmen "la froide Diane." When she made her *début* four winters ago, every one raved about her. The next winter the enthusiasm had cooled, and now (except in the journals) she is used-up as a social star. There is no artillery in her eyes. Her mouth is exquisite—until she laughs or speaks. Yet the teeth are white and even. I suppose a mouth to please always should express some grace of mind or sentiment. It is so long ago since "Jack Hinton" was published that you may have forgotten what Lever, apropos of Mrs. Paul Rooney, says of the mouths of handsome women. It is a thing for professional beauties to read.

The tenor Gayarré and the tender Nevada failed to move the waxen-looking Madame G——, but Mrs. Mitford, Madame Richemberger, the Queen of Otaheite, Governor Hendriks (possible President of the United States), Duprez, Gounod, and Mrs. Levi Morton showed how sensible they were to the delicate beauties of the cantatrice's singing. I never before saw "Lucia" so much Lucy Ashton. An old musician said he found analogies in the vocalisation of the *débutante* and in that of Jenny Lind. But I should imagine there was more volume in the lower notes of the Swedish Nightingale. Not that Nevada's are thin in the sense of being poor. They are sweet everywhere, and the highest ones come with ease. I think in the sextet she vocalised too much. Intense passion or deep emotion will always express itself in a simple phrase or phrases, whether in music or in speech. In the mad scene any amount of *fioriture* is admissible, because Lucia has ceased to feel.

Nevada's dresses at her *début* at the Italian Opera are criticised; their scenic inadequacy is due to the manager, who only gave her the stuffs with which they were to be made two days before she was to appear in them. She did not dare go to a dressmaker, as one of the days fell on the Mi-Carême, and she knew that at such a time her order would not be attended to; so she was obliged to work herself, with her maid and a job seamstress, at them, and had not finished the wedding-dress until half-past seven on the evening on which she appeared. The muslin dress for the last act was a *confection* hastily procured at the Louvre, and altered in a hurry to fit fairly well. The worry of the dressmaking bore terribly on her nerves. One saw that she was almost paralysed in the fountain scene. But she soon plucked up courage, and triumphed over every difficulty.

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SPORTING NOTES.

NEWS comes from France that Frontin has broken down, and that no attempt will be made to patch him up; so he goes to the stud, and it may be hoped that he will prove a success, as the French are sadly in want of some good sires. Frontin had not been entered for the Ascot Cup, which the French last won with Boiard just ten years ago, but he would probably have been sent to England to run either for the Queen's Vase or for the Goodwood Cup. His first engagement was in the Prix du Cadran, the principal four-year-old stake in France, in which he would have met Farfadet, whom he beat last year in the French Derby and in the Grand Prix. Frontin was practically settled by his punishing finish with St. Blaise on hard ground in the Grand Prix, and ever since that race he has given much trouble to his trainer. On that form he was the best three-year-old of last season; but it is quite possible that when St. Blaise ran at Paris he had not recovered from his race in the Derby, or from the voyage across the Channel. When he appeared at Ascot on the following Wednesday he was a truly lamentable object; but it was a piece of most desperate fatuity to send him to that meeting.

A number of two-year-olds, which are reported to have been well tried, will run this week at Lincoln and at Liverpool, but we are not likely to see anything like a real "flyer" for at least two months to come. It is said that one of the most promising two-year-olds at Newmarket is Rosy Morn, by Rosicrucian—Bonnie Katie, for which the Duke of Portland paid 2,000 gs. at the sale of Mr. Chaplin's yearlings last July. This filly, however, was not bred at Blankney, but at the Sandgate Stud, and it was at the break-up sale there that Gilbert bought her as a foal for Mr. Chaplin for 430 gs. It is probable that Rosy Morn will make her first appearance in the Woodcote at Epsom; but if she does not start then, she will certainly run (if well) for the New Stakes at Ascot.

At Blankney, Stray Shot has foaled a sister to Shotover, and goes again to Hermit. Hazledean (dam of Kermesse) has a filly by Hermit, and goes to him again. The Duchess of Montrose's Fraulein (a splendid failure so far) has a filly by Sefton, and goes to Hermit; and the gold-mine of her Grace's choice and costly stud, Devotion (dam of Thebais, &c.) has arrived to Hermit, in foal to him. Mr. Watson has sent the dam of Geheimniss to Hermit; she has a filly foal by Albert Victor. Several of Mr. Chaplin's mares have foaled all right to Hermit, but as they are not "cracks," I do not name them. Among the mares which have arrived to Galopin are Lord Rosebery's Louise Victoria (sister to George Frederick), who has a colt by Dutch Skater, Mr. Marshall's Shannon, in foal to Doncaster, and Mr. L. Rothschild's Coomassie, in foal to Hampton. At Newmarket, Blanton's Lady Sophie (dam of Scobell, &c.) goes to Thurio. Among the mares sent to Isonomy are his owner's Marie Stuart and Lady Sefton (dam of Sefton), both barren; Lord Hartington's Silk (dam of Master Kildare), also barren, and three maiden mares, sent from Chamant by M. Lefevre. Flurry (dam of Buchanan) goes to Sefton. At Mentmore, Chopette has a colt by Doncaster, and goes to Dutch Skater, and Queen Marion has a filly by Macaroni, and goes to him again. Of Lord Falmouth's mares, Whirlwind has a filly by Galopin, Ambassadress a colt by Skylark, and Silver Ring a filly by Hampton. Among the mares sent to Beaudesert are Mr. Chaplin's Gertrude (dam of Dalham), and R. Peck's Gamos, who, so far, has not distinguished herself at the stud. Highland Fling has been sent to Sterling in the hope of another Superba.

THE CITY AND SUBURBAN.

Of the four horses which were generally selected by good judges as "the pick of the handicap" when the City and Suburban weights appeared, two, after having been heavily backed, have been knocked out, and I hear that there is little probability that either will see the post. Quicklime has been dangerously "groggy" for more than eighteen months, and the accident which prevented Blue Grass from running for (and probably winning) the Leger was of a nature to render it doubtful whether he would stand another preparation. That St. Blaise could have beaten either Lord Bradford's horse or Mr. Keene's I do not for a moment believe. No sign has yet been made with Royal Angus, who, however, appears to be doing good work at Manton, and if there was any justification for the crazy confidence with which he was backed for last year's Leger, he would be very formidable, and it does not seem possible that the favourite will be able to give him 26 lb. Master of Arts is the other most-favoured animal, and, considering all the antecedents, it is scandalous that he should have been let off with 6 st. 4 lb. There have been seductive rumours of St. Blaise's vastly-improved appearance for several weeks past, and they have been put before the public with fervent amplification by several writers. The fact is that the merest tiro knows very well (unless he is a hopeless fool) that the jargon about improvement is all balderdash and vapour to practical people, for there is not a year but some beast is brought out who is declared to have improved vastly, but who, when it comes to racing, never runs within a stone of his form of the previous season. St. Blaise has not run since his deplorable display in the Ascot Derby, and no doubt he has been greatly benefited by his long rest; but it is not "business" to back such a horse until he has been tried in a satisfactory manner. Surely backers have not already forgotten the tragedy of Shotover, unless it is true that they learn nothing and remember nothing. Geheimniss will probably be started for the Crawfurd Plate, which is run over the last seven furlongs of the R.M. on Wednesday in the Craven week, in which she will have to give 15 lb. to Energy, 19 lb. to Prince, 30 lb. to Rookery, and 34 lb. to Anchorite, who is sure to win a good race in the course of the season. If Lady Stamford's mare wins the race, Porter can gauge St. Blaise's Epsom prospect to an ounce; and no doubt the two will be put together. But, at present, there is no sort of line for St. Blaise, and surely it will be better to take 3 to 1 about him on the day of the race, after he has satisfied his trainer, than 6 to 1 now, with

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the manifold chances both of training and trials. There has all along been too much bustle and noise about St. Blaise to dispose one to look upon him as one of the Kingsclere good things, for both Lord Alington and Sir Frederick Johnstone are sagacious men, and firm believers in the maxim of the murderous turfite in "Pelham": *It is the silent sow that sups up all the broth.* It would be rather comical if, after all, they kept Geheimniss for the City and Suburban. I do not fancy Lowland Chief, who has been backed pretty freely. Royal Stag will certainly see a short price. As to the lightly-weighted three-year-olds—Perdita II. and Ishah—they are not in it on public form, and this is a race in which animals of this calibre rarely distinguish themselves. Deceiver (6 st. 8 lb.) is wonderfully well in on his best form of last year, when he won the Grand Prize over this same course in a common canter. He is an arrant rogue, but it is indisputable that when a rogue has once run well over a course, he is very apt to distinguish himself over it again. Digby Grand is an example, and Epsom was the scene of his triumphs. After the Lincoln and Liverpool settling, the betting on this race will expand considerably, but I do not anticipate there will be a large field.

THE GRAND NATIONAL.

The competitors for this race will not be a very rosy lot. Of the Irish team, it would appear that only Zitella will run. Mohican has broken down, and Too Good and Chancery (for either of which it is said by people who ought to know that the race was a good thing) have been scratched in consequence of pecuniary complications. It is supposed that they will be sent to France to run for the Grand Steeplechase at Auteuil, which last year (when Too Good won) was worth £2,650, or nearly three times as much as the Grand National. Zitella was thought to have been overtrained last year, when she started first favourite, carrying 11 st. 2 lb. She ran badly, but, even allowing that she is better now than she was then, I do not see how she is to win with 12 st., for although the field is not a good one, yet it is decidedly a better one than last year's. She has been backed for a great deal of money, principally, no doubt, by the muddy-minded people who follow the twistings and turnings of Linde's stable with pathetic pertinacity. Captain Machell runs two—Cortolvin, who belongs to Lord Rossmore, and Cyrus, who is the property of Mr. Leigh. Both have been well backed, and they will run on their merits. I do not fancy either. Cortolvin will no doubt start favourite, as "liberties" have been taken with him by several bookmakers, who are likely to have a disastrous "get out." He has lately been amiss, and it seems to be the opinion of some good judges, who have seen him at work, that he will not get over the Aintree country. The backing of The Scot down to 100—8 can only be attributed to the snobbish addlebrains who think that Royal colours must necessarily be in the van. The Scot's public form certainly does not justify his place in the betting, and he has not been tried. He started second favourite for this race two years ago, when Seaman beat Cyrus by a head, but he finished nowhere, having fallen. I shall be surprised if Roquefort and Albert Cecil distinguish themselves on Friday, and as to Terrier, about whom there has been so much fuss, it is really impossible to stand a four-year-old for this race, although his jumping may be unexceptionable. The wise policy would have been to keep him quiet for next year's race, instead of uselessly knocking him about and getting him a reputation which will ensure him a heavy weight in future. There has been an unusual amount of "sensation" this spring in connection with the trials of some of the fancied ones, but most likely nine-tenths of the stories are evolved out of vigorous and mendacious imaginations, for fiction breeds like a rabbit just before a great race. Zoedone, Satellite, and Tom Jones have all been backed at various prices; and they, too, are to run independently of each other. Zoedone has twice succeeded in getting safely over the course. Last year she won in a walk, and in 1882 she finished a bad third; but if Mohican had not been sacrificed to Zitella, he would have taken the prize last year. I certainly do not expect to see Count Kinsky's name again successful. Satellite is reported to have 10 lb. in hand of her, but of this lot I anticipate that Tom Jones will prove the best, although he now stands at much longer odds than either of his stable companions. He ought to get a place. Frigate was favourably mentioned by me before she came to a short price, and her victory would be satisfactory, because there has been none of the usual market juggling and legerdemain in connection with her. She is a fine jumper, and is sure to stay the course, but her party committed a fatal and unpardonable error in running her at Manchester, and thereby incurring a 7 lb. penalty, which is no small consideration over this distance. I shall be disappointed if Frigate does not finish in the first three, but for "the absolute winner" I shall select Voluptuary.

MAMMON.

VARNAS.

It looks to me as though the Directors of this Company are inclined to prefer their own interests to those of their Company. They have enormous salaries, and they do nothing for them. I am credibly informed indeed that accrued salaries and "expenses" are set down at about £60,000. In this policy of delay, the Directors are supported by speculators, who pick up money by alternately bulling and bearing the shares and the bonds of the Company.

The Varna Railroad was authorised to be built in 1861, and the following Turkish guarantee was given: The capital was to be 50 million francs; interest on this was guaranteed for 99 years. For the first period of 33 years it was to be 7 per cent., for the second 33 years 6 per cent., and for the third 33 years 5 per cent. On this guarantee 45,000 shares of a nominal value of £20 were issued at £8, 135,000 3 per cent. bonds of a nominal value of £20 were issued at £12, and,

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subsequently, 17,000 6 per cent. bonds of a nominal value of £12, and representing unpaid dividends, were issued. The railroad was shortly afterwards leased to Mr. Hirsch. He was allowed 7,000 francs per kilomètre, and all in excess of this was to be divided between him and the Company, 55 per cent. going to the Company, and 45 per cent. going to him. The actual cost of working is estimated to have been between 3,000 fr. and 4,000 fr. per kilomètre, and as the railroad is 224 kilomètres long, the profit to Hirsch must have been about £50,000 per annum. Practically this lease is in perpetuity. Hirsch has submitted no accounts to the Company, and consequently the Company has been able to submit no accounts to the Bulgarian Government, which, with perfect justice, contends that it is only liable for that portion of the guarantee in excess of what has been made by Hirsch; for, otherwise, A might get a guarantee from a Government that, if a railway did not pay £50,000 per annum the sum should be made up, then give a lease of it to B, by which B would make a profit of £60,000 per annum, and A claim the £50,000 of the guaranteeing Government. By a clause in the Treaty of Berlin, the Bulgarian Government was substituted for the Turkish Government as regards the guarantee. As the treaty was signed five and a half years ago, accrued interest is claimed for that period. The whole matter is so involved, the action of the Company has been so questionable in leasing the railroad beneficially to Hirsch, its inability to furnish accounts is so patent, and the railroad is in so wretched a condition, that it is obvious that the Bulgarian Government might, if it pleased, raise endless dilatory pleas, and probably eventually succeed in paying nothing. Under these circumstances the offer now made of 4½ million fr. in cash and 42½ million fr. in 6 per cent. State Bonds is a liberal one. It is based on an estimate of engineers that the railroad is worth 35 million fr., therefore 12½ million fr. are paid for the amount of the accrued guarantee now in default. It is to be hoped that the bondholders and shareholders will have the good sense to force their directors to accept it. If they do not, I trust that the Foreign Office will decline to interfere any further in the matter.

SERVIA.

A friend of mine who is an admirer of the Servians has sent me the copy of a prospectus of a Servian bank which is shortly to come out, and urges me to "say a good word" for it, because I have always been in favour of the Servians. It does not exactly follow that because one may wish well to a struggling nationality, one must necessarily be of opinion that a bank connected with the nationality will pay. Still, I really do do not see why this bank should not pay. The Board appears to consist of men of business and of note. The country has a considerable amount of national wealth, the rate of interest must be high, capital must be wanted, and if the business be well managed locally, large profits ought to be made. I see that the M. Philippe Christitch, who was formerly Prime Minister of Servia, is the head of the Committee at Belgrade. I used to know him, and he always struck me as not only an honourable man, but as a thoroughly good man of business.

THE ENFRANCHISEMENT OF LEASEHOLDS.

It is to be regretted that Mr. Broadhurst's Bill for the enfranchisement of leaseholders was not carried last week. The evils of these leaseholds in respect to the dwellings of the poor have been amply proved. A person has the fag-end of a lease. He does not pull down or repair, for he could not repay himself for this outlay; and the ground-landlord cannot do so until he comes into possession. The result is that slums exist. But richer persons also suffer from these leaseholds. Practically it is almost impossible to buy a freehold in London; those that are in the market are generally sold at an excessive price, owing to their rarity. No one proposes to rob the owners of land. All that is asked is that they should not monopolise it.

At present the leaseholders pay taxes which go to improve the neighbourhood, and no sooner has their lease run out than their rent is raised, because the neighbourhood has been improved. This is obviously unjust. It will no doubt be difficult to carry a Bill dealing with private owners, but it would be comparatively easy to carry one obliging all urban property belonging to the State, to Trusts, Companies, or Corporations, to be sold on equitable terms to any occupiers who desire to become the freeholders of their tenements. Abuses die hard in England, especially when they are dignified with the sacred name of "property." We shall never arrive at a proper state of things until the distinction between real and personal estate is fully recognised. Land belongs to the community, and, therefore, conditions under which an individual may claim qualified ownership in it may be regulated by the community. Supposing that the Duke of Westminster were to endeavour to close all the houses on his London estate, does any one suppose that this would be permitted?

NEW COMPANIES.

There is a good deal of force in the remarks contained in the following communication. As a matter of fact, a large Company will always be preferred to a small one, because those who take shares in the latter always have a difficulty to get rid of them, should they at any time wish to do so. This is because there is no free market—that is to say, the shares are so few in number that jobbers refuse to make a price. I have always held that when the owner of a mine wishes to obtain working capital, and with this object converts his mine into a Limited Company, he should not only receive nothing in cash, but that his shares should only be entitled to dividends after all the money obtained for working the property has been paid back in the form of dividends to those who have provided it. I object to anything being paid for a mine until it has been proved by actual experience that it has a value, *i.e.*, that people are not paying for the privilege of sinking money in a hole in some part of the globe:—

Sir,—You have recently been severely critical, and not without ample reason, in your remarks on the system that is almost invariably followed in the formation of public Companies. Under this system it would appear that the public seldom have a fair chance of entering into a legitimate speculation upon terms likely to furnish satisfactory results. A venture may be perfectly sound

The Granville, Ramsgate.—The Redecoration of this Hotel is now complete, and under entirely new Proprietorship. Present terms, 10s. 6d. per day, including attendance, bedroom, and full board. Tariff on application. The Band plays during Table d'Hôte.

if financed in a straightforward manner, and may have every element of success, but in passing through the manipulating of the Company promoter it is so mangled and weighted with needless obligations, and above all so watered to satisfy the exorbitant demands of agents and intermediate parties who buy with one hand and transfer with the other at an enormously enhanced figure, that the venture has ceased to maintain its sound character, and its promising character is likely to remain a promise to the end of the chapter, without the shadow of a corresponding performance. I know that you are interested in getting at the truth in such matters, and I therefore venture to submit to you some of my personal experience in dealing practically with this evil.

A few friends amongst themselves subscribed a considerable sum of money to purchase certain well-known mining properties in the Argentine Republic, with the view of forming a Company upon such conditions that success must have attended its legitimate operations. A prospectus was drawn up and submitted to some of the well-known mining authorities of this city. One gentleman, whose name carries considerable weight in mining circles, looked through the reports and then at the prospectus, and, observing the modest amount agreed to be taken by the owners for the property—which amount gave them a fair profit on their transaction—said to me, "This is ridiculous; you must be either fools or knaves—fools if your property is what it is represented to be, for it is worth a much larger sum; or knaves if you are exaggerating your prospects."

Another gentleman termed the prospectus "'Quite too angelic;' it would not go down on account of its straightforward modesty."

A celebrated financier heard of our project, and opened negotiations with me for the introduction of the scheme "in a proper manner." I was asked what we would take for the whole thing. The figure I named was about £20,000 in cash and shares. A few days afterwards it was intimated to me that the amount mentioned would never do, and the outline of a new scheme was submitted, based on a capital of £250,000, of which the vendors were to get £50,000 in cash and £60,000 in shares. And the reason for this singular proposition was that the public would never believe in a heavy profit, but would cheerfully subscribe if no more than ten or fifteen per cent. dividend were calculated upon. We altogether demurred to bargaining on such principles, and were met with the remark that, if we were so mighty particular, the intending purchasers would have to arrange an intermediate sale, which would raise the price to be paid for the mines to something like their idea of what it ought to be.

Nothing came of these negotiations; but the moral of the story remained. We had been favoured with a peep behind the scenes.

Our next experience came with the actual formation of the Company. Every care was taken to make it manifest that all concerned were determined that the prospectus should set forth every particular, so that intending applicants for shares should know with whom they were dealing and what they had paid for the property, and how much profit they would receive. They wanted none of their cash expenditure returned to them except out of legitimate profit earned in the working of the mines, which they would share with the contributors of the working capital on even terms. Could anything be fairer? A nominal capital of £50,000 would be ample for all purposes, and so, adhering to our original plan, the prospectus was issued, and we naturally expected that these special and unusual features would be duly noticed by the press; but, no—the thing was too small to be worthy of the notice of the Money Editor—this same thing which, had it appeared with a nominal capital of £250,000, would have been announced as an important new undertaking, worthy of every consideration! What is the unfortunate owner of a good mining property to do if he wishes to raise working capital? If he be honest and contented with a reasonable profit on his venture, retaining his interest in the form of shares, so that the undertaking shall have every prospect of success, he cannot get his prospectus noticed, and his chance of floating his Company is proportionately diminished. If, on the other hand, he quadruples his selling price, pays heavy commissions, and allows the thing to be so diluted that the *bonâ-fide* investor gets only a fourth of his money's worth, he has every prospect of getting all he wants; and then follow the usual consequences—a highly-paid staff, expensive offices, extravagant management, because there is plenty of money to spend, and at last, if ever dividends are reached, they are not worth having.

The Stock Exchange rule which prescribes that vendors shall not have more than one third of the nominal capital in fully paid shares also operates against a fair arrangement between vendors and the Company by compelling them to raise much larger sums in cash than are actually required for working expenses.

So long as new mining ventures are thus severely handicapped, so long will it be impossible to restore public confidence in these important industries, which might be once more a source of legitimate income, if the press would but encourage attempts such as we have recently made.

TRAMWAYS.

A good tramway, where there is a large population to carry, and where the gradients are not so steep that the horses are overworked, is generally a paying concern. The public, however, should be on its guard against the invitations to subscribe to tramway shares in new Companies. Almost invariably these tramways are speculations of contractors. The directors of the Companies are their dummies, and the scheme usually contains a proviso that a sum of money shall be paid to the contractor for line and plant, generally very largely in excess of real cost and legitimate profit. Such tramways rarely pay a reasonable dividend, nor is it likely that they should, for their capital is in reality a bogus one.

INSURANCE.

What next? A Cyclist Accident Insurance Company invites the public to give them £100,000! This invitation is termed "Issue of unsubscribed capital." But as the capital is £100,000, and this amount is asked for, it looks as though nothing had been subscribed. I see that the Company comes forward under the auspices of twenty-two patrons. If it were stated that these patrons had subscribed for the shares, the statement would be useful to contemplating subscribers. But what is the meaning of a patron of an insurance Company? What are his functions?

QUEER STORIES.

PLAYING A BULL.

THE Hon. Gus Trenchard knew life—at least, he thought so, and it certainly looked like it; for he had managed to live sumptuously on next to nothing for some years. The fact of the matter was, he was a hawk, and preyed on gilded fledglings with great dexterity. One of the best-dressed men in town, and certainly one of the best-looking, he had sailed charmingly through life. A man with a cool head, a steady nerve, and an easy conscience — if well-bred, good-looking, keen-witted, and moderately clever—has ten chances to one in his favour; and the Hon. Gus had all these qualifications. He had one or two faults, for he "plunged," and he had a habit of backing his fancy horse for outrageously large amounts. After each of those periodical fits of plunging, however, he would sit for some time on the stool of repentance, and would look about for a rich stripling to teach life to, and to make pay dearly for being taught; but vow and swear as he would never to go "a header" again, he was always sure, when luck was with him and his banker's account was respectable, to do exactly what he had sworn against.

The Hon. Gus had a sister—not very handsome, and not very young; but a fine, tall, stylish girl, who dressed well and made the most of a good figure. She lived generally in chambers with her brother, and constant association with him had given her an insight into London life that few girls attain. Of late the Hon. Gus had been decidedly unlucky, for he had lost a lot of money at two consecutive meetings, and he had not found any fledgling willing to be plucked.

Options.—Explanatory Pamphlet on Stock Exchange Options, post-free. John Abbott & Co., Stock and Share Brokers, 21 and 22, Palmerston Buildings, London, E.C.

Pfungst Frères Extra Quality Champagnes (old landed) can be obtained in at the House of Commons Rest., Hotel Bristol, Claridge's Hotel, Café Verrey, Grand Hotel, Wood's Hotel, First Avenue Hotel, Holborn and Palmerston Rest., Stock Exchange (Mabey's); Ship and Trafalgar, Greenwich; Star and Garter, Richmond.—Agents, J. L. Pfungst & Co. 23, Crutched Friars.

"They are getting so deuced smart; a lad of twenty knows as much now as I did at thirty," he murmured plaintively to his sister.

He felt aggrieved, and considered, like many another man not as clever as he was, that the times were sadly out of joint, and that with new-fashioned ideas, education of the masses, unlet lands, and hard-up fathers, life was becoming every day more difficult.

Then Constance did not go off, and, though he was fond of her, and had grown accustomed to her companionship, yet it would be, after all, much more comfortable if she married a rich, good-natured fellow, who would help him over a difficulty on a settling-day, or perhaps allow himself to be plucked moderately.

The Hon. Gus sat over the fire in his chambers, looking into the embers and reviewing the situation. Evidently his thoughts were not pleasant, for he poked the fire savagely and muttered through his clenched teeth:

"Curse it all; I am tired of life!"

Even the soothing influence of a good cigar had no charm for him now, and he allowed it to burn out, and then threw it viciously into the grate. Constance lay on a sofa, pulled close to the table, and was reading, or, rather, making pretence to read, a new novel; but every now and then she looked over the book at her brother, and when she turned her eyes again on the book they wandered listlessly over the opened pages. It is not pleasant for a woman to witness in silence the misery of another, particularly when that other is her own brother. Gus did not speak, but continued to look steadily into the fire. He had evidently passed the savage stage, and was studying coolly the pros and cons of some new scheme.

With a sigh of relief—for he had made up his mind—he arose from the chair, and, standing with his back against the mantelpiece, said to his sister:

"Con, we must do something; it can't go on; I have not two hundred at the bank."

"What do you propose doing?" asked Constance, closing her book.

"Giving up schooling those youngsters—they know as much as I do nowadays—and going in for business."

"Going in for business!" she ejaculated, in intense astonishment.

"Yes, by Jove! I will go on the Stock Exchange."

"On the Stock Exchange, Gus! You must be dreaming. Why, they are all so sharp there."

"So much the better. You remember Samuel Jones?"

"That horrid-looking Jew!"

"That horrid-looking Jew, as you call him. But, by the bye, he says he is a Christian."

"Christian or Jew, it is all the same. I wonder you are seen with him. He does not play or lend money, does he?"

"He is as rich as Rothschild, and he admires you, Con."

"Admires me—that fellow?" said the Hon. Constance, tossing her head in high disdain.

"I will have him here to dinner to-morrow, and you must be attentive to him; put on that pretty smile and charming manner, that you wear when you want to bowl a fellow over," continued her brother, calmly.

The Hon. Constance Trenchard looked at her brother thoughtfully. She knew from old experience that she would have to do exactly as he liked, and she had a wonderful respect for his ability. Eight years before she could have married well; even five years ago she could have been settled in the Shires with a good-natured, middle-aged man of means. But she liked Jack Ince, and Jack Ince liked her, though he had no money.

The fact of it was, Constance had her little romance—most women have, some time in their lives—but Gus, who even then had an eye to the main point, had urged her warmly not to lose the golden opportunity. "Marry the fellow with the money, Con; don't be a silly fool! Five thousand a year cannot be caught every day." Her romance ended, as these unpractical romances generally end, in nothing; or, rather, in Jack emigrating to Australia and being completely forgotten, and in Constance being single at twenty-seven and perfectly willing to marry any average man with sufficient money to keep her.

She was clever and was taking; but, somehow, the men did not come forward. Two or three youngsters had gone into ecstasies about her, but then Gus was busily occupied fleecing them, and she had little time, or perhaps inclination, for playing her own game. Invariably, with the loss of their money they lost their love, and shunned her brother's chambers.

Last season she had heard a man, leaning over the rails in the Row, ask another:—

"Who is that fine girl? By Jove, what a figure!"

"Gus Trenchard's sister; but no spooning there. Hawks, you know and all that," replied his friend.

Cool as she was—and she was cool—she could not help flushing hotly; and the intense pain and mortification she suffered brought somehow visibly to her recollection the old days when she would stoop to no dishonour, and when she loved that honest, good-looking Jack Ince.

As she looked at her brother now, she could not help feeling almost as she did that day, for she knew the part she would have to play in any new scheme of his would not be an honourable one; and though she submitted, and even at times enjoyed the fun of fleecing a youngster, yet her conscience would upbraid her afterwards.

However, though she was nervous and somewhat agitated at the prospect of having to again assist actively in the working-out of some dirty plot, she looked at her brother calmly, as she asked:—

"What do you wish me to do? Speak plainly, Gus. It's better that I should know the worst at once."

"The worst is bad enough, though it is only to make love to Samuel Jones."

"And——" she commenced; but here she stopped, looking up at Gus with a frightened, nervous, deprecatory expression on her face that amused him.

"No, Con; not that, by Jove! Don't think me such a brute. I'd sooner see you dead than married to a fellow like that!"

Constance said nothing, though she evidently was relieved; and her brother continued:—

"Jones is on the Stock Exchange, and is the leading

Army and Navy Hotel, Victoria-st., S.W., is probably now the best Hotel in London. Table d'hote 6.30 to 8.30. Cookery excellent.

Vanity Fair says:—"Mr. Benjamin is still the Prince of Ulster and Stalking-Coat Makers." Ulster House, Conduit-street, W

light of a dirty ring of rich speculators, who 'Bull' and 'Bear'—one or two stocks, as it suits them."

His sister listened attentively, and Gus went on :—

"Jones would give his eyes to get into our set, and he would jump, like a hungry trout at a fly, at any girl, so long as she was one of us. If you play your cards well, you will have him at your feet in a week."

"And then?"

"Get him to put you on to a good thing. 'Mexican Ordinaries,' 'Brighton A's,' and a lot of other speculative stocks are worked by rings, and Jones leads the heaviest and dirtiest ring in the house. Find out what he is going to do next, give me the tip, and, by Jove, Con, get him to put in twenty thou. for you."

"Twenty thousand pounds!" she ejaculated, in astonishment.

"You don't understand it, Con, and you needn't. He will, soon enough. Just say you have enough money to pay differences or carry over. He will never ask you to deposit securities, if you spoon him properly. I will take care that he drinks enough before I give you your opportunity."

"I am afraid, Gus, I must be very stupid. Am I to ask him to invest twenty thousand pounds for me, and to tell me in what he invests it?"

"It is pretty much like it, though it isn't exactly that. Just find out if his ring are going in for a big thing soon, what it is, and if they will be 'Bulls' or 'Bears.' Admire his cleverness, tell him you love speculation, and want to make a lump of money with the couple of thousand you have idle at the bank. Just get him to promise to let you into 'the swim,' and to put a big lot on for you."

"Do you think he will?"

"If you play him properly, he will to a certainty. I will then give the 'tip' to a fellow I know, who will put a pile on for me. But now, Con, I shall go to bed," he said, rising, "and you can think matters over."

When at the door, he turned to his sister, and said :—

"Put the rose-coloured shades on the lamps, Con. Have a roaring fire, and sprinkle a lot of perfume about. I will make him drink plenty of wine. Good night!"

Samuel Jones was delighted to dine with the Hon. Gus Trenchard, and the dinner was excellent. Constance was charming, and smiled and talked to him until he felt that he had never met such a nice girl before. "She is a stunner! There is nothing like blood after all," he muttered to himself. All the time the valet kept his glass well filled, and before dinner was over, the fair Constance had half her work done.

As she left the dining-room, her brother, who was highly-pleased, opened the door for her to go out, and nodded in approval.

The two men now pulled their chairs round the fire, and lighting their cigars, talked in a desultory way about things in general. Gus kept Jones's glass filled, and told him many little stories of Dukes and Duchesses and Royal personages, talking of them patronisingly, as if they were his bosom friends and every-day companions.

"They are a queer lot, Jones, when you know them well, as you will by and by," he said, yawning.

"I have a high respect for our old nobility," said Jones.

"Just so—all rich men have. By-the-bye, Jones, why don't you marry? You are not a chicken, you know."

"I suppose I shall some day, soon. I am only forty-two."

"I know such a lot of nice girls," continued Gus. "There are Lady Maude Otto, and Violet Trenchard, and a heap of other friends of Con's dying for husbands."

"They would not have me, Gus."

"You never know what a woman will or will not do. I will ask Con to introduce you, if you like."

"No, no," interrupted Jones, hurriedly. "I'd rather you said nothing to her about it; I would, indeed!"

"Well, old man, just as you like. Let us go in now and get her to sing."

Constance had a nice, soft voice, which was perfectly trained; and, as Samuel Jones turned over the leaves of the music and glanced down at her well-developed figure, he felt a choking sensation in his throat, and swore mentally that he would "try all he knew" to make her the Hon. Mrs. Jones.

The room was warm, the fire burned brightly, and the rose-coloured lamps threw a soft, tender light over her face, while the faint odour of perfumes mingled in Jones's brain with the fumes of the good Burgundy which he had imbibed freely. Constance sang love song after love song; tender, old-fashioned English ballads, and Jones thought she could never sing enough. The Hon. Gus stood with his back to them and his face to the fire, but he could see every expression on Jones's face in the opposite mirror.

"She is playing him splendidly," he muttered. "Egad, she could bowl him over to-night, if she liked!"

Jones was "bowled over" completely, and he never felt so happy in his life as when Constance, having finished singing, sat on the sofa, and made room for him by her side.

They turned over the leaves of her album together, and every second photograph was that of a Duke or a Duchess.

"That is not a bad likeness of the Princess. She gave it to me herself," she said, unblushingly.

"It is a very nice one indeed," replied Jones, who had bought a similar one for two shillings.

"She told me the same day," continued Constance, hesitatingly, "but I forgot——" and here she stopped short.

"I suppose it is a State secret?"

"No," she answered, laughing. "I suppose there is no harm in telling it. She said she would come to my wedding, whoever I married."

Jones was struck dumb with astonishment. If she would marry him! Fancy the Princess at his wedding! He looked at Constance, and her soft languishing glances set his blood on fire and his brain in a whirl.

"When shall you ask her to fulfil her promise?" he stammered.

Minton's China.—A visit to Messrs. Mortlock's extensive collection in Oxford-street and Orchard-street will conclusively prove the superiority of taste and lowness of price for which this house has been so celebrated during the last century and a half.

"Advice to Dyspeptics."—Symptoms of Dyspepsia, and Indigestion with special advice as to diet.—"This little pamphlet appeals *forcibly* to those who have allowed the palate to decide everything for them, and have paid the inevitable penalty of their folly."—Sent for one stamp. J. M. Richards, Publisher, 92, Great Russell-street, London.

"Some day, I suppose; but, Mr. Jones, how stupid men are nowadays—I mean our set. I will never marry a man who has not brains and who does not work."

"It is a wise decision," he said, softly, for he knew he had brains, and he worked like a horse.

"Oh, Mr. Jones, what a grand career a man has open to him, if he has talent. Fancy being a merchant prince or a gigantic speculator on the Stock Exchange!"

"Do you really envy such men? May I venture to say that I am a pretty big man myself on the Stock Exchange?"

Constance looked at him in apparent astonishment. "You," she exclaimed, "on the Stock Exchange! Oh, Gus, fancy! Mr. Jones is on the Stock Exchange."

Gus, who had been listening to every word of the conversation, though making pretence to sleep, started, but he only answered with an "umph," and then fell back in the arm-chair, with closed eyes.

"Such a frightful custom, Mr. Jones; fancy—he falls asleep every night after dinner, and leaves poor me all alone."

"I wonder he has such bad taste," said Jones, gallantly.

"Now, do tell me all about the Stock Exchange and the Bulls and Bears. Do you really have wild animals there?"

"No, no!" he laughed, "though the men are wild enough when they are 'cornered.' 'Bull' is a vulgar expression for fellows who want to force stocks up, and 'Bear' for the lot who want to force them down."

"And you—are you a 'Bull' or a 'Bear'?"

"I am neither at the moment, but I shall be soon."

"You said you were a big man on the Stock Exchange," she murmured, in a disappointed voice, "and I adore great speculators."

"I have cleared my ten thousand in differences on a settling-day before now, and I expect to make a coup of twenty before the month is over."

"What are differences?" she asked, in bewilderment.

"The margin between the price I buy or sell at, and the price the stock is at on the settling-day," he explained.

"Oh, this is delightful! you must teach me what to do with some two thousand pounds I have idle at the Bank; but don't tell Gus. You must promise me."

"I won't tell him if you don't wish me to, but I cannot do anything for you for a few days. The fact of it is, we are arranging a splendid 'Bull' ring, and I will let you in with us, Miss Trenchard; but no one must know it—I should be ruined if it got out."

"Oh, I will be so secret! Do tell me when it will all come off! Oh, this is charming!"

"I will tell you before we operate," replied Jones, cautiously, though intensely gratified.

"Do promise me one thing: dine with us the night before you operate, as you call it, and I will sing or do anything for you. Do promise, won't you?"

"Yes, with pleasure," said Jones, decisively.

"Oh, thanks, how good it is of you! what can I do to repay you?"

"You could do a great deal," he said, softly.

"Can I? Do tell me what it is."

If Jones intended to propose, he had no time now, for the Hon. Gus awoke that moment with a start, and, stretching his legs, exclaimed: "Why I believe I have been asleep. Jones, old man, you must forgive me."

Later on, standing under the rose-coloured lamps, Constance bade Jones good-night, and, as she did so, she whispered: "Recollect your promise; write and tell me the day you will come to dine."

As she said this she let her white hand rest in Jones's, and he felt a soft pressure, and certainly saw, he thought, a look of unmistakable admiration in her eyes as she looked at him. Going down the street he exclaimed: "What a woman for a wife! and the Princess at the wedding! By Jove, I *will* win her!"

Three days afterwards Constance received the following letter:—

Dear Miss Trenchard,—I will accept your kind invitation to dinner, for to-morrow, if you will allow me.—Believe me, yours sincerely, Samuel Jones.

The dinner and wine were all that could be wished, and Constance looked, if anything, more charming than on the previous night. Jones was excited and bumptious. He drank heavily, and when he went into the drawing-room, after dinner, and stood over Constance, as she sang tender, plaintive, old love songs, he felt that he would give all the world to call her his wife.

Gus left them alone for a few minutes, and in those few minutes she learnt that Jones's ring were going a tremendous "Bull" on Mexican Ordinaries, and that they were sure to send them up, as he said, "five at a bound."

"Five? What is that?" she asked.

"Five per cent.; they are £100 stock."

"Oh, then, Mr. Jones, my two thousand will buy forty thousand. Do buy me at least twenty."

Jones was somewhat staggered at the request, but he could not refuse her, and he thought to himself, "I can slip out of them a little below the syndicate figure, and be safe, anyway," so he promptly replied:—

"I will; and, Miss Trenchard, you will make a thousand pounds before three days, or my name is not Samuel Jones."

At this moment Gus entered, but somehow he was not sleepy that night, so Jones had no opportunity of saying anything soft or tender to his sister.

"Now that you know our diggings, drop in often," he said, as he bade the tender-hearted Jones good-night at the hall door.

That night Tom Smith, a shrewd broker, and the Hon. Gus Trenchard sat over the fire in Smith's study until long past his hour for going to bed, and, when going away, Gus said to him—

"It is all settled. You put on thirty for me at first price in the morning."

At mid-day the stir in Mexicans commenced. They went up rapidly, and left off that night at 39¾: 3 per cent.

Almond's Hotel, situated in the best position of the West-end and close to the theatres, parks, &c., is now re-opened. A spacious Salle à Manger and Ladies' Drawing-room have been added, hot and cold baths and many single bedrooms. Special attention directed to sanitary arrangements. Clifford-street, Bond-street, W.
J. R. Roy, Proprietor.

Get a Bottle To-day of Perry Davis' Pain Killer.—It instantly relieves and cures severe scalds, burns, sprains, bruises, toothache, headache, pains in the side, joints, and limbs, all neuralgic and rheumatic pains. Taken internally cures at once coughs, sudden colds, cramp in stomach, colic, diarrhœa, and cholera infantum. Pain Killer is the great household medicine, and has stood the test of 50 years. Any chemist can supply it at 1/1½ and 2/9.

higher than at the opening. Next day the "Bears" rallied and sold as they never sold before, but the "Bulls" were too strong, and the stocks closed 2 per cent. higher still. On the third day the "Bulls" had it all their own way, and amidst tremendous excitement "Mexican Ordinaries" closed 5 per cent. higher, making a rise of 10 per cent. since the "Bulls" had commenced to operate. Constance had cleared two thousand pounds and Gus three—if they could "get out."

Jones was triumphant. "We have cowed them completely," he said. "We will send them up another twenty this week."

"I would rather not run any more risk. I would sooner have the two thousand—I really would, Mr. Jones. I have not head for this tremendous speculation; I am only a woman—and oh! Mr. Jones, how clever you are!" she exclaimed.

He did realise for her, and sent her a cheque for £2,000. Gus also made sure of his profit.

Next morning, when the Hon. Constance came down to breakfast, she found two letters lying on the table. One was from Jones, and, to her intense surprise, the other was from Jack Ince. The latter she opened first and read:—

Dearest Constance,—I arrived in town last night from Australia. My uncle Simson is dead, and has left me all his property. I will call to-day, and you know what I shall call for. At last, darling, I can ask you to be my wife.—Yours lovingly, Jack Ince.

Samuel Jones's letter was:—

Dear Miss Trenchard,—May I have the pleasure of seeing you on Wednesday, at say 3 p.m., if I call? I think you can guess why I wish to see you; and I earnestly pray that your answer to the question I intend to ask you may be favourable.—Yours very sincerely, Samuel Jones.

At twelve o'clock Constance went into the City and got Jones's cheque cashed; at 3 p.m. Jack Ince called, and at 5 p.m. she wrote to Jones:—

Dear Mr. Jones,—I shall be at home, of course, on Wednesday, if you desire it, and am very curious to know what question you wish to ask me. Pray do not make any engagement for the 1st of next month, for I am to be married to Mr. John Ince on that day, and hope you will assist at my wedding.—Believe me, yours truly,
Constance Trenchard.

GIRLS' GOSSIP.

Dearest Amy,—The second Drawing-room was not quite so fortunate in the matter of weather as the first. There was a bitter wind from the east, and at about three o'clock a smart shower fell. I pitied the unlucky fraternity of the silk stockings. They looked livid with cold, and it was a curious anachronism to see them in their insufficient attire contrasted with the Siberian furs in which some of the coachmen rejoiced. A kind-hearted mistress would surely have known that one of the two extremes must have been excessively uncomfortable; but I fear some mistresses do not much concern themselves about the comfort or otherwise of their domestics.

We saw the Princess pass on her way from Marlborough House to Buckingham Palace, looking absolutely charming. The Prince was on the back seat, having, doubtless, to make room for his lovely wife's Court train. We heard some amusing remarks made by members of the crowd. One individual observed that the Princess had on a very handsome bonnet! A coronet of diamonds and the orthodox plumes were her headgear. Another woman expressed her opinion that a Levée was a better sight than a Drawing-room, as "the ladies wore much handsomer dresses" at the former.

Some very lovely gowns were worn. The Countess of Breadalbane's showed a happy union of colours. The petticoat was in the very softest shade of pink satin, trimmed with fine Flemish point, and the folds were held by plumes of ostrich feathers. The bodice and train were of dove-coloured Louis XV. brocade, the latter being lined and edged with pink silk. The Countess wore a tiara of diamonds.

Lady Kay-Shuttleworth's train was Watteau in style, and consisted of exquisite brocade in which the colours were ivory, puce, and silver. You can imagine how delicate was the combination. The petticoat was made of ivory satin, trimmed with Irish point and Venetian embroideries.

Lady Lyson's black dress showed an original petticoat, made of fine jet, and trimmed with lace and branches of velvet flowers.

Mrs. Pauncefort Duncombe, who was presented on her marriage, wore a train of Venetian brocade over white satin. Perhaps the words "Venetian brocade" convey no idea to your mind, and I know how tantalising it is to read fashion articles in which all the principal words are unintelligible, so I must explain that this sort of brocade, or brocatelle, has silver, or sometimes gold, thread worked into the design. These sparkle where they catch the light, the threads being made from real metal, so that you can imagine that the effect is very good.

Mrs. Edward Potter wore a dress that was simply perfect both in form and colour. The petticoat was of poppy-red satin, edged with one flounce, the rest just showing through a long and full lace tablier of finest texture, in a lovely design of tiny fern-leaves. This lace was sown over with tassels of steel beads, silvery in effect, and forming a charming contrast with the poppy-red that shone subdued through the meshes of the lace. These tassels drooped together with a musical rustle, and aided the lace to fall in graceful folds. The bodice and train were of dark grey brocaded velvet ottoman, trimmed with fine old point, the design being fern-leaves, but larger than those on the other lace. This train was edged with the softest pleatings of grey tulle, and trimmed with groups of poppy-red feathers, each reposing on its own little nest of grey tulle.

The Hon. Mrs. Henry Molyneux's train was a work of art. It was of velvet brocade, the ground being bronze colour, and scattered thickly over with leaves in pink, red, and gold. This was lined with bronze satin and edged with tulle to match. The petticoat was of grey satin.

The Hon. Mrs. Trelawny wore a train of quite the loveliest brocade I have ever seen. There were only two colours. The ottoman ground was in a very soft shade of red, darker than salmon colour, yet not brown enough for terra-cotta. Can you imagine it? Upon this was a design of leaves in velvet of the palest moss-green, so pale as to recall the green of lichens on a rock, only that they are hard and these leaves are velvet-soft. This was lined with satin of precisely the tint of our recent phenomenal sunsets. Now, can you *see* that dress? Sometimes, when I read a description of a dress, I can see it as though it were before me. At other times, with a long description before me and pieces of the materials in my hand, I fail to think one out. I cannot *see* it. Do you know what I mean?

Mrs. Mathey's white dress was much admired. The satin petticoat was draped with clusters of hyacinths and strings of pearls. The train was of brocaded velvet, edged with very full ruches of white tulle.

Some pretty presentation dresses were worn. I love those masses of soft, white, cloud-like tulle, the only contrast with which is the *mât* white of silk or velvet, or the opaque white of lilac blossoms or snowdrops. Miss Bruce wore one of the best specimens of these, the tulle being arranged in clouds over white satin. Large branches of guelder roses formed the trimming. The train was of white satin, trimmed with tulle and silver webs with spiders in them. These, as you know, are the badges of the Bruces.

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Miss Matheson's dress was also of white satin and tulle, with sprays of white lilac. The train was lined with satin of a pale green, which suggested the tint of the lilac leaves —a pretty idea. Her sister wore a bodice and train of canary and white corded silk, lined with a delicate shade of pink satin, and edged with white tulle. The petticoat was made of canary-coloured tulle over silk, and was trimmed with plumes of ostrich feathers, mixed with marabout.

Deep lace flounces are going to be very much worn this season. Are you not glad? That lovely Chantilly your aunt left you will make you a delicious dress over black silk or satin. At Hayward's, the other day, they showed me lace quite a yard in depth, which is to be used on the skirts of dresses, and to be draped from gathers at the waist. They have some wonderful imitations of Chantilly and Brussels, scarcely distinguishable from the real except by an expert. The texture and designs are absolutely alike, the same materials being used in these imitations as in the real lace, and the designs faithfully copied. The difference, of course, lies in the use of machines instead of handwork, but for all practical purposes (save that of investment) the comparatively inexpensive copies are admirable. The foundation being of net, exquisitely fine, these laces drape in soft and clinging folds.

Mr. Biddle, who got up the exhibition of lace at the Mansion House last year, and who is a perfect mine of lace lore, has secured a magnificent specimen of antique Venetian point, in perfect preservation. It is four yards long, and measures eighteen inches in depth, and, though I closely examined it, I could not find a single flaw. The collection at the South Kensington Museum has nothing approaching this specimen. The design is bold, with those beautiful, free curves that characterise this kind of lace. It is never repeated twice alike, the workers having thrown their individuality into it. The most quaint and curious figures of little gods or idols, animals, and lizards occur here and there, wrought in the finest stitches. Such is the infinite variety of these, that in one leaf alone I counted twenty different *points* or stitches. Another thing that struck me was the beauty of the *brides*, or tiny links that connect the various portions of the design. They are exquisitely delicate, and yet wonderfully strong, being wrought in the most fairylike buttonholing you can conceive. One would imagine it to be the work of a family of industriously inclined butterflies rather than that of even the smallest and prettiest fingers of human mould.

They also showed us a copy of old Chantilly in white, which would make an ideal wedding-gown. Those pale leaves so softly strewn on web-like meshes are surely the very poetry of needlework, just as "charity" flannel petticoats are its prose.

Some of the new designs in fichus struck us as being very graceful. Those made of imitation point d'Alençon are beautiful in point of colour, the tint of the hand-made laces being exactly reproduced. The "Cosaque" is something new. The one I saw was made of Mechlin, in a design of fuchsias, mixed with soft white crêpe. The fichu was most becomingly arranged in those folds of which French manipulators hold the secret; and at the left side the lace continued in a prettily-curved panier, which fastened far back on the hip. It is just the sort of thing to put on if you want to make a rapid toilet without changing the walking-dress. A charming fichu in black net is called the Galatea, and has a high collar covered with beads and edged with lace. These high collars give much style to a dress. The fichu is edged with bead embroidery, but the centre is filled in with graceful folds of fine black net starred with jet. The folds are caught together at the waist with loops of narrow ottoman ribbon, and hang below it very becomingly.

The charitable *fête* I told you of some time ago is to take the form of a Shakespearean Show, to be held at the Albert Hall on the last three days of May, and is to consist of scenic illustrations of seventeen of the plays of "The Bard." The characters are to be represented by ladies and gentlemen. The scene in Leonato's garden has been selected from "Much Ado about Nothing." Fancy Leonato's garden sunk in the sunless depths of the Albert Hall! "The Merry Wives of Windsor" will be more at home, atmospherically, as well as hospitably. They are to have the refreshment stall, the Garter Inn being the scene selected. The famous balcony in "Romeo and Juliet," will be debased by being the scene of barter. Lady Granville Gordon is to be Juliet. I see that Lady Montague and Lady Capulet are to assist at this stall. There surely ought to be "wigs on the green," to use a good old Cavalier phrase. But perhaps, in the cause of gentle charity, even Montagues and Capulets forget their differences and consent to bury the hatchet. The tower and battlements on which Hamlet's father's ghost appeared are to form another stall. The quay on the Rialto is the scene chosen from the "Merchant of Venice." More atmosphere wanted! Lady Alfred Churchill is going to be one of the witches in the caldron scene from "Macbeth." Some thunder and lightning, if you please. I hope they will not sell any of the horrible ingredients of their original "brew." Nor will the Forest of Arden be forgotten. Here will be an amiable opportunity for Birnam Wood to come to Dunsinane, otherwise Kensington; for what would a forest be without trees? Are we to have Rosalind caparisoned like a man, in her doublet and hose, I wonder? and Audrey, with her turnip, whom the gods had forgotten to make poetical? And who will be the "motley fool"? By the way, I do not fancy that Shakespeare is responsible for that turnip. Other scenes are to be taken from "A Winter's Tale," "King John," and "Richard III."

To turn from Shakespeare to the "musical glasses," I am sending you two shilling books of music, with which you will be delighted. These cheap publications usually contain little else than rubbish, but these depart pleasantly from the general rule. They are issued by Joseph Williams, Berners-street. One contains piano studies by W. Sterndale Bennett, and the other three sketches, a capriccio and a scherzo, by the same composer. I am also sending you a bright little song written by M. A. Baines, and composed by T. L. Monk. It is called "What Care I for the Weather?" I am not quite philosophic enough to join in the sentiment. I think the weather makes an *immense* difference.

To turn to a different subject, do not forget to ask your cook what sort of soda she puts into the water in which she boils green vegetables. You will say at once, "Bicarbonate of soda, of course." But *ask her*. I said the same when some one wrote recommending that the question should be put. To my horror I found that it is quite a common practice to use washing soda for this purpose. Fancy this strong, caustic ingredient being introduced into one's food through the carelessness and ignorance of our cooks! A solution of washing soda is used to burn away warts; so its effect upon the interior organs may in some degree be guessed. This is a new phase of "death in the pot," as a friend of mine remarked; and then she added, "Ladies are very critical about shades of colour in *dress*, but do not distinguish between a natural and a poisonous green in vegetables when sent to table."

Here is a lovely recipe for real Madras curry, sent me by a lady who learned it during a long residence in that portion of India. A large plateful of onions cut up in smallish pieces; a good-sized lump of butter; fry well in a stewpan, but do not let the onions become too brown. Then put in two tablespoonfuls' of curry powder (I should recommend Barto Vallé's, Moir's, or better still, that procured at Mr. Halford's, in St. Martin's-lane, as it contains the curry leaf). Stir well. You then put in your meat—mutton makes the best curry, a tame rabbit is also excellent; this, of course, you joint—but bear in mind that to make a good curry the meat must always be raw. Stir well, and add a small coffee-cup of water, or good stock if you have it, and salt to taste. Let it boil, and then put in the milk out of a fresh cocoanut, a good cupful of ordinary fresh milk, and two or three cloves of garlic cut up small. Break your cocoanut, and with a strong fork scrape a saucerful of the nut and put it into the curry, let it all boil up, and then keep it simmering, or, rather, slowly boiling, at the side of the fire, stirring constantly to prevent its burning. Just before serving add quite a large spoonful of

Old Lace.—The finest collection in London at A. Blackborne & Co.'s, 35, South Audley-street, Grosvenor-square.

lemon-juice. The rice must, of course, be served in a separate dish, never in the same dish as the curry. A mutton curry is all the better for at least three hours' cooking; the meat should not be cut too small. A rabbit or a fowl will be well done in an hour to an hour and a half. If your curry gets too dry, moisten it with milk. Cocoanut-scrapers are, I believe, to be obtained. I have one which could easily be copied by any working ironmonger. Good-bye, dear.—From your loving cousin,

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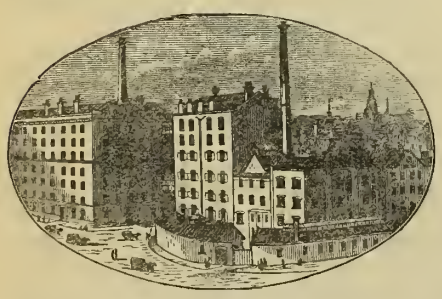

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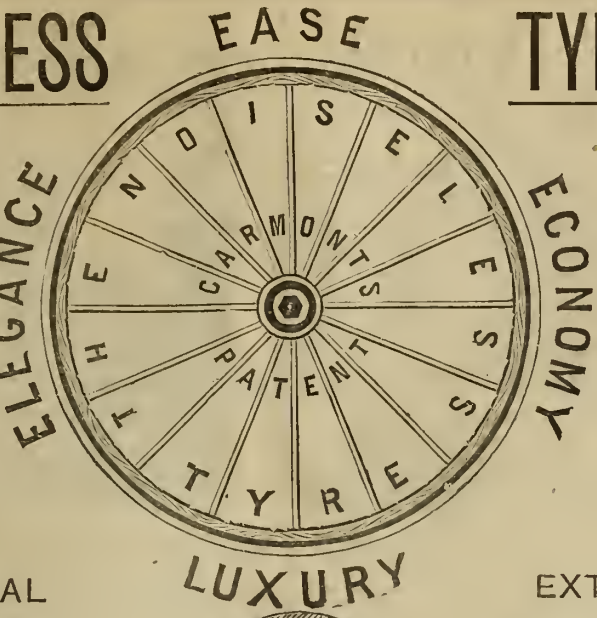

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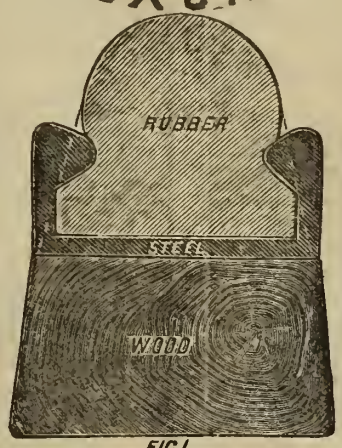

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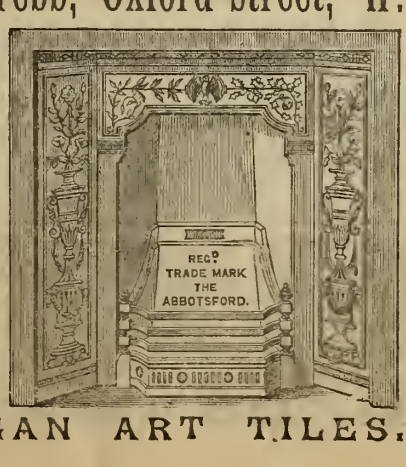

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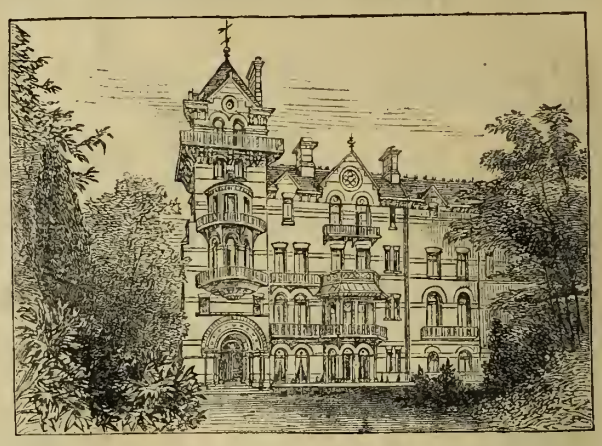

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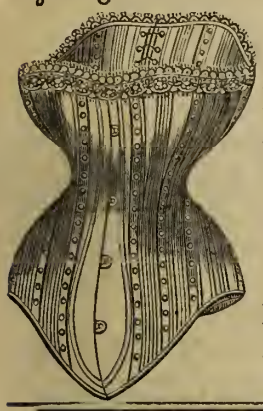

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The 6 per cent. Bonds presented for Conversion must be furnished with the talon and the coupons of and from the 1st of July, 1884, and the 4 per cent. Bonds given in exchange will bear the July, 1884, Coupon.

In the conversion every £74, 17s. 6d. nominal capital of the 6 per cent. Rentes will be equivalent to £100 nominal capital of the 4 per cent. Rentes, thus every £1,000 £6 per cent. Rentes represents £1,335. 10s. of the 4 per cent. Rentes. The exchange will be effected as nearly as the smallest denomination of Bond (viz: £10) will permit, and any fractional difference will be covered by a cash payment to the Subscriber.

Application must be made on the annexed form, and accompanied by a deposit of of £5 per cent. in money or an approximate amount in 6 per cent. Gold Rentes.

The failure to deliver the 6 per cent. Rentes, when the 4 per cent. Rentes are ready to be given in exchange, will render the deposit on application liable to forfeiture.

By the present operation an amount of £7,500,000 6 per cent. Rentes will be cancelled, and as there are now in circulation about £16,500,000 not already drawn, in the event of the amount tendered for conversion exceeding £7,500,000, a reduced allotment only can be given.

Subscription lists will be opened in London on the 26th instant, and closed on or before the 28th instant.

Lists will also be opened in Vienna, Buda-Pesth, Paris, Berlin, Frankfort o/M, Cologne, Amsterdam, Brussels and Antwerp.

New Court, 24th March, 1884.

No. .....

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London, 24th March, 1884.

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The sum of £4,000 has been placed with the Company's Bankers, Messrs. Cocks, Biddulph, & Co., to pay the first year's interest on the Debentures.

This Company proceeds on the only sure basis for investors, viz.:—That the WHOLE of the CAPITAL now sought to be raised will be REPAID, with interest, BEFORE the VENDOR can MAKE any PROFIT.

This Company is not formed to get rid of a mine by selling it to a Company, but to erect machinery to render marketable the ore exposed to view, for which the Vendors give a mortgage on the property, as well as an interest in the future profits.

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Subscriptions are Invited for £60,000 Seven Per Cent. First Mortgage Debentures,

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Each Debenture will be for the sum of £20, and will be secured by a mortgage in the names of the Trustees.

Deposits: £2 on Application, £5 on Allotment. Debentures can be paid up in full on application or allotment.

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SUCCESS OF SIMILAR OPERATIONS.

Mexico is identified with silver, Mexican dollars are daily quoted as the price of that metal.

The ninth volume of the "Encyclopædia Britannica," just published, page 216, states:—

"In recent times one-half of the silver produced in the whole world has been supplied by Mexico," and this notwithstanding its mines were worked without machinery, and their produce conveyed hundreds of miles on the backs of mules.

Now that the Railway has forced its path into Mexico, the profits to be made from its mines must prove enormous. Already the shares of the United Mexican Company, which two years ago were 1½, are selling at 9, a rise of 600 per cent.

DESCRIPTION OF COMPANY'S PROPERTY.

This Company owns seven silver mines at Cusihuiriachic, near Chihuahua, North Mexico, extending two miles on the lodes, worked mostly by open quarrying, to the average depth of 20 fathoms only.

EVIDENCE OF VALUE OF THESE MINES.

Historical records by Humboldt and all writers on Mexico.—The payment of taxes on over EIGHT MILLIONS STERLING produced by the Cusihuiriachic Mines.

Historical and official evidence that this immense sum was made by men raising the water refuse and ores on their backs, in leathern buckets, and that such was the then difficulty of transporting the silver that the pure metal did not realise on the spot, 60 per cent. of its value at the Mint.

A well-known engineer, having experience in the richest mining countries in the world, sent to verify the vendor's statements, reported it "the best unwrought silver property he had ever seen," and that the average of all the poorer samples would alone show a profit of over 30 dols. per ton, whilst the richer yielded over 200 dols., and that the output of ore would be practically unlimited.

IMPROVED STATE OF MEXICO.

The recent development of railway in Mexico has changed the whole position of that country. According to Her Majesty's Speech, diplomatic relations are to be resumed, and a report printed by order of Parliament referred to improvements "owing to the tranquillity of the country."

PROTECTION TO INVESTORS.

The Directors have stipulated that if at the end of three months' working they do not see their way to successful results the vendor will take back the property, and allow the capital expended on the mines to constitute a charge thereon, to be repaid by him within one year.

REASONS FOR ANTICIPATING LARGE PROFITS.

The enormous reduction in working expenses caused by the opening of the Mexican Central Railway. The transportation of machinery and supplies a distance of 800 miles across a mountainous country on the backs of mules is thereby avoided. The consequent opportunity of employing machinery instead of manual labour.

The fact that all writers, including her Britannic Majesty's Minister, concur in stating the richest mines are in North Mexico.

This gentleman, who was subsequently Governor of Ceylon, wrote:—"I have evidence of registers of produce and official documents for every fact that I submit to my readers, and that I have adopted nothing on verbal report."

"The States of Durango, Sonora, Chihuahua, and Sinaloa contain an infinity of mines hitherto but little known, but holding out, wherever they have been tried, a promise of riches superior to anything that Mexico has yet produced."

After giving a table of the "Principal Districts," in which he includes Santa Rosa de Cusihuiriachic, he concludes by observing:—"I am aware that many of the statements contained in this and the preceding books respecting the mineral riches of North Mexico will be thought exaggerated. They are not so. They will be confirmed by every future report, and in a few years the public, familiarised with the facts which are only questioned because they are new, will wonder at its present incredulity, and regret the loss of advantages which may not always be within its reach."

Mexico is reported to have produced in silver £690,000,000 sterling.

VERIFICATION OF STATEMENTS.

In this Company the Historical Reports and Information extracted from Standard Works, appended to the prospectus, supply most reliable, independent, and unbiassed testimony as to the exceptional merits of the properties belonging to this Company and the profits likely to accrue therefrom.

There is every prospect of the whole money invested, with interest, being returned within two years, and of the fully paid-up Shares given with the Debentures being readily sold, in addition, at 200 or 300 per cent. premium.

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HUGH CONWAY, the Author of "Called Back," *contributes a short story to* "The English Illustrated Magazine" *for April.*

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Imperfect glasses, together with the haphazard plan of selection employed by the mere vendor, is the cause of most cases of Blindness and Defective Vision. Sir Julius Benedict writes:—"I have tried the principal opticians in London without success; but the spectacles you have adapted suit admirably. The clearness of your glasses as compared with others is really surprising." Testimonials from Earl and Countess Lindsay; F. D. Dixon Hartland, Esq., M.P.; Sir Graham Briggs; Dr. Radcliffe, Consulting Physician, Westminster Hospital, &c. &c.

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OUR PUZZLES.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 266.—QUOTATION APROPOS TO EGYPT.

Jane Eyre (Miss C. E. Montgomery, care of A. Mac D. Montgomery, Esq., 25, Lawrence-lane, Cheapside, E.C.)	£1	1	0
Atome (Maurice H. Thomson, Esq., South Lynn, Eastbourne)	1	1	0

SPECIAL NOTICE.

*** As the Rules are omitted this week, it is thought well to state here that all "Anagrams" in answer to Puzzle No 270 must be received on or before Friday morning, the 4th prox., addressed to

The Puzzle Editor,
Truth Buildings,
Carteret-street, Queen Anne's Gate, S.W.

The prize offered is £2. 2s., and all new competitors must send up with their first answer their real name and address, not for publication, but for the purpose of registration.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 265.

The awarding of Prize No. 267 has occupied so much of my time this week that I must ask for a little delay ere deciding the winner in this Competition.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 267.

I have been able, greatly to my own surprise, to get through the exceptionally large collection of replies in this competition within the week. By gradually eliminating all those lists of answers in which obvious mistakes and omissions occurred, I found myself possessed at last of about a score in which seemingly every proverb had been correctly exhumed, and I had then to compare these word by word with one another and the authorised list of answers compiled from the keys supplied by the competitors themselves to their paragraphs in Puzzle No. 265. Subjected to this ordeal, one after another of the lists was found to contain certain small blunders not at first apparent, until the number was still further reduced, the final result being that there were five competitors between whom it appeared at first impossible to discover any appreciable difference, each of them having seemingly unburied each proverb correctly.

At length, however, after a still closer scrutiny of the five lists in question, viz., those sent in by Epsilon, Pollymoon, Squeletta, Tomaso, and Mrs. Poyser, it was found that Epsilon, thanks to the fact that he had, in giving his answer to No. 74 ("The Rain it Raineth every *Daye*"), spelt the last word with an "e," as it occurs in the original, and thus made up the total of 25 letters, was thus one letter ahead of his co-competitors, and consequently entitled to the prize. It shows, however, how very close the struggle has been that Pollymoon, Squelette, Tomaso, and Mrs. Poyser should have been only beaten, as it were, by one letter. I must at once condole with and congratulate them on this unique ending to a Puzzle Competition. Nor can I let the contest close without expressing special commendation for the exceptional facility for patient and intelligent research it has developed in the competitors generally. The prize-winner and the four "ties" for second place of course merit this in the highest degree; but there were at least a score of others close behind them who but for a slip or two of no very great importance would have also tied for the prize. Among these I would mention Rhiw, G. A. H., James Taylor, Gamma Phi, Pocahontas, Hough Green, Bay-Dido, Ediubane, Guinea Pig, Sphinx, Chartadomus, Glenville, Caniche, E. Y. N., Mildew, Kitty Gaythorne, Arnaxomiuus, Luxie, Legis, Lazy Launce, Margyne, Puzzled, Theodora, Neptune, R. Hythloday, H. B. P., Elma, Sexton.

I wish I could mention all the other competitors whose success well merits special reference, but this is impossible. Besides, each competitor can easily tell by looking at last week's list in which sentence or sentences he failed. The most difficult, seemingly, were Nos. 7, 12, 45, 47, 58, 73, and 95. To prevent correspondence I may say that in verifying the answers sent in I did not depend on the list printed in Truth last week, but went by the original copies of the "buried" sentences received from the competitors in competition No. 265. The answers received from the following competitors, which were not acknowledged last week, were duly included in the competition: A. M. N., Tame, Woodcock, Mauvais Temps, Quality Togg, Elsie Pepper, Celia, Peepie, W. H. M., E. C., Cane Hill, Joy, Gurgant, James Taylor, Josephine, Hough Green, and Excelsior.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 270.

The Prize this week will be given for

The Best Anagram made out of the Letters to be found in the words "The Oxford and Cambridge Annual Boat Race."

As anagrams have frequently been the subject of one of Truth's weekly competition, it is not necessary to explain at any length what is implied by a good anagram. It is, of course, imperative that the whole of the thirty-five letters (no more and no less) which are found in the given phrase shall also be used in the words forming the resulting anagram. If the latter can be made to have some reference to the great aquatic event in question, its merits will be considerably increased.

Answers to Correspondents.

G. N. M., Mordecai, Sheep-shear, Werda, Marmony & Co., Capra, Whack, Luxie, Novice, Puzzled, F. F. C., Sandrock, Bad Boy's Diary, A. H. S., Linx House, W. A. P., A. Blake, Georgina, and Nutshell.—Your letters were duly received, and their various requests duly complied with.

Lady Fad.—I thought it but fair to allow you to score No. 90 under the circumstances.

T. D. Sinvalid.—I had much pleasure in complying with your request.

Coaly Tyne.—I have again to thank you very much for an excellent suggestion.

Skedaddle, Kittifonia, Hough Green, Lazy Launce, Sandrock, Jersey Lily, Giglio, Nona, Frumski, Caniche, St. Michael, M. Scarlett, and Virago.—You may be assured that I, in each case, made the concessions you sought.

Atome.—You are ineligible for six clear weeks only.

Allebam.—I duly included your list in the competition.

Mildew and Taanmere.—I make you all allowance in the cases you refer to.

Mumbo & Co.—The Proverb was withdrawn from the competition. I am obliged for your letter, the contents of which have been noted.

Observer.—Thanks for your explanatory letter. The matter was easily set right, and your daughter's efforts not wasted.

A. M. H.—Your List was duly included, and I am sorry you have had to remain in suspense so long.

Margyne.—Many thanks for your letter and its useful suggestions

J. H. P.—Your Buried Proverbs reached me too late for publication, I am sorry to tell you.

Hubba.—I wish I could see a way of meeting your wishes. I will try and find one.

Guinea Pig.—I had anticipated your kind advice; but thank you all the same for your considerate letter,

THE PUZZLE EDITOR.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 268. ASSORTED SPECIMENS—GOOD AND OTHERWISE.

PARODY OF DRYDEN'S EPIGRAM ON MILTON.

Three wishes granted to a jolly tar,
Who east, and west, and south had travelled far.
First, "grog enough to float a fleet!" The next
Was, "all the baccy in the world!" Perplext,
Imagination could no further go;
"More grog and baccy!" was the final throw.
Guinea Pig.

Three Generals in three different countries born,
England, Madras, Suakin did adorn.
The first in science and success surpassed;
The next in timely dash; in all the last
The force of nature could no further go,
To frame* the third she joined the other two.
Captain Rock.

* Wolseley and Roberts are small men; Graham 6 ft. 4 in.

Athenian quidnuncs when they wished to fill
Their ears with gossip hastened to Mars' Hill;
Whilst Romans (ever destitute of humour)
Denounced it as the lying tongues of Rumour.
Wiser than either modern wit, forsooth,
Sells it for sixpence, and proclaims it Truth.
Long Lane.

Three Statesmen, by three rival parties sent,
North Devon, Cork, Midlothian, represent;
The first on apathy his censure cast,
The next on energy—on both the last.
Now hot, now cold, in doubt Dame Nature ran,
And mixed the two to form the Grand Old Man.
Baum Rogers.

Three Irishmen on England's downfall bent,
Cork, Monaghan, and Cavan represent;
The first delights in treasonable word,
The next in spitefulness, in both the third;
Though first and second as big traitors figure,
Nature has made the last and least a Biggar.
Indicus.

Three young men, in three distant cities born,
Did Paris, London, and New York adorn;
The first, a beau, in manners far surpassed,
The dandy next, in dress outdid the last;
The force of Nature could no further go,
To make a Masher joined the other two.
Deux Nigauds.

Three players in the lap of Genius born,
France, Italy, and England each adorn,
The first in brilliancy of style surpassed;
The next in dignity—in power the last.
Dramatic Art, when pressed to further go,
To make an "Irving" joined the other two.
Siva.

Three coxcombs in three recent ages born,
France, Cambria, and England did adorn;
The first for cut and fit * was Fashion's glass,
The next in mould of form † none could surpass;
Then Nature, travailing, with cunning tool,
Joined Form and Fashion ‡ in the third, a fool.

* Le beau D'Orsay cut out his *gilets*.
† Beau Nash was M.C. at Bath.
‡ Beau Brummel it was who said to the Prince Regent, "George, ring the bell." Observer.

"Three courses" in three diff'rent Parliaments
Have been held out to England's common sense;
The first, or "tweedledum," was just well, we
Declare 'twas like the second—"tweedledee!"
And for ourselves, without the least ado,
We say the third combined the former two.
Epsilon.

Three statesmen in the age now waning born,
France, Germany, and England did adorn;
The first in wit and eloquence surpassed,
The next in statesmanship, in all the last:
For Nature in her gifts had been so free,
To make a third she had to join the three.
H. Marsh Green.

Three champion bats in distant counties born,
Kent, Nottingham, and Gloucester did adorn;
The first in strong defensive drives surpassed,
The next in grand leg-hits, in both the last.
Old England's genius could no further go;
Austral a boasts the champion batsman now.
Hegira.

DEDICATED (WITHOUT PERMISSION) TO H.R.H. THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

Three Graces in three distant ages born,
Greece, Italy, and England's isle adorn:
Ulysses' wife in woman's charms surpass'd;
In angel form was Dante's chaste love cast;
E'en then the gods could not enjoy repose,
Till Graces kiss'd in one sweet Danish rose.
Caius Lucilius.

Three statesmen in three mighty empires born,
France, Germany, and England did adorn.
The first in freedom-giving law surpassed;
The next in wiliness; in both the last.
The force of Nature spent, what could she do
To make a Gladstone? Why, she joined the two.
Hongus-Bongus.

Three lovely women grace the modern stage.
A perfect face and form make one* the rage;
And one,† depicting passions strong or sweet,
Bring thousands breathless, spellbound to her feet.
Nature, by stint, to mar perfection loth,
Upon the last‡ has showered the charms of both.

* Mrs. Langtry. † Miss Terry. ‡ Miss Anderson.

Jack Frost Jun.

THE ZEBRA, THE ASS, AND THE QUAGGA.

Three equine beasts, in distant regions born,
South Africa and other climes adorn.
The first, untameable, in stripes is seen;
The next is dull all ways; the last between.
Dame Nature, at a loss for something new,
To make a third combined the other two.
Bob Ridley.

The Irish, Scotch, and English nations rose
In neighbouring islands; but for long were foes.
The first for deeds of bloody crime surpassed,
For drink, the second; but for both the last—
The force of evil could no further go,
Than make of all one Union of woe. Paintpots.

Three churches, from three different systems born,
This happy realm of England now adorn;
The first in loftiness of aim is cast;
The next in loveliness; in breadth the last;
When High and Low had missed the narrow road,
What could men do but follow in the Broad? Ada.

Three statesmen now the Tory party head—
Salisbury and Stafford, Randolph, too, 'tis said.
The first in weak verbosity surpassed,
The next in nothing, in untruths the last.
Nature was "stumped," for join them as she can,
Out of the three she'll never make a man.
Action Front.

Three statesmen in one lucky cycle born,
Bucks, Lothian, and Woodstock did adorn;
The first in epigram and schemes surpassed,
The next in home affairs, in both the last.

The force of nature could no further go,
To make a third she joined the other two.
TIMON.

Three potent agents Providence designed
From out the depths to lift the savage mind;
The conqueror first with unsheathed sword, and next
The missionary armed but with a text.
Then, as the raw material scarcer grew,
Compounded Gordon of the other two.
PRIMA DONNA.

Three blunders three fair countries now deface,
To English, Irish, Scotch M.P.'s disgrace;
The first lets Erin sink in blood and fire,
A second drags religion in the mire.*
The height of blundering thus attained we see,
In Egypt both unite for "blunder three."†
ROGGEE SHURT.

* Bradlaugh's case.
† 1. Vacillating policy. 2. False Prophet made Sultan of Kordofan.

Three insects fell amid fair summer's joy,
England and other countries do annoy;
The first is felt, alas! not seen nor heard;
The next seen, heard, and felt; but oh! the third!
Ferocious nature could no fiercer grow,
Joined midge and gnat to make the mosquito.
MORDECAI.

Three nations' emblems in one posy twined—
Shamrock and thistle with the rose combined!
One humour hath, one shrewdness for her dower;
The third with both endowed, plus wealth and power!
E'en Nature's self will own herself outdone
When (happy exploit!) all are blent in one!
THE WHITE LILY.

Three members, at three different moments born,
The British House of Commons now adorn;
The first in "impudence" none can surpass,
The next would rob us of a "friendly glass;"
The third, to many known as "faithless Jo,"
Is "Biggar" far than both the other two.
GUELDER ROSE.

Three party leaders—Gladstone, Stafford North-Cote, and for third the leader of the "fourth;"
The first in majesty of speech surpassed,
The next in courtesy, in nil the last.
Exhausted Nature could no further go,
She'd spent her powers on the other two.
MIGGLES.

Three "People's Williams" in three ages born,
With various Bills and Acts our land adorn;
The first wrote on all subjects 'neath the sun,
The next served England till his race was run.
Nature since works on economic plan,
Of scraps of each she's formed the Grand Old Man.
KITTYFONIA.

Three members as three trusty Jingoes sworn,
Eye, Bridport town, and Woodstock did adorn;
The first in rabidness of talk surpassed,
The next in idiocy, in both the last.
The force of Madness could no further go—
To make a third she joined the other two.
ARAMIS.

Three leaders 'mong the Opposition stand;
Two with a "dual control" do guide that band.
The first, a haughty lord with fire doth speak,
The next, less eloquent, is mild and meek.
For Long the Tories could no better show,
But now the last* will oust the other two.
* Randolph Churchill. ALFRED.

SIR WILFRID LAWSON.

Three neodles in two distant countries born,
Iberia and England did adorn;
In one, Quixote the Don—consummate ass!
In t'other—Colonel Sihthorpe did surpass;
The force of folly could no further go—
To make a third, she join'd the other two.
GRACE.

PITT. FOX. GLADSTONE.

Three famous statesmen by our England bred,
In turn her senate's van have ably led;
The first in wealth of eloquence did shine,
The next in lore, the third doth these combine;
Last in succession, foremost in degree,
The Premier of Prime Ministers is he.
IVY GREEN.

Three Bosses in one generation sworn,
Bar, 'Varsity, and Senate did adorn.
The first in law of nations all surpassed,
The next in fallacy, in "screws" the last.
The force of satire could no further go,
So made the third the master of the two.
PHILEIRENE.

Three managers, the glory of our age,
Delight the patrons of the British stage.
High art to scenic glory Irving marries,
Extravaganza finds her home with Harris,
Whilst Wilson Barrett—enterprising man—
Combines them both and gives us Claudian.
LA NINA.

Three "savants" in this nineteenth century born
Have racked our brains with ethics night and morn;
One tunes his harp to sound in many ears;*
The next knows all, yet knows not what he fears.†
Exhausted nature felt her forces sink—
To make a third she found the "Missing Link."‡
ROSBEG.

* Tyndall, Phonologist. ‡ Huxley, Agnostic.
‡ Darwin, Ethnologist.

Three leaders, in the nineteenth century born,
The Tories of the present time adorn.
For flouts and sneers Lord Salisbury 's not surpassed;
But Stafford 's slow and cautious to the last.
The force of nature could no further go—
To Churchill make she joined the other two.
MERCURY MAKER.

Three Tories, in two neighbouring Chambers placed,
Lords, Commons, and a "Four-in-hand" team graced;
The first in fire of eloquence surpassed,
The next in doggedness, in both the last;*
But bigger bodies nature could not grow—
To make a third she dwarfed the other two.
* Lord R Churchill. F. A. Sw.

Three kinglets in three distant realms bore rule,
Whom England singly set herself to school,
The first a fanatic—a savage cruel,
The next—the last, as weak as water gruel—
It cost the virtuous Briton more ado
To school that third than both the former two.
HERMIONE.

Three parties did our Parliament adorn,
Whigs, Parnellites, and Tories (bigots born!)
The first verbose exuberance ne'er lack'd,
The next, when noisy, by the third were sack' ;
The force of Nature could yet further go,
And made a "Fourth," frail, frivolous, and few.
BEAUTIFUL SAM.

Three brightest blessings of this thirsty race,
(Whence sprung and when I don't propose to trace);
Pale brandy, potent spirit of the night,
Brisk soda, welcome when the morn is bright;
To make the third combine the other two,
The force of Nature can no further go. SEXTON.

Three hypocrites of different sorts and kinds,
In Homer, Dickens, and in Truth one finds;
The first in wiliness of thought surpassed,
The next in "'Umbleness," in both the last.
The craft of Nature had no wider span,
To make a third, she formed the Grand Old Man.
ESTEREL.

Three Statesmen with three different "fads," were born,
Two still our blood-stained Cabinet adorn;
The first in felling trees and men surpassed,
The next in frothy speech, Caucus the last.
Britannia's patience can no further go,
For Bill, and Jack, are "not a patch" on Joe!
J. MCGRIGOR ALLAN.

Two beings in our modern times were born,*
Whom Englaud, likewise Denmark, did adorn.
The first, in majesty and grace surpassed;
The next in beauty—so the die was cast.
No third was found; then what could Nature do?
As these were Peerless, why she joined the two.
NUNDYDROOG.

* Prince and Princess of Wales.

Three members of the present Government,
Lancashire, "Brum," and Lothian represent;
The first in hesitation's not surpassed;
The next in energy; in both the last.
The force of Nature could no further go—
She split the third to make the other two.
ROZEL.

IRVING, BANCROFT, AND TOOLE.

Three actors on three London stages play,
Who, by their art, while many hours away;
The first in tragedy is unsurpassed;
The next in comedy; in farce the last.
Tho' Nature *works* by neither line nor rule,
Whene'er at *play* she needs must have a Toole.
JACK.

Three soldiers in the British islands born,
Who've well deserved and well their honours worn,
The first is Wolseley, from Hibernia he,
The second Gordon, Scotch, it seems to me.
Staunch England's self would claim one warrior brave,
'Tis Baker, who's escaped a foreign grave.
KELTIE.

Three sources of Obstruction bar the way
Of progress in the House and wisdom's sway,
First the Ear of Erin makes too large demands;
And next the Tongue of Rancour time commands.
To make the force of Ear and Tongue extend
The work of hindrance, Eye its aid doth lend.
COLCHESTER.

A Langtry, Terry, Fortescue were born
To raise the Drama and the stage adorn;
The first in beauty cannot be surpassed,
The next in talent, and in both the last;
Garmoyle than courtship would no farther go,
Tho' in her he saw joined the other two.
WILD THYME.

When Adam dwelt in Paradise alone,
He never dreamt that he should lose a bone;
But when from out his rib there sprung a wife
To be his help-meet through his span of life.
Strange was the fact, but not more strange than true,
They *one* became, who were at first the *two*.
J. H. P.

Three Statesmen in our happy island dwell,
S. N. and C.—their names I may not tell.
The first a nobleman of high degree;
The next a commoner; each chief would be.
The force of folly could no higher go
Than that the third should try to be it too.
DRYASDUST.

Three tailors in the self-same city born,
The thrice-bless'd town of London did adorn;
The first in faultless fitting bags surpassed,
In creaseless coats the next, in both the last.
The skill of scissors could no further go:
Poole clotheth kings—"bust" are the other two.
PADDIFROMCORK.

Three statesmen from three diff'rent hamlets sent,
Eye, Woodstock, Bridport, fitly represent;
The first excels in universal lore,
The next in impudence, the last as bore.
The force of Nature nothing more could do,
'Twould have been merciful to make but two.
NEDYED.

Three leaders to one luckless party born—
The Lords one, two the Commons now adorn;
The first in bold ambition 's unsurpass'd;
The next is popular, and both the last.
The force of jealousy no more can do,
To crush Lord Randolph joins the other two.
REPEALER.

Three statesmen wish to lead the Tory crowd;
The first 's a gartered Marquis, thundering loud,
His temper fiery as the days in June;
Then comes a courteous, mild, old pantaloon;
The third 's too saucy and too full of cheek.
Name thy successor—shade of Dizzy, speak!
W. A. P.

Three dresses were by three dear sisters worn—
Grace, Allie, and Mildred they did adorn.
The first for best of texture was admired;
The next for colouring; for both the third.
To better these artistes could not devise;
The third combined the two, and pleased all eyes.
HUBBA.

SOUTHWELL BISHOPRIC.

Three scholars, born, as are most boys, to tricks,
Old Southwell sought to ornament with bricks.
Whilst two at play to challenge nations durst,
The third in learning easily was first;
The Premier, puzzled, saw the safest roll
Was that the Master* should still head the school.
* Dr. Ridding. BERYL.

Three actors on three different stages known—
Toole, Sullivan, and Irving thus are shown.
The first in comedy, his "forte" was cast;
The next in tragedy; in both the last;
And captious critics, here and o'er the main,
Admire, condemn, then praise him up again.
CRYSTAL PALACE.

Answers have been received from:—Ivy Green, Hibon, Phileirene, Nundydroog, Moralist, Jack Frost Jr., R. H. S., Excalibur, Georgina, Newid, Jack, Hodgus Bodgus, Bod Ridley, Sunbeams, Paint-pots, Atome, F. A. Sw, Geme, Daphnis, Ada, Roggee Shurt, Timon, Dryasdust, A. S., Bill Tory, Pisistratus, Keltie, Aunt Towzer, Little Margaret, Alonzo the Brave, Hegira, Grace, Forget-me-not, Nutshell, Caius Lucilius, J. H. P., Rosbeg, Wild Thyme, Smasher, Sexton, Sira, Esterel, Arthur S. Wohlmann, Rienzi, J. McGrigor Allan, Linx House, La Nina, Pysche, Epsilon, Goose, Observer, Groton, H. Marsh Green, Margyne, Jani, Hermione, Harold, Brum Rogers, J. Devereux, Crystal Palace, Indicus, Rozel, Deux Nigauds, Rataplan, Beryl, Nedyed, Mercury Maker, Colchester, The Old Obadiah, Kittifonia, Jober Klan, Layman, Prima Donna, Mordecai, Alfred, Betty Pringle, J. H. P., The White Lily, Guelder Rose, Miggles, Rita, Simla, The Professor, Darky, Paddifromcork, Double Sixes, W. A. P., Aranus, Captain Rock, Repealer, Jane Eyre, Guinea Pig, Beautiful Sam, Kerry Pippin, Kaboodle, Long Lane, Malignant, Hubba, Abercarn, Action Front, A. S., Cuckoo.

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HOUSEHOLD BRIGADE MEETING will take place at ESHER on MONDAY, March 31st. Commencing at 1.30 o'clock.

Frequent Trains from Waterloo, Vauxhall, Clapham Junction, and other Stations, as advertised.
The First Special Train, for Members only, will leave Waterloo Station (from No. 6 Platform) at 12.10, to be followed by others as required.
Stabling for the Household Brigade Meeting free.
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THE ANNUAL SPRING EXHIBITION of PICTURES by English and Continental Artists, including M. Fortuny's Picture "In the Vatican," is NOW OPEN, at ARTHUR TOOTH & SONS' New Galleries, 5 & 6, Haymarket, opposite Her Majesty's Theatre.—Admission One Shilling, including catalogue.

THE SOCIETY OF ARTS' PRACTICAL EXAMINATIONS in MUSIC will commence in London on June 9th.—Full particulars may be had on application to the Secretary. H. TRUEMAN WOOD, Secretary, Society's House, Adelphi, London, W.C.

LONDON INTERNATIONAL and UNIVERSAL EXHIBITION, 1884. To be held at the CRYSTAL PALACE.
The Directors of the Crystal Palace Company, London, will hold at the Crystal Palace an International Exhibition of Arts, Manufactures, and Scientific, Agricultural, and Industrial Products. The Exhibition will be opened on St. George's Day, the 23rd of April, 1884, and will remain open for a period of at least six months.
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The Right Honourable, Lord Carlingford, K.P., Lord President of the Council, has kindly consented to preside.
A new wing, which will be opened by Her Royal Highness the Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, on the 6th May next, will contain 70 beds; these, however, cannot be used unless sufficient funds are forthcoming.
Noblemen and gentlemen willing to accept the office of stewards are requested to send their names to the Secretary at the Hospital.
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• TRUTH •

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ENTRE NOUS.

PRINCE LEOPOLD'S sudden death is, of course, a terrible shock to the Royal family, but his life has always been most precarious, and I believe that when he was so seriously ill two years ago, the Queen was warned that he might die at any moment. It has always been the great difficulty with Prince Leopold that he entertained an insuperable repugnance of being regarded as an invalid, and by way of protesting against the notion that he was in feeble health, he would ride, and walk, and dance in a way which, to say the least, was most imprudent. There can be no doubt that he had been over-exerting himself at Cannes, but it would be most unfair to blame those who have been in attendance on him; for all they could do was to give advice, as they could not possibly prevent the Prince from taking his own course.

When the news reached Windsor on Friday the Queen was at Frogmore, and Sir Henry Ponsonby was just finishing up the regular morning's work with the usual boxes, despatches, and letters. He at once telegraphed to Lord Granville to know whether similar tidings had reached the Foreign Office, and at the same time despatched a message to Sir William Jenner, desiring his immediate attendance at the Castle. It was unfortunate that Lady Ely had just left the Castle on the conclusion of her term of waiting, and none of the Queen's favourite ladies were at hand; but Lady Ely returned that night, having been telegraphed for by the Queen's wish. Sir Henry, having received a telegram from Lord Granville which crossed his own message, acquainted Princess Beatrice with the news, and then broke the Prince's death to the Queen, who seemed quite stunned for a few minutes, after which she broke out into a fit of violent sobbing and crying. Her Majesty, however, with her usual strength of mind, quickly rallied, and regained a degree of composure which was quite remarkable under so sudden and afflicting a bereavement. She at once expressed her great anxiety that the news should not reach the Duchess of Albany suddenly, and even talked of starting at once for Claremont, but in a short time a message from Princess Christian announced that the fact of the Prince's death had been communicated to the Duchess. The Queen does not appear to have suffered in health, although she is overwhelmed with grief, and she has been greatly sustained by the dutiful care of Princess Beatrice.

The Princess of Waldeck-Pyrmont arrived at Claremont on Sunday morning, having quitted Arolsen within an hour of the time when she received the news of the Duke's death. She was to have come to England next month to visit the Duchess, as the melancholy death of her daughter, the Princess of Würtemberg, has made her very anxious about the illnesses of her remaining children. She was thrown into a state of the greatest alarm when she heard of her son-in-law's sudden death, and remembered her daughter's condition. The Princess will stay in England for the next two months, and the Prince is expected for the funeral. The Queen of Holland has also arrived at Claremont, but she will only remain with her sister for a few days.

The Darmstadt wedding is indefinitely postponed, and the Queen will probably remove to Osborne after the funeral; but nothing is settled, and the plans of one hour are altered the next.

The German Crown Prince and his sons, the Grand Duke of Hesse and the Hereditary Prince, the Duke of Saxe-Coburg Gotha, and the Hereditary Prince of Waldeck (who is now in Paris) have been invited to attend the funeral, which is to be as private as possible.

The Duke of Albany was, perhaps, not quite so great a Solon as the newspapers are making out, but he was fond of literature and of literary men, and he was singularly amiable in all his private relations. If he was not a Prince amongst Sages, he was a Sage amongst Princes.

One of the most creditable and interesting features of the Duke's career at Oxford was the friendship he formed with Professor Ruskin. In his first public speech of any importance—that at the Mansion House in February, 1879, on behalf of the University Extension Society—the Duke went out of his way to pay a tribute to Mr. Ruskin's example, and to the value of "the lessons which those who have had the privilege of his teaching and his friendship must carry with them for life." And Mr. Ruskin, on his side, referred in one of his last lectures at Oxford to the good offices rendered by his friend, Prince Leopold, in securing the completion of the Turner collection in the University galleries.

Prince Leopold had always a desire to be created Duke of York. In pursuance of this object he got together all the portraits and other objects of interest that had belonged to any of his ancestors bearing that title, and it was a grievous disappointment to him when the Queen declined her permission to his assuming the title.

Instead of going to the Chapel Royal on Sunday, the Princess of Wales had a special service performed at Marlborough House by the Rev. T. Teignmouth Shore, at which the Princess, Prince Albert Victor, the Princesses, and all the Household were present.

In the afternoon the Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud, dressed in deep mourning, attended the Children's Service at Berkeley Chapel, Mayfair, when Mr. Teignmouth Shore preached on the Raising of the Widow's Son, but did not make any direct allusion to the sad event of last Friday.

The Prince and Princess of Wales will go to Sandringham early next week, and after Easter the Prince will probably go abroad for a short time.

Lord and Lady Spencer, since their departure from Dublin Castle, have been enjoying a "dignified leisure" at Bective, County Meath, after the arduous social duties of the season. Lord Spencer has had some good days with the Meath hounds. The Viceregal Lodge is meantime being prepared for occupation, a large party being expected there after Easter for the National Meeting of Punchestown. As Punchestown races do not take place until the 22nd and 23rd of April, the mourning for the Duke of Albany will probably not interfere with existing arrangements.

The second Assembly ball of the season, given last week at the Rotunda, Dublin, was in every way as great a success as the first, Lady Florence Maxwell again doing the honours most charmingly. Few of the pretty faces known to society were absent from the assemblage. The spacious dancing-room gave full opportunity for the display of toilets, many of which were charming, especially those of the Hon. N. Gough, Miss Lindsay, and Miss Grattan Bellew.

Marriage-bells, it is most generally admitted, ring the fittest and pleasantest finale to a season. Their chimes in Dublin Castle have concluded each season in a most exemplary way since Lord Spencer's Viceroyalty began. The matrimonial proclivities of Lord Spencer's household have no precedent in viceregal history. The marriage of Major Henry Malone, A.D.C., is now announced to take place soon with Miss Brooke, daughter of the Hon. Mrs. Brooke, of Somerton, and niece of Lord Monck.

The racing season in Ireland, so far as concerns society, began last week with the race meeting of the 18th Hussars at Baldoyle. Notwithstanding a prevalent east wind, and all the usual chilly characteristics of a March day, society assembled in great force. The fair sex were content to pursue such a popular pastime even under circumstances too adverse to admit of the displaying of toilets in their fullest glories. Fur-lined mantles, Newmarkets, and wraps of all kinds were indispensable. Apart from the weather, all the usual pleasant features of a military meeting prevailed. A sumptuous lunch was given, and the band played on the lawn in front of the ladies' stand. Lord Fingall, with Lady Fingall and a large party, drove his coach from Killeen. Lady Katherine Hutton wore a long red mantle, as did many other ladies—a charming fashion, which prevents too sombre an effect in a climate that makes such demand on wraps. The Hon. F. Fitzroy wore a fawn-coloured kilted costume, with toque to match.

Mr. Chaplin's party at Blankney for Lincoln races included the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Portland, Lords Cadogan, Rosslyn Westmorland, Castlereagh, Hastings, and Charles Beresford; Colonel Forester, Mr. Christopher Sykes, Mr. James Lowther, and Mr. Craven. Instead of driving from Blankney each day, the party were conveyed to and from Lincoln by special trains from Navenby station.

For the first time for many years Lord Sefton's "race-party" at Croxteth was composed of men only, as Lady Sefton did not come down, as usual, for the week. The guests invited to meet the Prince of Wales at the Hall numbered fourteen, and among them were Lord Coventry, Lord Calthorpe, Lord Hardwicke, Lord Lascelles, Lord Castlereagh, Lord Algernon Lennox, Lord Carrington, Sir Henry des Vœux, Colonel Forester, and Colonel Kingscote.

The Duke of Abercorn has been laid up at Baron's Court with a severe attack of gout, but is now recovering.

Lord and Lady Londonderry, who have been residing at Wynyard since the beginning of January, will remain in Durham for another month before coming up to Holderness House for the season. They have a family party staying with them, and Lord and Lady Castlereagh have been passing the winter at Cliff Hall, their hunting-box near Darlington.

Sir Tatton and Lady Sykes come to town from Sledmere directly after Easter. They will occupy for the season their house in Grosvenor-street, which has recently been tenanted by Mr. and Lady Beatrice Lister-Kaye.

The Duke of Marlborough has been staying at Cannes for the last month, and is going on to Italy. Probably he will remain abroad for some time to come.

Sir Watkin and Lady Williams-Wynn have left St. James's-square for Worthing, and will stay there for several weeks. Sir Watkin's strength has been well maintained throughout his long illness, but the state of his wounded foot causes much anxiety to his family and attendants.

The Duke of Portland has finished his season at Melton, and has gone to Welbeck for a few days, before going down to Scotland for a fortnight's salmon-fishing.

There has been a great deal of gossip about the late Lord Abingdon's will, as he has not treated his eldest son with much consideration in that document. I hear that Lord Abingdon bitterly resented his heir's perversion to

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Romanism, which is not surprising, inasmuch as he was a Low Churchman of quite the old Puritanical school.

The case between Lord and Lady Colin Campbell was not one which could well have been reported, but I should have thought that it would have been more satisfactory to both parties had it been heard in public, and the specific issue stated in the Press. As it is, there are all sorts of stories respecting what it was about. As a matter of fact, although the verdict in favour of the lady technically involved cruelty against the husband, the question was a medical one, and the verdict was no impeachment to the honour of either of the parties.

I hear that Lord Tennyson does not at all appreciate his new honours, and his replies to many of the congratulations which have been addressed to him have been exceedingly testy. He did not himself desire to accept a peerage, but ultimately yielded to the earnest and repeated solicitations of his wife and sons. It is not easy to understand Lady Tennyson's wish for a coronet, for she has been an invalid for the last twenty years, and never mixes in general society, as she is unable to leave her sofa. Mr. Hallam Tennyson's aspirations are quite as unaccountable, for he will inherit only a very small fortune from his father (by no means sufficient to maintain what is termed "the state and dignity" of the Peerage), and he is going to be married to a lady who has no money of her own.

The tenantry on the estates of Sir George Macpherson-Grant, M.P., celebrated the coming of age of his eldest son at Ballindalloch last week, but all entertainments in honour of the event are postponed till the autumn. Mr. John Macpherson-Grant is evidently a sensible young man, as, instead of wasting his time and his money, he has been working hard since he left Christ Church in Sir William Armstrong's works near Newcastle, being desirous of acquiring a practical knowledge of engineering, for which he has a great taste.

The National Rose Show, which is to be held at Salisbury this year, will be located in the extensive and charming grounds of the Palace, which have very kindly been lent by the Bishop for the purpose.

A satisfactory meeting was held by the members of the Cotswold Hunt at Cheltenham the other day. There is no longer any talk of Captain Sumner's retirement from the mastership, and it was decided to purchase the pack for the county for £670.

During the past season the South and West Wilts country has been hunted by a Committee, as the late Master suddenly retired in the autumn, owing to a financial collapse. Captain Helme has now been appointed Master for the next year, with a guarantee of £1,500. The kennels at Greenhill are to be secured for the Hunt, and stables are to be built forthwith. He will go out three days a week. Lords Bath and Pembroke, and other magnates of the county, were in favour of Captain Helme's appointment, and he was elected by a large majority at the Warminster meeting, although Mr. Phipps, of Leightons, had made a very much more liberal offer, inasmuch as he would have hunted the country for at least two seasons, taking his chance of subscriptions.

The Mastership of the H. H., which is vacant by the resignation of Mr. Deacon, has been offered to Mr. Coryton, a younger brother of Mr. Coryton, of Pentillie, the well-known Cornish M.F.H.

Colonel G. P. Blake, of Worcester Park, has accepted the Mastership of the Surrey Union Hunt, in succession to Mr. Farnell Watson, whose resignation is much regretted in the country.

The regular hunting season of the "Pau Hunt" closes this week. Mr. F. W. Maude—the new master—has given great satisfaction. Next season he intends hunting his own hounds, and "Doctor" Green will whip to him. Several new men are expected in the field, among the number being Sir Victor Brooke and Colonel Lockwood.

Numerous complaints appear from time to time in my sporting contemporaries as to a fancied falling off in the number of racing yachts that compete at the different regattas round the coast. Are these grumblers sure that the regatta committees are without blame in the matter, and do they agree with the intention of the Metropolitan and Harwich Yacht Clubs to hold races for first-class yachts on eight consecutive days, Sundays excepted? The first of this extraordinary series of races begins, on May 31, with the channel race to Harwich. Surely eight matches in succession are enough to sicken even the most enthusiastic with sport, to say nothing of the wear and tear to the vessels and crews. Such a thing might be accepted at the end of the season, on the plea that no regatta can be held after September 1, but at the commencement of the year there can be no excuse for such an unreasonable crowding of fixtures.

The Americans are going in for the cutter rig with a vengeance. Not content with importing English designs, they have now taken to importing the vessels themselves. Their latest purchases include the *Sayonara* and the *Verve*; and, strange to say, they bought both vessels at the same figure—viz., £650. The owner of the former splendidly turned out little craft must surely have been in a hurry to get rid of his vessel to take such a mere song for her.

On Saturday, the last important match of the football season took place at the Oval, in the presence of the largest crowd that has yet assembled in the South of England for such an event. The two clubs left in for the final tie of the Association Cup were the Blackburn Rovers and the Glasgow Queen's Park, the match thus partaking of an

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international character. The Scotchmen were, if anything, the favourites, but they had to submit to a defeat. I did not hear whether the Rovers brought up with them printed copies of a song of victory to be distributed after the match. On the last occasion of their participating in the final tie they did so, but had the mortification of carrying them back to Blackburn undelivered, as the Old Etonians inflicted an unexpected, but sufficiently decisive defeat on the Lancashire heroes.

Speaking of Old Etonians, reminds one of the awfully sudden death of Mr. W. Page Phillips, who, since he first went to Eton in 1871, attained unusual distinction in many branches of sport. Mr. Phillips was, in all probability, the finest all-round athlete in the world. He held the principal English records from 100 yards up to a quarter-mile, and was a magnificent jumper, hurdle-racer, and oarsman, being in the latter capacity particularly well known at Henley.

Mr. Phillips's case is only one of many that prove that too violent exertion in athletics—running and rowing especially—is likely to induce disease of the heart. Only a week ago a member of one of the metropolitan hare and hounds clubs died suddenly while out for a run with his pack; and it cannot be too strongly insisted that only men of a certain physique are capable of the great exertion of racing, and that even in their case moderation must be observed, or health will suffer.

The Amateur Athletic Association has just decided that officers and soldiers competing for money prizes in regimental sports cannot be permitted to enter at any meetings held under the auspices of the Association. It seems unduly severe that soldiers should be considered as professionals for such a cause. As a rule, the funds of regimental sports will not admit of the purchase of trophies that would not look ridiculous as such, and Tommy Atkins would naturally rather win thirty shillings in cash than a thirty-shilling cup or coffee-pot, which would be of no earthly use to him. It is to be hoped that the Association will reconsider their decision at their next conference.

Of the University sports which take place at Lillie Bridge next Friday something better than usual can be predicted in one or more directions. Nothing approaching Ware's "put," if at all representative of his capacity, will have been witnessed at Lillie Bridge since the Inter-'Varsity meeting was established.

In the Hurdles, Pollock's present form makes this event quite an equal certainty for Cambridge, for McNeill, never quite first-class over high hurdles, will hardly beat 17; whilst the old St. George's man is pretty certain to be very nearly record time. That he will actually do 16 is hardly likely, however, good as he is, for the course at Lillie-bridge is not an easy one. La Touche's Mile will be another gift to the Light Blues.

Cambridge, in the jumps, are pretty certain to score the high, since Colbourne is again available, and Hornby, Oxford's best man, will certainly not beat 5 ft. 7 in., which will probably be a couple of inches or so to the bad of the Light Blue leap. In the long, Oxford will probably depend upon Grant-Asher and Emmons, for Paine is hardly likely to turn out after the quarter. All three men beat 21 ft. at Oxford, though the subsequent practice of the Term proved in more than one instance that this form was quite phenomenal, and a bit "above" the jumpers. Cambridge are not good at all here, however, so this should balance the loss of the high in favour of the Dark Blues.

In the quarter mile, a third prospective "record" seems within reach. Paine and Blairs have both been running magnificently at Oxford, and with the disappearance of the latter's lack of condition, consequent on a Terin's illness, remembering the fact that Cambridge "timing" is always a bit favourable to the runner, it does not appear probable that the Oxford giants can well be second best. Lemarchand won the hammer last year, and in practice has been beating 100 well every day, so that no one is likely to interfere with him. There remain the two *cruces* of the meeting—the Hundred and the Three miles. The first will, this year, be a very near thing, as far as public form goes. Although Cambridge timing makes it a moral certainty for Lowe, he will have to get a long way off Carter in the first fifty yards if he is to live with him at the finish. It is by no means improbable, therefore, that the odd event may turn on the historic Three Miles. Here again the Oxford show of Toler is not for a moment to be considered as a true line. Of the two men the Cambridge man's chance is the better, for he seems to have more "head" in his work, and probably knows a bit better the way to worry his rival at the distance. Toler, on the other hand, runs a fine waiting race and not improbably, if he lives with him to the last lap, he will find that weak spot out in Elliott which, in his own case, seems to be most conveniently wanting.

The extraordinarily fast times accomplished by each University eight last week must not be accepted as any proof of excellence. It is very seldom that on days when the requirements of training impel a crew to row the whole course at racing pace we find spring tides and fair winds coinciding. Last year, for instance, the wind blew stiff N.E. day after day, and spoilt fast times on the flood tide. The crews of this season can claim a place in history for having beaten all previous practice records as to time on the flood tide. Last year, on the ebb, Oxford did a fastest on record from Barnes to Putney (not full distance). That record has now been quite eclipsed. Nevertheless, I am compelled to set down both crews as but moderate in speed or in staying power. Oxford have four weak men at the two ends of the boat; Cambridge have a weak No. 6, and sundry faults of style and finish. Either

Beauté. Vérité. Éternité.—Miniatures photographiques inaltérables sur émail vitrifiées au feu (patent). Walery, 5, Conduit-st., W.

Mr. Harness, the eminent medical electrician, has granted a licence for the use of his Patent Electric Belt and Suspensory Bandages to the Medical Battery Company, of 205, Regent-street, London, W., who have opened extensive premises for the the sale of *bonâ fide* Electric appliances, and the application of Curative Electricity in disease. The Consulting Rooms are on an important scale, and skilled electricians will be retained to visit patients who are unable to attend personally for advice. They are also publishing a very interesting and clear Treatise on the use of Galvanic Electricity for Medical Purposes, which can be had post free on application to the Medical Battery Company, 205, Regent-st., London.—Extract from the *Illustrated Sporting & Dramatic Times.*

of last season's crews would, in my opinion, be good enough to win the coming race easily

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I see little or no betting quoted of late on the race. When last there were odds recorded, they were 7 to 4 on Oxford. In my opinion, it is about guineas to pounds on Cambridge, who have wonderfully improved since they reached Putney. They seem to me to go quite as fast as Oxford for a mile and a half, and to last rather longer. I do not think that there is any "good thing" either way; nor do I expect to see a hollow race. The difference between the crews is so slight that a piece of muddled steering by either coxswain, or the effect of one stroke retaining his coolness and the other judging pace badly, may easily turn the scale. When crews are pretty even, one may win at one hour, and the other may be able to turn the tables at a second essay. We see this often at Henley Regatta, and in regattas which closely succeed Henley. In University races there is no return match, and this makes Saturday's crisis the more critical. Again, stations alone may turn the scale, if the wind blows from the east, and makes the Middlesex side the more sheltered.

After the race, the crews will lunch with Mr. C. Phillips, at the Cedars, Mortlake. The last occasion when they were thus entertained by Mr. Phillips was in 1880, when the race was put off from the Saturday to the following Monday, on account of the fog.

Miss Mary Anderson is a pretty, graceful girl; as an actress, she does not rise above intelligent and painstaking mediocrity. But she — or, presumably, her managers—seem to be greatly skilled in the art of advertising. A little while ago, a telegram was sent to the United States announcing that she did not intend to marry the Duke of Portland. Later on came the announcement that she did not contemplate retiring into a convent; and now, owing to a statement that she had declined to marry Lord Coleridge, the Lord Chief Justice has had to write to a contemporary to explain that he never even saw the lady. It only remains for her to inform her admirers that she has made up her mind neither to marry the Pope nor to take in washing; and some such declarations, I make little doubt, will find their way into the newspapers to herald her second appearance in London.

When the Prince and Princess of Wales visited the St. James's Theatre a few evenings ago, the Princess expressed a wish to go behind the scenes. Accordingly they went, and, after inspecting the working of the stage business, they looked into the green-room, and finally paid a visit to Mrs. Kendal in her dressing-room.

Ballet girls at our theatres are often not young; the same seems to be the case in America, for when a number of ballet girls went to a jubilee performance of an actor at Cincinnati who had been fifty years on the stage, they presented him with an address in which they alluded "in flattering terms to his *début* as an actor, which they all remembered to have been very successful." Patti has just celebrated her forty-first and Nicolini his fifty-first birthday.

A licence has been granted by the Lord Chamberlain to the Criterion Theatre, and this licence marks a new departure, for whereas theatres hitherto have been compelled to remain closed on Ash Wednesday, Good Friday, and Christmas Day, the Criterion licence only insists upon the closing of the theatre on Good Friday.

Gounod has nearly completed his new oratorio for next year's Birmingham Festival, which is entitled "Mors et Vita." It is a sequel to the "Redemption."

M. Dvorák has left England for Prague, where his opera "Demetri" is to be produced at Easter. He returns to this country in August, and will conduct his "Stabat Mater" and a new Psalm at the Three Choirs Festival at Worcester, in September. M. Dvorák has accepted a commission to compose a work for next year's Birmingham Festival.

Mark Twain has published a dramatic adaptation of his novel, "The Prince and the Pauper."

As a sequel to the article on "The Gains of Authors," which appeared in Truth a few weeks ago, it may be interesting to mention that since the death of Mr. J. H. Parker, the well-known Oxford publisher, it has transpired that Mr. Keble originally offered the late Mr. Joseph Parker the copyright of "The Christian Year" for £20, but that he refused it. During the forty years which followed the publication of this work, nearly 400,000 copies were sold, and Mr. Keble's share of the profits amounted to £14,000, being one fourth of the retail price—surely an unprecedentedly liberal division.

The Queen's Bounty Fund is £1,200 per annum. This small sum is generally distributed in pensions of from £50 to £100 to needy literary men, or to their widows or children who are in want. This year, Mr. Matthew Arnold has been given a pension of £300 per annum. This is excessive, because he receives £900 per annum for a comparative sinecure, and can unquestionably earn a good income by his literary labours. A petition, largely signed, is about to be presented to Mr. Gladstone, asking him to grant a small pension to the widow and family of the late Mr. Blanchard Jerrold. If the fund will not admit of this, it is suggested that Mr. Matthew Arnold might give up his pension.

There is a tremendous ferment among the orthodox in Oxford, for it has been decided that this year's Hibbert Lectures are to be delivered in the University School. "This is the last drop in our cup of degradation," says one of the most eminent Churchmen at Oxford, and Lord

Army and Navy Hotel, Victoria-st., S.W., is probably now the best Hotel in London. Table d'hote 6.30 to 8.30. Cookery excellent.

Woods' Hotel (within Furnival's Inn, Holborn, E.C.) has been considerably modernised and improved. Families and Gentlemen will find in this Hotel *home comforts*.

Salisbury is strongly (and most unreasonably) denounced for not having exerted his influence to prevent "so gross a scandal."

Mr. Rutherford, the new Head-master, is making many changes at Westminster School. Whether they are all for the better time alone can show; but there is one change which can scarcely be considered an improvement, and that is the alteration of play-time. The boys used to have their play first, then their dinner at two o'clock, and return to school at three o'clock. But now the dinner precedes play. It is obviously bad for boys to engage in violent exercise immediately after a heavy meal; and it is not desirable that they should go straight from the excitement and freedom of the playground into school. I hope Mr. Rutherford, who is most anxious for the welfare of the boys, will reconsider this.

An Edinburgh graduate writes to confirm a note which appeared last week in Truth in regard to his University. He says:—

The flunkeyism on the part of the Professors has produced a chronic state of dissatisfaction and disgust for years, as to the way in which the highest degrees in Law and Divinity are dispensed. It is bad enough to keep back the young men just graduating from taking part in the three days' ceremonies of this month. But when for years the other degrees are only conferred very occasionally on their own graduates, and freely dispensed to strangers who never were within the college walls, and who never spent a farthing at the place, it is simply disgraceful. No graduate dares apply for these distinctions, no matter what may be his worth, work, or position. Seventy-nine LL.D.'s at one sitting, and amongst them hardly one of their own alumni, and not one graduate amongst all the D.D.'s to be created, is scarcely credible; but so it is."

The *World* states (what everybody knew already) that the consecration of the Bishop of Southwell is fixed for May 1, and is to take place in St. Paul's, "not, after all, in Lincoln Cathedral." The project of transferring the ceremony to Lincoln was never seriously entertained, and Edmund's statement is pure fancy that "the change has been mainly caused by the impossibility of the Bishop of Lichfield leaving London while the House of Lords is sitting." Besides, this is obviously nonsense, as, if Dr. Maclagan's presence at Lincoln had been desired, nothing would have been more easy than to depute his mechanical duties in the House of Lords to any "right reverend brother" who happened to be in town.

Archdeacon Farrar was to have preached in the private chapel at Windsor on Sunday, but on Saturday his attendance was countermanded, and the Dean of Windsor officiated instead.

The Archbishop of York will preach next Sunday at the noon service, at the Chapel Royal, St. James's.

I understand that the Archdeacon of Northumberland (Dr. Hamilton) is "the Archbishop's candidate" for the Prolocutorship of the Northern Province, in opposition to the Dean of York. Archdeacon Hamilton's position is rather an equivocal one, as I am informed that several months ago he gave a written promise to support Dr. Purey-Cust.

Roper Frères' 1st Quality extra dry Champagne. Roper Frères' 1st Quality medium dry. Of all Wine Merchants.

I should like to know whether General Booth approves of the following demonstration. I take the details from the *Hull and Lincolnshire Times*:—

The captain of the Market Rasen branch of the Salvation Army, George John Noyce, returned to this town on Saturday afternoon last, having that morning been liberated from her Majesty's Prison at Lincoln, and his return was made the occasion of a demonstration by the enthusiastic religious professors of the town and district. The captain, with the Army brass band from Lincoln, accompanied by other officers, reached the precincts of the town, by road, between four and five o'clock. There the local Salvationists and friends met them; the horses were removed from the waggonette, and a party of men from the malt-kiln fixed ropes to the conveyance, and dragged it to the Market-place. The procession was headed by the Army flag, closely followed by the local "lieutenant" and a religious sweep on horseback, having a black face, and carrying his chimney-sweeping brush; then came a new banner, bearing the inscription, "Welcome home, for Jesus, after 14 days' imprisonment;" the brass band and the Rasen contingent of soldiers and followers bringing up the rear. The "martyr" was dressed in an imitation prison suit, and was supported by his fellow officers. The procession wended its way to the Market-place, where the captain gave a little of his prison history, and after this they travelled to the Barracks on the Willingham-road, where a "reception tea" given by numerous friends was partaken of by between three and four hundred persons. At the evening open-air service the captain was presented with a Bible as a recognition of his "bravery" in going to prison because he refused to pay the fine which the magistrates imposed upon him for breaking the law of the country.

The following advertisement has been in a Northampton paper for the last four weeks. It would seem, therefore, that Conservative and Church of England tenants do not want villas. "H. M. S." is the Chairman of the Northamptonshire Court of Quarter Sessions, and Squire of the Parish of Mears Ashby. The advertisement is a curious one, for the "no Liberals need apply," is a new departure in the letting of villas:—

MEARS ASHBY.—TO LET, from Lady-day next, a VILLA RESIDENCE, with drawing and dining rooms, seven bed-rooms, and usual offices, coach-house, stable, kitchen and flower-gardens, green-house, &c.; stands on about an acre of ground. Tenant, Church of England and Conservative.—Apply to H.M.S., Mears Ashby Hall, Northampton.

Can the Admiralty be aware how difficult it is for a sailor to get his son into Greenwich Hospital School? On an average, eighty boys out of a hundred are rejected as physically disqualified. This shows that either the children of our seamen are deteriorating, or that the medical examination is far too stringent. The latter is the more probable. Considering the expense the parents are put to in obtaining certificates and paying railway fares, it would appear that an independent inquiry into the management would be productive of advantage to those whom the school is intended to benefit.

It is a curious fact, and one which deserves the attention of "my lords," that tradesmen, especially wine merchants, appear to have such intimate relations with some of the officials at the Admiralty that they are usually aware of appointments ten days or a fortnight before any information has been vouchsafed to the selected officers,

Harness' Electric Battery Belt (by Royal Letters Patent) is the latest invention in medical electricity, and the safest and most effectual natural remedy for rheumatic, muscular, and nervous ailments, general debility, and functional disorders. Those suffering are invited to call at the consulting rooms of the Medical Battery Company, 205, Regent-street, and gratuitously inspect the various therapeutical appliances which are the outcome of years of labour and experimental research. An interesting little treatise, "Galvanic Electricity, Nature's Remedy for impaired Vital Energy," published by the company, will be sent post free on application.—Harness' Battery Belt forwarded post free on receipt of P.O.O. or cheque for 21s., payable to G. A. Nelson, the Medical Battery Company, 205, Regent-street, London, W.

and long before the appointments are formally announced. It is a fact that recently circulars from some of these inspired tradesmen have been the first intimation received by an officer of his forthcoming appointment.

The War Office's all-round faculty of blundering is well shown in the new regulations for the Sandhurst entrance examination, which were discussed in the House of Lords last week. The net effect of the alterations will be to oust English history and literature from the examination altogether, and to put science at a discount. This is a great mistake, for two reasons—first, because these are both subjects of importance to soldiers; and, secondly, because the public schools will thus be encouraged to persevere in their evil habit of neglecting English.

But the reason given by Lord Morley for the change is almost more absurd than the change itself. We have been obliged, he said, in effect, to reduce the number of marks given for English, because the subject is so well crammed that candidates do not even read the books they are examined in. It is strange that Lord Morley did not see that what his argument proved was the necessity of changing, not the subjects, but the examiners. An examiner in English, who fails to discover whether the candidates have or have not read the books in which he is examining them, is obviously unfit for his post, and the War Office would do well to withdraw their new regulations, and appoint a new set of examiners instead.

I was amused, however, to see Lord Salisbury leading the protest against the exclusion of English and science, for he committed exactly the same blunder himself, when he was at the India Office, in the case of the examinations for the Indian Civil Service.

How is that while so many promotions from the ranks are taking place, we never hear of a promotion to a commission from the ranks of the Guards? Surely the sergeants of the Guards are as worthy of promotion as the non commissioned officers of other regiments.

A hint for the New Shakspere Society. The prophetic imagination of the divine poet was never more clearly exhibited than when he wrote of a libeller that "he that filches from me my good name, robs me of that which not enriches him, and makes me poor indeed." Is it not evident that the poet had in his mind, as the natural result of an action for libel, the bankruptcy of plaintiff and defendant?

The costs of the Belt-Lawes case amount to a little over £25,000.

Every one is probably sufficiently mad upon one or two points to lead a specialist to regard his retirement to a lunatic asylum as desirable. The question respecting the inspection of these asylums is one that personally interests all of us. The *Lancet* absolutely denies that the inmates of asylums are protected by the visits of inspection paid by the Commissioners in Lunacy.

Says the *Lancet*:—

The Lord Chancellor's visitors do visit the *patients* under their care, and so far as regards the organisation of the office of "Chancery visitors" is concerned, the arrangements are respectable. At Whitehall, however, there is practically nothing, cannot possibly be anything, in the shape of protection for the insane. The notion that the Commissioners in Lunacy inspect "madhouses," in so far as by that *inspection* is understood the supervision of the inmates of asylums, has no foundation in fact. The Commissioners see that certain entries in certificates, in journals, and in returns, are formally made, and they "tick off" a certain number of names in books; but that is all, and that all amounts to nothing.

A case at the Thames Police Court last Tuesday afforded a flagrant example of the brutal and stupid manner in which the Poor Law is administered in this country. A dock labourer informed the magistrates that his wife had died a fortnight before in the Bromley Jack Asylum, leaving a baby three months old. The authorities at once sent the child home to him, although it was very ill, and as he had been out of work, he was unable to procure the necessary nourishment or medical attendance. The parish officers refused either to send the doctor or to send relief, but told the poor father that if he wanted either he must come into the workhouse. He did not, however, wish to break up his home, as he might never get one again. The magistrate, with dull pedantry, told the unfortunate applicant that "if he wanted relief" he must conform to the regulations. Sir Charles Dilke can scarcely approve of such wooden-headed procedure.

John Minns, aged sixty-four, was charged at Stratford, last week, with stealing one pennyworth of coke. He had been already a week in gaol, and though he was a man of good character, the magistrates sentenced him to a month's imprisonment with hard labour. If Minns had half murdered his wife, or broken the head of one of his friends, he would probably have been fined five shillings.

The Bradford Board of Guardians have determined to reduce the scale of diet in the workhouse. The excuse for this change is that a good many young paupers, who had been sent out to service, have returned to the workhouse, alleging that they were better fed and treated there than in their situations. This is surely rather an odd reason, for it does not necessarily follow that because a pauper is half-starved in a situation, that he or she should be reduced to a still more meagre diet on returning to the workhouse.

Who are Messrs. De Jersey & Preston, who term themselves financiers and mortgage brokers, and appear to do business under the name of the National Mortgage Association? In any case, they are liberal with the money of others, for they are good enough to offer handsome terms for the introduction of business. The following circular has been sent to clerks to sanitary authorities, school boards, &c.:—

Dear Sir,—The Association will be glad if you can introduce mortgage securities or loans. We shall be happy to allow you our usual terms to solicitors, viz., 40 per cent. of our net charges upon settlement.—We are, yours faithfully, De Jersey & Preston.

For Breakfast, Epps's Cocoa is grateful and comforting. Boiling water or milk only. James Epps & Co., Homœopathic Chemists.

Vanity Fair says:—"Mr. Benjamin is still the Prince of Ulster and Stalking-Coat Makers." Ulster House, Conduit-street, W

The now issue of postage stamps was very appropriately fixed for All Fools' Day, for nothing more absurd could have been devised than a series of five stamps of different values, but of exactly the same colour and with differences of design so minute that it will require a microscope to distinguish them. That the new stamps are as ugly as such things can be goes without saying, but it might at least have been arranged that one stamp should differ from another stamp in ugliness. Mr. Fawcett is, of course, not responsible, and the heads of the department may fairly take the credit of this device for mystifying the public entirely to themselves.

I insert the following letter from Mrs. Maxwell (Miss Braddon) with pleasure. I should almost think that even the opponents of a meal to starving School Board children would not object to this form of charity :—

Bank Cottage, Lyndhurst, *March* 25.

Dear Sir,—With the opening of the leaves and the blossoming of the primroses in the New Forest, Miss English is resuming her good work of providing a three weeks' holiday for the children of the London poor, which work was so materially aided and so widened in its scope last year by the liberal subscriptions sent her by many of the readers of Truth. On the third of April, twenty-eight children from one of the poorest parishes in London are coming to Lyndhurst, to be planted out in the surrounding cottages as heretofore. They will be paid for by the balance in hand from last year's subscriptions, and Miss English hopes to continue the work through the summer on as wide a basis as that of last year, which she will be able to do if some of those kind friends who helped her last year will help again, and if others who did not help last year will be induced by the assurance of the real good that was done then to contribute towards the funds for this year's expenditure. An article in the January number of *Macmillan* contained some description of the children's holiday last year, and of the happy effect upon mind and body brought about by the sweet rustic influences of this most lovely spot. But no one who has not lived here year after year, as I have, can realize the delight of forest peace and beauty, or the Arcadian simplicity of the good souls who open their cottage homes to Miss English's little pensioners from the seething masses of our overcrowded city.—Yours very truly, Mary Maxwell.

The proprietor of a leading journal in South California offered the following inducements to a San Francisco journalist, whom he was anxious to engage as editor :—

The salary, $15 (£3) a week, may sound small, but living in the centre of an agricultural district, we are constantly receiving large gifts of grapes, potatoes, delicious peas, oranges, and indeed everything that is in season; which, after being duly noticed in our columns, would become your perquisites. The editorial table turns up, and makes a capital bed at night, and there is an excellent stove to boil coffee on. If you can play hymn-tunes, there is a vacancy for an organist at our chapel at $15 a month.

Mr. Froude has finished the concluding volumes of his interesting biography of Carlyle, but they will not be published before the autumn. The third volume will contain a preface, in which Mr. Froude replies to the abusive criticisms which have been showered upon him for his conduct in his capacity as Mr. Carlyle's literary executor.

In alluding to some letters of George Eliot which, have been published in the *Débats*, the *St. James's Gazette* refers to "that 'Life and Letters,' which certainly cannot appear yet, if it appears at all." The promised biography of the great writer has excited such universal interest both in Europe and America, that I am glad to be enabled to state that Mr. John Cross has just finished the work, which now only needs a final revision. It will be published by Messrs. Blackwood, next October, in two volumes. I understand that the book will be composed for the most part of George Eliot's letters. Almost the whole of those which she addressed to her principal correspondents have luckily been recovered, including many which were written when she was quite young, and long before her name became known to the world. The book will also contain a portrait of George Eliot, and several illustrations of the places identified with her career.

A second edition of the "Memoirs of Princess Alice" is to be published this week at Darmstadt, the first edition of 5,000 copies having been exhausted several weeks ago, and the demand for the book in Germany is still considerable. The English edition will appear about the 15th, published by Mr. Murray. The brief biographical sketch which is prefixed to the German edition has been translated by Princess Christian, and she has also translated a few of her lamented sister's letters, which were written in German, but the real work of editing and revision has been done by Sir Theodore Martin. This book will contain several additional letters addressed to the Queen. The whole of the correspondence of the Princess with her mother has been preserved. It begins with a letter written from St Clare, near Ryde, during her honeymoon, and closes with one which did not reach Windsor till after the death of the writer. Of course, a very careful revision has been necessary, as the letters, being entirely confidential, contain numerous references to purely private and personal matters, and also very free opinions on the course of public affairs, especially in Germany. The book will contain several portraits of the Princess, whose premature death was deeply deplored by all who knew her, both in this country and in Germany.

One anecdote, told by the writer who has just sketched Berlin Society, whether literally true or only a neat invention, has met with great success. It hits at what used to be called in Germany a French fashion. An English missionary, so the story goes, was invited to a large dinner-party by a German Professor and Deputy. Out of regard to his cloth the host, after the ladies had withdrawn from the table, apologised to the missionary for their, perhaps, too *décolletée* style of dress. "Oh, pray don't mention it," replied the missionary; "I have lived for ten years among the savages of Africa, and am quite accustomed to such sights."

I have received a good deal of correspondence respecting the habit of Lord Lieutenants, whether Whig or Conservative, to appoint almost exclusively Conservative magistrates. My correspondents rightly point out that complaint ought to be made to the Lord Chancellor, as he may insist upon the appointment of any particular person as a magistrate by a Lord Lieutenant. But would the Lord Chancellor take action? I doubt it. In Middlesex, the Duke of Wellington, the present Lord Lieutenant, like his predecessor, Lord Salisbury, has almost invariably appointed Tory magistrates. He declined, I am credibly informed, to appoint a gentleman who is in the Cabinet. He was, of course, a Liberal. Why the appointment of magistrates should be almost exclusively in the hands of men whose only claim for such a privilege is that they are hereditary legislators, I do not know.

Antique and Decorative French, Italian, and English Furniture, and Old Tapestries, &c.—J. J. Duveen 181, Oxford-street.

Rowland's Macassar Oil contains no lead, or mineral ingredients; sold in golden colour for fair-haired children and people.

There is, undoubtedly a great deal of justice in the following remarks:

Sir,—I don't know whether you will be disposed to take up the following subject in Truth, but I feel sure that a great injustice will be done to English artists in connection with the proposed Wellington Memorial, unless the Press and the public interfere. The facts are as follows:—

On the 9th of August last Mr. Shaw Lefevre stated in the House, in answer to Sir Henry Holland, that the Government had decided to invite a competition of sculptors for a new statue of the Great Duke, to be placed in front of Apsley House in lieu of the present statue (vide *Times*, August 10th, 1883). On the strength of the announcement, English sculptors naturally concluded that there would be no doubt about the public competition, and at least one well-known sculptor, whose name I can give if necessary, has, at a considerable expenditure of time and money prepared an admirable equestrian group in anticipation of the competition.

If ever there was an occasion when English talent should be called into requisition, it is this, and yet the commission is to be given to Mr. Boehm without any competition at all.

An English Artist—not a Sculptor.

The *World* makes the portentous announcement that "a year hence neither Mr. Gladstone nor Sir Stafford Northcote will be in the House of Commons." The absurdity of this solemn nonsense is so obvious that it is unnecessary to comment upon it. Edmund's political dissertations always remind me of the description by Junius of the Duke of Grafton's oratory:—

This style, I apprehend, sir, is what the learned Scriblerus calls *rigmarole* in logic, riddlemeree among schoolboys, and, in vulgar acceptation, *Three blue beans in a blue bladder*. It is the perpetual parturience of a mountain, and the never-failing delivery of a mouse.

Wonderful indeed were the stories told respecting Mr. Gladstone's illness during his withdrawal from London. Some Conservatives have insisted that he was raving mad, others that his health had entirely broken down. "Not a soul," they whispered, "has been allowed to see him," and, hope being father to the thought, they pictured him playing with straws, like Ophelia. As a matter of fact, he caught a cold and lost his voice. As he wished to get well as soon as possible, he carefully nursed himself, and obeyed the injunctions of his medical advisers. He looked worn on his reappearance last Monday, but he had entirely recovered his voice.

It was rumoured on Saturday that Mr. Gladstone was dead, and on Friday that the Duke of Devonshire was dying. There was precisely as much foundation for the one report as for the other. Probably the former rumour was propagated for Stock Exchange purposes, for it put up "Egyptians" one per cent., the G. O. M. being justly regarded by City men as the giant in the way of their raid upon the English taxpayer.

On Monday morning Mr. Speaker Peel was taken ill: Sir Arthur Otway, the Deputy Speaker was also ill in bed. But he had to be sent for to take the Chair, because otherwise the House could not have met. For any one, not the Speaker or the Deputy Speaker, to preside would necessitate an Act of Parliament. Sir Arthur was almost speechless, and looked more fitted to be in a sick-room than in a House of Commons. An early adjournment was therefore rendered necessary. And this is supposed to be the wisest Assembly in the entire world!

Screens, with tea-cup shelf on each fold, from 21s. A large variety of screens in Japanese leather paper, needlework, stained glass, and hand-painted in all sizes and styles.—C. Hindley & Sons, 290 to 294, Oxford-street London

The Conservatives of Yorkshire have sustained a serious loss in Colonel Gunter, who has been compelled, owing to ill-health, to resign his candidature for the Eastern Division of the West Riding, which he has for some time been industriously canvassing in conjunction with Mr. Denison.

A second meeting of the Lynn Tories was held last week, when the supporters of "the caucus" mustered in force, with the result that Lord Cranborne was selected as second candidate for the borough, although among the rank-and-file of the party there is a very strong feeling in favour of another gentleman, and the "tuft-hunting policy" of the local leaders is criticised with much asperity.

If the Scotch Universities Bill passes this session, I hear that it is Mr. Gladstone's intention to give Sir Francis Sandford a place on the Commission which will be appointed under it. Sir Francis, who resigned the secretaryship of the Education Department a few months ago, has since been nominated a paid Charity Commissioner. Surely he does not receive a retiring pension from the Council Office as well as the salary of £1,200 a year which is attached to his new post?

I hope that Sir James Hogg went studio-hunting in Chelsea on Sunday, and that he took the Chelsea Embankment on his way, because, if so, his nose will have told him that the Metropolitan Board of Works has not effectually perfected the drainage scheme it was created to carry out. The most appalling smells, compared with which the seven-and-seventy smells of Cologne are eau-de-Cologne, were issuing, and generally do issue, from the ventilation holes of the sewer all along the embankments from Chelsea Hospital to Old Battersea Bridge.

If the Government defeat on Friday results in the production of the Local Government Bill it will have done the Government good service. To judge from the sketch of it given by Sir Charles Dilke, it will be a first-rate measure to go to the country on, in conjunction with the Franchise Bill. The proposal to tax personalty for local purposes to a certain extent will please the farmers in the counties, while the introduction of Election Boards, County and District, will be a decided bid for the votes of suburban householders and agricultural labourers, who are equally excluded from all share in local affairs by the County Magistrates. But the best thing in the Bill is the proposal to divide the rates between landlord and tenant, so that the landlords will no longer enjoy the privilege of having their property improved at the sole expense of the tenant, and of raising rent by the value of the improvement at the end of the lease.

The debate on Mr. Pell's resolution was a good instance of the absurdity of existing arrangements in the House of Commons. There was a strong whip out, and the large number of members who voted in the division might lead the unwary to imagine that the debate had been

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well attended. As a matter of fact, however, the attendance had been of the thinnest, and the only important speech of the evening, that of Sir Charles Dilke, was delivered in the presence of exactly thirty members. The debate lasted seven hours, and, for any good they did or could do, the speeches might just as well have been taken as spoken.

The only matter on which much discussion in the House of Commons is desirable is that of Supply, for the details of public expenditure do not find their way into political speeches out of doors; but, strangely enough, there are even Liberals who regard any criticism on this subject as a piece of unjustifiable obstruction.

The debate on the Franchise Bill has been up to now a very dreary performance. Many want to speak, none wish to listen. The result is a foregone conclusion, and nothing new on the subject can be said. The most promising effort on the Conservative side has been the maiden speech of Mr. Lowther, the new Member for Rutland. It was simple, brief, well-considered, and practical. The only incident has been the wild indignation of the Conservatives when Mr. Chamberlain informed them that agricultural labourers have been robbed and are still being robbed.

Mr. Forster's contribution to the debate was an elaborate attack upon Ireland in general, and upon any idea of allowing her to retain her present number of representatives in particular. There would be some point in the objection to the latter, were electoral districts to form part of the scheme of redistribution. But as this is not likely to be the basis of electoral divisions, it is not easy to say why the numerical test should only be applied to that part of the United Kingdom called Ireland.

Numerically, England, exclusive of London, Middlesex, and the Universities, would be entitled to 390 members, and Ireland, exclusive of the Universities, to 97 members, whilst the Metropolis and Middlesex would be entitled to 68 members. To take members from Ireland for the benefit of England, and yet not to give to London and Middlesex their share in the representation, would be to rob Peter in order to give to Paul, who already has more than his proper proportion.

The constituencies are right in calling attention to the difficulties which now almost block the way of all legislation, but they fail to realise that they are not likely to be removed by mere protests against what is termed obstruction. The whole question must be faced. The primary cause of the block in public business is that the House of Commons has too much to do. All the work that is performed by the United States Legislature and by the Legislatures of each separate State of the Union is thrown on it. This can only be remedied by establishing some sort of local Legislatures with full powers to legislate upon all that exclusively concerns their localities. The secondary cause is the antiquated system of doing business. Everything is arranged to promote delay rather than progress.

Let us analyse a week. Monday and Thursday are Government days, that is to say, Government has them for the discussion of its measures. On Tuesday, any member can bring on a subject that pleases him; practically, this is the same on Friday, and on Wednesdays any member may bring on a Bill. When there is a morning sitting on Tuesday or Friday, the House meets at 2 o'clock and sits until 7; during this time Government business is taken. On these occasions the House meets again at 9, for the benefit of private members, but usually this ends in a count-out. "Questions" each day last about an hour. Usually a debate begins about 5.30 and goes on until about 12.30. But at about 7.45 the House thins, and speakers have to address empty benches until 10. The real debate, therefore, on a Government Bill does not occupy above five hours at a sitting, and unless there be morning sittings on Tuesdays and Fridays, what is called a week's debate is, in point of fact, a debate of ten hours. Of these ten hours, about four are occupied by Members of the Government defending their measure, and about two by the front Opposition Bench stating their reasons for opposing it. Private members, therefore, have four hours accorded to them in a week's debate, and as some private members, when they catch the Speaker's eye, find it impossible to resume their places under an hour, it is obvious that even during a prolonged debate very few private members have an opportunity of stating their views. On the Franchise debate now going on, the average time of each speech made by a Member sitting on the Government or the front Opposition Bench has been one hour. Some, indeed, have been longer.

"But why not talk to empty benches?" Such is the objection to doing this, that, generally speaking, the Whips of each party have to put up hacks to speak during the dinner-hour in order to prevent a collapse.

All this might be remedied were the House to meet at two o'clock, and to adjourn from seven to nine on Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays, and on each day for Government business to have precedence at the morning sitting, and on Mondays and Thursdays at the evening sitting also.

Delay, however, will always be the rule so long as a member may speak as long as he pleases. Let speeches be reduced—with special exceptions—to twenty minutes, and not only will they in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred be better than now, but there will be more than twice the time for legislation. As it is, many members consider that they are not fulfilling their duty to their constituents unless they rear up on their hind legs with an exordium and a peroration. Let any one take the trouble to wade through the debate upon the Reform Bill; he will find that, speaking generally, what is true is not new, and what is new is not true. But the reports—even those of the *Times*—only give a faint idea of the real amount of clap-trap, stale argument, redundancy, and repetition. This may be estimated from

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the fact that one column of the *Times* represents one quarter of an hour of a speech.

I wonder whether it has ever occurred to those who are so anxious that the Red Sea should be converted into an English lake, that the scheme may possibly not approve itself to the Continental Powers. The aim of all recent international action has been to make straits which connect two oceans the property of the entire human race; and it is on this ground that we have always opposed the Bosphorus falling under the exclusive power of Russia. That we should be masters in the Red Sea because we have possessions in Asia, will hardly recommend itself to France, which also has possessions there, as a reason why we should be permitted to hold the gates between Europe and Asia.

Said Mr. Gladstone, in one of his protests against annexation:—

> My belief is that the day which witnesses our occupation of Egypt will bid a long farewell to all cordiality of political relations between France and England. There might be no immediate quarrel, no exterior manifestation, but a silent, rankling, grudge there would be.

Now that it has been decided to give up all hostile operations against Osman Digna, is it not time to ask what has been gained by inaugurating them? A good deal of our money has been spent, some of our soldiers have been killed, a few villages have been burnt, and about 10,000 Arabs have either been slain at once, or so grievously wounded that they have subsequently died in the desert. The *battue* has, therefore, been a successful one. But why was it undertaken? For the simple reason that Government yielded to the howlings of the Jingoes, and had not the moral courage to do nothing. When the garrisons of Sinkat and Tokar were expected to fall, we sent troops to relieve them. This, as Mr. Gladstone said, was a small service to humanity. But before we could relieve them, both garrisons had fallen, and one of them had joined its besiegers. On this, the Government seems to have thought that, expenditure on an expedition having been incurred, Moloch would require its tale of human sacrifices. So a few thousand Arabs were offered up upon the altar of this divinity. This is the true history of our expedition in Eastern Soudan. Probably, had it not been for the persistent protests of certain Radicals, and the horror in the mind of the Prime Minister caused by this purposeless and aimless slaughter, we should still be killing Arabs at this moment.

Every one must hope that Gordon Pasha will not fall a victim to his belief in his influence with the Soudanese. But when we are told by him that we ought to send Indian troops to the Soudan, as the only means of effecting a settlement, we must remember that he went on a mission of peace, and that had the policy of a military expedition been adopted, he would not have been sent there at all. The peace mission has avowedly failed; the Egyptian garrisons do not seem anxious to be relieved, for Gordon has hanged the Egyptian Pashas for being in league with the Soudanese. Why, then, does he not mount a fleet dromedary and return from Khartoum in the same way as he went there—a wiser (he could not be a better) man?

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SCRUTATOR.

THE LATE DUKE OF ALBANY.

The newspapers have been so full of the poor Duke of Albany that I hardly dare speak about him. There are circumstances of peculiar sadness connected with his death. One feels for the child in existence and the babe that is yet unborn, and in commiserating with his fate one is disposed to cry aloud against the false prophets who would only say smooth things when the Queen sent a gracious message to the House of Commons announcing that she had agreed to a marriage between the Duke of Albany and the Princess Helen of Waldeck-Pyrmont. The unfortunate Duke was condemned by nature to bachelorhood. But Royal personages are loath to hear the truth, and courtiers more loath to let them hear it. Notwithstanding the harsh philosophy which it is the fashion to preach, and which the Duke taught at Liverpool, it is impossible not to sympathise with the widowed Duchess. A girl of nineteen, who is brought up to be a Queen-bee of some sort or another in a dull German town, does not know what she is doing when she marries a confirmed invalid, afflicted with the terrible nervous disease of which the Duke of Albany died. Those instincts which prompted English heiresses in the last century to run away from Bath with Irish adventurers, have been suppressed by those charged with her education. The man himself is a secondary consideration; the position and the settlement are pretty nearly everything. Princess Pauline of Waldeck-Pyrmont revolted against the proposal of her father and mother to marry her to the King of Holland, and insisted on being the wife of a fine-looking young officer, to whom she was attached. Her sister Emma snapped up the monarch who had burned incense more than fifty years ago before the shrine of Malibran. He had great wealth, and his two sons were almost sure, used-up as he was, to die before him. Not only would he "cut-up splendidly" when he died, but his Crown might be inherited by a daughter, were his second wife to be denied a son. "L'appetit vient en mangeant."

The Prince and Princess of Waldeck-Pyrmont encouraged the Duke of Albany to pay attention to their youngest daughter. The £25,000 a year which the Grand Duke of Hesse-Darmstadt told them the English Parliament would certainly allow the Duke, and the £6,000 a year which it is customary to grant the widows of Princes who have stood on the steps of the Throne, outweighed other considerations. The Prince and Princess of Waldeck-Pyrmont have all they bargained for, and they drove their bargain with full knowledge. Men pay a price for handsome wives, and women do likewise for husbands who are worth having. If their parents insist upon their espousing invalids for the sake of rank and wealth, *tant pis pour les parents.*

Is the House of Commons altogether blameless?—did it return in ignorance of the Duke of Albany's morbid

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symptoms an affirmative answer to the Queen's Message? Perhaps not. But wherever there is a Court to lead a nation, it will be the right thing to believe false prophets, who say all is right when all is wrong. If Parliament had been guided by facts instead of by courtiers, the Duke of Albany might be still alive.

The wedding of H.R.H. was a happy one so far as the affections were concerned, but it was soon followed by a dangerous illness, from which there was never complete recovery. I saw him and the Duchess last spring. His face was drawn and haggard. She looked as if condemned never to enjoy a moment's freedom from care. At Cannes the Duke acted as if he felt that he was under sentence of speedy death, and was impelled to enjoy to the utmost the few days of life that remained to him. The false prophets encouraged him to burn the thin candle at both ends. They complimented him upon his apparent health and spirits. Journalism echoed what they said. But one person—the Comte de Paris—blurted out what he thought. He said, "My cousin, you look dreadfully cut-up." "I am afraid," answered the Duke, "that I have plunged too deep into the amusements of the place. I really must tear myself away from Cannes."

The Mid-Lent gaieties and the exciting climate and scenery were too much for the Prince. A flush of animal spirits, quite new to him, bore him away. According to the young Duc de Morny, who served as a "stranger's guide" to H.R.H., the Duke of Albany was eager to make up for lost time. He was glad to plunge headlong into the pleasures of the Mi-Carême—which I hasten to add are innocent, and, to the healthy, harmless. The Duke showed himself an intrepid dancer, and stayed up at the Bachelors' Ball "till daylight did appear." Before he had time to recoup exhausted strength, he was off to Monte Carlo. The programme for the rest of the week was heavily charged. But the freshness of his sensations buoyed him up. On the day on which he fell down in the lavatory of the Cercle Nautique, the beautiful crescent esplanade was thronged with men and women, youths and maidens, in fancy costumes. Flora reigned, with Folly for a consort. Beauty had cast away all reserve. The gauds she wore looked hardly gaudy in the brilliant material surroundings. To understand the enchanting harmonies of sky and sea along the Mediterranean, those who have not been there should read old Homer. Joyous Paganism crops up there in spring, despite English respectability and consumption bred in London smoke. There is no harm in it, although sensual bliss reigned. How different from the stiff and insipid garden-parties of Highgate and Chiswick! 'Twere folly to be wise on such a day. The Duke, when he fell, was preparing to go with the crowd and to pelt and be pelted with flowers. The rest is known. His last impressions of the world were enchanting. On receiving them he sank, unconscious that he was dying, into the tomb.

There can be no doubt that his death is a genuine loss to the country, because he had a distinct position and function apart from other members of the Royal family, and, for the present at least, his removal leaves a blank which cannot be filled up. He represented the sympathy of the Royal House with the higher moral and intellectual life of the nation, and their interest in all questions of social reform. He was emphatically one of those Princes who, being devoted to the arts of peace, have, in a democratic age, the secret of popularising monarchical institutions. His weak health had compelled him to seek employment and recreation in sedentary pleasures; from quite an early period he read much and well, and as his talents were decidedly of a superior order, he was able to turn his reading to good account, and he confirmed or corrected the opinions which he formed by those of the distinguished men with whom he frequently associated. His speeches were always remarkably good, displaying, as a rule, much felicity of expression and concentration, and considerable originality of thought; moreover, they invariably showed a careful study of the subject matter. He never bestowed a thought upon the effect he was producing, but trusted to his own good intentions, and left the rest to chance. The mistakes which he made occasionally were due, partly to the bad advice of some of the people about him, and partly to the strict seclusion in which he was brought up, for until quite a recent period he was not permitted to mix in society. But the experience brought by time and intercourse with the world would quickly have corrected any narrowness in his ideas. He was really an admirable critic on art matters, and a very cultivated judge of music. He played charmingly himself, he was fond of singing, and possessed a very fair voice. As a chess-player, the Duke was far above the average. He was also very fond of whist, and his game was more than respectable. In spite of a certain undercurrent of melancholy, induced by his consciousness of weak health, he enjoyed all social pleasures keenly, and felt more pain, perhaps, in being treated as an invalid than in being one. Intellectually, he represented his father more than any other member of the family, except, perhaps, that most accomplished and talented woman, the Crown Princess of Germany, and since he had come out more he had developed so much ability and practical good sense, and had manifested so sincere an interest in all educational and artistic causes, in all schemes of benevolence, and in all movements for the amelioration of the condition of the poorer classes, that his early death is generally deplored as the removal of one who would infallibly have achieved much good and useful work. Whatever the Duke of Albany had attempted, he had done so well that great expectations were justifiably entertained of his future success. The public were as convinced of his talents as they were sure of the excellence of his motives. Much knowledge, many engaging qualities, and many fair hopes will be buried in Prince Leopold's grave. His loss to his family is very great, and by all who knew him it will be long felt and deeply lamented.

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"HAVE YOU BEEN HUNG?"

Throughout studio-land for the next few weeks will be heard in a long and melancholy wail the same eternal question, "Have you been hung?" On the decision of self-appointed judges, more or less incompetent, will depend the fate of artists of every degree, and, what is quite as much to the purpose, the pleasure of hungry picture-seekers for the rest of the London season. It is, in truth, a serious moment. Show-Sunday is over; society has exhausted its stock of false compliments in the presence of self-satisfied artists; the contents of various studios have been duly catalogued in the newspapers; vans are carrying away acres of canvas to Bond-street and Piccadilly, and there will be a momentary pause of anxiety and expectation until the judges have selected the prizes, and the Hanging Committee has indulged in its old tricks of spitefulness and obvious favouritism. The Royal Academy does not stand very well just now in the favour of the British public. This ancient institution has been often warned, but for years past it has been found to be incorrigible. It was hoped and believed that the accession of a new President would make a radical change in the outlook of British art, but such anticipation has been wholly baffled by events. The last state of art is surely worse than the first. The excellent President, instead of continuing to show his distinguished talent, and giving us new pictures worthy of his name and fame, has preferred to coquet with society and to subordinate the art of painting to the more congenial art of oratory. His brother Academicians have neglected to take the advice so constantly offered to them. The best of them have put everything aside for their portrait commissions, and have pocketed fees as rapidly as fashionable surgeons and dentists. The oldest, and naturally the most feeble, have determined to devote the remaining years of their life to show how badly they could paint, how indifferently they could draw, and how many daubs they could thrust under the dissatisfied noses of a patient public. Year after year the same complaint has been made. Our first English Salon, the representative assembly of all that should be dignified and ennobling in art, has been crammed with the uninteresting portraits of insignificant nobodies, vain mayors, conceited schoolmasters, egotistical bishops, and popular squires; whilst "the line," as it has been called, has been constantly filled with the disheartening efforts of Academicians who should never have been elected and Associates who are rapidly falling into the bad habits of their seniors. As to the encouragement that should be offered to young and clever men, there have been few signs of it. The most meritorious works have been "skyed;" genius, when it has existed, has been either crushed or pooh-poohed; and toadyism, favouritism, and nepotism have been the characteristic features of the Burlington House system. Again and again the Royal Academy has been warned to take a new broom and sweep away the cobwebs that have clung to their doors. The members of it have been pertinently asked what they have recently done for the benefit of contemporary art? They have been encouraged to shake themselves free from society and fashion, to get at the heart of the great public, instead of toying with the patronage of dukes and duchesses and the great names of the aristocracy; to leave their portraits and pot-boilers in their studios, where they could offend the eyes of no man; to retain the best positions on the walls of the Academy for works of real merit; to send up aloft the feeble maunderings of decaying or decayed Academicians; to reform, to alter, and to institute a new state of things.

But there are no present signs of any such radical change. The old order will not give place to a new one. A special day will be reserved for the *élite* of society; people outside the magic circle will be offensively excluded; the selection and the hanging will be conducted on the old, bad, and indefensible plan. An old *habitué* could go round the galleries on the first Monday in May blindfold, and tell to a nicety the exact position awarded to the self-same painters. Round the corner, in the first room, you would find a Marcus Stone, the same size, the same shape, the same subject as ever. A Millais, a Hook, and, possibly, a Leader, would be the principal feature of this particular gallery. On and on the same thing: portraits of nobodies everywhere alternated with the babies of the newly-married Associates. To judge by the published list of the pictures offered for this year's exhibition, this "nursery-fever" has in no way abated. Mr. Millais is directly responsible for this pap-and-bottle school of art, and has encouraged his disciples to follow in his footsteps. There are grand, elevating, dramatic and stirring subjects that no one could paint so well as John Everett Millais, subjects worthy of a great painter with a brilliant reputation; but he has preferred to confine his genius to the contemplation of the nursery and the schoolroom. We shall have them all again—the Little Goody Two Shoes, and the Red Riding Hoods, and the Cinderellas, and Bo Peeps, and such-like trivial utterances, combining at the same moment a portrait commission and another from the proprietors of an illustrated paper. The great artist who gave us "The Huguenot" and "The Black Brunswicker" and great instances of passionate expression has for years past been harnessed to a perambulator, and been crawling on all-fours in the nursery. Babies are all very well in their way, but have we not had enough of them on the Academy walls?

The catalogue of works submitted for this year's exhibition is as milk-and-watery as ever. The babies predominate—grown-up babies of Academicians, and infants in arms of Associates. There they all are, sprawling on the floor, sitting on the stairs, and dressed up to go "ta-ta," poring over their spelling-books, fishing side by side in meadows, frightened by dogs and cats and deer—babies and infants in every shape and form conceivable. What an absence of imagination is here—what a complete failure in idea and poetic fancy! Is this the outcome of all an artist's study and observation, to go up to the nursery and sketch young hopeful and the contents of the toy cupboard? Silly women simper and say "How sweet!" but the mind of the intelligent man is appalled at the dreary bathos of English art. What can

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be done to persuade this ancient society to take a new departure, and to give us pictures that will be a worthy memorial of their great talent? We fear that all remonstrance is in vain. Sir Frederick Leighton will go on painting his waxen models and calling them by fanciful and fantastic names; Mr. Millais will give us a coloured print for the *Graphic* or *Illustrated London News*; Mr. Hook will paint the same blue-green seas; and Mr. Brett will reproduce the self-same ultramarine rainbow-hued water; Mr. Marcus Stone will dawdle over the same sentimental lovers; and Mr. Orchardson will put two or three figures into acres of canvas; Mr. Marks, clever humourist as he is, will stoop to the imbecility of an old monk picking a bit of fluff out of a key—what a subject! Mr. Phil Morris will forsake the romance in which he once so distinguished himself, and advertise his paternity; Mr. Pettie will forget how dramatic he used to be, and fall into the depressed tone of his companions; Mr. Frith will paint history or comedy in his own fashion. We shall have the same dogs from Briton Rivière, and the same animals by Ansdell. We are promised in sculpture and on canvas Mary Andersons and Miss Fortescues *ad nauseam*. The artist competes with the photographer. The fate of the expectant public depends on the Committee of Selection and the Hanging Committee. It is not too late to beg for the correction of old abuses and the encouragement of artists of taste and talent. Surely it is not too much to ask for pictures that appeal to the imagination, and for the rejection of the canvases that, when not positively bad, are insufferably dull and commonplace.

THE CADAVEROUS CURATE.

Many years ago, when middle-aged men were boys, there was published a very amusing book that appealed to all who were at a public school or a University, called "The Adventures of Mr. Verdant Green." I was irresistibly reminded of this clever brochure by Cuthbert Bede and its amusing pictures when I saw Mr. Beerbohm Tree's admirably-conceived caricature of a cadaverous curate in a very bad play called "The Private Secretary." They are beginning to do bold things on the stage. Mr. Edward S. Pigott is reported to have cried "Halt" the other day when some one proposed to take off Lord Garmoyle and to chaff Miss Fortescue in a burlesque; but, apparently, there is no official objection to the ridicule of the Established Church. Clergymen have been introduced on the stage before; Mr. Gilbert gave us one in "The Sorcerer," Mr. Wilkie Collins another in "The New Magdalen," but hitherto bishops, priests, and deacons have been treated with respect. There will be a wailing and a weeping in Evangelical circles over this daring sketch of the Rev. Robert Spalding. For once in a way, the effeminate creature who attends Dorcas meetings and bores his congregation with silly sermons, has been taken off to the life by Mr. Beerbohm Tree. We all know this wretched individual, with his perpetual cold and his irritating effeminacy. We all recognise his "dearly beloved brethren" voice, and his partiality for sloppy goloshes. Mr. Tree had only to present himself in order to cause a roar of laughter. There he was, a curate to the very life, with lank frock-coat and soft wide-awake; with plastered tawny hair and atrocious shoes; with lantern-jaws and a mid-Lent manner; but, best of all, with the plausible trick and soft affectation of the meek and mild clergyman. Mr. Tree all through was supremely unconscious. It was the best kind of comic acting. He must have been a melancholy curate in another world, so thoroughly did he express the martyred resignation of this inoffensive, but cruelly ill-treated, man. The fun of the farce seemed to consist in pelting and pummelling the wretched and unhappy Spalding. I have observed in the churches in Italy that the holy water font is often supported by a carved representative of Satan or Beelzebub. It delights the ragged urchins to hit his Satanic Majesty on the head and to throw the sacred water in his face, and otherwise to maltreat him. In the same fashion the other actors treated the cadaverous curate on the stage. They pitched into him, locked him up in rooms, soundly rated and abused him, thrust him under the table and beat him with secular literature, put him into oak chests, starved him, and finally bound him with ropes to a chair. The essence of fun is often cruelty, and I have seldom heard an audience laugh louder than when this miserable man was being ill-treated. But one good curate does not make the fortune of a bad play, and I fear that not even Mr. Beerbohm Tree's acting will save this silly farce from the fate that is almost inevitable. It was foolery of a formless and inane kind, and the author was ill-advised enough to serve up his tedious German joke in four long acts. In my humble opinion the best farce ever written would fall flat after two acts. There is a limit even to laughter, and when an audience has had enough, it gets cross. In the hands of an experienced stage-manager like Mr. Wyndham something might have been made of "The Private Secretary," but in order to make it useful it should be condensed, shortened, and handled by some one who understands the stage. Mr. Carton, a young actor of promise, did well in the character of a scapegrace, who, like Charles Courtley, in "London Assurance," goes down to a country-house in a feigned name and deceives his guardian; but Mr. Carton seems undecided whether to imitate the late Charles Mathews or Mr. Irving; he has the jaunty swagger of the one and the mincing comedy voice of the other. He can get on well enough without imitating anybody, for he is a capital comedian. I was astonished to find that whenever Mr. Anson showed his face he was treated to a storm of hisses. He was evidently most unpopular, although he did his best with a very stupid and ridiculous part. On inquiry, I discovered that on one occasion Mr. Anson had lost his temper with a stern audience, and, hoping to defend Mr. Wilkie Collins against a storm of disapprobation when he wrote an unpopular play, had in so many words told the people in the pit and gallery who had every right to hiss that they did not know how to behave. Ever since then Mr. Anson has suffered and endured many a *mauvais quart d'heure*, but he bore his punishment so well and so patiently in the character of a Bond-street tailor who makes up the padding of a bad farce, that I should

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hope that eventually he will receive absolution and be forgiven for his rashness in bearding the formidable and unforgetting pit. The example will not, however, be lost on other intemperate gentlemen, who rush to the front and declare there is an "organised opposition" whenever they write or produce wretched plays. Mr. Albery had to repent the folly of such an accusation by many years of sackcloth and ashes, and Mr. Robert Buchanan is still waiting his sentence for committing a similar error; in fact, his was a double one, for he not only accused the pit of combining to crush him, but was actually silly enough to write a monstrously foolish letter containing unfounded charges against his critics. Authors who address the pit in a rage, and who scribble off violent abuse against their critics, should be held back by the coat-tail and denied for a few days the relief of pen, ink, and paper.

THE BARREL ORGAN.

IN MEMORIAM.

THE mistral blew along the shore,
And when its furious blast was done,
And shone again the southern sun,
A flower lay on the hot-house floor.

The sturdy oaks out-stayed the shock,
The pines the tempest's strength withstood,
The wild flowers blooming in the wood
Still lived the cruel wind to mock.

But just where care had done its most
The tenderest plants from harm to spare,
The deadly wind had entered there,
And there 'twas Death its prey could boast.

Strange freak of Fate! to death to doom
A plant so sheltered and so frail,
Whilst yet its colours were so pale,
Ere yet its buds had burst to bloom!

It might have flourished—who can tell?—
Had it but lived to ripeness gain;
But only withered leaves remain
To show us where it, stricken, fell.

The plant has perished in the green,
And we, whilst we our sorrow sum,
Mourn not for what it had become,
So much as what it might have been.

It might have grown, in genial air,
To be a joy to all around;
It might, if set in fitting ground,
Have lived to clustering blossoms bear.

So 'tis with that young Prince we mourn;
He dying now, our love can claim,
But might have lived to win such fame
As does maturer deeds adorn.

He might have lived a name to win,
For gifts which now can grow no more,
To richer make the precious store
Of wisdom he had gathered in.

He might have lived to draw the sting
Of censure from a Princely life,
To join in scientific strife,
And laurels from the fight to bring.

But he is dead—dead far from home,
And now from out a foreign land
They bear him to his native strand,
From whence he never more shall roam.

Some hold, we know, 'tis half a sin
To put in words a grief we feel;
Since words at best but "half reveal,
And half conceal the thought within."

Still, it were wholly sin to hide
The sorrow now in every heart,
To stay the tears which freely start,
Or check the words to them allied.

Princes, like other men, must die,
Wealth knows no rank, and Queens must share
The bitter grief all mothers bear,
Who o'er a loved one's coffin sigh.

And as 'tis so, our Queen should share
That sympathy which in its birth
Makes kith and kin of all the earth,
And even Death's grim self more fair.

So 'tis, whate'er our cult or creed,
With that fond mother thrice bereaved;
In her last sorrow we have grieved,
With eyes that weep and hearts that bleed.

Yet hoping that her mother's woe
May lighter feel as she repairs
To where a weeping widow bears
The anguish of her crushing blow.

To where she sits, with grief for dower,
And, mourning for a husband dead,
Twines sombre cypress for the head
Which lately wore the orange-flower.

Tears rained upon a tomb are vain;
They cannot bring the dead to life,
But sympathy, where grief is rife,
Is sweet as angel-music's strain.

So let the stricken widow know
One impulse all the nation stirs
To join its sighs and tears with hers,
And share her overwhelming woe.

NOTES FROM PARIS.

A SAGE.

"DO you think that life is worth living?" I asked Mignet, five or six years ago, as a discussion was going on around him on Schopenhauer's theory, which M. Caro was then expounding at the Sorbonne, and, indeed, in the fashionable drawing-rooms where he spent his evenings. The historian must have been then not less than eighty-three, and had had an unusually wide experience of life. His answer is worth recording. "I was," he said, "not born to fortune, and have never been rich. Yet, if I had the option of taking a fresh start in life on the conditions under which I set out I should not hesitate to accept the offer. I feel like a person who has witnessed a great drama which is drawing to its close, and who has done his best to understand it. I have not had a box-ticket of my own, but I was able to enter the best boxes, which between the acts is an advantage. Human existence is full of interest to me still. It greatly depends upon ourselves whether we go through it in a manner to be satisfied with it or otherwise. The German pessimist says the mistake of nature lies in a universal effort to arrive at

Phillips' China and Glass.—Simply the largest Stock in London of Common and Best Services, Ornaments, and Duplex Lamps.—W. P. & G. Phillips, 175, 177, and 179, Oxford-street, W.

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consciousness. I don't see the harm of that state. The mischief lies in trying to remain in the nursery of sensation when we should be putting away childish things." Mignet also said, "If I had to choose the conditions under which I was to begin life again, I should say, With a sound mind in a healthy body, in a temperate climate, and in an intelligent family that was not rich. Absolute poverty is bad. But scanty means are more conducive to happiness in youth than wealth. They help precisely to force us out of the nursery I have spoken of, and to make us go to a school where our best faculties are brought into play. There is constant degeneration in very rich and Royal families—or, indeed, in all families who eat and drink too much and have more than their share of material enjoyment. Life to me has been a perpetual fête. My greatest trouble has been in seeing friends drop into the grave. But I have learned to accept death *en philosophe*. It's not the evil we are in the habit of painting it."

Mignet's life proved the sincerity of his words. He might have risen to any official height, have worn any amount of gold lace, have fared as sumptuously as Dives, and have won fortune as well as fame. Still more, he might have eclipsed Counts d'Orsay and Roger du Nord as a beau, and stood on a line with the late Lord Clarendon (who was his rival in the salon of the Countess de Montijo) as a diplomatist and *homme du monde*. Mignet was singularly handsome, and early assumed the gloss of fashion, which clung to him in his old age. He had the tone which prevailed in the drawing-rooms of Princess Lieven, Baroness de Meyendorff, and the first Duchesse de Dino, and which distinguished the dandy Canalis in Balzac's novel of "Modeste Mignon." Mignet's head was classic, with a forehead so beautifully balanced that one did not perceive its unusual bulk. It gave an air of majestic serenity to his head. The eye was the speaking feature. There was great repose about the mouth, even when age had widened and puckered it, and mild firmness about the chin. I don't know what there was in the form and movement of the lips when he spoke which gave the idea of connoisseurship in ideas. In this only could one see an intellectual brotherhood with Thiers. They were known before the century was middle-aged as "Les deux Frères Provenceaux," to distinguish them from "Les trois Frères," who set up the restaurant in the Palais Royal. Thiers had petulance, vivacity, and seductive originality. He affected one as the sunshine dancing in a room on a changeable spring day. Mignet had light, sweetness, serenity, and a spice of quiet humour. His "Provençale brother" said of him to the writer of these notes: "I have known Mignet nearly sixty years, and with the closest intimacy. In all that time he never either bored me, my wife, or my mother-in-law. We worked the same literary vein, and were never rivals. When I and my family go on a tour abroad we are glad, as it draws to an end, to look forward to enjoying again French wines, French bread, and Mignet's daily company." Mignet was tall, and had a small foot and light step, which tight boots never impaired. He was a good pedestrian almost to the end of his life. When the weather allowed he walked to the Institute from the Rue d'Aumale, a street at right angles to the Place St. Georges: if it rained he got into an omnibus. His post of Secretary to the Academy of Moral Sciences brought him £200 a year, and forced him to take daily exercise. In walking to the Institute, he followed the line of streets extending from Thiers's house to the Quai du Louvre. There were hours when one was sure to meet him in one or other of these streets. If the sky threatened, he kept near the glass-roofed passages which lie between the Faubourg Montmartre and the Palais Royal. When he got to this point, he had the shelter of the arcades and the Galerie d'Orléans. He regretted the demolition of the queer old shops which, before 1851, filled the wide space between the Place du Carrousel and the Louvre. The Pont des Arts was rapidly crossed. If the wind was harsh, the old gentleman returned home in a zigzag direction to avoid facing the blast. The wood-ashes were seldom cleared from his hearth. Embers nearly always smouldered in them, giving out a soft heat. In writing he kept his legs and feet wrapped in a rug. The amount of work he got through was enormous. He left a hundred folio volumes of notes and other materials he collected himself, as public archives for a history of the sixteenth century.

To the power of beauty Mignet in former times was sensible, and he liked to be reminded of his old flames. The Princess Belgiojoso was the avowed mistress of his soul until Mario cut him out. After the tenor and Grisi became operatic associates, the lady beckoned the historian back. But as she could not live without music, he resolved to put up with her enthusiasm for Detmold, Herz, Liszt, and Thalberg. Heinrich Heine, in whose fancy and irony he delighted, was also a rival in her good graces, and had the coolness to recommend a flirtation with George Sand. But that famous woman smelt of bad cigarettes, and was incorrigibly Bohemian. Now, Mignet hated tobacco, and liked a *mondaine* tone in women.

The Princess was also a friend of Louis Viardot. She used to give cooking *matinées* at which her guests were expected to prepare each a dish or *friandise*. Mignet was good for a *bouillabaisse*, an omelette, or salt cod *à la Provençale*.

The Italian lady had been banished by the Austrians from Milan because she was a patriot. She had eyes as black as night, hair to match, a pale, cream complexion, intellect, oddity, passion, and a musical genius. When Mignet fell in with her, he was a political, literary, and drawing-room lion, and fresh from Spain, whither he was sent because he was a handsome beau and had a silver tongue. It was intended that he should make a conquest of Ferdinand VII.'s widow, and become informal guardian of the Innocent Isabella. Unfortunately, Sergeant Muñoz was ahead of him, and, before Beau Mignet arrived at Madrid, was privately married to the Regent. The French envoy was, though close-tongued, a bad dissembler of the secret of Louis Philippe's scheme of the Spanish marriages. When he found that Muñoz was all-powerful and jealous, he obtained leave to rummage the Simanca archives, to the neglect of his diplomatic business.

Family Histories.—"Our Noble and Gentle Families of Royal Descent" commands peculiar interest on account of the numerous genealogies which will only be found in its pages, and which will enable many families for the first time to possess in a permanent and handy form (in addition to their royal descent) an elaborate account of their relatives and kin with a trustworthy history of their ancestors. Now compiling by Mr. Foster, 21, Boundary-rd., London, N.W.

"Royal Charter" Champagne.—Wachter & Co., shippers to H.M. the Queen and H.R.H. the Prince of Wales by special appointment

It may interest those desirous of enjoying a hale old age to know how Mignet lived. He rose at five, prepared his first breakfast himself, worked and pottered about among his notes until eleven, then dropped into *déjeuner* at Thiers', or had a chop or kidney at home, or went to a restaurant. He got up from table with an appetite. At dinner he studied the menu to skip superfluous dishes; and he preferred fish, fowl, vegetables, and fruit to meat. He believed in the antiseptic and nerve-strengthening qualities of garlic, with which, however, he only seasoned his food when he was lying by in the country. He also liked to chat at dinner, and while *en train de faire sa digestion*, did not posture as a talker, but conversed with grace and delicacy on any subject that cropped up in a natural way; told neat anecdotes, reasoned strongly, but with touch-and-go lightness; was at once serious and cheerful, and had such fine tact that Jules Simon well said: "In all the years I have been acquainted with him, I never knew him to cast a pearl before swine."

Mignet, too, kept his establishment in a nutshell. He only wanted room for his books, a few chairs, tables, and plain bed-room furniture. Bric-à-brac he hated, and he thought, as Southerns are apt to do, that a big and nearly empty room was more luxurious than one choked up with things that were always gathering dust. He also disliked carpets and curtains, and kept in the light and air.

Old people have rigid muscles and blood-vessels. The tissues of Mignet remained elastic, which he thought was due to his temperance in diet. I remember a strong expression of his in an argument with Madame Thiers at table. It was that heavy eaters became, before they were old, walking graves. He meant by this that their tissues got so cumbered with earthy matter as to render them a clog to mind and spirits, and a cause of gloom, gout, and apoplexy.

SPORTING NOTES.

When writing of the Lincoln Handicap a fortnight ago, I predicted the victory of Buchanan; but, after some rather equivocal manœuvring, it was decided not to start the horse, although he had done a capital preparation, and was in excellent form. The policy which has been followed with Buchanan is exceedingly fatuous, for he would have been running over his own course. He was very well in, too, and his opponents were a moderate lot. He now has no engagements, and I apprehend that Taylor will not find it easy to place him advantageously later in the season. Tonans was certainly a fortunate horse, for not only was one formidable opponent removed in Buchanan, but Fulmen got "cast" in his box, and injured himself so seriously, that not only was it necessary to withdraw him from his Lincoln engagement, but it is doubtful whether he will ever be able to run again. Fulmen had been backed to win a very large stake, and, as the odds were always short, a considerable sum was lost by his collapse—£5,500, I hear. That Tonans would have beaten Fulmen at 6 lb. I do not for a moment believe. Mr. Naylor's horse is quite of a different class, and it is said by people who ought to know that this was precisely his best distance. "Mr. Manton" would have been wiser to trust to Buchanan than to Energy, who—as I predicted would be the case—failed to stay the course. It seems to me to be rubbish and nonsense for writers to inveigh against Energy as a rogue. The fact is that the imbecility of of those who own and manage him ought to be denounced, for the senseless pertinacity with which they go on running him out of his distance. When these clever people come to their senses and start this horse for a T.Y.C. race, I shall be very much disappointed if he does not distinguish himself. Anybody, however, who backs Energy for the City and Suburban (he is recommended for that race by some papers) ought to be at once consigned to Bedlam, for if a horse cannot stay the short mile at Lincoln, most assuredly no rational being will support him for the mile and a quarter at Epsom. There was no excuse whatever for his defeat last week, as he got off well in front. Public money made him favourite, for his owner had only £200 on. It is the same thing with Prince, who ought to be reserved for the Wokingham at Ascot, or for the Stewards' Cup. Acrostic, about whom there had been so much mysterious gabble, never showed in the race, and is no doubt a very bad horse. I pointed out weeks ago that the merits of his two-year-old form had been grossly and absurdly exaggerated. In the absence of Buchanan I expected Wild Arab to win. I hear that he was left at the post with Florence. Everything at Lincoln depends on the start, and if a horse does not get off "bang in front," his chance is at once extinguished. Certainly, the start for last Wednesday's race was a most wretched one, and it is to be hoped that Mr. McGeorge does not intend to treat us to many more of such slovenly exhibitions during the season. Wandering Nun was never in it, and I should think that Mr. Chaplin will now relegate her to the Blankney stud, to which she will be a valuable acquisition, as she is by Hermit—Vaga (dam of Stray Shot). Courtship grievously disappointed her friends. She was the tip of every "sharp" at Newmarket. Antler, the hope of Epsom, broke a blood-vessel, so the money for which he has been backed for the City and Suburban is also lost. Abbotsford has seen his best day, and Whitechapel is an arrant rogue. Cosy suffered severely in the start, and was never seen in front. I had no fancy for Tonans, as he seemed out of it on his form of last autumn, and horses do not generally improve from five to six years of age; but the way was wonderfully cleared for him, and he had all the best of the start. I anticipated that Toastmaster would run well, and, of course, his victory would have been a most popular one; but there is no reason to feel dissatisfied with the result. Tonans was certainly weighted up to his very best form, and there

To be Let, for three or four months, from the beginning of May, a Handsomely Furnished Flat in Victoria-street, consisting of three sitting-rooms, two double-bedded rooms, a single ditto, bath-room (with bed if required), kitchen, &c., and servants' room. Has private entrance direct into the street.—For particulars apply to Messrs. Lumley, 22, St. James's-street, S.W.

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was not a more thoroughly "exposed" horse in training, for he finished second last autumn both in the Cambridgeshire and in the Liverpool Cup. Everything connected with the betting had been entirely straightforward, and his owner all along expressed the utmost confidence in the prospects of his steed. Brown, his trainer, may also be congratulated, and the *coup* is particularly opportune for him, as of late he has experienced rather a rough time, and in one or two matters has been somewhat hardly treated.

The Lincoln race does not throw the slightest gleam of light upon the City and Suburban, for which Florence has been so freely backed during the last few days that she is now second favourite, but there does not seem to be much affinity with reason in this demonstration. Blue Grass, for whom this handicap was "a real good thing," has been scratched, and I do not expect that he will ever run again. Master of Arts will very likely come with a rattle on an early day, and there seems to be a disposition to support Primrose II., but wise people will leave the race alone for the next fortnight. St. Blaise is firm at 6 to 1, but except that he looks and goes well, nothing is known about him at Kingsclere, and it will be rather a shock to his supporters if he turns out to be a second Shotover when he is tried. No conclusive trial can take place till within a a few days of the race, as Porter will have no "line" till after Geheimniss has run at Newmarket.

I gave a plumper last week for Voluptuary in the Grand National, and at the same time expressed my confidence that Frigate would get a place. A most genuine *coup* was achieved by the success of Voluptuary, and Mr. Wilson deserves all the congratulations he received, for it is no small feat to win this race with a comparative novice. Voluptuary was the best bred horse in the field, with the exception of Regal, being by Cremorne, out of Miss Evelyn. He was bred at the Royal Stud at Hampton Court, and it was at the yearling sale there in 1879 that Lord Rosebery bought him for 600 gs. He ran badly in the Derby and Leger, won by Iroquois, although fancied for both races; but at Ascot that year he brought plungers to terrible grief when he won the Biennial, beating Limestone and Scobell. Voluptuary was sold out of Lord Rosebery's stud last October for 150 gs., and in the colours of Mr. Boyd, his new owner, he won a hurdle-race at Leicester in December; but a few days later he ran badly in a similar event at Manchester. He was looked upon as a certainty by the clever party connected with him, who have won a great stake by his success. There was no noise or bustle, but the market was quietly cleared of pretty well every shilling there was to lay. The chances of Voluptuary were ignored or derided by most of the papers. The sporting readers of Truth may feel curious for an explanation of the reasons which led me to depend solely on him; but, while I entirely sympathise with their desire for enlightment, I regret that diplomatic reserve forbids me to gratify it. Voluptuary won very easily, but Frigate would have been hard to beat but for the 7 lb. penalty which her injudicious party permitted her to incur at Manchester. The craze for The Scot was wholly inexplicable to practical people. On his public form he could have no chance, and he had not won any trial which could justify the preposterously exalted place which he had latterly occupied in the betting. It is incredible that good judges can have "gone for" this horse unless they were temporarily deprived of their reason. Some of those who encouraged the prevailing madness in public have, no doubt, turned a considerable sum by taking advantage of it in private. Cortolvin found the Aintree country a great deal too severe for him, and the sinister predictions of the Newmarket touts were justified, but Captain Machell's second string, Cyrus, ran creditably. Satellite, who was declared to have 10 lb. in hand of Zoedone, was nevertheless "lost" by last year's winner. There must have been some egregious blundering with this trial. The fantastical notion that a four-year-old could run well was exploded by Terrier a long way from home, and Black Prince ran very badly. For the last five hundred yards there were only two in it, and the issue was never in doubt from the distance. Voluptuary possesses both stamina and speed, and he jumped splendidly throughout.

There were larger fields than usual for the minor races of the week, thanks, doubtless, to the open weather, which has enabled trainers to have their horses as forward as though it were a month later. The two-year-old stakes are the only events which I need notice. Matthew Dawson had a tremendous favourite for the Brocklesby in Laverock, a very good looking colt by Skylark, about whom, in a field of twenty, the monstrous price of 6—4 was eagerly accepted by the great company of the anserous. Laverock was ignominiously defeated, but how he came to disappoint his friends so lamentably it is impossible to conjecture, for he got off well, and there seemed no excuse for his sorry exhibition. He has plenty of engagements during the next few weeks, and will probably turn out in the end to be the best runner of last week, although he will never be "within measurable distance" of the first class. The race was won by Lucy Ashton, a filly, with a short, unfashionable pedigree — bred and owned by Mr. Craven; she is by Lammermoor, who is a son of Blair Athole. She, however, was lucky to win, for with a clear course she would certainly have been beaten by Lady Gladys, a filly by Wild Oats, who belongs to Charles Archer, and who was backed very heavily. The Duke of Hamilton's Empress Queen, by Strathconan, who finished third, compensated her owner at Liverpool by winning the Molyneux Stakes.

The latest addition to the American stud is Siddartha, by Pero Gomez—Pearl. Mr. Lorillard paid 1,150 gs. for this horse as a yearling at the sale of Mr. I'Anson's stud, just three years ago. In process of time he was engaged in nearly fifty stakes, but he only ran once, and then he was unsuccessful. Altogether he must have cost his owner

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at least £3,000, and it is to be hoped that he will be more successful as a sire than he was as a racer.

Iroquois, after having been at the stud for several months, is to be put into training again, and Mr. Lorillard has engaged him in several races at the Monmouth Park Summer Meetings. Parole is also entered for the principal events there.

I mentioned a few weeks ago that Mr. Turner, an American breeder, who is establishing a large stud in Missouri, was in treaty for Skylark. He offered a liberal price, but Lord Falmouth declines to sell any of his stud privately, as he thinks that it would be breaking faith with Messrs. Tattersall and with the public if everything was not brought into the sale ring after his intention to sell by auction has been advertised.

People whose rash impetuosity has induced them to bet on the "classic" races must be perplexed and disgusted by the conflicting accounts which are published of some of the favourites. A horse which has been freely backed for the Derby, and, which nominally is third favourite, is stated by one writer to be a roarer, while, on the other hand, he is the sole selection of a very clever tipster. If he really "makes a noise" no rational being would accept 200 to 1 about him. Adelaide Filly and Busybody have both done well throughout the winter; and their encounter in the One Thousand will be one of the most exciting contests of the year. Superba has been going better during the last fortnight; but she will hardly be fit to run for the Two Thousand, although she may distinguish herself in the Oaks, but a filly which once goes to pieces, as she did, seldom regains her form. Lord Falmouth will not run either Busybody or Harvester during the Craven meeting, but it is probable that Lillibullero will take his chance for one or two of his engagements during the week. He is in five stakes.

MAMMON.

VARNAS.

THE directors seem to have been shamed into accepting the terms offered by the Bulgarian Government. They have done absolutely nothing for years, and during this time they have piled up salaries. At present their claim against the shareholders amounts to a ridiculous sum, and it ought to form part of any arrangement that it should be reduced. It is now urged that the Bulgarian Government should give a special hypothecation over certain Customs, and allow them to be collected by some representative of the Company. If it is wise, it will do nothing of the sort. The Turkish guarantee was a general one, and the Bulgarian guarantee should be of the same kind. As for a representative of the Company superintending the collection of Custom dues, this means nothing but one or two salaries. The cash given by the Bulgarians will probably go to Mr. Hirsch, in order to induce him to surrender his lease of the railroad—a lease into which the Company foolishly entered, and which, according to him, has been an unprofitable one. The debenture holders will receive their interest in full. The shareholders will get about 6s. per share, and in addition to this will retain a claim on the Turkish Government for certain payments, which, of course, is not worth the paper on which it is written. This 6s. per share would make the shares worth about £5. I have always, in alluding to the relative market price of the bonds and the shares of this railroad, pointed out that the former has ruled somewhat too low, and the latter somewhat too high, and the result shows that I have been right.

THE MEXICAN RAILROAD.

This Company has issued 6 per cent. mortgage debentures at 91, and it is to be presumed that they have been eagerly applied for by the public, as they stand already at a high premium. It is very questionable whether this railroad will pay any dividend for long. Its rates are excessive. They will be reduced by competition. But it is still more doubtful whether, even if the railroad does pay, some attempt will not be made by the Mexican Government to divert profits from the till of the Company into its own exchequer. The Government is thoroughly impecunious and thoroughly dishonest. It has given guarantees that it cannot meet, and its modest proposal in regard to its national debt is to pay interest upon it, if European idiots are prepared to advance about twice the amount of the interest that it offers to pay. Under these circumstances, whilst it is possible that the interest upon this new issue of debentures by the Mexican Railroad may be paid, it is hardly the sort of investment in which a widow would be wise to place her little all.

RUSSIANS.

We are asked seriously to believe that as Russia is showing that she is anxious to live on good terms with Germany, the Germans are reciprocating the compliment by buying Russian securities, and that this is the reason why they have recently risen in price. Russia has a vast number of loans. The bonds are well placed, and the holders do not sell. A very little buying in one or two of the loans is enough to send up the price of all of them responsively. The Russian Minister of Finance, being most anxious to float a new loan, has made purchases in the old ones, and a few knowing Germans, being aware of his intention, have also bought speculatively. As for a Berlin or a Frankfort financialist buying "Russians" from a sentimental motive, the idea must be the very climax of absurdity to all who know anything of these matters. Russia is utterly bankrupt. Of late it has made two ends meet by the issue of small lottery loans, and by surreptitiously printing and circulating inconvertible rouble bank-notes. Many of its loans have been swindles. It would be announced that some railway was to be built, and that a guarantee on its capital would be given. On this guarantee bonds were issued, but the railroad would never be built, and the proceeds of the bonds would find their way into the Treasury. So soon as it becomes absolutely clear that no more money can be borrowed, a notice will appear that interest on all loans will be paid in inconvertible paper. This, of course, will be equivalent to bankruptcy. It is impossible to raise new taxes, and it is impossible to make expenditure and receipts balance. This being so, how can Russia pay what she has not got?

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EGYPT.

There is so much ignorance on the part of the public in regard to Egyptian finance, and so strong a desire on the part of those who have profited, and still hope to profit, by perpetuating this ignorance, that it may be well to explain the point which underlies the entire question, more especially as this can be done in a very few words.

The Treasury was bankrupt. By a strange error those to whom the Khedive owed money could obtain judgments against the country. Individual holders of Treasury Bills acted upon this. There was danger of a total collapse. What is termed the Law of Liquidation was agreed to in order to clear up the situation. Before then the principle was, "the creditors first, the Administration second." The Law of Liquidation established the sound principle, "the Administration first, the creditors second." A sum which was considered sufficient was assigned to carry on the Administration, and it was agreed that, the Treasury Bills having been added to the existing bonded debt, anything in excess of necessary administrative expenditure should be paid to the bondholders. At the same time it was laid down that excessive taxation was improper. It has been found, however, that the Administration costs more than was supposed, that much extraordinary expenditure has been obligatory, and that the taxes are too high. It follows, therefore, that the taxes must be reduced, and the administrative expenditure, ordinary and extraordinary, must be met. This can only be done by reducing the interest on the bonded debt, and this reduction is entirely in accordance with the spirit of the Law of Liquidation. The bondholders and the financing gang who have already almost ruined the country do not approve of this reduction. Hence their endeavours to force us to assume a Protectorate over the country, and to guarantee the interest on the bonds. Of course, were this done, the price of the bonds would rise in the market, and the holders who bought them cheaply would sell them dearly. Immediately after the Law of Liquidation was passed, "Unifieds" could be bought at thirty. They are now about sixty-six, and the holders are naturally desirous that they should be at eighty. The gang is strong and powerful; it is international, it has no patriotism and no country. Its one thought is to make money, and it cares not whether the fellahs are ruined, or whether we have forced upon us onerous liabilities, provided that it can make money; for money is its God and its country. What ought to be done is this: The liabilities of Egypt not included in the bonded debt should be bonded, and an estimate should be made of what is the amount of money which can legitimately be saved by taxation. The first charge on this amount should be cost of administration, of maintaining canals and other public works, and any extraordinary expenditure rendered necessary by circumstances; the excess should go to the bondholders. I believe that those who have looked into Egyptian finance on the spot are of opinion that in years where no extraordinary expenditure is needed, this excess would secure to the Unified bondholders about two per cent. As for the "Preferred" or Railway Bonds, they, as I have always said, ought to be worth par, because they have not only an asset in the railroads, but not one farthing of interest can be paid on the "Unified," until the "Preference" 5 per cent. has been forthcoming.

Options.—Explanatory Pamphlet on Stock Exchange Options, post-free. John Abbott & Co., Stock and Share Brokers, 21 and 22, Palmerston Buildings, London, E.C.

AN ARGENTINE LOAN.

The Argentine Republic has considerable natural wealth, but its Government leaves much to be desired. A few years ago the price of its bonds was very low, at present it is very high. Probably the intrinsic value is somewhere between these two extremes. This Republic has already once repudiated, and many of its loans have been raised for public works which have never been carried out. A new loan has been launched; looking to the possibility of the pendulum soon taking another swing, I should say that the issue price is a great deal too high. This, however, is not the opinion of City gentlemen, most of whom do not know whether the Argentine Republic is in Europe, Asia, or America, and so they have run up the bonds of the new loan to a premium.

A NATAL LOAN.

The white population of the colony of Natal is about 30,000. In 1882, its debt was £2,379,100. This seems to me quite enough—all the more as these 30,000 whites are apt to get into quarrels with their neighbours, and if they do so in future, it is not likely that we shall come to their aid. They, however, ask for £1,130,200 more, for the construction and equipment of certain railroads, and, apparently, are under the impression that they ought to pay about 4 per cent. for the accommodation. Six per cent., I should have thought, considering the security, would be nearer the mark.

QUEER STORIES.

A FAIR INVESTMENT.

When Mr. Richard Rushout—commonly known as "Restless Dick"—returned from his travels in the East, and gossip, for once speaking the truth, asserted that he was accompanied by a Circassian slave, purchased in the market at Stamboul, the good people in our quiet neighbourhood were all agog. They could talk of little else save the iniquity and audacity of Mr. Rushout's conduct. The indignation of all those ladies who had even a bowing acquaintance with the culprit was only equalled by their unexpressed, but perfectly obvious, desire to catch a glimpse of his purchase.

Dick Rushout was one of those beings whose ambition seems to be to acquire a reputation for singularity and eccentricity. He was a bachelor of about thirty. He possessed ample means, and was accountable for his actions to no one but himself. When he did happen to be at home, he lived in a house on the outskirts of our little town. This house was looked after, and his comforts, when he was at home, were attended to, by an old housekeeper. Her post must have been an easy and lucrative one, as her master's wants were simple, and he was abroad for months at a time.

Until now Mr. Rushout's eccentricities had been of a harmless nature, and undeserving of censure. He was fond of starting off, at a moment's notice, on his travels; then,

when no one expected to see him, he suddenly reappeared in the midst of us, after the fashion of Monte Cristo or the Wandering Jew. Sometimes he had just come from America, sometimes only from the Continent, sometimes from wild and almost unexplored regions; but, from wherever he came, we welcomed him heartily, for he was a good fellow and very amusing.

Yet in some things, for the space of a week or two after his return, he was almost a nuisance. Whatever might be the place at which he had last sojourned, he exalted it above all others in the world, and, so far as he comfortably could, strove to adopt its dress, customs, and traditions. He had not yet been so far as China or Japan, or he would have worn a pigtail, and asserted that such a way of doing one's hair was the only proper and becoming one; or he would have walked about in silk garments, carried two swords, and might, after the manner of the Japanese, have abandoned pocket-handkerchiefs in favour of squares of tissue paper. There was a tradition that he had been tattooed in the South Sea islands, but I have reason to believe this was untrue.

All these little peculiarities were only laughed at; there was nothing in them which could actually outrage Mrs. Grundy. But when people heard that Dick Rushout had so far conformed to what was thought to be an ordinary Turkish custom as to buy a Circassian slave, they shook their heads in reprehension; and when it was found to be a fact that his new acquisition was installed in his house, in the very midst of a commonplace, respectable, and righteous community, every one agreed that his erratic proceedings had now gone outside the bounds of propriety.

Restless Dick was an old schoolfellow and friend of mine. A few mornings after his return he strolled into my rooms, greeting me, as was his custom, just as if we had parted only yesterday. He wore a Turkish fez, which looked very comical over his round, contented-looking, English face. After exchanging a few words with me he seated himself, not without difficulty, cross-legged on the sofa, in which attitude he looked supremely uncomfortable, and painfully like a tailor. He demanded coffee, and whilst he sipped it, I—who, to tell the truth, was as curious about the matter as any old gossip in the place—asked him:—

"What's all this about your slave, Dick?"

"Oh, nothing. You see I'd heard so much about them that I thought I should like to bring one home with me. So I bought one. That's all."

"Actually bought a Circassian slave! Brought her home with you! How did you manage the journey?"

"Said she was my deaf-and-dumb sister. Dressed her like a European for the time. It was rather a grind, though," added Dick, as if he cherished certain painful reminiscences of the journey.

"How do they sell them out there—by weight or measure? What did she run into?"

"Heaps of money," answered Dick, ruefully. "My interpreter bought her. He said there were scarcely any in the market. I suspect he cheated me horribly."

"No doubt he did. Such fellows as you are made for that purpose. Well, Dick, you've done it this time with a vengeance. But what are you going to do with this new investment?"

"I shall train her up to wait upon me. I shan't have to pay any wages, so she will be cheaper in the end than a servant."

"A Circassian cleaning the boots and blacking the grates! The heavens will open, Richard!"

"Not quite that. But she'll do to bring me my coffee and pipe, and that sort of thing. Then I shall make her sing me to sleep of an afternoon with a lute, or something."

The idea of Richard being lulled to sleep with a lute was irresistibly comic. But I managed to control my emotions. I wanted to hear more.

"That will be delightful. But isn't a dulcimer the proper thing? 'A damsel with a dulcimer,' sounds very poetical. But where is she now?"

"At my house, of course."

I looked at him severely. "Richard, Richard! What will the world say?"

"I don't care a piastre what the world says. I'm my own master. If I chose to buy a slave, why shouldn't I?"

Such a rejoinder from a man who cares nothing for public opinion finished the discussion. I could only ask him:—

"Do you intend to lock her up or exhibit her?"

"Lock her up! No, indeed. As soon as I have trained her to her duties, you fellows can come up and see her. I will let you know when."

"As soon as you can, my dear fellow," I cried. "I am dying to make her acquaintance. A Circassian slave! It takes me back to the 'Arabian Nights,' and other lovely Eastern tales. Let it be as soon as possible. In the meantime, I will rub up Byron and Moore, so that I can talk to her in sweet metaphors—bulbuls, gazelles, roses, &c."

"Don't talk nonsense," said Dick; then, saluting me gravely, as became a Turk, he quitted my abode.

A week or more passed by. No one had as yet succeeded in catching a glimpse of the interesting stranger. Rushout's feminine acquaintance waxed more and more curious. So anxious had they grown to learn something authentic concerning Dick's slave, that our Curate was gently told that his duties would scarcely be fulfilled if he did not call at the house, either to remonstrate with the master or to endeavour to convert the Circassian to that Evangelicanism which reigned among us. Although the conversion and baptism of a Circassian must have had great attractions to a clergyman, and although the proposition was judiciously and weightily brought before him, the Rev. Mr. Malpas, a shy young man, given to blushing, declined both tasks. As for the latter, it would have been but a work of supererogation. His exhortations, couched in orthodox English, would fall idly on ears which, probably, only understood Circassian. As to the former task, of remonstrating with Restless Dick, our Curate could scarcely dare to claim such a wandering sheep as a waif from any particular fold. So general curiosity was not allayed by the aid of the Church.

I certainly recommend Mr. & Mrs. Hart, 15, Stockbridge-terrace, Pimlico, S.W., as the most just and liberal purchasers of Cast-off Clothes, Jewellery, and every description of property. They punctually keep appointments, and remit P.O.O. for articles per return.

Minton's China.—A visit to Messrs. Mortlock's extensive collection in Oxford-street and Orchard-street will conclusively prove the superiority of taste and lowness of price for which this house has been so celebrated during the last century and a half.

Nor could anything be got out of the old housekeeper. Other persons' servants questioned her without success. Garrulous on most matters, on her master's affairs she was silence itself. The fair Circassian for the present remained a mystery—hidden behind garden-wall and front-door as jealously as she might have been had fate ordained her owner to have been a pasha of three tails.

I was the first of the outside world who was favoured with a sight of this paragon—for rumour had, by now, invested her with transcendent charms and accomplishments. Her dress was reported to be of the richest Oriental magnificence, and her person blazing with jewels. Therefore, when Dick did, at last, ask me to dine with him, I felt very grateful for and flattered by the preference shown me. Being a bachelor, and amenable to no feminine code of law, I readily accepted his invitation.

I was much disappointed at finding the dinner was served by the old housekeeper. It was a comfortable little meal, except that it comprised some horrible composition which Dick called "pillau," and insisted upon my tasting. But there was no sign as yet that the master meant to fulfil his promise of allowing me to inspect his extraordinary purchase. The dessert was placed on the table, the coffee was brought in, but Dick said nothing about his slave. The evening was fast slipping away; so, at the risk of offending him, I asked:—

"Where is the fair Circassian?"

"Oh, my slave," said Dick, as carelessly as if a slave was as common in a house as a sideboard. "If you would really like to see her, I will summon her."

I begged he would do so at once, whereupon he struck a small hand-bell three times.

"Quite after the style of Monte Cristo," I thought. Then the door opened and the Circassian entered.

She was a tall young woman, and wore loose trousers and a short jacket—the Turkish style of ladies' attire, I concluded. Her face I could not see, as it was half-covered with a gauzy sort of veil. On her head was a scarlet cap, richly embroidered with gold, and Turkish slippers covered her feet. Altogether she was a very romantic and picturesque creature. She stood in the centre of the room, with eyes cast down and bended head, awaiting modestly and humbly the commands of the superior being whose hard cash had bought her. It was quite a touching sight, and had I not known that Mr. Rushout was such a thoroughly good-hearted fellow, I must have pitied the poor girl.

"Does she understand English?" I whispered.

"Not a word. I have been trying to teach her. Somehow she seems to have no power of grasping any language but her own. I can only make her understand at all by signs and a few words of Turkish I picked up. You may say what you like, she will be none the wiser."

"Then make her sit down; tell her to take that affair off her face. I want to look at her. Besides, it makes a fellow feel deuced awkward with a girl standing up like that. It doesn't seem natural or polite."

Dick rose, and taking a large sofa cushion, placed it on the rug between us. He then motioned his slave towards it. She seated herself in an attitude by no means ungraceful. My interest in Dick's purchase was rapidly increasing. Her master mumbled a few words, the only one of which I could catch was "yashmak." The slave bowed her head and removed her veil. Then, with intense curiosity, I proceeded to scan the features of a real, live, and warranted Circassian girl, bought and sold for a heap of money in Stamboul market.

I am no judge of Circassian slaves. I have not seen enough of them—probably I never shall—but if Rushout's purchase was a fair sample of the bulk of that interesting marketable commodity, I can only regretfully say that another fond illusion of my youth was dispelled, like many others, by contact with reality. The girl was not bad-looking, but I could have found a dozen handsomer women in a very short walk. Although she had those features which are identified with her race, blue eyes, and fair hair, her complexion was nothing to boast of, and her face was of a commonplace type. Her age, so far as I could judge, must have been, at least, twenty-six—most likely twenty-eight or twenty-nine. She was above middle height. Her feet were of a substantial size. Her hands, at which I at once looked, expecting to find fingers terminating in the traditional almond-shaped nails, were decidedly red and rather coarse. To sum her up in a short phrase, she was a very ordinary young woman, and as I studied her appearance, all romance, which had hitherto surrounded her, fled; my only thought being, "What an ass Dick Rushout has made of himself, to be sure!"

That gentleman, after getting, not without terrible exertion, a sort of infernal machine, he called a chibouk, in smoking order, handed his property a cup of coffee and a cigarette. With the contented complaisance of proprietorship, he sat looking at his fair investment, who, in a most knowing manner, wafted the wreaths of smoke from her lips and at intervals sipped her mocha.

"Well, and what do you think of Zuleika?" he asked me at last.

"Sure she doesn't understand what we say?"

"Not a word. I only wish she did. Say exactly what you think."

So I commenced appraising the property.

"She is not so beautiful as I expected to find her," was my first candid criticism.

"Ah, hers is the true Circassian type of beauty. It takes a little time to get accustomed to it, and to fully realise it."

"Perhaps so," I said doubtfully, "although I have found, until now, that beautiful women of all nations appeal to me without the trouble of acquiring a taste. I thought Circassians were so white, but her hands and face are—well, reddish. Is her skin very white?"

"How the devil should I know?" asked Dick, angrily, and puffing at his chibouk until he grew almost black in the face.

I gave him a little time to recover himself. "How old is she?" was my next question.

"The merchant swore she was just sixteen, but I can't help thinking she is a little older. I'll try and ask her in Turkish."

He mumbled away until the slave seemed to catch the drift of his question. She answered it by signs. Three times she held up one hand with outstretched fingers, then once more with three fingers.

"Eighteen, she means," said her master. "I expect that's about right."

I was amused to find that, when a question of age is mooted, women, all the world over, are the same. I told Dick so.

"Well," he said, "perhaps she doesn't know exactly. I don't suppose they keep registers of birth in Circassia."

"Probably not; but register or not, I'll eat my hat if that girl ever sees twenty-six again. To tell you the truth, Dick, I believe you have been taken in. Send her back and sell her at a sacrifice, or teach her English and get her a situation as a housemaid. Hand her over to the philanthropists, or exhibit her at the Westminster Aquarium or some place of that sort."

I suppose the natural acuteness of women told the Circassian I was disparaging her charms. In spite of her utter ignorance of our language, no doubt she guessed the tenor of my remarks. I noticed a gleam of anger in her blue eyes, and could have sworn she was gritting her teeth.

Dick was almost as angry at my criticisms as his slave would have been had they been intelligible to her. He made Zuleika a signal to retire, and, when we were alone, said:—"You have no soul. You are cramped by petty provincial bonds. You cannot appreciate true nature when you see it. I think it will be perfectly delightful to be waited upon by a creature like that, when I have trained her to her duties. She is having holiday-time now, to get accustomed to her new home. But you wait and see."

"Any way," I retorted, "you will find her an awful nuisance by and by. When you get tired of this new curiosity, you can't hang her up to a nail like other trophies of your travels, and think no more about her. Selling slaves in England is not legal."

Soon afterwards I left my eccentric friend, feeling that his Circassian slave was a failure, and resolving that if ever his goods and chattels came to the hammer, this particular portion of his property would be the last for which I should bid.

(*To be continued.*)

GIRLS' GOSSIP.

DEAREST AMY,—Have you seen that those horrid people who ride on bicycles are agitating to have the Parks thrown open to them? And, actually, Dr. Richardson, who I thought was a good friend to women and children, has ranged himself on the side of these two-wheeled and one-idea'd persons. The Parks are really the only places where we are now safe from bicycles and their nerve-testing silence and suddenness. As to the poor babies, who will dare to send them into the Parks? And where are they to go? Some wretched magistrate, who must be both childless and heartless, has announced that perambulators must be banished from the side-walks and go in the roadway, "with other carriages." If such a law as this exists, and is to be enforced, nobody would buy a perambulator, and nursemaids' arms would ache again, as they did before those beneficent baby-carriages were invented.

But, after all, one does not expect much humanity from a magistrate. They are, perforce, regarding the seamy side of human nature all day long, and forget how nice women and babies—and even men—can occasionally be. I really did, however, think better of our great sanitary reformer. Oh, Dr. Richardson, no longer shall I dream of your Hygieia! If you are going to allow bicycles in the gardens of that exquisite ideal city, I shall never, never be one of its ratepayers!

Mary went to hear Mr. Arnold lecture on Emerson the other evening, and came away delighted; *not* with the lecture, but with her own perspicacity. "They all told me," she said, "that I should be enchanted, but I said that I did not like the shape of his whiskers, and that I knew I should not like his lecture. That may seem illogical, but there are connecting links somewhere, only I do not know precisely how to put my hand on them. Why, he cannot even *see* Emerson! His outlook is too small to take him in." And she quoted Emerson's own lines:—

> O, mortal! thy ears are stones;
> These echoes are laden with tones
> Which only the pure can hear.
> Thou canst not catch what they recite,
> Of Fate and Will, of Want and Right,
> Of man to come, of human life,
> Of Death and Fortune, Growth and Strife.

You see, Emerson is one of Mary's especial loves, and my only wonder is that she sat Mr. Arnold's lecture out—so impetuous is she. To give you an example:—I went with her once to a Ballad Concert, and she worked herself up into a state of indignation because the singers almost invariably introduced notes of their own at the end of the sweet old English, Scotch, Welsh, and Irish airs. At last Mr. Santley came on to sing that saddest of Irish melodies, "The Harp that once through Tara's halls," and Mary sank back in her chair with eyes closed, saying, "We are safe with him; he is an artist." What was her disappointment when, in the last phrase of the second verse, he went somehow up instead of down, and ended on the treble G instead of an octave lower, spoiling the whole character of the song! Up she jumped, her eyes flashing, and only that I sat between her and the end of our row of stalls and forcibly stopped her, she would have rushed out of the place.

"Did he not take that G magnificently?" I said, afterwards, to tease her.

"If he had sung it as never man sang G before," she answered, "I could not have liked hearing it, for the reason of the change was so obvious. He sacrificed the music to suit his voice."

Such a rampaging little critic as this ought scarcely to be allowed to go about. Enthusiasm is refreshing enough, at a safe distance. Too near, it is inconvenient.

There is such a funny mistake in the *World* of last week. In describing a new custom, imported into Paris from America, it says that the guests at a dance are each given a small bouquet by a young lady who "insists that the flowers shall be attached to the button-hole of the gentleman or the *corset* of the lady." Fancy! I suppose, whoever translated the passage has rendered the word *corsage* as above, instead of bodice.

I have read nothing funnier since the description that appeared once in a daily paper of the ladies' dresses on a fashionable racecourse, in which poor Mrs. Cornwallis West's "lilac and white crinolette" was described as an outward and visible garment.

Apropos of frocks, a Manchester firm—Midwood & Co.—has brought out a "Lyceum dress lining," which is printed all over with portraits of Mr. Irving and Miss Ellen Terry, in miniature, and with scenes from "The Merchant of Venice" and "Romeo and Juliet." Such a lining will make more people than ever want to go upon the stage. We showed the stuff to papa, and he says that it shows a wonderful step in advance in calico-printing.

So Nell is angry with me for saying that bi-carbonate and not washing soda should be used in boiling vegetables. Shall we write to the *Lancet* and get an opinion? It is very good of her, in the midst of her wrath, to send me the recipe for obviating the very disagreeable odour proceeding from boiled cauliflower, Brussels sprouts, &c. Have you tried it yet? It is very simple—just to boil with them a small piece of bread, tied up in muslin. I shall certainly follow the prescription and see if it is effectual, for such odours are very disagreeable, though evanescent *if* the cook is made to throw the water away *outside* the house.

"Will cheques be worn this season?" So writes some

Riding Habits.—Specialty of John Redfern & Sons. Ladies' Tailors by Appointment to H.R.H. the Princess of Wales, 26 Conduit-street, London, W. Also at Cowes and Paris.

inquiring mind to a friend of ours who edits a paper for ladies. I only wish I could get cheques enough to make a gown, on condition that I would wear it a few times. Here is another question that some one asked her, "Would people be likely to talk if a girl of twenty-one were to engage herself to a gentleman of seventeen?" That is an easy one to answer, but not so the next, "Do you think sixteen too young to be in love? If so, please send me a cure for love." And, in the same breath, "Is lemon-juice good for the complexion?" Another letter puts the pertinent query: "Ought I to wear crape for my brother, and if so, for how long? He was a middle-aged man." Whether she thinks that middle-aged men are not worth mourning for at all, does not appear. What a varied experience one would need to answer satisfactorily all these questions!

So Meta is going to India, the marriage-mart! Tell her to get a book called "Tropical Trials," written expressly for women, and published by W. H. Allen & Co. It is full of practical advice about packing, dress, life on board ship, diet, children, and housekeeping. Though written by two men, it goes thoroughly into detail in matters that the sterner sex too often regard as trivial, but which we wiser beings recognise as essential to comfort; a thing we despise while we are young, but recognise, later on in life, as a very large component part of happiness. I am just getting old enough to recognise this fact. There is Maud, whose ideal of bliss is to marry Charlie on a few hundreds a year. She calls me sordid because I declare I will never marry a poor man; but I *mean it*. Fancy living in a cheap house with smoky chimneys and ill-trained servants, making calls in a cab, having one's dresses dyed or cleaned and spoiled by a cheap dressmaker, going out to dinner in a "growler" on a wet night, and staring every shilling out of countenance before one can make up one's mind to spend it! No, no! Dreadful as it is to be an old maid, it would be much better than to be married, and *poor*. If I ever *do* marry, I shall want a presentable husband, who must not be inconveniently fond of me, and will let me do exactly what I like, and give me £500 a year to spend as I choose, and no questions asked. I must have a victoria and a brougham, and, when in the country, a pair of ponies and something to drive them in; or one pony, a good trotter, in one of those light American carts—"cigar-boxes" Charlie calls them. Delicious! Oh, how I could enjoy life with heaps of money and a harmless, inoffensive husband, if such a specimen could be found, who would only speak when spoken to, and only come when he was called!

Very short mantlets of black ottoman or black silk, profusely trimmed with jet and lace, are to be "your only wear" this spring; the odious redingote with gathers, which used to make women and girls look like overgrown dolls of the period of 1830, is now quite exploded.

Lily writes that she remarked a novelty in the shape of a parasol at the Concours Hippique on Tuesday. It was of blue silk, veiled with blue tulle; red and blue ribbons, intertwined, formed the border, and were finished off by a bouquet of poppies and cornflowers. Another parasol, entirely of white lace, lined with stiff white net, and trimmed with white satin ribbons, was extremely elegant.

Did you like the curry last week? Here is a "wet devil" which will make the cold joint into a thing of joy, instead of the unattractive dish it proves to most people:—About two pounds of cold beef in slices, one tea-spoonful of red currant jelly, one mustard-spoonful of made mustard, one table-spoonful of ketchup, one dessert-spoonful of Worcester sauce, one small spoonful of Harvey's, one glass of claret; to be all stirred together with some good stock, the meat then put in, and all mixed well, and sent to table very hot.

Here, too, is a nice Lenten dish, called fillets of whiting *à la Conti*. The fillets, carefully pared off the fish, are cooked in a saucepan with melted butter and lemon-juice. Add to the sauce thus obtained some sliced truffles, with a little more butter. Then place the fillets each on a small piece of fried bread, add the sauce, and dish up. And this, finally, is the receipt for soles *à la merveilleux*. Take two fine soles, clean them, half fry them in a sauce made of browned batter and broth. Add mushrooms and two dozen oysters, with their own liquor; pepper and salt the whole. The latter part of the cooking must be done in a dish which will both be presentable on the dinner-table and stand the fire. When done, garnish with slices of lemon, and serve up in the aforesaid dish. Good-bye, dear.—Your loving cousin, MADGE.

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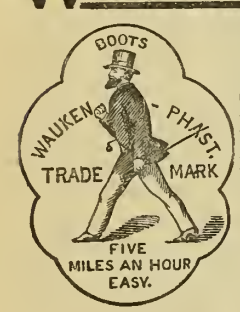

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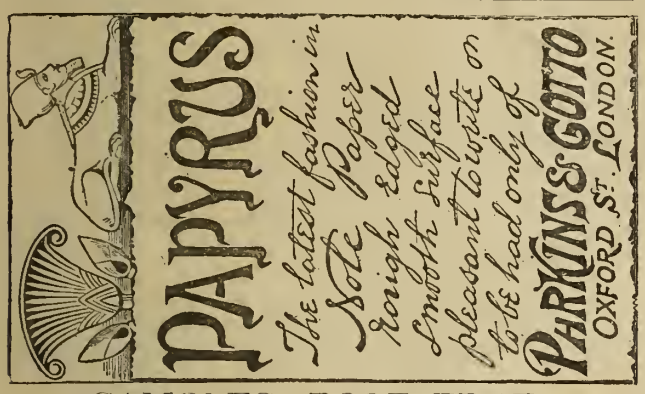

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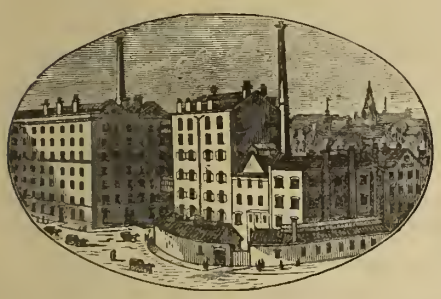
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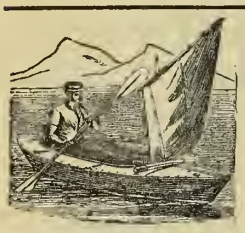

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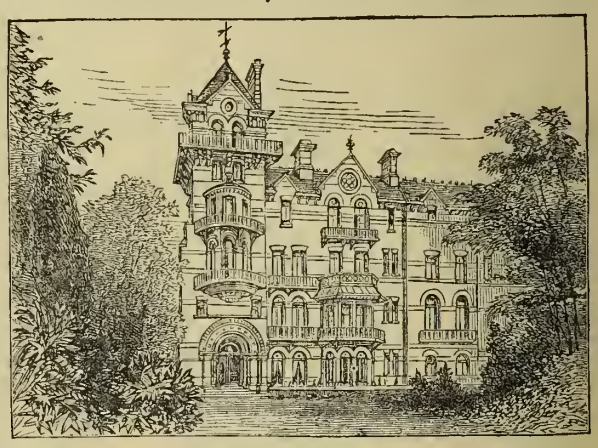

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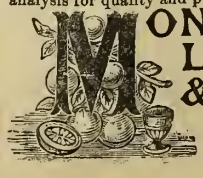
The King of Bitters, the Great Tonic of the Age. As a tonic they are invaluable—they do not interfere with the bouquet or flavour of the choicest wines or spirits, can be taken in any liquid, invigorating to the system. Strongly recommended. From Wine Merchants, Chemists, Stores, &c. Sample bottles forwarded, carriage paid, on receipt of 4s. in stamps. The KHOOSH TONIC BITTERS CO., Limited, 24, King William-street, London, E.C. Branches—Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, &c.

What Shall I Drink? The *Lancet* has subjected the Montserrat Lime Juice to full analysis for quality and purity, and recommends the public to drink it in preference to any form of alcohol.



MONTSERRAT LIME-FRUIT JUICE & CORDIALS Limetta, or Pure Lime Juice Cordials. Aromatic Clove, Strawberry, Raspberry Pineapple, Sarsaparilla, Jargonelle, Quinine Peppermint. Retail from Grocers, Druggists, Wine Merchants, everywhere.

CLOSING OF THE LISTS.

THE LISBON-BERLYN (TRANSVAAL) GOLD FIELDS, Limited.—Notice is Hereby Given that the LIST of SUBSCRIPTIONS for 50,000 SHARES (completing the 150,000 shares first to be issued) will CLOSE on WEDNESDAY, the 2nd of April, for London, and on THURSDAY, the 3rd of April, for applications from the Country.—By order, JOHN DAVIES, Secretary.

110, Cannon-street, E.C., 29th March, 1884.

FURTHER ISSUE of 50,000 SHARES of £1 each, completing the 150,000 Shares first to be issued.

Price of Issue, par, or £1 per Share, payable 2s. 6d. per Share on application; 2s. 6d. on allotment; 5s. on 1st May, 1884; 5s. on 1st June, 1884; 5s. on 1st July, 1884; total, 20s.

The Lisbon-Berlyn (Transvaal) Gold Fields, Limited.

Incorporated under the Companies Acts 1862 to 1880, by which the liability of the Shareholders is strictly limited to the amount of their Shares.

CAPITAL, £500,000,

In 500,000 Shares of £1 each, of which 150,000 are first to be issued, of which 100,000 Shares have been applied for and allotted to 1,045 Shareholders, 300,000 Shares are appropriated in part payment of the properties, and 50,000 Shares are reserved for future issue.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

Baron ALBERT GRANT (Messrs. Grant & Co.), Founders-court, Lothbury, E.C., Chairman.
Sir FRANCIS C. KNOWLES, Bart., M.A., F.R.S., Mayfield, Ryde, Isle of Wight.
JAMES EDMUND GLINISTER, Esq., late Gold Commissioner for the Transvaal Government, City Bank-chambers, E.C.
JAMES ROCK, Esq., J.P., Chairman of the Phosphor-Bronze Company, Limited, Clare House, Tonbridge.
The Hon. DAVID ERSKINE, late Colonial Secretary of Natal, 47, Gratton-road, Kensington.
HUGH GWYNNE-OWEN, Esq., Kimberley and Transvaal, and 3, Park-place, St. James's, S.W., Resident Director.

Solicitors—Messrs. GEORGE DAVIS, SON, & CO., 80, Coleman-street, E.C.

Auditors—Messrs. J. F. LOVERING & CO., 77, Gresham street, E.C.

Bankers—THE CAPITAL AND COUNTIES BANK, LIMITED, 39, Threadneedle-street, E.C.; THE STANDARD BANK OF SOUTH AFRICA, LIMITED, 10, Clement's-lane, E.C.

Secretary—Mr. JOHN DAVIES. **Offices**—110, CANNON STREET, E.C.

RESIDENT STAFF AT THE MINES.

Chief Mining Manager—Mr. DWIGHT CRITTENDEN. **Commercial Manager**—Mr. CECIL GUINNESS.

Chief Engineer—Mr. J. B. FRYER, A.M.I.C.E.

Mineralogist, Geologist, and Assayer—Professor M. FORSTER-HEDDLE, M.D., F.R.S.Edin., President of the Mineralogical Society of Great Britain and Ireland, Past President of the Geological Society of Edinburgh, and Professor of Chemistry in the University of St. Andrews.

Assistant Engineer—Mr. ALFRED ATTENBOROUGH, C.E., A.S.I.

Accountant—Mr. COSMO MORGAN.

Agents and Auditors in the Transvaal—Messrs. SIMPSON & SCHAPPERT, Pretoria, Transvaal.

Bankers in the Transvaal—THE STANDARD BANK OF SOUTH AFRICA, LIMITED, Pretoria, Transvaal.

THE Directors of the above Company are prepared to receive applications for 50,000 shares, part of 150,000 shares, to be first issued as above stated.

Under the prospectus issued in December last and up to this date 100,000 shares have been applied for and allotted, and are now held by 1,045 Shareholders.

The Lisbon and Berlyn properties, as stated in the original prospectus, contain upwards of 18,000 acres.

The progress made with reference to sending out the machinery and organising the staff has been very great, and the arrangements for early working may be said to be practically completed.

The most complete mining plant obtainable has been sent out, and a most efficient staff engaged by the Company through the good offices of Professor Price, the well-known expert of San Francisco.

The whole of the staff shall be on the gold fields about the end of next month, and the machinery in about one month later, and it is confidently expected that within three months afterwards the first shipment of gold will be made.

The prospectus and details of this Company have been so recently before the public that the Directors do not feel it necessary to repeat all that has previously been said. Any person desirous of having an original prospectus can obtain it from the Secretary.

The Directors content themselves with repeating that the properties have been reported upon by the following Engineers, from whose reports short extracts are given:—

1. John M. Stuart, Esq, M. Soc. Arts, F.R.G.S.
2. John Webster, Esq.
3. John J. Hamilton, Esq.
4. W. Henry Penning, Esq., F.G.S., Memb. Soc. Arts.

With such a consensus of opinion it seems difficult to withstand the belief that in the Lisbon and Berlyn gold fields prospects of profit are opened out of unusual magnitude. It is not necessary that the full result shadowed forth by Mr. Stuart should be realised—viz., 19 millions sterling net—for if it did each £1 share would be worth nearly £40. If one-fourth of the results are attained, the properties would be still one of the most extraordinarily rich and profitable ever offered to the public for subscription.

Applicants for the present issue of shares, which are identical in all respects with those already issued, have the advantage of now joining the Company, with the knowledge that all the machinery is made and en route for the properties, that the staff has landed and should shortly be on the works, and that all arrangements are complete for early working, so that the usual preliminary period of suspense which is always so trying in mining matters has passed, and results may be confidently expected within a few months.

In the allotment of shares, all applications up to 100 shares will be allotted in full, and those beyond (in the event of there being a larger number applied for than have to be allotted) will be reduced pro rata.

The printed copies of the reports referred to herein can be seen at the offices of the Company. The contracts and the Articles of Association can be seen at the offices of the Solicitors of the Company.

Forms of application can be obtained of the Secretary, at the offices of the Company.—By order of the Board,

JOHN DAVIES, Secretary.

110, Cannon-street, E.C., 25th March, 1884.

Enclosed with the prospectus is a verbatim report of the Statutory Meeting of Shareholders held on Saturday, the 22nd instant, also extracts from South African newspapers relating to the gold fields, which will be of interest to intending applicants.

The Consolidated Land and Cattle Company,

LIMITED,

Incorporated under the Companies Acts, 1862 to 1883, whereby the Liability of the Shareholders is limited to the amount of their Shares

CAPITAL, £750,000, IN 150,000 SHARES OF £5 EACH.

First Issue, £500,000, in 100,000 Shares of £5 each, of which 20,000 fully-paid Shares are taken by the Vendors as part of the Purchase Money. For the first three years the Vendors' Shares are to receive no dividend until 8 per cent. has been paid in each year on the Ordinary Shares.

£1 per Share, payable on Application, £1 on Allotment, £1 one month after Allotment, and the Balance by Calls of £1 each as required, at intervals of not less than one month.

No payment will be made to the Vendors until the Titles to the Ranches have been examined and approved, to the satisfaction of the Directors, by an Agent to be appointed by them.

DIRECTORS.

THE RT. HON. LORD THURLOW, Chairman, Dunphail, Morayshire, and 33, Chesham-place, London, S.W.
THE RT. HON. THE EARL of STRATHMORE, Glamis Castle, Forfarshire, and 41, Queen's Gate Gardens, London, S.W.
THE RT. HON. THE EARL of MAR and KELLIE, Alloa Park, N.B.
THE RT. HON. LORD LOVAT, Beaufort Castle, Inverness-shire, N.B.
SIR GEORGE MACPHERSON GRANT, Bart., M.P., Ballindalloch Castle, Elginshire, N.B.
JOHN McCULLOCH, Esq. (late Inspector in America of the Dundee Mortgage and Investment Companies), Glenhead House, Stranraer, N.B. and 2, Royal Exchange Avenue, London, E.C.
H. C. NEWSON, Esq., Land Agent, 57, Lincoln's-Inn Fields, London.

CONSULTING DIRECTORS IN TEXAS.

A. M. BRITTON, Esq., Fort Worth (Manager of the Matador Land and Cattle Company, Limited, and President of City National Bank).
Colonel J. P. SMITH, Banker and Mayor of Fort Worth.

BANKERS.

THE CLYDESDALE BANK, Limited, 30, Lombard-street, London; St. Vincent-place, Glasgow; and Branches.

SOLICITORS.

Messrs. SNELL, SON, & GREENIP, 1, George-street, Mansion-house, E.C., London.

AUDITOR.

JAMES GLEGG, Esq., of the Firm of Messrs. Quilter, Ball, & Co., Moorgate-street, E.C., London.

MANAGER IN AMERICA.

GEORGE B. LOVING, Esq., Fort Worth, Texas.

SECRETARY (pro tem.).

H. R. LEWIS, Esq.

Offices—BARTHOLOMEW HOUSE, BARTHOLOMEW LANE, LONDON.

PROSPECTUS.

THIS Company is formed to purchase and consolidate the well-known Wiren, Hittson, Millsap, and Milliken, Mann, Jackson, and Elkin Cattle Herds and Ranches, consisting of 100,000 acres of Freehold Lands, 75,500 head of branded cattle, and the calf crop of 1884, estimated to number 20,000 to 25,000 head, also 1,000 horses, 2,000 hogs, ranch implements, equipage, improvements, &c., all in the State of Texas, U.S.A., and to carry on the business of raising Cattle and other Live Stock in the United States of America. The Directors have obtained the option to acquire all or any of the said ranches as they may see fit.

The object of transferring the herds to a single Company is to lessen the proportionate expenses, extend the improvements and develop the herds, which, combined, will form one of the largest, as they are already well known to be among the best graded herds of any magnitude in the State.

The business of cattle raising in the Western States of America is now acknowledged to be highly remunerative. Numerous companies have lately been formed for carrying it on and are working very successfully. The following figures will show the last dividends paid by ranch companies formed during the last few years, and, as this class of investment is rapidly growing in public favour, shares are likely to advance very considerably in value:—

Arkansas Land and Cattle Company	10 per cent.
Matador Land and Cattle Company	8 ,,
Missouri Land and Cattle Company	10 ,,
Powder River Cattle Company	10 ,,
Prairie Cattle Company	20½ ,,
Swan Company	9 ,,
Texas Land and Cattle Company	12½ ,,
Western Land and Cattle Company	15 ,,

The ranches proposed to be acquired by this Company are admirably adapted for consolidating into one large property, because they "dovetail" into each other, there being no other herds or ranches between them. They occupy both sides of the Double Mountain Forks of the Brazos River for a distance of about 60 miles and both sides of the Salt Fork of the Brazos River for 30 miles; and, as one of the best means of securing the water privileges, 100,000 acres of freehold land have been selected in good positions, thus practically ensuring the future possession of the range, which is about 3,000 square miles of the finest grazing lands in the States and estimated to be capable of maintaining easily 120,000 head of cattle. The freehold of the remainder of the range can be either leased or purchased at a moderate price, should the Company desire to do so later on, the expediency of which the Directors will take into their consideration, and it should be noted that no payment will be made to the Vendors in respect of any range rights.

It should be pointed out that, in addition to the water from the rivers named, there are numerous creeks and well-watered streams scattered over the entire range, and at no season of the year will the cattle require to travel any great distance to find an abundance of good water; in fact, the moderate climate, the excellence of the grazing land and abundance of water and shelter at all seasons, combine to make these ranches one of the most valuable pastoral properties in the States, and, when consolidated under one management, will give still more important results.

The position of the ranches with regard to markets is excellent. They are within 40 miles of Colorado City, on the Texas Pacific Railway, which line has in the last few years opened up such facilities as to enormously increase the demand for stock of all kinds from this district.

The ranch houses are situate at suitable distances all over the range, and are provided with the necessary enclosed pastures, yards, branding-pens, wagons, harness, and all other camp outfit, to make them in every sense complete.

THE PURCHASE-MONEY IS MADE UP AS FOLLOWS:—

74,500 Stock Cattle at $25 per head	$1,862,500
100,000 Acres of Land, free of all incumbrances, and to which warranty deed will be given at $2.50 per acre	250,000
500 First-class Stock Horses, including several thoroughbred Stallions, at $40 per head	20,000
500 Saddle Horses, at $40 per head	20,000
2,000 Stock Hogs, at $4.00 per head	8,000
1,000 Selected and Improved Bulls, at $62.50 each	62,500
Range Improvements, including Houses, Fences, Camp Equipments, Furniture, Cooking Utensils, Wagons, &c. &c.	9,500
Total Valuation of Property	$2,232,500

This, at $4 85c. per £, is equal to £460,309.

Should the Directors exercise the option to acquire only one or more of the ranches, the purchase-money will be reduced proportionally to the extent of land and quantity of cattle conveyed and taken over, and in that event the amount payable to the vendors in fully-paid shares will also be proportionally reduced.

The calf crop for the present year, estimated to number between 20,000 and 25,000 head, will, according to the terms of purchase, be the property of the Company without any payment being made for them, thus increasing the number of the herd to about 100,000 head, and reducing the average cost to about $18.75 per head; and it may be mentioned that in the herd there are about 10,000 beeves which will be ready for market this autumn, which, if sold for $35 per head, would be $10 per head more than is being paid for them.

The information given in this Prospectus is taken from the reports, made from personal inspection, of Robert Bruce, Esq., of Great Smeaton, Northallerton, a gentleman of considerable practical experience in valuing live stock in England, Scotland, and America, and familiar with ranching business generally; John McCulloch, Esq., of Glenhead House, Stranraer, who is one of the highest authorities on ranch matters in Great Britain (who has joined the Board); and Hugh A. Fergusson, Esq., of 36, Welbeck-street, London, a gentleman with great experience in cattle and other live stock. The special attention of investors is called to these reports, copies of which accompany the Prospectus.

Mr. Robert Bruce writes:—"Under proper management, I have not the slightest doubt but that the purchase of the stock and property on the above-mentioned six ranches, at the figures named to me, must be a good investment, and that a handsome percentage on capital invested may be paid year by year, while at the end of a few years the stock will be increased, in number and value at a compound ratio. This increase of stock will be better understood when I state that it can be proved that in this district of Texas over 80 per cent. of the cows will bring calves to the branding-pens year after year."

Mr. Fergusson states:—"Finally, I consider that the cattle are, on the whole, a very good lot. The range is ample and the condition the cattle are in at present denotes that feed is abundant. I think there is no doubt that water is plentiful all the year round. The crop of steers for next year will be a large one, and I consider the whole property to be worth the price asked for it. Under good management it should pay good dividends, and, as it is a going concern, no great amount of money should be spent in improvements."

Mr. McCulloch says:—"Taking this range as a breeding one pure and simple, and selling yearlings at present prices, $18 to $22 a head, the dividend would be 20 per cent., but as beef will more likely hold or advance on present prices than range cattle, I could not counsel the change unless with a provision for fattening the steers, a precaution worthy the consideration of the directors of any cattle company devoted entirely to breeding."

One noticeable fact in the reports is that they were made at different times, by parties entire strangers to each other, and while they never met or consulted with one another, yet their reports agree in the main and differ but little from the description and facts given by the vendors. Copies of these reports, in full, together with map of the range, may be had on application at the Offices of the Company.

The purchase will take effect as from the 1st March, 1884, and the contract provides that the vendors not only give full and complete warranty to all the properties described, but guarantee and defend the representations made therein; and any deficiency is to be allowed for on the settlement of the purchase. No money will be paid, neither will the Company take over the proprietorship of the range, nor assume its management, till the titles have been found to be in conformity with American law.

The only contract entered into is the following, viz., one dated the 22nd day of March, 1884, made between the Texas Investment Company, Limited, of the first part, George Barnett Loving of the second part, and Frederick Charles Pocklington as trustee on behalf of this Company, of the third part, for the sale and purchase of the before-mentioned Ranches, Stock, and Improvements at the sum of $2,232,500, equal to £460,309 sterling.

All preliminary and other expenses of and incident to the formation of the Company up to the allotment of shares are undertaken by the vendors, who are the promoters; and in the event of not going to allotment the deposit, or in the event of the report of the Agents, to be selected by the Directors to verify the titles and take over the properties, not being to their satisfaction, the moneys paid upon deposit and allotment, will be returned in full. In the event of the Company taking over the properties, the sum of £1,000 will be paid to the vendors in respect of the reports of Messrs. Bruce and Fergusson.

Applications for shares, accompanied by a deposit of £1 per share, may be addressed to the Company's Bankers, or to the Secretary at the Office of the Company.

£160,000 Five per Cent. Perpetual Rent-Charge Interest-Guaranteed Shares of

THE STRATFORD-UPON-AVON, TOWCESTER, AND MIDLAND JUNCTION RAILWAY COMPANY.

PRICE £100 PER £100 CERTIFICATE OF 10 SHARES.

In 16,000 Shares of £10 each, to be converted into Stock when fully paid up, under the title of Five per Cent. Perpetual Rent-charge Interest-guaranteed Stock, guaranteed in perpetuity by a charge of £8,000 per annum, secured on the total net receipts of the East and West Junction Railway, 33 miles in length, in priority to any payment of interest or dividend on the Debenture or Share Capital of that Company, amounting to upwards of £950,000. Pursuant to Special Act of Parliament passed last Session. These Shares are further entitled to participate in the surplus income of the Stratford-upon-Avon, Towcester, and Midland Junction Railway, as hereafter mentioned.

The Shares now for Subscription have thus not only 5 per cent. guaranteed in perpetuity, secured by the 33 miles of the East and West Junction Railway, but will also participate in the surplus income of the Stratford-upon-Avon, Towcester, and Midland Junction Railway, 11½ miles in length.

When the fact is stated that the Stratford-upon-Avon Railway Company, whose line runs from Hatton Junction to Stratford-upon-Avon, have for some years past paid 8 per cent. dividend upon their Ordinary Shares, and that the Great Western Railway Company have purchased the Line, paying for it in £135 Great Western Railway Stock for each £100 Stratford-upon-Avon Share, which, at the price of Great Western Stock, viz., £141 per cent., is equal to £190 cash for each £100 Stratford-upon-Avon Share, an estimate may be formed of the future value of the Shares for Subscription.

The Directors of the Stratford-upon-Avon, Towcester, and Midland Junction Railway Company are prepared to receive SUBSCRIPTIONS for the above Shares, which, when fully paid up, will be converted into Stock under the title, as above stated, of Five per Cent. Perpetual Rent-charge Interest-guaranteed Stock.

Price of Subscription, £100 per Provisional Certificate of 10 Shares of £10 each (representing £100 Stock), payable as follows:—£5 for each Certificate applied for payable on Application, £20 on Allotment, £25 on 1st May, 1884, £25 on 1st June, 1884, £25 on 1st July, 1884—£100 per Certificate of £100.

The interest is payable half-yearly, on 15th March and 15th September in each year. The first payment will be made 15th September next.

Option is given to Subscribers to pay all the Instalments on Allotment, in which case Interest on the full £100 will be payable from the date of such payment, and in the case of Subscriptions paid by Instalments, Interest will be payable from the dates of their payment.

Provisional Scrip Certificates will in the first instance be issued, to be exchanged for definitive Stock Certificates when converted into Stock.

For the guidance of Subscribers the following quotations for Guaranteed or Rent-charge Stocks will be useful, viz.:—The average quotation for Four per Cent. Stocks is £106 to £110 per £100 Stock; the average quotation for Four-and-a-Half per Cent. Stocks is £115 to £117 per £100 Stock; the average quotation for Five per Cent. Stock is £127 to £129 per £100 Stock. The above quotations are for Stocks which do not participate in any Surplus Profits, nor receive more than the fixed Interest attached thereto, whilst the Shares now for Subscription will be entitled, in addition to the fixed Interest, to participate in the surplus profits of the Stratford-upon-Avon, Towcester, and Midland Junction Railway.

The price paid by the Great Western Railway for the Shares of the Stratford-upon-Avon Railway which were entitled to Surplus Profits was, as above stated, equal to £190 per £100 Stock.

DIRECTORS.

Sir THOMAS GEORGE FERMOR-HESKETH, Bart., Easton Neston-hall, Towcester, Chairman.
R. W. ABBOTTS, Esq. (Messrs. Bass, Ratcliff, & Gretton, Limited), Burton-on-Trent.
ALFRED BARRATT, Esq., M.D. (Member of the Town Council), Great Hampton-row, Birmingham.
HENRY DOWNING, Esq. (Director of the Stratford-upon-Avon Railway), The Elms, Stratford-upon-Avon.
THOMAS COOMBS, Esq. (Director of the Evesham, Redditch, and Stratford-upon-Avon Railway), 9, Bridge-street, Westminster.
GEORGE HALL, Esq. (Director of the East and West Junction Railway), Merton-road, Wimbledon.

SECRETARY.

T. HUNT, Esq.

TRUSTEES.

SAMUEL LLOYD, Esq., J.P., Sparkbrook, Birmingham.
HENRY MERRICK, Esq., Bradford-upon-Avon (Director of the Bedford and Northampton Railway Company).

BANKERS.

LLOYDS' BANKING COMPANY, LIMITED, Birmingham and Stratford-upon-Avon.
Messrs. BARNETTS, HOARES, HANBURY, & LLOYD, 60, Lombard-street, London, E.C.

SOLICITORS.

Messrs. NEWMAN, STRETTON, & HILLIARD, 75 and 76, Cornhill, London E.C.

ENGINEER.

CHARLES LIDDELL, Esq., 24, Abingdon-street, London, S.W.

Offices: 75, CORNHLL, E.C., LONDON; CORN EXCHANGE, STRATFORD-UPON-AVON.

THE Stratford-upon-Avon, Towcester, and Midland Junction Railway Company is authorised by special Act of Parliament to relay and equip the East and West Junction Railway (Stratford-upon-Avon to Towcester), 33 miles in length, which was in 1873 opened for traffic, being laid with iron rails, now intended to be replaced with heavy steel rails, and to supply that Railway with an additional amount of rolling-stock, and further to extend their system by the construction of this Company's Line from Towcester to the Midland Railway at Olney, 11½ miles in length.

The proceeds of the present issue of £160,000 will be applied to the relaying and equipment of the East and West Junction Railway, as above mentioned.

Interest at 5 per cent. per annum on that amount, equal to the sum of £8,000 per annum, will, upon the certificate of the Board of Trade that the above works have been carried out to their satisfaction, be payable half-yearly by the East and West Junction Railway Company to this Company, in terms and by virtue of "The Stratford-upon-Avon, Towcester, and Midland Junction Railway Act, 1883" (the amount necessary in the meantime being deposited at the Company's Bankers until the 15th September next, when the works and equipment are to be completed), which provides that interest at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum upon any money expended by the Company under the provisions of that Act upon or in respect of the East and West Junction Railway shall be charged upon and paid out of the tolls, rates, income, and revenue derived from or arising in respect of that Railway, in priority to any payment of interest or dividend on the Debenture or Share Capital of that Company, which amounts to upwards of £950,000.

The above £8,000 per annum, as and when the same becomes payable by the East and West Junction Railway Company, will be paid to Trustees, viz.:—Samuel Lloyd, Esq., J.P., Birmingham, and Henry Merrick, Esq., Bradford-upon-Avon, Director of the Bedford and Northampton Railway Company, who have consented to act as Trustees for the holders of the Shares forming the present issue, and who, in accordance with the provisions of the Deed of Trust under which the said Shares are issued, will apply the said interest in the payment of a dividend in perpetuity of 5 per cent. per annum to the holders of the said Shares.

The Shares of the present issue, in addition to receiving interest at 5 per cent. per annum guaranteed as aforesaid, will be entitled to participate in the surplus profits arising from the working of this Company's own Line.

Thus, by means of the exceptionally favourable nature of the powers conferred by the Act, the Shares of the present issue will be guaranteed a perpetual 5 per cent. interest secured by statutory charge on the rates, tolls, and revenue of 33 miles of through main route, and estimating that Line's earnings to amount to only £20 net per mile per week, or £34,320 per annum, the guarantee would be more than four times covered.

Inasmuch as the gross average receipts of the Midland Railway are over £100 per mile per week, it will be seen that £49 per mile per week gross, or £20 net, allowing 50 per cent. for working expenses, is a very low figure to take.

It will thus be seen that the Guaranteed Shares now for subscription present an opportunity for investment very rarely offered, combining as they do a fixed 5 per cent. interest in perpetuity, guaranteed by the receipts of the East and West Junction Railway, and the further right to participate in the surplus profits of the Stratford-upon-Avon, Towcester, and Midland Junction Railway, and at the price of £100 per £100 Share, possess every element for an immediate increase in value when quoted on the Stock Exchange, which quotation will be applied for when they are fully paid up.

The East and West Junction Railway and the Stratford-upon-Avon, Towcester, and Midland Junction Railway are to be worked as one system, and with the Evesham, Redditch, and Stratford-upon-Avon Line now being worked by the East and West Junction Railway represent a length of 52 miles, and will complete the present broken communication between East and West, and connect the Midland in the West at Broom with the Midland in the East at Olney, thus affording a continuous through route for traffic, with a considerable saving of distance, as a reference to the table accompanying the prospectus clearly shows.

The works and equipment on the East and West Junction Line are under contract to be completed by 15th September next. The Company's Extension Line to Olney is under contract to be completed by the 15th day of September, 1885.

This Contract, the Deed of Trust, and the Acts of Parliament can be inspected at the Offices of the Solicitors to the Company.

Prospectuses, Maps, and Forms of Application for Shares can be obtained at the Offices of the Company, and from the Bankers and all Brokers.

75, Cornhill, E.C., London, 28th March, 1884.

All APPLICATIONS must be received by WEDNESDAY, April 9 next.

Should the applications received exceed the amount to be issued, a *pro rata* reduced Allotment, so far as circumstances will permit, will be made to all applicants.

FORM OF APPLICATION.

To the Directors of the Stratford-upon-Avon, Towcester, and Midland Junction Railway Company.

Gentlemen,—Having paid to your Bankers the sum of Pounds, being the amount of deposit of £5 per Certificate on application for Certificates of £100 each—viz., 10 Shares of £10 each in the Stratford-upon-Avon, Towcester, and Midland Junction Railway Company, I request you to allot me that number of Certificates, and I agree to accept such Certificates (or any smaller number that may be alloted to me), and to pay the further amounts according to the terms of the Prospectus of the Company, dated March 28, 1884, and I authorise you to place my name upon the Register of Shareholders in the Stratford-upon-Avon, Towcester, and Midland Junction Railway Company in respect of the Shares so allotted.

Signature .....
Name in full .....
Profession .....
Residence .....
.....
Date ..... 1884.

Addition to be filled up if the Applicant wishes to put up in full on allotment.
I desire to pay up in full on Allotment all Shares which may be allotted to me.
Signature .....

ANGLO-SERVIAN BANK, LIMITED.

Incorporated under the Companies Acts, 1862 to 1883.

The liability of the Shareholder is limited to the amount of the Share.

CAPITAL £1,000,000, in 50,000 Shares of £20 each.

Issue of 30,000 Shares, on which £3 per Share only will be paid up for the present: £1 per Share on application, £1 per Share on allotment, £1 per Share three months after allotment.

By the Articles of Association further calls may not exceed £2 per share, or be made at less intervals than three months, and the directors are prohibited from calling more than £10 per Share, in any event, without the previous sanction of a general meeting of Shareholders. The directors reserve the right to make further issue of Shares, and at such premiums as may be decided hereafter.

DIRECTORS.

SAMPSON S. LLOYD, Esq., J.P., 2, Cornwall-gardens, London, S.W. (Formerly President of the Association of Chambers of Commerce of the United Kingdom.)
HUBERT E. H. JERNINGHAM, Esq., M.P., Longridge Towers, Berwick-on-Tweed. (Late Acting British Diplomatic Agent and Consul-General in Servia.)
DANIEL MACKENZIE, Esq. (Director of the Standard Bank of South Africa, Limited.)
SAM MENDEL, Esq., J.P., D.L. (Director of the Alliance Bank, Limited.)
JULIUS HATRY, Esq. (Messrs. Escales & Hatry), London, and at Milan, &c.
F. W. WOODHOUSE HONISCHER, Esq. (Messrs. F. W. Honischer & Co.), London and at Smyrna.
GEORGE TAMPLIN, Esq. (Director of the Royal Insurance Company, Limited.)
*COMMITTEE IN BELGRADE (acting under the London Board).
His Excellency M. Philippe Christitch, formerly Prime Minister of Servia.
M. Const. S. Anthula, Merchant, Belgrade.
*To be increased to four members.

Bankers—Alliance Bank, Limited, London, E.C., and Branches.
Solicitor—J. G. Minchin, Esq. (Consul-General to Servia), 2, Metal-exchange Buildings, E.C.
Auditors—Messrs. Deloitte, Dever, Griffiths & Co., 4, Lothbury, E.C.
Secretary—Frederick Breuer, Esq.
Temporary Offices—17, Philpot Lane, London, E.C.

The Anglo-Servian Bank, Limited, has been formed for the purpose of conducting a general banking and agency business principally between England and the Kingdom of Servia, which country possesses a magnificent climate, a fertile soil abounding in agricultural, as well as mineral, wealth, and has hitherto been undeveloped.

The head office of the bank will be in London, with branches at Belgrade, the capital of Servia (which is in direct communication with all parts of the Continent, and can be reached from England within three days), and at Nisch, or any other important towns in that country and elsewhere, as may be required. The chief drawback hitherto to trade between England and Servia (either import or export) has been the want of adequate means of communication in and with Servia, and of an English bank to afford the usual banking facilities. Under the Treaty of Berlin the Servian railways form a most important link in the railway chain which connects Constantinople with Western Europe. The Servian railroads are now approaching completion, and will open up this naturally rich country as it has never yet been opened to Western civilisation. On the one hand her agricultural wealth will find an outlet, while new articles of industry, luxury, and commerce, will be brought into every portion of her territory. British goods will also soon be imported into Servia *via* Salonica, and thus not only will the cost of carriage be reduced, but also much time saved by avoiding the long voyage through the Dardanelles, the Black Sea, and up the Danube. An expansion of trade between that country and England may therefore be confidently anticipated in the near future.

Under these favourable circumstances there is ample room for a Bank of this kind, and it may certainly be expected that the Anglo-Servian Bank, with such prospects, and with careful management, will find a remunerative and legitimate field for its operations.

Copy of the only agreement entered into, dated 15th February, 1884, made between Samuel Peter Braun, of the one part, and Frederick Breuer, of the other part, and of a contract adopting the same, dated 8th March, 1884, made between Samuel Peter Braun of the first part, Frederick Breuer of the second part, and the Anglo-Servian Bank, Limited, of the third part, can, as well as the memorandum and Articles of Association, be seen at the Offices of the Bank. Prospectuses and forms of application may be obtained from the undermentioned bankers, and the secretary of the bank. Applications for shares to be made on the accompanying form, and forwarded with a deposit of £1 per share to the Alliance Bank, Limited, London, E.C., or either of the following Banks:—

LLOYD'S BANKING COMPANY, Limited, Birmingham and Branches.
LANCASHIRE AND YORKSHIRE BANK, Limited, Manchester and Branches.
UNION BANK OF SCOTLAND, Limited, Glasgow and Edinburgh, and Branches.
Messrs. GUINNESS, MAHON, & CO., Dublin.

The deposits will be returned in full where no allotment is made. Where a less number of shares is allotted than applied for, the balance of the deposit will be credited towards the amount due on allotment. The directors do not bind themselves to any allotment, and reserve the right to refuse such applications as they may think fit. A quotation on the Stock Exchange will be applied for in due course.

A Treaty of Friendship and Commerce was signed between Great Britain and Servia on the 7th February, 1880, and is still in force.

CLOSING OF THE LISTS.

THE LAND AND LOAN COMPANY OF NEW ZEALAND, Limited.—The LIST of APPLICATIONS for SHARES will be CLOSED on FRIDAY, April 4, for Town, and SATURDAY, April 5, for Country.

London, March 28th, 1884.

THE LAND AND LOAN COMPANY OF NEW ZEALAND, Limited.—Capital £1,000,000, in 200,000 Shares of £5 each (with power to increase).—The liability of the Shareholders is limited to the amount of their Shares.—FIRST ISSUE, 100,000 SHARES, upon which £1 per share will be called up as follows, viz:—2s. 6d. per share on application, 2s. 6d. per share on allotment, 5s. on 1st May, 1884, and the remainder in sums of 5s. per share as required, at intervals of not less than two months between each call, of which at least 30 days' notice will be given. Of these shares the Directors and their friends will take 44,000.

DIRECTORS.

*James Alexander, Esq. (Redfern, Alexander, and Co., Australian and New Zealand merchants), 3, Great Winchester-street, E.C., Director Bank of Australasia.
William Dunlop Anderson, Esq. (Anderson, Fairley, and Gray), 37A, Mincing-lane, E.C., Director Alliance Bank, Limited.
Alfred Chetham-Strode, Esq., late Director of the Colonial Bank of New Zealand, Limited, and late Member of Committee in New Zealand of the Otago and Southland Investment Company, Limited.
Lieut.-General Richard Strachey, R.E., C.S.I., F.R.S., Stowey House, Clapham-common.
Robert Thorburn Turnbull, Esq. (R. T. Turnbull, & Co., Australian and New Zealand merchants), 5, East India-avenue, E.C., Director Imperial Property Investment Company, Limited.
William Carr Young, Esq. (of Bell, Harrison, & Co.), 11, Clement's-lane, E.C., and formerly of Dunedin, N.Z.

COLONIAL BOARD IN NEW ZEALAND.

Managing Director in New Zealand.
*Francis C. Fulton, Esq., Napier, N.Z.
The following gentlemen will act provisionally:
The Hon. G. Randall Johnson, M.L.C., Wellington, N.Z.
George Beetham, Esq., M.H.R., Napier, N.Z.
Edward Jollie, Esq., J.P., Patea, N.Z.

Bankers.

In London—The Alliance Bank, Limited, and its Branches.
In New Zealand—The Bank of Australasia, and its Branches.

Solicitors in London.

Messrs. Merriman, Pike, & Merriman, 25, Austinfriars, E.C.
Auditors—Messrs. Tribe, Clarke, Painter, & Co., 2, Moorgate-street Buildings, E.C.
Secretary—Mr. W. C. Gould.
Offices—3, Great Winchester-street, London, E.C.

* These gentlemen will join their respective Boards after the Allotment of Shares.

ABRIDGED PROSPECTUS.

The Company has been formed with the objects stated in the memorandum; briefly they are for the following purposes, viz:—

1. The lending of money upon security of mortgages of freehold, leasehold, and other property in New Zealand, and making advances against produce or consignments.
2. The purchase, management, and resale of freehold or leasehold lands in New Zealand and of stock and produce in connection therewith.
3. The conduct of a general agency business, comprising the management of funds which may be sent to New Zealand for investment, the collection of dividends and other moneys, and the care of consignments to and from New Zealand, and their realisation, with power to advance against such consignments.

Mr. F. C. Fulton (who has had more than twenty years' experience in the management of properties in New Zealand) is to act as managing director in the Colonies, and will make a substantial investment in the Company's funds.

Favourable arrangements have been made with the well-known firm of Messrs. Redfern, Alexander, & Co. (Australian and New Zealand merchants), who will attend to all the mercantile part of the Company's business in this country, whereby considerable expense will be saved.

No promotion money is being paid.

Full prospectus and forms of application may be obtained at the Offices of the Company, as well as from the Company's Solicitors, Bankers, or their Agents.

THE FLORIDA INVESTMENT AND AGENCY COMPANY, LIMITED.—Capital £100,000, in 10,000 Shares of £10 each. Payable—£1 on application; £2 on allotment; £2 on the 1st day of May, 1884.

It is not proposed to call up more than £5 per share. Any further capital will be raised by debentures. The shares may be paid up in full at once, and such payments in anticipation will carry interest at 5 per cent.

The directors and their friends have applied for 3,000 of the shares of the Company—being nearly one-third of the whole capital.

DIRECTORS.

Robt. W. Surtees, Esq., J.P. (Messrs. Laws, Surtees & Co.), 72, Bishopsgate-street, E.C., Chairman.
William Dunn, Esq., 22, St. John's Park, Blackheath, Director of the Manitoba Mortgage and Investment Company, Limited.
John Orlebar, Esq., 37, Walbrook, E.C., late of Victoria, Australia.
Joseph Beauchamp Watson, Esq., Gelt Hall, Carlisle, and Wharton near Kissimee, Florida, Landowner.
Henry Wharton, Esq., 32, Weymouth-street, W., Run owner of New Zealand, Managing Director.

Bankers—The Union Bank of Scotland, Limited, 62, Cornhill, London; Glasgow; Edinburgh, and Branches.
Solicitor—Arthur Fell, Esq., 46, Queen Victoria-street, E.C.
Brokers—Messrs. Roger Mortimer & Co., 2, Royal Exchange Buildings, E.C.
Secretary and Offices—46, Queen Victoria-street, E.C.

ABRIDGED PROSPECTUS.

This Company is formed to buy an Estate of 61,000 acres of freehold land in a block situate on the South and East sides of Lake East Tohopekaliga, Orange County, Florida, and to conduct a Mortgage and Agency business in that State, taking over the property of the Florida Agricultural Company, Limited, as a going concern.

Mr. Wharton has had great experience in the management of Colonial lands, and has consented to act as Managing Director, visiting the Estate from time to time to superintend the land sales and Mortgage and agency business. Mr. Watson, has also visited the estate, and has joined the Board of Directors. He and his Co-Directors and their friends have applied for thirty thousand pounds of the share capital of this Company.

The estate has a frontage of about 12 miles to the lake, a fine sheet of water, giving perfect protection from cold north-west winds, and there are numerous other charming lakes on the Company's lands.

The lands of this Company on the Lake are ready for immediate settlement and sale. The Company is now engaged in planting five orange groves contracted for by settlers, in building an hotel and boarding house which have already been sold, and preparing the streets for the town.

Contracts and sales have been already entered into which show a good profit and the proposed improvements are causing an active demand for the Company's lands.

The Directors propose to pay a dividend of not more than 5 per cent. for the first two years during development, and not to press sales unduly. They quite expect that the dividends will then increase and that in the future the property of the Company must become very valuable.

The Directors intend to apply for a quotation of the Company's shares on the London and Edinburgh and Glasgow Stock Exchanges.

There will be no promotion money paid or preliminary expenses beyond the actual cost of advertising, printing, and legal and broker's charges, which will not exceed £1,000.

The contract, with the Memorandum and Articles of Association, may be seen at the offices of the Solicitor to the Company, and prospectuses and forms of application for shares may be obtained of the bankers, brokers, and at the Company's Offices.

LONDON AND COUNTY ADVANCE AND DISCOUNT COMPANY, Limited.—Cash advanced from £10 to £500, without preliminary fees or deductions for interest, for short or long periods, repayable by easy instalments, at moderate rates upon approved security. Bills discounted. Forms free. Offices, 57 and 58, Chancery-lane, W.C.—JOHN STONE, Secretary.

THE GERMAN DRIED-YEAST COMPANY, LIMITED. (Fordred's System.) Registered under the Companies' Acts of 1862 to 1883. Capital £50,000, in 50,000 Shares of £1 each, payable 4s. on application, 4s. on allotment, 4s. in two months after allotment, and the balance as may be required.

DIRECTORS.

Mr. Alderman H. J. Waterlow, 24, Birchin-lane, E.C., Chairman.
Edward Coventry, Esq. (Messrs. Coventry & Sheppard), 1, Corn Exchange-chambers, Seething-lane, E.C.
Thomas Duckham, Esq., M.P., Baysham Court, Ross, Herefordshire.
Charles Heaven, Esq. (Messrs. Charles Heaven & Co., Timber Brokers), 4, 5, and 6, Great St. Helen's, E.C.
Bankers—National Provincial Bank of England, Limited, Bishopsgate-street, London, E.C.; and branches.
Solicitors—Messrs. Davidson & Morriss, 40 and 42, Queen Victoria street, London, E.C.
Auditors—Messrs. Turquand, Youngs, Weise, Bishop, and Clarke, 41, Coleman-street, Bank, London, E.C.
Secretary—C. B. Charlewood, Esq.
Offices—101, Leadenhall-street, London, E.C.

ABRIDGED PROSPECTUS.

This Company is formed primarily for the purpose of manufacturing in the United Kingdom German or Dried Yeast, on scientific principles, described in Letters Patent, No. 5,891, of the year 1883, which this Company has acquired (with any further improvements thereon), and for granting royalties and licenses to work such patent or patents.

The Board of Trade returns show that the importation in 1882 was nearly four times that of 1854, and is steadily increasing.

A careful calculation has been made, from which the Directors think it may be fairly assumed that a dividend of 15 per cent. and upwards will be realised on the capital employed.

This calculation is based on a selling price of 6d. per lb., a low figure when compared with retail values, which range from 10d. to 1s. 4d. per lb., and average something over 1s. per lb. The expenses of management and manufacture, and the cost of cereals, &c., have been taken at outside figures, so as to ensure a reliable estimate.

The Fordred process has been tested by the manufacture of yeast on a sufficiently large scale to prove its value, and to satisfactorily demonstrate the quality of the yeast by breadmaking. These facts, coupled with the Board of Trade returns showing the enormous demand for the article in question, are, the Directors believe, a sufficient guarantee of the success of this undertaking.

In addition to the profit derived from the yeast the resulting wash or liquor is available for vinegar-making, and this, with the sale of the offal or grains, will add considerably to the revenue of the Company. It is the application of this wash to vinegar-making which will enable the Company to avoid the restrictions of the excise laws.

EXPERT'S REPORT.

24, Bloomfield-terrace, Buckingham Palace-road, London, S.W.,
28th March, 1884.

To the Directors of the German Dried Yeast Company, Limited.

Gentlemen,—I beg to report that, as requested by you, I have carefully examined the yeast prepared by the patented Fordred process.

After witnessing the manufacture, I took samples and submitted the yeast to various tests and comparisons. Under the microscope I found the yeast-cells of the full and clear appearance, indicative both of strength and of having been produced in a liquid, yielding abundant yeast aliment, and this character was confirmed when the yeast was tested as to its capability of bringing about the fermentation both of wort and of pure sugar solutions, and compared in this respect with other yeasts of the first quality. Employed in bread-making I found the yeast prepared by the Fordred process superior to the best foreign yeast in the market, and I have therefore no hesitation in speaking in the highest terms of its qualities and powers.—I am, gentlemen, your obedient servant,

(Signed) EGBERT G. HOOPER,

Of the Inland Revenue Laboratory, Somerset House; First Inland Revenue Prizeman, Royal School of Mines, 1868; First Class Honours and Double Bronze Medallist, Technical Brewing, City and Guilds of London Institute; Author of "The Manual of Brewing," &c.

The patentee, Mr. J. Fordred, has been engaged for over 20 years in the study of the production and manufacture of yeast, and is well known amongst yeast importers, brewers, and distillers. The Directors have secured his services as consulting chemist to the Company at a nominal salary.

The purchase-money to be paid for the Patent, and any future improvements therein has been fixed at £16,000, half to be paid in cash and half in fully-paid shares of the Company; also one-tenth of the dividend-bearing capital of the Company in excess of £30,000, half of which one-tenth will be paid in cash, and the balance in fully paid-up shares when further calls are made, or fresh shares issued.

All expenses incident to the formation of the Company up to the time of allotment, other than legal charges and brokerages, will be defrayed by the vendors.

The only agreements entered into are the following:—(1.) An agreement bearing date the 8th of February, 1884, between J. Fordred and J. T. Bowden of the first part, and the Property Trust Company, Limited, of the second part. (2.) An agreement bearing date the 21st day of February, 1884, between the Property Trust Company, Limited, and Arthur Taffs, a trustee on behalf of this Company.

The above agreements and memorandum and articles of associations may be inspected at the offices of the solicitors of the Company.

IMPERIAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY (Established 1803), 1, Old Broad-street, E.C., and 22, Pall Mall, S.W.—Capital £1,600,000; Paid-up and Invested, £700,000. E. COZENS SMITH, General Manager.

PRUDENTIAL ASSURANCE COMPANY, LIMITED, HOLBORN BARS, LONDON, E.C.

Every description of Life Assurance and Annuity Business transacted.
Reversions Purchased.

The invested assets exceed Four Millions. Whole World Licenses granted to Seamen and others permanently engaged on board ship at an extra premium of £1 per cent. Limited licenses for voyages not extending beyond 33 degrees North Latitude 10s. per cent.

The last Annual and Valuation Reports can be obtained upon application to the Secretary.

LIFE ASSOCIATION OF SCOTLAND

(For Life Assurance and Annuities).

Funds £2,740,000
Annual Revenue £470,400

LOANS made on Freeholds, Leaseholds, and other securities, including Life Interests, and Absolute or Contingent Reversions. Loans upon Reversions are made at annual interest, or in consideration of a deferred charge.

London: 5, Lombard-street, and 123, Pall Mall.
Edinburgh: 82, Princes-street.

ACCIDENT INSURANCE COMPANY (Limited), No. 10, St. Swithin's-lane, London, E.C.

General Accidents. | Personal Injuries.
Railway Accidents. | Death by Accidents.

C. HARDING, Manager.

64, CORNHILL.
PERILS ABOUND ON EVERY SIDE!!

THE RAILWAY PASSENGERS' ASSURANCE COMPANY insures against Accidents of all kinds, on land or water, and has the Largest Invested Capital, the Largest Income, and pays yearly the Largest Amount of Compensation of any Accidental Assurance Company. Chairman, Harvie M. Farquhar, Esq. Apply to the Clerks at the Railway Stations, the Local Agents, or West-end Office, 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Charing Cross; or at the Head Office, 64, Cornhill, London, E.C. WILLIAM J. VIAN, Secretary.

ISSUE OF NEW CAPITAL.

THE NEW ZEALAND SHIPPING COMPANY, LIMITED, Incorporated with Limited Liability under the New Zealand Joint-Stock Companies Act, 1860. Authorised Share Capital £1,000,000. Subscribed Capital £500,000 in 50,000 Shares of £10 each, on which the sum of £5 per share has been paid up. 25,000 New Shares are now offered for Subscription at par, on which it is proposed to call up £2. 10s. per share, payable—10s. on application, 20s. on 30th April, 20s. on 31st May. In the event of no allotment being made the application money will be returned in full.

DIRECTORS IN NEW ZEALAND.

John Anderson, Esq.
J. Logan Campbell, Esq.
Hon. R. Campbell, M.L.C.
John Lewis Coster, Esq., Chairman and Managing Director.
Hon. J. Johnston, M.L.C.
H. P. Murray-Aynsley, Esq., Deputy-Chairman.
Hon. E. Richardson, C.M.G.
John Studholme, Esq.
Henry John Tancred, Esq.
Robert Wilkin, Esq. | A. Cracroft Wilson, Esq.

LONDON BOARD OF ADVICE.

F. Larkworthy, Esq. (Managing Director Bank of New Zealand.)
A. J. Malcolm, Esq. (Messrs. James McEwan & Co., Director Commercial Bank of Australia, Limited.)
E. P. W. Miles, Esq. (Messrs. Miles Brothers & Co., Director Union Bank of Australia, Limited.)
William Pearce, Esq. (Messrs. John Elder & Co., Glasgow.)
London Manager—Oliver Roper Strickland, Esq.
Bankers—Bank of New Zealand; National Provincial Bank of England, Limited.
Solicitors—Messrs. Hollams, Son & Coward.
Brokers—Messrs. J. & A. Scrimgeour, 18, Old Broad-street, London.
Auditors—Messrs. Quilter, Ball, Crosbie, Glegg & Welton, London; Messrs. D. Craig & A. Carrick, New Zealand.
Head Offices—Christchurch, New Zealand.
London Offices—138, Leadenhall-street, E.C.

PROSPECTUS.

The success which has attended the establishment by the Company of the high-class direct steam service between England and the Colony of New Zealand has exceeded the expectations of the Directors.

The steamers at present employed are the *Tongariro*, *Arangi*, and *Ruapehu* specially built for them; and the chartered boats *Ionic*, *Doric*, *British King*, and *British Queen*. Full employment is also found in the trade for the Company's sailing ships *Turakina*, *Rangitiki*, *Waitangi*, *Waimate*, *Opawa*, *Wanganui*, *Piako*, *Hurunui*, *Waipa*, *Wairoa*, *Waikato*, *Rakaia*, *Otaki*, *Orari*, *Mataura*, *Waimea*, and *Pareora*, and in addition the Company continue to be large charterers of sailing tonnage. All the steamers and some of the sailing vessels are fitted for the transport from the Colony of Frozen Meat, in which an extensive new trade is now firmly established, largely supplementing the ordinary carrying business. Since the commencement of their direct steam line in 1883 the vessels of the Company have brought hither 137,139 sheep, and 22,200 are now afloat.

During the year 1883 the Company despatched to the Colony 15 Steamers and 46 Sailing Ships, of an aggregate gross register tonnage of 100,488.

In addition to the steamers named above, Messrs. John Elder & Co. are now building for the Company two new steamers of 4,750 tons register each, of the highest class, finish, and equipment.

The development of their business and the addition of Steamers to the fleet and trade render it necessary to increase the Capital and resources of the Company, and the Directors have therefore resolved to offer for subscription 25,000 additional Shares of £10 each, which will raise the subscribed Capital to £750,000 out of the authorised £1,000,000.

On these Shares the Directors only propose to call up 50s. at present, viz.:—10s. on application, 20s. on 30th April, and 20s. on 31st May next. On calls paid in advance interest at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum will be allowed.

The Company's operations since the year 1875, when the Company was fairly established, show the following results:—

Net Profits.—From 1st January, 1875, to 30th June, 1883, £243,318, equal to an average of £28,625 per annum, or 22½ per cent. per annum on the called-up Capital.

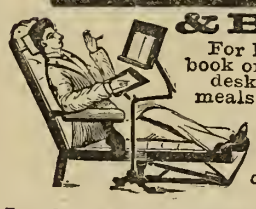
Reserve.—Out of the above net profits there has been carried to Reserve or Depreciation Account a sum of £120,000, being 36 per cent. of the then cost of the Ships, which have, in addition, been kept in thorough repair out of Revenue.

Dividends.—During the past six years a uniform Dividend of 10 per cent. per annum has been paid to the Shareholders half-yearly, and at the last balance there was carried forward an undivided profit of £16,395. 16s. 11d.

Applications for Shares must be made on the form supplied with Prospectus. And with applications a deposit of 10s. per Share will have to be forwarded to either of the following institutions, from whom prospectuses and forms of application may be obtained:—The Bank of New Zealand, 1, Queen Victoria-street; the National Provincial Bank of England, Bishopsgate-street, London, and Branches; or to the Company, at its Offices, 138, Leadenhall-street, London.

138, Leadenhall-street, E.C., March 28th, 1884.

JOHN CARTER'S
LITERARY MACHINE
& BED TABLE



For holding a book or writing desk, lamp, meals, &c., in any position over an easy chair, bed, or sofa.

Invaluable to Invalids and Students. A most useful gift.
PRICES from £1. 1s.

BATH CHAIRS

£1. 10s.

Invalid Carriages of all kinds.

Self-Propelling Chairs

£4. 10s.

Carrying Chairs

£2. 2s.

PERAMBULATORS

£1. 5s.

JOHN CARTER, 6a, New Cavendish Street,
PORTLAND PLACE, LONDON, W.
ILLUSTRATED PRICE LISTS (68 pages) POST-FREE.

Le Follet says:—"A novel invention in Corsets, admirably calculated to prevent the very disagreeable occurrence of slip seams. The cut is very good and becoming, and may be adapted to any figure with advantage."

Lady's Pictorial says:—"The most comfortable Corset ever made."

London and Paris Ladies' Magazine says:—"We can hear honest testimony to the excellence of this Corset, which is elegant in appearance, most comfortable in use, moderate in price, and serviceable in wear."

The "Y and N PATENT DIAGONAL SEAM CORSET," and the "Y and N PATENT DIAGONAL CURATIVE MAGNETIC CORSET," May be had of all Drapers and Ladies' Outfitters.

The Queen, of May 5th, 1883, says:—"These Corsets are a new departure. The material is cut on the cross, and the component parts being also arranged diagonally, the seams have no strain. They are admirably modelled, exquisitely neat and strong, and the workmanship all that could be desired."

Myra's Journal says:—"Supplies a need long felt in Corsets—that of a good shape, gracefully modelled, and well fitting the figure, combined with durability in the seams."

Ladies' Gazette of Fashion says:—"The Y and N Patent Curative Magnetic Corset is one of the most remarkable inventions of the day."

DORÉ,

HIGH-CLASS LADIES' TAILOR AND HATTER,

ON THE MODERN CASH SYSTEM.

13, GEORGE ST., HANOVER SQ., W.

All the new Specialities for Early Spring Wear are now on view, and attention is particularly directed to LA PETITE JACKET, which is extremely neat and becoming, and is certain to be a general favourite; also to several new and stylish Shapes in Travelling Coats and Wraps, especially "THE NEW SANDOWN," "THE KATRINE," and "THE INVERARY." The latest Novelties and Improvements in

CLOTH GOWNS, NEWMARKET COATS, JACKETS, ULSTERS RIDING HABITS, AND COVERT COATS.

The best Materials only used, and perfect Fit and Finish guaranteed.

ANTIQUE DINING-ROOM SUITES

Bartholomew and Fletcher, 217 and 219, Tottenham-court-road, have a large assortment of furniture in the antique style. Complete set, 40 guineas. Dining-room chairs from 15s. 6d.

QUEEN ANNE DINING-ROOM

Suites. Oak, American walnut, or mahogany, consisting of sideboard, with bevel plate-glass back, dining tables, six small chairs, and two easy chairs in leather, £21.

ARTISTIC FURNITURE of every

description at very reasonable prices. Special designs made for architects and purchasers desirous of securing articles original and unique.

BARTHOLOMEW & FLETCHER,

217 and 219, TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, W.

THURSTON'S BILLIARD TABLES.

THURSTON'S BILLIARD TABLES.

MAKERS by APPOINTMENT to Her Majesty the QUEEN and H.R.H. the PRINCE OF WALES. PRIZE MEDAL, LONDON, 1851; HON. MENTION, 1862. PRIZE MEDAL, SYDNEY, 1879. First Award. Calcutta International Exhibition, First-Class Certificate and Silver Medal. *Estab.* 1814. Catalogues on Application.

16, CATHERINE STREET, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

ABBOTSFORD GRATES.

Mappin & Webb, Oxford-street, W.

WRITE FOR "STOVE" CATALOGUE.

Large and Handsome Stock, Always Ready.

MARBLE and WOOD CHIMNEY-PIECES.

BRASS FENDERS, FIRE-IRONS, and DOGS.

Tile Hearths and Sides. Brass Chandeliers and Fittings.

LAMPS, New Special Design.

DE MORGAN ART TILES.

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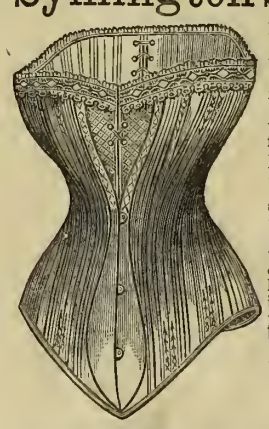

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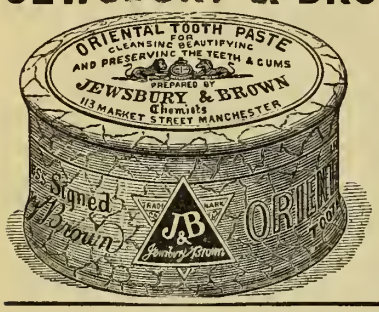

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OUR PUZZLES.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 267.—UNEARTHING OF BURIED PROVERBS, &c.

Epsilon (No application received) 2 2 0

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 265.

In awarding this Prize, I have only space to state that many of the longer proverbs were not properly buried. In giving the Prize to Kerry Pippins, therefore, the style of "burial" has been duly considered, as will the length of sentence and proverb, and the general style of the composition.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 268.

Space being at a premium this week, I can only announce that the Prize for the best Parody has been given to "J. K.," whose verse appears in the opposite column.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 271.

It is now such a long time since we have tried one of our earliest and most popular forms of competition that I make no apology for offering the week's prize of £2. 2s. for

The Best "Bouts Rimés" Made by Completing the Lines of which the Terminations are Given Below:—

..... mace
..... dace
..... matter
..... ring
..... spring
..... patter
..... line
..... pine

In writing really good Bouts Rimés I may say the art consists chiefly in making of the lines a consequent whole, and not merely a series of disjointed couplets. If current interest can also be given to the verse so much the better. Any ordinary metre may be used, but neither the order nor the spelling of the given endings must be altered, though the particular sense in which a word with more than one meaning is to be used is not prescribed.

Answers to Correspondents.

*** As the Rules are omitted this week competitors will please notice that al answers to the current Puzzle must be sent in on or before Friday morning, the 11th inst., addressed to the Puzzle Editor, "Truth" Buildings, Carteret-street, Queen Anne's Gate, S.W.

J. H. P., Weeda, Apollo, W. H. M., Neptune, Sweetbriar, Pompadour, Ivy Green, E. de M., Kittifonia, Janet, Liberior, Noel, Nouniè, Canute, Missing, Young Toggles, Rozel, Thames, Paddy, Lady Jane Grey, Pentland, Leaping Water, Sophia, Old Hag, Chartodamus, Provident, Sphinx, Mildew, May, Buggins, Ghemimi, Don Carlos, and Phœbus. I have duly received and noted your letters. The discrepancies alluded to in some of them arose from the carelessness of the original competitors, but it will be seen that all competitors in the subsequent competition had an equal chance. And in all cases in which it seemed fairer so to do, I made due allowance for the misleading character of certain of the published words and figures.

A Lady Competitor.—Your letter was not placed in my hands early enough for me to give an answer to it last week.

O Hara Mac.—I shall be happy to include your lines in the competition.

Aberdonia, Mango.—Your replies reached me too late, I am sorry to say.

J. K.—Your parody, I find, was received in due time last week, and was left unacknowledged through an oversight.

Thre beverages of hops and barley born,
Ere Wilfrid's age, few Englishmen would scorn.
The first in soft seductiveness surpass'd,
The next in potency, in both the last.
The art of brewer could no further go;
To make the third you join the other two. J. K.
Stout, Ale, Half-and-Half.

C. Fieldee.—I think your suggestion, for which accept my thanks, is well worth consideration.

Rogge Shuet, Apollo, and Truth.—Allow me to thank you, also, very much for your kind suggestions.

Repealer.—Let me thank you for so courteously and promptly correcting your correspondent's curious mistake.

Puzzled One.—I much regret the Rules had to be omitted the week you competed.

Epsilon.—I have read your letter most attentively, and thank you for it.

*** Two or more brothers or members of a family, may include their replies in the same envelope.

THE PUZZLE EDITOR.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 269. ASSORTED SPECIMENS—GOOD AND OTHERWISE.

PREDICTIONS FOR THE UNIVERSITY BOAT RACE.

*** I much regret that, though two other pages of Predictions had been actually put into type, it was found necessary at the last moment to omit them. Next week I will, if possible, print them, or, at any rate, give a list of those who sent them in.—The Puzzle Editor.

The following replies relate to these four questions in the order given:—1. Which crew will win? 2. By how much? 3. Which will win the toss? 4. Which will be first through Hammersmith Bridge? The remaining portions of the answer consists of various prophetic details of the coming race. The initial O stands for Oxford, C for Cambridge, and the figures given in answer 2 mean lengths, unless otherwise stated.

1. O; 2. Three and a half; 3. C; 4. C. Almost a foul when O heads just past H B. Steering rather wild, but winner pulls better together, longer and slower stroke. Stroke of loser makes splendid spurts, well backed up. 2 and 3 in loser rather weak. Length won not so great as at one time between boats. Winner pulling easily at finish, well in hand. Loser fatigued.—Billy.

1. O; 2. Three and a half; 3. C; 4. O. False start. C ahead for first half mile, when O will pass, being a length in advance under H B. No important incidents.—Feoggie.

1. O; 2. Two; 3. C; 4. O. The day will be wet. Not many present. Race rowed quicker than has ever been done as yet.—W. Hildesheim.

1. O; 2. Six; 3. O; 4. O. C will reach Crab Tree before O, also Soap works; O will reach Chiswick Eyot first, and Barnes Bridge; time of race 21m. 10s. —Aloe.

1. O; 2. Two and a half; 3. O; 4. C, closely followed by O, rowing well together throughout the race. Weather windy, and crews not in best forms. C c x will be "flukey" when best efforts are needed. C will spurt frequently but O will keep her strength; rowing good pace throughout, only increasing it when water is against her.—Water Rat.

1. O; 2. Four; 3. O; 4. O by ½ length. Largest crowd on record. O win easily. Time 21m. 45s.—Dinna Forget.

1. O; 2. Three and a half; 3. O; 4. O.—Joey.

1. O; 2. Three and a half; 3. O; 4. O.—The Mascotte.

1. O; 2. Four; 3. C; 4. O. C will select Surrey side, and lead for few hundred yards, with faster stroke, and will be 4 lengths behind under B B. Time, 21m. and odd seconds.—Artemus.

1. O; 2. Three; 3. C; 4. C, going off 40 to minute, led by ½ length at H B; but O, aided by good steering, and a steady stroke of 36, forged ahead within another ¼ mile, and gradually increased lead. Brilliant sunshine. Time, 21m. 40s.—W. H. A. E.

1. C; 2. Three and a half; 3. C; 4. O.—Ixion.

1. O; 2. Six; 3. O; 4. O.—Phineas Gunn.

1. O; 2. One and three quarters; 3. C; 4. O, which will lead all the way.—The Doctor.

1. O; 2. Three and a quarter; 3. C; 4. O. C will choose Surrey side to avoid crosswind blowing stiffly from the S.E., sunny, bright, but cold day. Considerable splashing at start. C will hold lead for half mile, when O will overhaul them, and keep ahead to finish. Crowd dense as ever, usual pigeon messengers, Aunt Sally's, &c.—Venture.

1. C; 2. Four; 3. O; 4. C, by 2 lengths. O creeps away and leads a length; C rowing very steadily, but when near the oil mills, Pitman, rousing his men, gradually overhauled O, which spurted at Chiswick, but were unable to decrease distance.—Pet.

1. C; 2. Two; 3. C; 4. C. O jumps off with lead. —Big Wood.

1. O; 2. Six; 3. C; 4. O. Fine morning.—Tein. Hall.

1. O; 2. Two; 3. C; 4. Day will be fine, but showery; very large concourse of spectators.—Lex Scripta.

1. O; 2. Three and a half; 3. C; 4. O will row 34 to minute; C 37. Time, 29m. 48s. Weather fine, wind N.E.—Beta.

1. O; 2. Two and a quarter; 3. O; 4. O will row 35 a minute; C 37 a minute. Time, 30 min. 35 sec.—Midget.

1. O; 2. Three; 3. O; 4. O. O leads from commencement, past Craven Cottage about half a length in advance, and gradually drawing away.—Hazlewood.

1. O; 2. Two; 3. C; 4. O, by one length; O will draw away from first, and at B B he nearly 2½ lengths ahead. Near finish, however, C will "spurt," lessening distance by ½ length.—Jabez.

1. O; 2. Three; 3. O; 4. O. One of the C crew will catch a crab. Time, 21m. 27s. O will lead after first few strokes.—Beazle.

1. C; 2. Three and three quarters; 3. O; 4. O. C will get ahead of O after passing H B, but will soon fall behind; but catch up again and keep lead till end. —May Edwards.

1. C; 2. One and a quarter; 3. O; 4. O.—Lichen.

1. O; 2. Three and a half; 3. O; 4. O, by half-length. At the end of two miles, O will be two lengths ahead; at three miles, C will gain a quarter of a length; at Barnes R B O will make spurt.—Fatima.

1. C; 2. Quarter; 3. O; 4. C.—Daubini.

1. O; 2. Five; 3. C; 4. O.—Knaresborough.

1. C; 2. Two; 3. C; 4. C by ½ a length. C will lead from Craven-cottage and gradually gain all the way.—Westeoueue.

1. O; 2 Three and a half; 3. C; 4. O. O will lead at London Club boathouse by ½ a length, and at Craven Point by ¾. H B will be reached by O in 8 m. 19½ s. with a clear lead of 1¼ lengths. Time of O at Chiswick Church 12 m. 48 s. Before Barnes Bridge race will be over. Time 21m. 12s.—Lambkins.

1. C; 2. Half; 3. O; 4. C. O will get away quickest, and will pull about 35 to H B allowing C to lead; but though drawing up will fail to overlap them.—Once-in-a-Way.

1. O; 2. Six to eight; 3. C; 4. O, which will take lead from start. After good race to Crab Tree will draw ahead, lead by clear length at Soap Works. C will then pick up, and after series of spurts will drop behind allowing O to show daylight between the boats opposite Oil Mills. Race will then be over, and O will go in easy winners.—Old Tue.

1. C; 2. Three; 3. O; 4. O by half length. O's fine speed having given them clear lead as far as Soapworks, C will gradually gain from thence. At Chiswick Eyot, C will be length ahead; and, despite desperate spurting of exhausted O up Corney Reach, will win finely-contested race, in 21m. 10s.—Repealer.

1. O; 2. Two and a half; 3. O; 4. O. No. 2 in O boat will be very much fatigued, and probably faint. —Credo.

1. O; 2. Five; 3. C; 4. O. O will launch their Clasper from London hard, and C theirs from the Leander Boathouse, and both paddled down to boats moored opposite Duke's Head. At "Go," O will take lead, as C will be unsteady, the quick stroke not suiting their heavy weights. Will be good race for nearly half the course, but, slowly but surely, O will creep ahead and win fairly easily.—Blue and White.

1. C; 2. Two and a half; 3. C; 4. C. Start at 9.35. Time of leader to Creek, 1m. 19s.; to H B, 8m. 14s.; to Chiswick Church, 12m. 55s.; to Barnes Bridge, 17m. 38s.; full distance, 21m. 12s. O will start favourite.—May Queen.

1. C; 2. Three and a half; 3. C; 4. C. Betting before start, 3 to 2 on O. Start at 9.25. Time of leaders to Creek, 1m. 16s.; H B, 8 m 9s.; Chiswick Church, 12m. 45s; Barnes' Bridge, 17m. 25s.; winning post, 20m. 55s.—Red Robin.

1. O; 2. Three; 3 C; 4. O. C will choose Surrey side, and keep a slight lead to Crabtree, Pitman pulling 39 to minute. Here Curry, who will set a steady 36, will spurt and gradually drawing clear, shooting H B in 8m. 3s., steering an excellent course, O will take C's water, and pass B B 17m. 9s., finishing in 21m. 9 s. Weather fine, but cold.—C. N. N.

1. O; 2. Three; 3. C; 4. O. After leaving Putney, C will lead for some way, but before reaching H B C will spurt.—Second Fiddle.

1. C; 2, Four; 3. O; 4. C. O starts with lead; at boathouses C draws level, and is nearly clear at Walden Wharf. At Crabtree C leads by ½ length. At H B C leads by 2 lengths, and at Barnes R bridge by 3.—H. W.

1. O; 2. Two and a half; 3. C; 4. O. O will have best of it all through race. C will tire too much at beginning, and he done up at finish, leaving O an easy winner.—Osman Digna.

1. O; 2. Tbree; 3. O; 4. O. O will take lead from start to finish. At Soap Works, C, rowing 36, will lose ground, while O, at 35, gained a length. At H B O will add another half length, C rowing wildly, their steering being very erratic. From here to Mortlake race will be a procession, Ship being reached in 21m. 22s.—Æsculapius.

1. C; 2. One and a half; 3. C; 4. O. Generally fine; good attendance; very punctual start. C did the course in 20m 7s.; O began well, but soon rowed out.—S. Mart.

1. C; 2. Five; 3. O; 4. C, by one length. O will lead by two lengths at Soap Works; but C will lead by tbree at tbe Aqneduct.—G. Rolfe.

1. O; 2. Three; 3. C; 4. O, by three-quarter length. Good start, boats at first being equal, tben O showing a slight lead, getting more and more towards H B. Then C will begin to gain, but again falling back, O will gain more and more. Time 21m.—Giglio.

1. O; 2. Two and a balf; 3. C; 4. O. A pretty stiff wind blowing down the river, but weather fine. C gets a bad start, and rows very badly at first. On the whole a very poor race.—No Sam.

1. O; 2. one and three quarters; 3. C; 4. C. Weather will be windy and showery, with bursts of sunshine. Not so many spectators as formerly, and C will have best start and lead till after passing H B, with a faster stroke than O. There will be no mishap. River will be rather rough.—Blackbrook.

1. O, easily; 2. Four; 3, C; 4. O. Tbe day will be fine, with a little sunshine; but the number of spectators will not be so large as hitberto. Water will be fairly smooth, and once during the race there will be a chance of a foul. O will row a longer stroke than C, and lead from the start.—Isandhlwana.

1. O; 2. Three; 3. C; 4. O. C will lead slightly at first, rowing a quicker stroke than O. Their feathering will be bad after first mile, and at B B tbey will be all in pieces and race decided. O will row steadily, pulling long, even strokes, and putting on spurt for finish. Time, 21m.—Vol-au-Vent.

1. O; 2. Two and a half; 3. C; 4. C. C will nearly foul O. O cox will lose in steering near B B. O will spurt at Corney Reach, rowiog 39. C boat will be twice level with O boat. C bow will row out of time. O men will finish in good form, but showing fatigue.—E. Y. S.

1. O; 2. Three and a balf; 3. C; 4. O. Time (winners), 22m. 30s.; ditto (loosers), 22m. 55s. O will be favourites.—Rienzi.

1. O; 2. Two; 3. C; 4. O.—R. Q. P.

1. O; 2. Six; 3. O; 4. O.—Isis.

1. O; 2. Three; 3. C; 4. O, by 2 lengths. C for first few strokes will be in front; but O will gradually close up and obtain lead.—Query.

1. C; 2. Four; 3. O; 4. C, by 2 lengths. O will choose Middlesex side, and C will lead all the way.—Etonian.

1. O; 2. Four; 3. O; 4. O.—Polly.

1. O; 2. Two and a half; 3. C; 4. O by ¾ lengtb. C good start, slightly in favour of C. At H B the Cautabs, quickening, will be on almost even terms with O, but later on will row short and hurry forward. O, increasing their strokes per minute, will increase lead.—Smasher.

1. C; 2. One; 3. O; 4. O.—U. B. C.

1. O; 2. Six; 3. C; 4. O by clear length. C will gain slight advantage at start. At end of first mile O will equalise matters, and place result beyond doubt.—Ancient Mariner.

1. O; 2. Four; 3. C; 4. O. C will lead for 100 yds., when O will pull up and pass them after about 150 yds., and be never pressed again during the race.—Blower.

1. O; 2. Two; 3. C; 4. O., in 11m. 30s. C will choose Surrey side, and pass Crabtree Reach at 36 per minute. O will pass Soapworks, still leading by a trifle, in 6m. 30s., and Chiswick Cburch in 11m., finishing stroke 42 per minute.—Frog.

1. O; 2. Three quarters; 3. C by one length. C will start at 36 per minute, and forge ahead, but Curry, keeping a steady 34, will get level just before the Railway Bridge, and his men rowing beautifully together, he will gradually overhaul C without being extended. Time, 21m. 22s. C will row most pluckily.—C. F. Reid.

1. C; 2. Two and a half; 3. C; 4. O, by almost a length. C will choose Surrey side, but O, pulling well together, will get best of start. From H B O will lose ground, aud C draw ahead. Time, 21m. 18s.—Baum Rogers.

1. O; 2. Three; 3. C; 4. O.—Cloches.

1. O; 2. Three; 3. C; 4. O, by half a length. C will start best, and lead for first mile; C at 39 strokes to minute at the commencement, and O 40. Weather bright and fine.—Man. Joh. Mit.

1. C; 2. Half a length; 3. O; 4. O, by three quarters of a length. The rowing will be even to begin with, but O will draw away at Soapworks, and hold lead to Lead Mills, when C will draw level, and after a piece of even rowing to Barnes Bridge, C will draw away. Time, 23m. 30s.—H. K. T.

1. O; 2. Two; 3. C; 4. C, by half a length.—Evermore.

1. O; 2. Two and three quarters; 3. C; 4. O & C level. A ding-dong race all through, and won at last by sheer training and decidedly the better crew.—Yeoboy.

1. C; 2. Two; 3. O; 4. O, by 1 length, after leading from start; and C will then gradually draw level and, opposite Chiswick gain lead, passing Barnes Bridge 1 length ahead.—Lismore.

1. O; 2. Two and a half; 3. O; 4. C.—L. K. J.

1. O; 2. Three; 3. O; 4. O and C level. O will then get lead, and at Crabtree Reach be ½ length ahead. On passing Soapworks C will improve its pack, but at Chiswick Eyot O will draw rapidly away.—Chigs.

1. C; 2. Two and a half; 3. C; 4. C. O will have better of start, bnt C, pulling long, steady stroke, will pass O before H B is reached, just keeping clear of a foul. Time, 19m. 6s.—Cœur de Lion.

1. O; 2. Three; 3. O; 4. O. Time, 22m. 13s. C will not lead after the first mile, and its steering will be bad.—Ladybird.

1. C; 2. One; 3. C; 4. C, by ½ length. Weatber all that could be desired, and seldom a larger crowd. C first to get afloat. After very even start, O led sligbtly np Craven Point, passing Crabtree to Soap Works, when C spurted. O pulled together for a final effort off the Bull's Head.—The Raven.

1. O; 2. Five; 3. C; 4. O. O will lead from start to finish. Race never be in doubt.—Windsor Elm.

1. C; 2. Half; 3. C; 4. C. Close race to H B, C then drew away 2 lengths, but O by spurt opposite Barnes reduced lead to ½ length at finish.—Polnud.

1. O; 2. Four; 3. O; 4. O, by clear length. For quarter of a mile there is little to choose between boats, though C rows a faster stroke. O then gradually goes ahead, and, in spite of C's plucky spurts, wins easily.—Esteael.

1. O; 2. Four; 3. O; 4. C, by 1 length. C had better of start, and gradually drew away till it held a lead of 3 lengths. O then began to overbaul C, and from H. B. rowed bard, and won in 23m. 50s.—Rosedale.

1. O; 2. Five and a half; 3. C; 4. O. O leading at Soap Works and passing Chiswick. C will paddle up to Starting Post first.—Tuscarora.

1. C; 2. Three and a half; 3. O; 4. O. Both crews get a good start, O leading for about half the distance. C will speedily come to the front, retaining lead, and win easily.—J. H. Scott.

1. C; 2. Three; 3. O; 4. C, by 1½ lengtbs. At starting tbe blades of the O will be first to touch water, and O for a short distance will be half leogth in front.—A. N. Hillier.

1. C; 2. Half length; 3. C; 4. O and C almost level. Very exciting race. Both started level and rowed evenly. O first to draw away. O at H B drew away, and got almost a length's lead at Chiswick Church, then unaccountably fell away, allowing C to pass. In spite of spurt, C won in 20m. 19s.—Camaralzaman.

1. O; 2. Four; 3. C; 4. C, by ¾ length. Very gusty weather. C chose Surrey side, and went off with a lead of balf leogth, gradually increased. On nearing Distillery O began to catch up. H B reached in 8m. 57s. At Barnes Bridge O led by nearly two lengths, and won in 21m. 25s.—Stortfordian.

1. C; 2. Seven or eight; 3. O; 4. C, by 10 lengths. Weather splendid, O started badly, and C got tremendous lead, and it was seen at once that O was in hopeless muddle, and had no chance. C went a good pace, but slackened down at H B, and allowed O to catch up a little, then spurted, and rowed in easy winners in 23m. 29s.—Braich-y-Cymmer.

1. O; 2. Over two; 3. C; 4. O by half length. Water calm; C choso Surrey side; O took slight lead, which it gradually increased; C drew up and reached H B in 9m. 13s. O led by full length at Chiswick Church, and by 2 at Barnes Bridge. Here C spurted witb 38 per minute, but effort was too great, and O won in 21m. 31s.—Threlkeld.

1. C; 2. Three and a qnarter; 3. C; 4. O, by half length. C started at 37 per minute to O's 36; but slackened, and boats kept level for some time. O then got slightly away. Between H B and Chiswick Church, C spurted with 38 per minute, and gradually drew away and won in 21m. 12s.—Cleygate.

1. O; 2. Two and a balf lengths; 3. O; 4. C, by one length. Misty. O started off with lead, but did not maintain it long; and at Chiswick Church C was a lengtb and half ahead; O spurted grandly, and gradually decreased distance, and for long time the boats were almost level; within 300 yards of winning-post, O drew slightly in front.—Winifred.

1. C; 2. Three and a half; 3. C; 4. C, by one length. C will choose Surrey side, and, starting well together, take a slight lead of O, maintaining it all the way.—Hal.

1. O; 2. Four; 3. C; 4. O by tbree quarters of lengtb. A good start, C getting slightly ahead in first few strokes, but soon to be overtaken by O. O will win easily amidst great excitement.—J. T. Chambers.

1. C; 2. Two; 3. O; 4. C.—L. I. C.

1. C; 2. Two and a half; 3. C; 4. C. Tbe weather will be fine, with a moderate breeze from the N.E.—Judex.

1. O; 2. O; 3. C; 4. O, by one and a balf lengtbs. Water lumpy. O ahead at start and throughout. Weather bitterly cold and east winds. Rowing of both crews below general average. C much exhausted after race. O the favourite in betting. Time, 15s. more than last year.—Edwaad Meake.

1. C; 2. Five; 3. O; 4. C, which will be quickest off.—Epsilon.

1. O; 2. Tbree and a half; 3. O; 4. C, by half a length. O first to catch the water, but their opponents, starting at 38 a minute, while O only rowed 35, soon forged ahead; about 300 yards beyond H B, O began to creep up, and gradually passing C, won somewhat easily.—Marguerite.

1. O; 2. Six; 3. O; 4. O, which led from start to finish, and won easily in 22m.—Dutch Oven.

1. O; 2. Over three; 3. O; 4. O, by more than a length. Dull, cold morning, and crowd not so large as sometimes witnessed. O first to get afloat, and had slightly best of start, leading slightly to Craven Point, passing Crabtree up to Soapworks, where they spurted. Race practically over at H B.—Eva.

1. O; 2. Less than one; 3. C; 4. O, by over two lengths. Owing to bad weather crowd smaller than usual. C were first afloat. O had best start, and quickly lead, passing the Crabtree and Soapworks well ahead. At H B, O's pace began to tell, and rowing was so nneven that C lessened distance between the boats to less than a length at finish.—Adam the Gardener.

1. O; 2. Five and a half; 3. O; 4. O, by half a length. At tbe start O will immediately take lead, and will win easily.—Ernest Robert Porter.

1. O; 2. Three and a qnarter; 3. C; 4. C, by ½ length.—Thames.

1. C; 2. Two; 3. C; 4. C. C were the favourites, pulled best, and steered best, and best crew all round.—Mrs. B.

1. O; 2. Four and a balf; 3. C; 4. C. Both crews were "pumped" at end of race, which was the most severe struggle for years. C had best of start, getting away quicker. O steered best. Great complaints of the steamers. Both crews "splashed" more than necessary.—Veni.

1. O; 2. One; 3. O; 4. C. O got away qnicker, but C gradually pulled up, but after H B, O pulling a long, steady stroke, pulled past C and won.—Sorrento.

1. O; 2. Two and a half; 3. O; 4. O. O steered best, and were less exhausted.—Birch-rod.

1. O; 2. One; 3. C; 4. O. Fine day, windy, good start.—Addington.

1. O; 2. Eigbt; 3. C; 4. Level. Drizzling at first. Cleared off during race. Windy. Bad start. O led off with quickest stroke.—Altiora Peto.

1. O; 2. Five; 3. O; 4. C. Race will be rowed on a smooth river, on fine but rather misty day. Good start will be made, C leading off with the quickest stroke.—Winslow.

1. C; 2. Two; 3. O; 4. O, but gradually C crept up. At Chiswick Eyot excitement intense, both boats being exactly even, C suddenly spurting and winning a well-contested race.—Blind as a Bat.

1. O; 2. Three; 3. C; 4. C.—H. Sydney Merritt.

1. O; 2. Three and three-quarters; 3. C; 4. O, by 2½ lengths. Umpire's and C on Surrey side. Station boats 100 yds. above Aqueduct. O launch 9m. before C. Start 20m. late, O going 43, C, 40 strokes. O ¼ length ahead Bishop's Creek: 3 lengths B B. Time, 20m. 58s. Time:—H B, 8.13; Chiswick Church, 12.36. O, 37 strokes at Oil Mills. Weather fair, but East wind.—Skryker.

1. O; 2. Four and a quarter; 3. C; 4. O, followed very closely by C. Time, 20m. 12s. Weather dull and sbowery, and slight mist on river.—Mayboy.

1. O; 2. Two; 3. O; 4. O, in 8 minutes. Time, 20m. 35s. To Chiswick Church, 12½m. Start at 9.25. Betting on O, 5 to 4.—Ullswater.

1. O; 2. Two and three quarters; 3. C; 4. O.—Nemesis.

1. O; 2. Four; 3. C; 4. C.—Pillman.

1. O; 2. Three; 3. O; 4. O. O will choose Surrey sbore. Start at 9.15. Betting, 6 to 4 on O. Time to Creek, 1.18; Mile Tree, 4.11; H B, 8.13; Chiswick Church, 12.51; Baroes Bridge, 17.33; Post, 21.10.—Pen and Ink.

1. O; 2. Four; 3. O; 4. O. Time to Creek, 1.19; to H B, 8.18; and full distance, 21.28. Bettiug, 5 to 2 on O.—Furness Lad.

1. O; 2. Very little; 3. O; 4. O, by a long distance. C will then come almost alongside, perhaps even passing it for a time.—Deux Nigauds.

1. C; 2. One-and-a-half; 3. O; 4. O.—No Go.

1. O; 2. Five easily; 3. C; 4. O, by 1½ lengths. C will take Surrey shore, which will offer best sbelter from keen wind, and dash off witb slight lead. O, however, will soon settle down to work, and rowing a slower stroke, rapidly catch C. At Chiswick Eyot O will be four lengths ahead. C will spurt gallantly, but in vain.—Polidore.

1. O; 2. Two; 3. C; 4. C.—Dryasdust.

1. O; 2. Two; 3. C; 4. O.—M. D. M.

1. O; 2. Three; 3. C; 4. O, by ½ length. C will start at 34 and be ½ length ahead at Mile Tree. Nearing the Soap Works, O will get on level terms, C will at H B make effort to creep up, but O, steadily increasing lead, will shoot B B one and a half lengths to the good, finally winning in 21m. 20s.—Georgina.

1. O; 2. Five; 3. C; 4. O.—Fred. J. Street.

1. O; 2. Four and a half; 3. C; 4. O, by two leugths. Time, 21m. 7s.—Day Monopole.

1. O; 2. Two and a qnarter; 3. O; 4. O. O will lead off at first, C will gradually gain, but never lead. O spurt and win.—Young Stanley.

1. C; 2. Five, easily; 3. O; 4. C, by ½ lengtb.—Yeldham.

1. O; 2. Two; 3. O; 4. C. Tbere will be a foul; unevenness of stroke caused by Ewell, occasioned by steam-launch. At Barnes Bridge O will lead by ½ lengtb. Stroke quickened to 38 by O at latter bridge.—Jacie.

1. O; 2. One-and-a-half; 3. O; 4. O, whicb will lead all the way.—Braikie.

1. C; 2. Three-quarters; 3. O; 4. O. At H B one of the O crew will come to grief.—Philip Greene.

1. O; 2. One; 3. C; 4. C.—Ludicar.

1. C; 2. Two; 3. C; 4. O. C chooses Surrey side.—G. E. N.

1. C; 2. Three; 3. O; 4. C.—Tippie.

1. O; 2. One; 3. C; 4. C. C will get first away, but at H B O will begin to pull up, and a good race home will ensue.—Initium.

1. O; 2. Four; 3. C; 4. C. C will jump off with lead, rowing faster stroke than O, and will maintain it through H B, when O will creep up slowly, but surely. At the "Doves" they will be level, and at the Oil Mills O a length a head, C (badly steered) falling to pieces. O, well together, will increase lead, winning easily.—Fuga.

1. C; 2. One and three quarters; 3. O; 4. C, by half a length. C will make best start for first few hundred yards, but be caught by O (Middlesex station), which will lead to H B, when C will pick O up, and O will make a spurt at Barnes, but be unable to catch C.—Allebam.

1. O; 2. Two and a half; 3. C; 4. O. Time, 22m. 6s.—Pussy.

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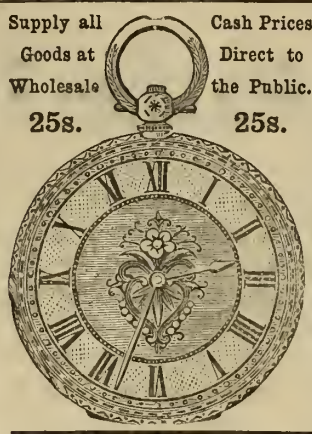

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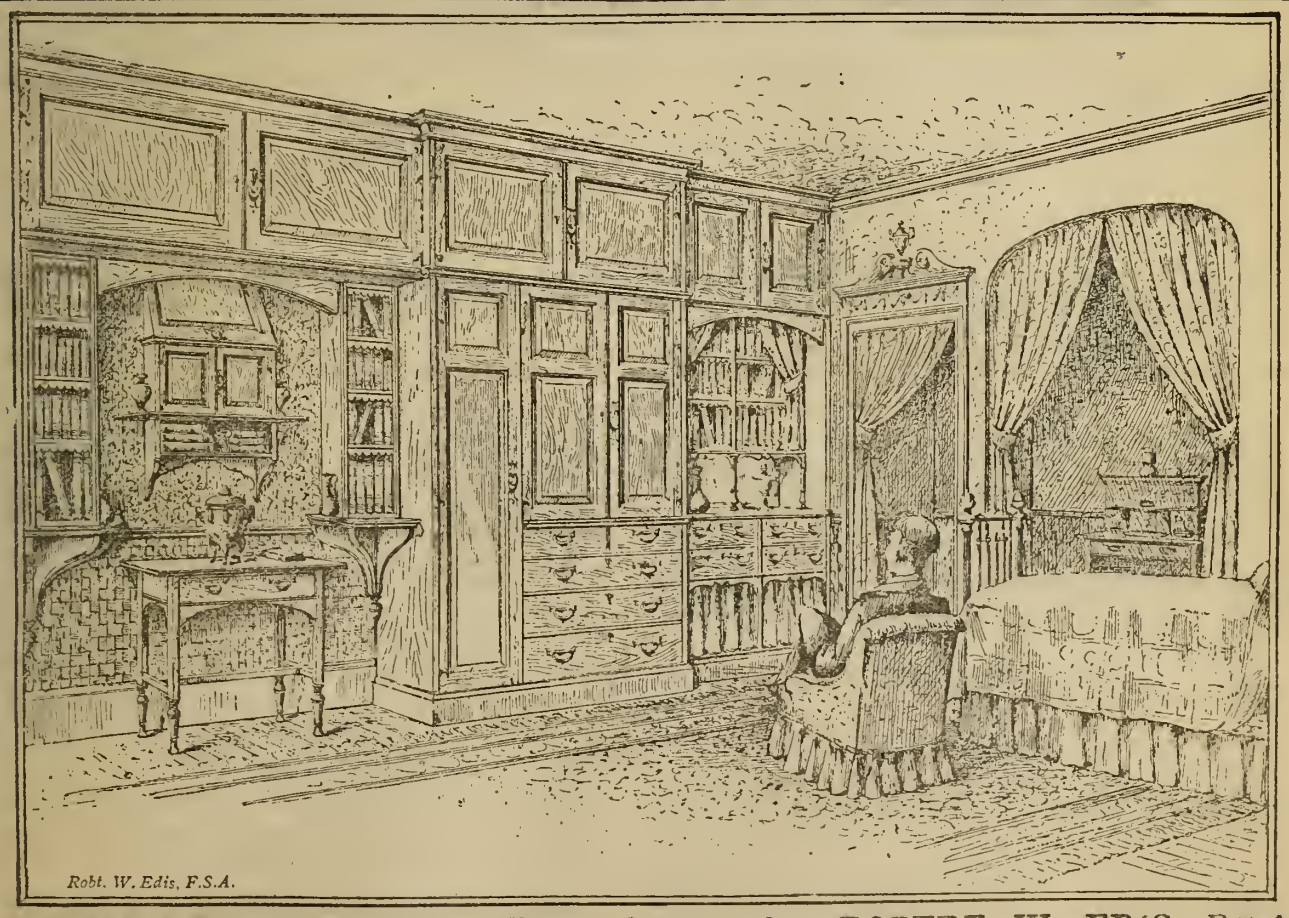

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Interest on Capital, authorised by the Imperial Government of Brazil to be called up, is payable by the Government for twenty years from the date of payment to the Company's Bankers, half-yearly, by 31st March and 30th September in each year. The amount of Interest required on the total Issue of Debentures is £35,358. The Interest guaranteed by the Imperial Government of Brazil for a period of twenty years amounts to **£56,362. 10s.** per annum, payable half-yearly.

The following is the official letter from His Excellency, The Baron Penedo, *the Brazilian Minister in London, confirming the terms of the Concessions.*

Brazilian Legation, London, 27th March, 1884.

To the Chairman and Directors of the North Brazilian Sugar Factories, Limited.

Gentlemen,—I have the honour to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of 26th instant, in which you enclose the Prospectus of an Issue of £200,000 in Debentures of your Company.

In reply thereto, and in compliance with your request, I hereby declare that the statements in the Prospectus relative to the authority of the Company to carry on its operations in the Empire of Brazil and to the guarantee of interest at 6 per cent. per annum, payable half-yearly in London for twenty years by the Imperial Government on £939,375 (8,350 Contos de Reis) accord with the respective Imperial Decrees. Such interest will accrue from the date of each payment to the Company's Bankers on the amount of capital authorised to be raised from time to time in accordance with the Imperial Government Decrees, and the official communications which the Imperial Government will make to this Legation in respect thereof. Up to the present date the interest has been paid by the Imperial Government on a Capital of £210,093. 15s. 0d, issue of which has been already authorised.—I have the honour to be, Gentlemen, your obedient servant,

PENEDO, Brazilian Minister in London.

DIRECTORS.

CHARLES HAMPDEN WIGRAM, Esq. (Director of the East and West India Dock Company), 7, Leadenhall-street, E.C., *Chairman.*
HENRY FARQUHAR, Esq. (Messrs. Herries, Farquhar, & Co., Bankers), 16, St. James's-street, S.W.
FREDERIC WILLIAM HAIGH, Esq. (Director of the London and Blackwall Railway Company), Woodlands, Bickley, Kent.
RICHARD BIDDULPH MARTIN, Esq., M.P. (Messrs. Martin & Co., Bankers), 68, Lombard-street, E.C.
JAMES STRICK, Esq. (Messrs. James Strick & Sons, Merchants), London and Swansea.
FRANCISCO FERREIRA BALTAR, Esq. (late of Messrs. Baltar, Oliveira, & Co., Pernambuco, Brazil), 4, Grafton-street, Piccadilly, W.
FENELON ALCOFORADO, Esq., 22, Queen-street, Mayfair, W., and Rio de Janeiro, Brazil.

Messrs. Martin & Co. and Messrs. Herries, Farquhar, & Co., the Bankers of the Company, are authorised to receive Applications for 2,000 Debentures of £100 each at par, payable as follows:—

£5	On Application.
20	On Allotment.
25	On 15th May, 1884.
25	On 15th June, 1884.
25	On 15th July, 1884.
100	

Subscribers may pay up in full on allotment or at the due date of any instalment, under discount at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum.

Scrip Certificates to bearer will be issued against delivery of the Allotment Letters and Bankers' Receipts, and exchanged for the Debentures when fully paid up.

The Debentures will bear interest at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum, payable half yearly on the 1st of April and 1st of October in each year, the first half-year's Coupon of £3 per Debenture being payable on the 1st of October next.

The North Brazilian Sugar Factories, Limited, was formed for the purpose of carrying out Concessions granted by the Imperial Government of Brazil for the erection and Establishment of Sugar Factories in that Empire. The object of the Factories is to collect at given points the sugar canes produced on several plantations, and there treat them by the best known appliances.

The Company has been authorised to carry on its operations in the Empire of Brazil by Imperial Decree, No. 8,882, 17th February, 1883, and all the concessions acquired by this Company enjoy the privileges granted by Imperial Decree No. 8,357 of the 24th December, 1881, which, among other things, includes the right of expropriating the necessary land for the purposes of the several factories, together with the use of the timber and other material existing in the various districts on the national lands that may be required for the construction of the works.

By the terms of the same Decree, the Imperial Government of Brazil pays interest on the capital expended during the construction of the works and authorised by them to be called up, from the dates of its payment to the Company's Bankers.

The Concessions acquired by the Company are for the construction of fifteen Sugar Factories in the northern districts of Brazil.

The Contract for works provides for eight of the Factories being completed by 31st March, 1885, and the remaining seven within eighteen months after the approval by the Government of the detailed plans. The plans of the eight factories now in course of construction have been approved by the Imperial Government.

The Company's Agent and Consulting Engineers report that in each of the districts in which the factories are to be constructed, canes are already produced in very much greater quantities than will meet the full capabilities of the Factories. Contracts have been made, upon conditions very favourable to the Company, with upwards of 100 Planters, for an ample supply of Canes for the Factories which will be first erected.

The climate and soil of the Northern Provinces of Brazil, in which the particular districts are situated, are admirably suitable for the growth of Sugar Canes. The locations of the Factories have been approved by the Imperial Government, after careful examination of the several districts, regard being had to the quantity of canes produced and the facilities for its transportation.

The Share Capital of the Company is £700,000, divided into £500,000 Preferred Shares and £200,000 Ordinary Shares. Of the Preferred Shares £300,000 have been issued, and it is not intended to issue more. The whole of the £200,000 Ordinary Share Capital has likewise been issued.

The Debenture Capital of the Company is £505,000, and power will be taken to increase the amount to £589,300, which, with the £300,000 Preferred Shares, will absorb the guaranteed interest.

The sum of £262,583 has been expended on the Concessions for the whole fifteen factories, for land, surveys, works, machinery, buildings, rails, plant, preliminary and working expenses under the Certificates of the Engineers, and in accordance with the provisions of the Memorandum and Articles of Association which have been approved by the Imperial Brazilian Government.

Where no allotment is made, the deposit will be returned; and, if a smaller number of debentures be allotted than applied for, the surplus of the deposit will be applied to the payment of the amount due on allotment.

If any instalment be not duly paid, the allotment will be liable to cancellation, and payments previously made to forfeiture.

Application will be made in due course for a quotation of the Debentures in the Official List of the Stock Exchange.

Prospectuses and Forms of Application can be obtained from the Bankers, and of Mr. J. M. Adam, Secretary, at the Offices of the Company.

Applications, on the enclosed form, accompanied by the deposit of £5 per Debenture, should be forwarded to Messrs. Martin & Co., Bankers, 68, Lombard-street, London, E.C.; or to Messrs. Herries, Farquhar, & Co., Bankers, 16, St. James's-street, London, S.W.

Offices:—2, Tokenhouse-buildings, King's Arms-yard, London.
March 28th, 1884.

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• TRUTH •

"Cultores Veritatis Fraudis Inimici."—*Cicero.*

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ENTRE NOUS.

No date has yet been fixed for the Royal Wedding at Darmstadt, nor will any arrangement be made until the Queen has definitely decided whether or not she will go to Germany to attend it. According to the latest arrangements, her Majesty will not carry out her intention of going to Osborne, but will remain at Windsor for Easter, and start for Darmstadt towards the end of next week.

The Duchess of Albany will reside at Claremont until after her confinement, which is expected in about five weeks. The Princess of Waldeck-Pyrmont will probably remain with her daughter, but if she is unable to do so Princess Christian will take her place. The Duchess will go to Germany early in the summer, and will pay a lengthened visit to her parents at Arolsen and at Pyrmont.

Everybody regrets the Duke of Albany's premature death, and sympathises with his mother and widow, but too much of the spoken and printed grief of the last ten days has been extravagant. People ought to remember that not a day passes but there are hundreds of cases of ten thousand times more crushing bereavement, when the sudden death of the husband or son means not only sorrow but ruin. What, however, especially provokes honest men is the lackadaisical air of melancholy, a *visage de circonstance*, which hundreds of people have put on who cannot possibly care, for, after all, the death of a Royal personage cannot really be a source of serious grief to persons who did not know him.

We read in "Coningsby" that Lord Monmouth detested all the disagreeable functions which follow a sudden death in a family. "Coroners' inquests, funerals especially, weeping women—these were all spectacles which Lord Monmouth could not endure, although he was so high bred that he would not for the world that there should be in manner or degree the slightest deficiency in propriety, or even sympathy. But he wanted somebody to do everything that was proper; to be considerate, and consoling, and sympathetic. Mr. Rigby did it all." This is probably a very general feeling under such circumstances, and I am sure that any one who reads the dismal details of the interminable Court services of the last week must sincerely pity all those who have been compelled to take part in them. The fact is that the Queen takes a morbid pleasure in all ceremonies of a mournful nature, and literally revels in all the undertaker's details as to coffins, services, graves, and monuments, and she certainly does not spare her relatives.

There was considerable difficulty in arranging the funeral, and it was a ceremony which will be long remembered by all who had anything to do with it. When the Frogmore Mausoleum was built, twenty-two years ago, the Queen caused nine niches to be constructed in the vault there, in which she proposed that in due course the coffins of her nine children should be placed. Her Majesty desired that Princess Alice should be brought to England for interment here, and it was not without difficulty that she was brought to consent to her being buried at Darmstadt. Directly after the news of Prince Leopold's death reached Windsor, the Queen gave orders that the funeral should be at the Mausoleum, and that nobody was to attend it except members of the Royal Family. On Monday, however, it was discovered that the Prince had left written instructions that he was to be buried in the Royal vault, and not at Frogmore; and, as all the family were strongly averse to the proposed arrangement, the Queen reluctantly gave orders on Tuesday for a funeral in St. George's, stipulating, however, that it was to be private.

The precedent which it was supposed would be followed was the funeral of the Duke of Kent, but her Majesty ignored all past ceremonies, and caused an entirely new "order" to be drawn out, which in one way and another was altered almost hourly during the next three days. The management of the funeral of the late Prince Consort was confided entirely to Lord Sydney and the late Sir Charles Phipps, and the Queen left the whole affair in their hands; but last week she arranged everything herself.

Who is responsible for the Latin inscription on the Duke of Albany's coffin? A schoolboy, were he to write such stuff, would be deservedly whipped for it. The first word, *Depositum*, used for *corpus* or *cadaver*, is not classic. It is bastard monkish, and is a metaphor taken from deposits in a bank. The *de* in the seventh line is superfluous; whilst the *atque* which forms the fourteenth line ought to be *ac*, because it precedes a vowel.

The Queen telegraphed on Thursday to Portsmouth, ordering that as soon as the *Osborne* arrived from Cherbourg, a photograph was to be taken of her dining-saloon, in which the coffin was placed, and which had been fitted up for the occasion in accordance with directions transmitted from Windsor. In the evening the electric light was fitted on board the Royal yacht by the Dockyard electrician, and an admirable photograph was taken, of

which copies were ready next morning, and the Prince of Wales took several with him to Windsor.

The house in which the Duke of Albany died, the Villa Nevada, is one of the smallest and at the same time one of the most delightful villas in Cannes. It is quite a cottage, but the grounds are charming, and, from the terrace, to which the windows open, there is one of the finest views on the Riviera. The villa is on the upper slopes of the Californie Hill, on the east side of the town. It belongs to Miss Perceval, the aunt of Captain Perceval. The Duke passed an afternoon with them directly after his arrival at Cannes, and he seemed so pleased with the place, that his host and hostess begged him to stay with them for a short time; and he enjoyed so much the kindly hospitality of Captain and Miss Perceval, that the visit was prolonged into one of weeks.

The Villa Edelweiss, at which the Prince of Wales stayed, is one of the last additions to the villas of Cannes. It has been built by Mr. Augustus Savile, after a design of his own, and enjoys the distinction of occupying the most lofty position of any residence in the neighbourhood.

Vanity Fair states that the Duke has left £2,000 a year to the Duchess, as well as "a sufficient sum to provide for the keeping up of Claremont." This is manifestly nonsense, for "the keeping up" of Claremont costs quite £15,000 a year when the grounds and gardens are properly looked after and an adequate establishment maintained at the house; and although the Duke of Albany was very frugal and far more disposed to save than to spend, it is utterly impossible that he can have left anything approaching to the sum attributed to him. I am informed that the total amount of his estate will not exceed £30,000.

The papers seem to imagine that Claremont was the property of the Duke, and many of them have alluded to the place as having been the Queen's wedding-gift to her son. The fact is that Claremont was only lent to the Duke, and the housekeeper and several other servants were in the service of the Queen, and were paid by her. The Queen stipulated that the apartments which were occupied by Princess Charlotte (in which she died) should be kept locked up, and also the suite which she has herself used when she has stayed there. Last year her Majesty arrived on an unexpected visit, and found that several of the rooms which had been "reserved" by her had not only been opened, but had actually been used by visitors. Prince Leopold frequently complained that Claremont was far too costly a place for him to maintain, and he had a sense of constantly being under surveillance there. Moreover, he thought it an unlucky house.

A most unfortunate title has the Dukedom of Albany been. It has been adopted five times in Scotland and four times in England. In six cases the title became extinct with the life of the first recipient, and four Dukes of Albany have died violent deaths. It has never passed to a second generation. The last Duke of York had Albany for his second title, and so also had Prince Edward, brother of George III., who died in 1767, in his twenty-seventh year. Strangely enough, he, too, died on the Riviera, at Monaco, after a fortnight's illness, which was brought on by his catching a chill at a ball. The circumstances of his death are described by Horace Walpole, in a letter written to Sir Horace Mann from Paris, in September, 1767.

It was certainly a singular coincidence that on the day of the Duke of Albany's death, the approaching marriage of Miss Baring was announced. About four years ago the Duke proposed to Lady Ashburton's daughter, with the full approbation of the Queen, but was rejected, to his very great disappointment. He was not, however, the only one of the Queen's sons whose early wooings were unfortunate, as the Duke of Connaught was twice refused by Princess Marie of Hanover before he went to Berlin in search of a bride.

The death of the Duke is the knell of the London season, which is likely to be as barren of entertainments as was that dreary season of 1862. During the period of Court mourning it would not be "the thing" for people "in society" either to give parties, or even to attend the theatres; and no Royalties will be seen out during the whole season. The Drawing-rooms will not be held, and there will be no State balls or State concerts, for Buckingham Palace is to be closed for a year to come. There will be no Royal parties at Ascot. The Prince of Wales may attend the races privately, but none of the Princesses will be present, nor will there be any of the usual ceremonies. The Queen is resolved that the mourning of all the Royal family for her youngest son shall be displayed in a practical way by a rigid abstinence from social pleasures of every description.

A Tory contemporary alludes to Prince Leopold's "child-like grief" at the funeral of the Prince Consort, "which touched all hearts." This blunder originated with the *Times*. As a matter of fact, the Prince was not present at his father's funeral, for he was passing the winter at Cannes. It was the Duke of Connaught who walked with the Prince of Wales at that ceremony.

Lord Spencer was unable to carry out his plan of coming to England last week. He returned to Bective, co. Meath, on Thursday, from the Viceregal Lodge, after Lady Spencer's departure from Kingstown. The Viceregal Punchestown dance is not to take place, and it is probable that Lord and Lady Spencer will not attend the national races, as the period of Court mourning extends over the 23rd instant.

The red-coat races were held in Kildare last week, though many projected festivities attendant on them were postponed. The ball at Palmerstown House did not take place; a little dance, however, was given at the residence of the Hon. C. Crichton, which had all the spirit and

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pleasantness more often attained by impromptu parties than by the most ambitious social event. Black, with white and grey as its only varieties, was universally worn, both in the evening and at the races.

Of late years, hospitality has not been a particularly strong point with the military in Dublin—it seems more blessed in the receiving than in the giving. A small dance by the Scots Guards at Richmond Barracks was the one social effort of the season; whilst another which was to have been given last week by the Artillery at Portobello Barracks is indefinitely postponed. The Military and Fancy Dress Ball, to take place in Dublin after Easter, under most fashionable patronage, is one of those charitable entertainments at which each guest is his own host, and at which the entertaining of himself is raised to the dignity of a useful and meritorious action.

Prince and Princess Edward of Saxe-Weimar are going to Germany for a few months when they leave Portsmouth. It is exceedingly probable that the Prince will succeed Sir Thomas Steele in the command of the troops in Ireland.

The Duke and Duchess of Roxburghe have gone down to Floors Castle, and intend to remain there for several weeks. They have a small party staying with them for the spring salmon-fishing in the Tweed.

Lord and Lady Granville spend Easter at Holmbury, Mr. E. F. Leveson-Gower's charming place near Dorking. Before returning to town they will again pay a short visit to Mr. and Lady Georgiana Fullerton, at Bournemouth.

The Duke and Duchess of Norfolk are entertaining a small party of friends at Arundel Castle. The health of the Duchess has much improved of late, and she is now able to take daily drives about the neighbourhood.

Lord Falmouth has left Tregothnan for the season, and was down at Newmarket for several days last week. Lady Falmouth comes up from Cornwall directly after Easter.

The Duke of Marlborough has given up any intention of travelling in Italy, and will shortly return from Cannes to Blenheim, where he will pass the summer.

Lord and Lady Huntly have gone down to Aboyne Castle for a few weeks, and Mr. and Mrs. Cunliffe-Brooks are in the same neighbourhood at the shooting-lodge in Glentanar Forest. There has been some splendid sport in the fine stretch of the Dee which Mr. Brooks rents from his son-in-law's trustees, in which salmon are equally abundant at all seasons.

Mr. Herbert Spencer contemplates a tour to Australia for the benefit of his health, which, it is thought, would be improved by a long sea voyage.

Lord Orford has returned to town after a second visit to Bath, where he has derived much benefit from a course of the waters.

Lady Holland has arrived in Paris from Naples, where she has been passing the winter at her charming villa. Her ladyship, who is in excellent health, is staying at the Hôtel du Rhin, and will not come on to England till the end of the month.

Lord and Lady Waterford leave their hunting quarters in Cheshire this week for Ireland. They purpose staying at Curraghmore for about a month.

Sir Henry Holland, M.P., has gone to Bath for three weeks, to take a course of the waters.

Lord Macdonald of the Isles has fortunately recovered from the attack of diphtheria with which he was seized at Nice three or four weeks ago.

A few years ago Northampton was one of the great "Society" meetings of the year. Althorp, which always sent a large party, is now closed; and Kimbolton Castle has ceased to patronise the gathering; nor are there parties from Deene or Burghley. Last week there were no visitors from Ascott, which has latterly been the social mainstay of the meeting, as the lamented death of the Baroness Rothschild prevented Mr. and Mrs. Leopold Rothschild from entertaining the guests they had invited.

The death of Lord Seafield is deeply and widely lamented. He was universally beloved and esteemed in the Highlands, and nothing could exceed his popularity among all classes on his vast estates. There was no better landlord in Great Britain, and he lived during the greater portion of each year at his family place in Scotland, and took an active personal interest in the well-being of all his neighbours and tenants.

Mr. Augustus Savile is forming several large rabbit-warrens on his Rufford Abbey estate in North Notts.

The late Henry Hope bequeathed the greater part of his immense fortune to his widow, who died last week, and she also possessed the beautiful and splendid domains of Deepdene and the estate of Castle Blayney in Ireland. I hear that the bulk of the property passes, under Mrs. Hope's will, to her daughter, the Duchess of Newcastle, for her life; and subsequently it will go to the Duke of Newcastle and his brothers and sisters, who also receive large legacies.

Messrs. Puttick & Simpson in a couple of weeks' time will sell the extensive library of the Earl of Gosford. The collection comprises a fine series of county histories and numerous rare privately printed books. A copy of the first folio edition of Shakespeare and a Vol. I. of the Mazarin Bible are included in the catalogue.

The Kaps Pianofortes, grand and upright. These celebrated instruments can be obtained at C. E. Flavell's, 26, North Audley-street, W.

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I hear that Alfonso XII. has insured his life. In an age when Crowns, if not crowned heads, topple over, this is a wise provision for his heirs; he may thus leave to them something a little more secure than the Royal inheritance which he has received, but which he is not quite certain of being able to transmit.

Tableaux vivants are all the rage in a certain section of French "society," and sacred subjects are almost invariably selected. The "Trial of Christ" is in rehearsal at one well-known house, and, by arrangement, it is to be followed at another house by a representation of His "Crucifixion."

After all the fuss made about the charity fête which was to be given in Paris at the Hippodrome on May 7, and of which the principal feature was to be a *corrida de toros*, it appears everything is to be given up, the Municipal Council having very properly declared that they cannot allow the bulls to be killed. The celebrated spada, Frascuelo, who was to have provided the whole concern, is quite at a loss to understand such absurd views of humanity, and so declines to have anything further to do with the matter.

About two thousand pictures have been admitted to the Salon. More than three thousand have been refused.

By the way, the French Ambassador has been selected to reply to the toast of "Literature" at the Royal Academy dinner. M. Waddington was a distinguished Cantab, and he is renowned as a classical scholar, while his fame as an archæologist is almost European; but surely some English writer of higher and wider eminence might have been discovered.

Madame Octave Feuillet has been the victim of an unpleasant adventure. The wife of the celebrated French author is known to have a passion for objects of virtù. Some days ago, entering a house in the Rue des Martyrs, she addressed the porter:—"Have you not a curiosity-merchant living here?" The porter replied "No!" in a surly tone. "Yet, I was directed to this house. Are you quite sure?" The porter looked sharply at his questioner, and, suddenly jumping up he rushed on her and seized her by the throat. "Ah, it's you that come stealing the door-mats! I've got hold of you at last! I know you again! Now you shall not escape!"

Bismarck has administered a characteristic snub to the Scientific Society of Berlin, which, on his recent sixty-ninth birthday, offered him honorary membership, a distinction not declined by the great Von Moltke. Bismarck, like Wagner, Liszt, and a few other eminent Germans, disapproves, it appears, of vivisection. "Nothing on earth," he replied, on receiving the Scientific Society's invitation, "would induce me to become in any way whatever the colleague of Virchow or of Mommsen. I am a Doctor of Law of Göttingen, and an honorary citizen of Berlin—I am satisfied."

Dr. Busch's book on Prince Bismarck, an excellent translation of which—by Mr. Beatty Kingston—has just been published, is very good reading. It gives an interesting account of the secret history of European politics during the latter half of this century, and enables the reader to form a very fair estimate of the character of the great German Chancellor. "In these days," once said Guizot, "l'homme désire plus qu'il ne veut." Bismarck knew what he wanted, and, whilst others were doubting and hesitating, he subordinated everything to the attainment of his ends. He found Prussia small and insignificant, and Germany disunited, with Austria weighing on her. He made Prussia great and powerful, united Germany, and freed her from the incubus of Austria. The most amusing part of the book is the account of how he gulled and humbugged that sinister dreamer, Napoleon III. At present, Bismarck's policy is based upon three political exigencies:—1, A close and intimate alliance with Austria; 2, friendly relations with Russia; 3, the isolation of France from all Continental alliances. So far he has succeeded; and, during his lifetime, this policy will probably maintain Prussia in her present commanding position. After him, the deluge.

There has just passed away, in his eighty-fourth year, an inmate of the Licensed Victuallers' Asylum whose name was once a household word in this country. Jem Ward, "the Black Diamond," as he was called, was Champion of England in the very palmiest days of the Prize Ring, when it was under the immediate and open patronage of the highest in the land. Born in 1800, the Black Diamond became the holder of the belt on the retirement of the celebrated Tom Spring, in 1825, and retained the title of champion till 1833, when, following the example of so many of his predecessors, he went into the publichouse line of business. Ward was of an artistic turn of mind, and achieved no little success as a painter, several of his works being exhibited in Liverpool. His daughter, Miss Eleanor Ward, was a pupil of Sir Julius Benedict, and made for herself a considerable name as a pianist and singer.

A few enthusiastic yachting men have determined to get up a Corinthian Channel match from Sheerness to Ostend and thence back to Portsmouth. Subscriptions have been invited for the purpose, but at present they amount to only £70. The promoters of the movement have therefore determined to hold a subscription ball, in hopes of thus being able to realise sufficient funds to enable them to carry out their object.

It is probable that Lord Manners will be the new Master of the Quorn Hounds, in place of Mr. Coupland.

Major Knox-Holmes, well known among cyclists as the "Ancient Mariner," achieved a wonderful feat for a veteran last Saturday, when, with a fellow-rider named Cooper, he rode a tandem tricycle 100 miles in twelve hours and a half, the journey being from Croydon to Brighton and back, and then to Redhill. The Major is seventy-six years of age!

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It is quite a mistake to suppose that "the lady of title" who is morally responsible for the *World* libel has gone entirely unpunished. The Queen was exceedingly angry with her; and she received an unmistakable hint that she would do well not to attend the Drawing-room, and her Majesty also crossed her ladyship's name out of the State Ball and Concert invitation lists. Indeed, the name would have been permanently struck off the Buckingham Palace list but for the Queen's consideration for her ladyship's blameless husband, who has suffered as much mortification from the affair as did the Duc d'Ivry after his spouse's indiscretions at that Congress of Baden of which we read in "The Newcomes." "My lady" has also received the cold shoulder from Marlborough House, so that altogether her position has been by no means so satisfactory as most people suppose.

I agree in one particular with Lord Coleridge's remarks on the case of the Queen *v.* Yates. Like the Lord Chief Justice, I have never understood why people should care to read with whom other people dine, and such like tattle. They, however, do, and it can hardly be said that this disposition is confined to a privileged class, although very possibly it may gratify the vanity of those of a privileged class whose doings are recorded. A newspaper ought not inquire into the why and the wherefore information on any particular matter is desired. It should supply it, if it be harmless. Man is a gregarious animal, woman also, and neither man nor woman cares to be perpetually discussing literature, art, or politics, like Sandford and Merton with their tutor. The interstices of conversation have to be filled up. It is consequently a question of degree as to the amount of space that a newspaper should devote to gratify this requirement. Thus we see the *Times* recording the doings of the Royal Family, and announcing that this or that eminent personage had a party on the previous evening. Other London dailies go further, and inform their readers when the eminent personages leave or arrive in London, and whom they receive at their parties. In provincial papers this gossip occupies a larger space, and the London letter contains a *résumé* of the small talk of the Metropolis—sometimes correct, often incorrect.

What is termed a Society Journal treats *de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis*, and treats all this briefly. It owes its existence to a reaction against the stilted journalism into which newspapers had gravitated. A society journal—if it have a large circulation—circulates in all parts of the world. It is, or perhaps I should say it ought to be, an epitome of a week's folly and wisdom. Domestic privacy it should never invade, but its aim should be to mirror the conversation that goes on at a dinner-table, where acquaintances rather than intimate friends are congregated. Its remarks should rather be good-natured than spiteful. But it fulfils, as the prospectuses say, "a great public want" when it takes in hand some bumptious bull of Bashan who has been trampling upon the world in general, and brings him to his bearings.

Edmund's crime seems to have been that he edited his newspaper carelessly. I have frequently called his attention to this. I gather that Lady Stradbroke was a paid contributor of the *World*, receiving a weekly salary for furnishing tattle. Probably he thought that he could trust her not to write anything either libellous or ill-natured; so he inserted her "copy" without running his eye over it. Why this confidence in ladies of title, Edmund? You are not, however, the first who has had to rue having placed implicit confidence in a woman. I admire the fair sex; I recognise their many excellent qualities; but I never believe what one woman says of another—especially if the other be young and pretty.

You are going to appeal. I trust that you may succeed; but, were I you, I should, in any case, go on appealing until autumn. To be hindered from going out in November is no great misfortune. Be consoled; I will visit you.

What, however, I do not understand is why Lady Stradbroke does not share in your temporary retirement. If you gained by publishing her paragraph, she gained by writing it. Your fault was unintentional, hers was intentional. A prosecutor is not supposed to be actuated by personal vindictiveness, but by a desire for the public welfare. Lord Lonsdale might have accepted your apology or not. That was a matter for his own consideration. But on what plea can he justify prosecuting you and not prosecuting her? You were, I think, to blame for your carelessness, as this carelessness was the cause of annoyance. But if you deserve four months' imprisonment, assuredly Lady Stradbroke deserves four years' imprisonment. Is there one law for ladies of title and another law for journalists without title? May a lady of title manage to slip a libel of a relative into a newspaper without punishment, and yet ought the editor whose confidence she has betrayed to be punished? Is this privilege of peerage, or are we confronted with the fact that in the opinion of a peer what is infamous in so common a creature as a journalist, is not infamous in a peeress? Where is the Public Prosecutor? Whether an editor ought to give up the name of a contributor when he is prosecuted for libel for what that contributor has written, may be a question of journalistic ethics; but if the name be not only given up, but inserted in the pleadings, the indictment should either be withdrawn or both editor and contributor should figure together in it. Supposing that I sold a watch, and on being arrested for selling stolen goods were to reply that I received the watch from a certain person who had stolen it. Would the Court condemn me and not insist upon the actual thief being prosecuted also? or would the owner of the watch be allowed to say that he prosecuted me because I was a common person, but that he did not prosecute the thief, who was an uncommon person? These distinctions are revolting to the most elementary ideas of justice, and I really believe that in this country alone, where flunkeyism is almost a religion, would they be tolerated.

Anglo-French and German Colleges, Finchley-road, London.—Principals, Messrs. Haysman & Son. — Corresponding schools in France, Germany, and at Seaside.—Paris, Boulogne, Hanover, &c.
1. A thorough knowledge of the French and German languages.
2. Pupils can either study entirely at Finchley-road, London, or they may go at any time to France or Germany if parents desire it.
4. Professional or Commercial education, Twenty years' references.
5. Preparation for Army, Civil Service, Legal and Medical Exams.
6. At Schools near Paris always ten French youths to one English.
7. At Boulogne-sur-Mer (only 3½ hours from London), good sea bathing, mild healthy climate. Delicate boys greatly benefited. Pupils are also received abroad to study French or German only.

The scene in the old Appeal Court at Lincoln's Inn during the last few days has been, probably, the most exciting that has ever been seen there. The Court has been crammed to hear the inquiry into the state of mind of Mr. Gilbert Scott, before Mr. Justice Denman and his twenty-four jurymen. Why it should be necessary to have twenty-four men to lock a man up and deprive him of his property till he is cured of a disease, while it only takes twelve to hang him, and, perhaps, only one to deprive him of all his property by an adverse judgment, is one of those mysteries of the law which no one can explain. The mystery is something like that of the Grand Jury, which also employs twenty-four men in deciding whether there is a case for the prosecution, while only twelve men are required on the petty jury which has to settle the more difficult question whether the case is well founded.

There must be something in the doctrine of heredity. It can hardly be merely a curious coincidence that a century ago Junius was writing of the chief representative of the Grafton family that "the character of the reputed ancestors of some men has made it possible for their representatives to be vicious in the extreme, without being degenerate." But the present Lord Euston must be truly sorry that he cannot act on the advice given by Junius to the Duke of Grafton of that day, and actually followed by him, to "obtain a divorce."

We shall, I presume, henceforth have a plentiful crop of suits for restitution of conjugal rights, and it would be well that a short Bill should be brought in, allowing judges to decree an allowance for the complaining lady, with a separate domicile. A suit has just been commenced by a lady who is a graduate of Cambridge, against her husband, who is a well-known yachtsman.

Lord Colin Campbell, I see, contemplates an appeal against the verdict of a judicial separation. The fact that the case was heard *in camerâ* has led to an animated correspondence between a relative of the gentleman and the legal advisers of the lady, as to what the trial was about, and on what the verdict was based. Should there be an appeal, it would be well that the case should be heard in open court, leaving the Press to exercise its discretion as to what may properly be reported.

It will be remembered that the English press was some time ago instrumental in exposing the shameless traffic in young girls carried on between Belgium and England, and that certain houses in Brussels were specially implicated. The Brussels police were, of course, heavily censured, and seem not to have forgotten the well-deserved slap in the face administered to them by an indignant public opinion. The other day, so a Brussels friend tells me, they avenged themselves on some—as usual—helpless victims.

An English lady, of good family and of the highest respectability, was lately summoned, with her young daughters, to the Bureau of the Quartier Léopold, and there subjected to the most disgusting cross-examination, to the great amusement of the police-officials. Ladies who have had to suffer such annoyances are, unfortunately, either afraid or ashamed to ask for legal redress, which I have no doubt they would obtain. But this sort of thing ought to be stopped.

The protection of the law regarding cruelty to animals was not long since extended to decoy birds, and, though tame bears are still outside its operation, I am glad to see that tame rats have now been included. At Manchester, last week, one Wood, a bird and animal fancier, was charged with torturing a white rat by giving it to a mongoose. The mongoose delights, it appears, in tormenting its prey, for it broke the legs and bit off the tail of the unfortunate rat, whose squeals could be heard outside Wood's shop. The defendant said he gave the mongoose live rats in order to keep it savage and to advertise his business, though it had no objection to eat dead ones. The stipendiary magistrate, however, was not disposed to encourage either Mr. Wood or his mongoose in their objectionable tastes, and fined the former forty shillings. It is to be hoped that it will soon be as illegal to torture trapped pigeons and imprisoned hares, as it is to torment a tame rat.

A case which came before Baron Huddleston last week illustrates in a striking manner the litigious obstinacy of corporate bodies, who are privileged to depend on other people's money for the payment of their lawyers' bills. A stevedore, suffering from delirium tremens, was confined in the workhouse infirmary of St. George's in the East, and, owing to the carelessness of the officials, he jumped out of a third-floor window, and was killed. His widow brought an action for damages against the Guardians, and recovered £350. The Guardians, as usual, intimated their determination to appeal, but Baron Huddleston refused to stay execution, saying that it was a cruel thing to drag people from Court to Court on an appeal which might never succeed, and that he would not sanction any such proceeding in such a case. The Guardians, however, will, no doubt, drag the unfortunate widow up to the House of Lords, and as, even in the event of the verdict being upset, they will have to pay the £350 several times over in costs, I hope that the ratepayers of St. George's-in-the-East are gratified by the prospect.

Last May, a young girl, called Butler, servant to an elderly woman, named Johnson, living in a somewhat large house in Folkestone, disappeared, and nothing more has been heard of her. Miss Johnson declined to give any information concerning her, and the police authorities do not appear to have given themselves much trouble in the matter. This girl was fairly attractive, and aged about seventeen. About a fortnight since, a second girl, aged ten years, and called Elizabeth Hearnden, disappeared from Miss Johnson's house. The police are as much at fault as they were before. After it became known to them that this second child had disappeared, Miss Johnson was allowed to take herself off to London without the slightest effort on the part of the authorities to prevent her. She returned

Spectacles scientifically adapted to assist & strengthen the weakest sights by Mr. Laurance, F.S.S., Oculist Optician, 1a, Old Bond-st.

Old Point Lace.—Hayward's, Experts, Dealers and Purchasers of Old Lace, 166 and 168, Oxford-street, W.

however, and was arrested. She refuses any information as to the whereabouts of either girl, beyond the assertion that the younger one is in a "home," having been taken there by a "Sister Mary." Considering the suspicious circumstances of the first disappearance, the police should not allow themselves to be a second time at fault; and Miss Johnson should be made either to produce the two girls, or remain in prison until she says where they are to be found.

I published a letter from a private detective of the name of Attwood a fortnight ago, in which he defended himself from certain scandalous proceedings of his agent, on the ground that three guineas had been received from a gentleman in India to find out all particulars respecting an actress, who was a connection of an actor of the name of Bellew. Mr. Kyrle Bellew writes to say that as he is the only actor of that name on the stage, it may possibly be supposed that the investigation was about one of his female relatives, none of whom is on the stage. I printed Attwood's letter because I thought that he had a right to make public what he called his justification, not because I believed for a moment in the statements of his "Indian friend."

Mr. Gye and Madame Albani have only escaped arrest at Antwerp by a hasty and ignominious flight—to the theatre. A few days ago a policeman visited the Hôtel St. Antoine, where they were staying, and inquired mysteriously for a tall gentleman and a pretty lady. A tall gentleman and a pretty lady appear to have changed a forged £50 bank-note the day before, and the police appear to have thought that any tall gentleman with any pretty lady would do under these promising circumstances. Accordingly, at a quarter to eight an official was shown in to Mr. Gye, and without more ado invited him to repair with him to the central police-office. In vain did Mr. Gye protest, point to the playbill, which stated that Madame Albani was to appear that very night in "Lucia," at the Theatre Royal, say that she was dressing at that moment, and that he must accompany her; in vain was the maître d'hôtel had up to swear to Mr. Gye's identity and character. By a mere ruse, whilst the policeman was conversing with the hotel-keeper, Mr. Gye escaped by a back door with Albani, and both made off post-haste for the theatre.

Late on Friday afternoon an official communication was sent by the Lord Chamberlain to the managers of the London theatres, in which they were informed that it was "left to the managers to act as they thought right" as to closing their theatres on the following evening. Prince Leopold had died exactly a week before, so it had apparently taken a very long time for the authorities to make up their minds, and the managers, of course, had no time left to make such arrangements as they might have desired both for themselves and their *employés*.

I have looked into the Act "for regulating theatres" as to the power of the Lord Chamberlain to close them, and I find that under the 8th clause he has only power "on such public occasions as to him shall seem fit." The Duke of Albany's death was no doubt "a public occasion;" but does Ash-Wednesday come under this denomination? I should think not, and it might be well to have the question tried next year.

On Easter Monday Her Majesty's Theatre will open under the management of Mr. J. R. Taylor, who up to the present has only figured as a successful amateur in theatricals, though he has been far from amateurish in the valuable services he has rendered to Messrs. W. H. Smith & Son for very many years as one of their District Inspectors. Few men possess greater knowledge of what acting should be, or are better fitted to take the management of a project which is to provide theatrical amusement for the people at a small cost.

I advise Mr. Wyndham to secure the English right of "Le Train de Plaisir," a most amusing farcical comedy in four acts, which was produced at the Palais Royal last Tuesday with complete success. It is a piece exactly suited to the Criterion company.

Last week, an operetta entiled "Grasper's Ghost" was performed at Mrs. Ricardo's, in Onslow-gardens. The music is by Mr. Fullerton, a young American composer; and so successful was it, that the operetta will in all probability be performed ere long at one of the theatres.

During the last week, all the papers have announced that Gounod has just composed an air to Byron's "Maid of Athens," for the benefit of the heroine of those verses, who is described as living in London in great poverty. Mrs. Black, the Maid of Athens, died nearly ten years ago, and it is thirteen years since Gounod composed the air in question, which produced about £20 towards the fund for the relief of the old lady.

I am asked to contradict a statement which appears in a contemporary, that Mr. Justin M'Carthy, junior, is about to marry "Miss Laura Linden, who is at present appearing at the Olympic." What a strange mania seems raging, of marrying people who hardly know each other!

Miss Mary Anderson, I observe, sadly complains in one newspaper of all the allusions to her contemplated marriages, contemplated retirement to a convent, &c., which appear—much to her distress—in the journals of England and America; and addresses a letter to other newspapers, expressing her regret that she cannot give a farewell performance on account of the death of the Duke of Albany, whom "we all mourn so deeply." Ahem! a clever girl, though not precisely my idea of a great actress.

I am asked to contradict the story of the Prince and Princess of Wales having gone behind the scenes of the St. James's Theatre during a performance.

The Belgrave Laundry, 194 & 196, Ebury-street, Belgravia. A laundry for high-class families.

"Liberty" Art Fabrics.—For Curtains, Chintz, Upholstery, and Furniture Stuffs. Patterns post-free. Chesham House Regent-st., W.

The statements in the *World* on the subject of the English edition of the "Memoirs of Princess Alice" are entirely erroneous. The publication of the book will not be postponed in consequence of the Duke of Albany's death, and there are no "facts to perfect" or "details to verify." The short biographical sketch of the Princess is the same which appeared in the German edition, and it has been translated by Princess Christian. The remainder of the book is made up of the Princess's letters, and they certainly will not be touched up for publication. The Queen originally arranged the letters, but the proofs have been revised by Sir Theodore Martin, and her Majesty's personal connection with the work ceased some time ago; although, of course, she takes a great interest in it.

I hear that Mr. Murray has obtained a very large "subscription" from the principal booksellers and librarians, and the death of the Duke of Albany may be expected to stimulate the public interest in the book. I am informed that Mr. Mudie, who originally intended to take one thousand copies, has increased his order to fifteen hundred.

The Queen has desired Sir Theodore Martin to write the article on the Prince Consort in the forthcoming "Dictionary of National Biography," and he will shortly commence the work. The editor would do well to request "Verax" to contribute a second article on the same subject.

Mr. Nicholas Trubner's death will be very widely lamented, for his fame as a publisher extended not only from one end of Europe to the other, but also throughout North and South America, and in India from Calcutta to Lahore. His agencies in all parts of the world had made his London house a focus of American and Oriental literature, and his name was as well known in Boston and Philadelphia as it was in Valparaiso and Rio and in Bombay and Calcutta. At the Congress of Orientalists, at Florence, his presence was welcomed with particular cordiality by *savants* from all countries. In fact, Mr. Trübner was a perfect master of his craft, which he enthusiastically loved, and he had restored to it the dignity and importance which belonged to the great publishing houses of three hundred years ago in Amsterdam, Lyons, and Venice. He was emphatically a man of letters and learning, and in private life he was universally esteemed and beloved. He arrived in London from Heidelberg a friendless clerk, and was engaged by Messrs. Longman, and when he died he was at the head of one of the best known publishing firms in the world.

"Nemo" sends me £1 for Miss English's Fund for giving children three weeks' holiday in the country. I am requested to say that Mrs. Maxwell (Miss Braddon), Lichfield House, Richmond, will be happy to receive subscriptions. I am also requested by Miss English, whose address is Gascoigns, Lyndhurst, to acknowledge the following donations to her fund :—

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
F. R. C. (Winchester) ...	0	11	0	Mrs. Phillips	1	1	0
Mrs. Nicholls.....	1	0	0	Mr. Bentall	10	0	0
Mr. Howard Morley.....	3	3	0	Mr. Thompson Shaw.	1	1	0

A "perplexed and wearied man of business" writes :—

What is to be done with such a perpetual pesterer as Reuben May? I enclose you a paper I have just received. I have never given him any money, but he constantly sends me these papers by shoals, sometimes in envelopes, sometimes in halfpenny wrappers, and frequently marked "To be forwarded" (when the postage for forwarding to me in Italy comes to a considerable sum). Lately he has taken to putting "Urgent" or "Important" on his appeals, and I am put to an endless worry and constant expense by his wretched pestering. What am I to do?

I should imagine that any one might sue Reuben May for postage of letters on which this speculator in charity writes "to be forwarded." Something ought certainly to be done to abate the nuisance. The man must make a living by his letters and circulars, otherwise he would not send them.

What is the "Salvation embrace?" I read in the *Midland Echo* that David Withers, of Leamington, has run away with Kate Key, a girl of seventeen. Withers was the standard-bearer in the 94th corps of the Salvation Army, and Kate was a private. "No familiarity between the two had been noticed by the wife of Withers beyond what is known in the Army as the 'Salvation embrace.'"

This year's Church Congress is to be held at Carlisle. The preachers at the opening services will be the Archbishop of York, the Bishop of Derry (who is too seldom heard from English pulpits), and the Bishop of St. Andrews.

It was right and proper that a funeral sermon on the Duke of Albany should be preached in Westminster Abbey, but the solicitude of the Dean seems to have carried him to extravagant lengths, for to announce three sermons on the subject is really quite too much, considering that when the Prince Consort died there was only one special discourse, which was preached by Dean Trench on the day before the funeral. Of late years, however, there have been such ardent longings for sensationalism and such manifestations of servility at the Abbey, that scarcely anything in this direction would surprise one.

"We have seen," says the *Army and Navy Gazette*, "an extremely interesting letter from an officer of the 42nd, which we publish in the hope that the graphic account of the 'rally' and repulse will be read with pleasure by the friends of the officers named, and by a wider circle than it was intended for." Here are two extracts from the letter, but whether they will be read with pleasure by all is somewhat questionable :—

"All our officers fought like devils, and how we only lost one I can't tell. God is good, and must have put his shield round our brave, gallant officers."

"I took a splendid spear and killed a great many wounded men with it; it went into their hearts like lightning, and their blood flowed out on the sand."

I cannot help thinking that if the grievance laid bare in the following letter were only brought before the proper authorities, they would find a way to comply with the moderate suggestion that officers who purchased their subaltern grades should at least receive, as an addition to their pension, interest on the money they expended in making these purchases :—

Dear Truth,—Although you are sometimes down on the British officer, I hope you will stand our friend now, and try to get the case of the "Purchase Subalterns" recognised.

Let me give you my own experience :—I purchased my ensigncy for £450, and some years after my lieutenancy for £250. The over-regulation for the latter was £250; but that must go, so I put down that my commissions cost £700. I got my captaincy after the abolition of purchase; but, when I retire, I shall only get exactly the same pension, not one farthing more, as an officer who has never sunk any money.

The retirement warrant gives officers who purchased their captains' commissions an addition to their pension, a sum about

equal to the interest of their money. What we cannot understand is, why purchase subalterns should not get the same? Why should our money be lost?

The following statistics are not only interesting, but astonishing. In my regiment there are officers now serving who have purchased subalterns' commissions, at a total cost of £1,700.

I have taken six battalions at random, viz. the old 56th, 57th, 68th, 91st, 92nd, and 93rd, and I find that officers now in them have paid for their subalterns' commissions, £20,550; and in the Rifle Brigade, £16,900. Leaving out the Guards and Cavalry, there must be nearly £400,000 invested in the Line Battalions alone. All this is now lost.

We do not, please remember, ask for our money—simply, for the interest on it, in addition to our pensions when we retire.—Your obedient servant, One of Them.

Can Lord Northbrook explain the following anomaly? Those assistant paymasters who have been fortunate enough to obtain appointments in the Admirals' offices at home, and in the two Royal yachts, are allowed to hold them for indefinite periods. Other naval officers are relegated to appointments for *fixed* periods.

The London Steamboat Company is reconstituting itself on a new basis and with new capital. If it will also reform its management and its fleet, it may have a magnificent future before it. At present its steamers are most uncomfortable and tedious. The seats make no pretence at ease. There is not the smallest cover from rain or shelter from the wind. In the bows you are fumigated with bad tobacco; in the stern you are similarly treated by the noisome fumes of the funnel; and in both your eyes are copiously supplied with ashes. You stop at every pier, and if the boats are crowded—as they invariably are—they often take more than an hour from London Bridge to Chelsea.

Let the new Company start large boats, with powerful engines and deck cabins, like those of American steamers, and a series of expresses during business hours, and they could combine comfort, cheapness, and speed in a way which would leave railways and omnibuses far behind. The river is as handy for Westminster, the Strand, the Temple, Fleet-street, and the City as road or rail, while there is a vast riverside population for whom it is far handier than any other means of communication. It only wants a little enterprise to make the now purified Thames what it once was—the chief thoroughfare of London.

It is not often that one reads of a house to be sold in London with "grounds most effectively arranged; and so well timbered as to afford complete retirement—tennis-lawns, long avenue walks," &c., &c. I see, however, by the *Times* that Messrs. Debenham, the auctioneers, thus describe a house and grounds in Regent's-park, which they offer for sale. Can it be possible that up to the present such a property in the heart of London has withstood the incursions of the speculative builder?

What is this I hear about a young lady put into a cab after a concert and driven off furiously into the wilds of Chelsea instead of being taken home? What would have happened it is impossible to say had not a gentleman been attracted by her cries as she endeavoured to stop the rascal on the box, who merely lashed his horse on faster. Her friend in need seized the horse's head, and, I suppose, in the absence of a policeman, found it most prudent to pay the fellow off, who escaped scot-free, and the poor girl, frightened and almost fainting, was escorted to her home. I am told that there is a class of cabmen in league with thieves, who make a trade of pilfering their fares by intimidation or outrage. A terrible case of the latter was recorded last week as having happened in the North of England. If girls are safe neither in railway-carriages nor cabs, a change indeed must be coming over our vaunted security of person and property in England.

Banff is in the Lowlands; why, then—as it would appear from the following advertisement—do its inhabitants insist upon being photographed in Highland costume?

HIGHLAND Dress (complete), kept at Bremner's Studio, Banff, for the use of those desiring to be photographed therein.

Some people are proud of one thing, some of another. "Dan Scott" is evidently proud of his wife. I take the following announcement from the *Glasgow Herald*:—

Scott.—At 7, Burnside-street, on the 29th ult., the wife of Dan. Scott was safely delivered of triplets, two boys and one girl—all doing well—this making seven of a family in four years and seven months, having given birth twice to twins: August 29, 1879, twins; October 21, 1881, twins; March 29, 1884, triplets.—Other papers, please copy.

Complaint is made by jewellers and others that they are debarred from using the Parcels Post owing to the want of an insurance system, and they say that the new idea of giving certificates of receipt would not mend matters. What might be done would be to have registered parcels, like registered letters.

At a recent meeting of the Beckenham Conservative Association, tobacco and cigars were freely distributed. Who paid for them?

The Liberal Association of Guildford, at a crowded and enthusiastic meeting of electors, have unanimously adopted as their candidate at the next election Mr. Lawrence Baker, who has recently purchased Ottershaw Park, Chertsey, one of the prettiest seats in the County of Surrey, and for many years the residence of Sir Thomas Colebroke. Mr. Baker, who has realised a considerable fortune, was originally an indigo-planter in India. On returning to England he became a member of the Stock Exchange, of which institution he is one of the leading lights.

Mr. Milward, of Redditch, has declined to contest East Worcestershire for the Tories, as colleague of Sir Richard Temple.

Lord Newark will be the second Tory candidate for South Leicestershire at the general election, standing in conjunction with Mr. Pell, M.P.

Last week, the Tories of East Aberdeenshire held a meeting at Fraserburgh, with the Master of Saltoun in the chair, at which it was resolved to take steps to contest the division at the general election. The harmony of the assembly was disturbed by an untoward incident. A late

Screens, with tea-cup shelf on each fold, from 21s. A large variety of screens in Japanese leather paper, needlework, stained glass, and hand-painted in all sizes and styles.—C. Hindley & Sons, 290 to 294, Oxford-street, London.

Minton's China.—A visit to Messrs. Goode's Depôt in South Audley-street will at once show the immense superiority of their collection, both as regards taste, extent, and lowness of price.

tenant of Lord Saltoun's came forward, and said that he would be happy to join the Conservative Association if any one could satisfactorily justify his lordship's policy as a landowner. "He had been his tenant for twenty years, and had built stalls for thirty cattle, and, when he left, Lord Saltoun appropriated them all. Was that Conservatism?"

Amongst other plans on foot for the reorganisation of the Conservative Party, is a proposal that Mr. E. Stanhope should lead the party in the House of Commons. The proposal comes from what is known as the "Lincolnshire gang." Mr. Stanhope is one of the ablest men on the front Opposition bench, but whether his leadership will be accepted by his party is doubtful.

I hear that the Duke of Richmond and Lord Cairns have by no means decided to join with Lord Salisbury in his raid against Reform. If this be so, it may be that wise counsels will prevail, and that the Lords will not place themselves in direct antagonism with the nation.

By endeavouring to extend the provisions of the Franchise Bill, the advocates of Women's Suffrage are courting defeat. Many who are not opposed to their claims being considered will vote against any proposal to include them in the Bill, on the ground that the only chance of passing it within reasonable time is to accept it as it stands, and to vote against all amendments, as playing the Tory game of obstruction.

The discussion last week in the House of Commons respecting the Irish magistracy proved that Lord-Lieutenants of Irish counties are utterly unfit to have the appointment of magistrates left to them. Somehow, they almost invariably appoint Protestants, and select them from the class which the Land Courts have shown has for years levied extortionate and excessive rents. In Ireland the appointment of magistrates should be left to the Lord Chancellor, who, it is to be presumed, would be above party-class and sectarian bias. In England, where most of the Lord-Lieutenants are Peers, the appointment of magistrates is almost exclusively in the hands of our hereditary legislators, which, of course, leads to the majority of the magistrates being more or less Conservative.

After considerable hesitation, and many questionable acts arising out of this hesitation, Government has at length decided to tamper no longer with Jingoism, but to act upon the principles which led to the country entrusting them with power. On Thursday last, Lord Hartington and Mr. Gladstone made this unmistakably clear. We are to leave the Soudan to cook in its own juice; Gordon is invited either to withdraw or to remain, on the distinct understanding that no material aid will be afforded to him; and no more English and Arabs are to cut each other's throats in aimless and purposeless slaughter. Having thus left the Soudan to the Soudanese, we are neither to annex Egypt nor to establish a protectorate over it, nor to remain there independently for the benefit of its bondholders. We are to undertake no new responsibilities there, but, having set the Khedive on his legs and given him a fair start, we are to withdraw.

It may well be asked why we allowed an English General to career about in the neighbourhood of Suakin, indulging in battues of Arabs? The real truth appears to have been that, whilst Achilles was ill, his colleagues drifted into these pranks, but that Achilles has now resumed the sceptre. Mr. Gladstone's speech last Thursday breathed the spirit of Midlothian, and the responsive cheers with which the Radicals greeted his declarations that no troops are to be sent to the Soudan, and that he is aware of the desperate attempts of those who have made millions by Egypt to force us to assume responsibilities in order that they may make more millions, no doubt convinced him that in carrying out his views in regard to Egypt, he can afford to disregard financing and Jingo clamour, for he will have the people of England at his back.

One significant phrase must not be forgotten, for it did full justice to those who had insisted upon bringing on Egyptian debates whilst the slaughters were taking place in the Soudan. "Were there," he observed, "a necessity or a likelihood of further bloodshed under the flag of her Majesty, that might be said to constitute a pressing and burning question in itself."

With regard to Gordon, I cannot help thinking that a mistake was made in sending him to Khartoum. He went on the distinct understanding that he had so much influence in the country, and that he would use it to obtain the peaceable withdrawal of the Egyptian garrisons. Since then he has proclaimed slavery, asked that the most notorious of the slave-dealers should be appointed Governor, urged us to send troops to Berber and an army to Khartoum, executed the two chief commanders of the Egyptian garrisons, proclaimed the Mahdi Sultan of Kordofan, and deposed him. He has been invited to return, but this apparently he declines to do. All this hardly looks as though he were the right man in the right place.

Many officers of the Egyptian National Party are with the Mahdi. The Egyptians, to a man, prefer the Mahdi to Tewfik. Were Gordon to announce that he is about to leave the Soudan, that the Soudanese will henceforward be left to themselves, and that the garrisons must make their own terms, the latter would go over to the Mahdi almost to a man. If, therefore, Gordon remains, and if, according to the *Times* Correspondent, he announces that an English force is about to come to aid him, he must alone accept the responsibility of the consequences of this wrongheadedness, both to himself and to the garrisons.

Souvenirs for Primrose Day, April 19.—Pins, Brooches, Bracelets, Ear-rings, Button-holes, &c., of Lord Beaconsfield's favourite flower, in gold and fine enamel. The unique designs are registered by Charles Parnacott, 28, New Bond-street, London, W.

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THE BARREL ORGAN.

Tune.—Harcourtius of Derbiæ.—(*A Metrical Prophecy.*)

HARCOURTIUS of Derbiæ,
In Right's great name he swore
That the crass hordes of Bumble
Should hold Guildhall no more.
In Right's great name he swore it,
And with good heart and will
Made ready for the desperate fight—
That is to say, he named a night
For bringing in his Bill.
And when the night ('twas Tuesday)
In order due came round,
In serried ranks the Liberals
Were in their places found;
And with a mighty shouting
Their gallant chief they cheered:
In sooth, those present on that day
Declare 'twas good to hear the way
They ardently "Hear-hear'd!"

But 'mongst the City Fathers
Was turmoil and affright,
For they had right good reason
To dread the coming fight;
And as they filled the lobby,
And locomotion stopped,
An awesome thing it was to hear
The h's that they dropp'd!
For many a City Father,
With far-protruding vest,
And City Knight, who should have worn
A soup-tureen as crest;
Vulgares Consiliarii—
In short, they all were there,
Who, having passed the bottle,
Soon hoped to "pass the Chair!"

They held a council standing
About the Lobby floor,
In groups to which fierce Auceps
In turns his presence bore;
But, after hot discussion
Of this and that design,
They, to a man, agreed their plan
Should be to go and dine!

* * * *

Then out spoke brave Harcourtius,
Commencing the debate,
"To every Government on earth
Defeat comes soon or late,
And how can one fall better
Than fighting Bumbles' swarm,
For the sake of London's future
And Municipal Reform?
For the sake of every citizen,
Be he or high or low,
And dwelleth he at Kensington,
Or Bermondsey, or Bow,
For the sake of every citizen
Who payeth heavy rates,
And to save them from the jobbery
That Bumble's rule creates.

"I'm ready, Mr. Speaker,
With all the haste I may,
To pass the sweeping measure
That I bring in to-day.
Too long has Gog been fancied
Invincible to be;
Now, who will stand on either hand
And back this Bill with me?"
Then out spake Gee-O-Emius,
A Grand Old Man was he,
"Lo, I will stand at thy right hand
And back this Bill with thee!"
And out spake Chelsæ Firthius,
A legal "friend" was he,
"I will, with pride, by thee abide,
And fight the Bill with thee!"

Meanwhile the Civic forces,
Despite their recent meal,
Are, in their hearts, so much afraid,
That all the blatant noise they made
Could not their fear conceal.
In vain did Magnus Blockus
His snuff-box pass around,
In vain did Auceps try to cheer
His followers, or far or near,
By his loud "Yah, Yah's" sound.
And far above the arena,
More City Fathers sat;
Smug, dense, and dull and vulgar,
Crass, fatuous, and fat.
And full of dread foreboding
Lest, if the Bill were past,
Of civic jobs and shuffles
They'd seen the very last.

For none was for the City,
Though all "managed" its estates;
And the Liveries robbed the poor man,
And the Council jobbed the rates.
Most trusts were misdirected,
And endowments misapplied,
When Harcourtius and Firthius
Stood out boldly side by side.
Stout Firthius sprang on Auceps,
And in a moment's space
He hurled, with crushing ardour,
A Blue-book in his face.
He saw, too, McArturus,
With soup-nerved vengeance burn,
And with one shot upset him,
Fired from a new "Return."

Then Cardenus of Barum,
On Gee-o-Emius rushed;
Cardenus, who, neath cab or 'bus
So frequently is crushed;
And Gee-O-Emius met his dash
With a compelling frown,
Then, with a force like Pickford's van,
Bore his assailant down.
'Twas Firthius smote down Luskus,
Statistics laid him low;
And to Cottoniensis' heart
Harcourtius sent a blow;
Owdenus muttered curses,
And 'midst the rising din
Was heard the voice of him who sits
For Farringdon Within.

But hark, they cry, "Randolphus!"
And 'midst a deep'ning roar
The spry "Quaternian" leader
Sprang out upon the floor.
He smiled at those before him,
A smile serenely sly;
He eyed the Bumbles near him,
And scorn was in his eye.
Quoth he, "In my existence
I never yet did know
So very just a measure,
So very mean a foe,
The City Corporation!
Bah! tell me what is that?
A mass of vulgar ignorance,
Of fussiness and fat!"

Then, snatching up a Blue-book,
He turned him left and right,
And hurled most damning extracts
With all his well-known might!
'Twas vain for poor Northcotus
To shrewishly protest;
In vain for Sclater-Boothius
To beat his massive chest.

And when the perky Crossius
To Bumble brought his aid,
'Twas fun to see how quickly he
Upon his back was laid.

Meantime, the "whips" their office
Persistently had plied,
And all the air was vocal
With cries of "'vide, 'vide, 'vide!"
With one more bound Harcourtius
At Auceps sternly leapt,
Then like a stream that bursts its banks,
In currents twain the rival ranks.
On to the lobbies swept.

* * * * * *

No sound of joy or sorrow
Rose from the crowded floor,
But friends and foes in mute surmise,
With parted lips and straining eyes,
Stood gazing at the door,
And when, from 'mongst the members
That surged about the Bar,
They saw the Liberal Whips appear,
There rose a most stupendous cheer,
Repeated near and far.

The stricken City Fathers,
Disgusted, slink away,
But round great Gee-O-Emius
The jocund victors stay,
Until, midst shouts and laughter,
And cheering long and loud,
He passes from the Forum,
Hailed by the joyous crowd.
They gave him and Harcourtius
A banquet straightaway,
And passed of votes of thanks, at least,
A score or so a-day.
And they made a graven image
Of both these statesmen good,
And set them up where hitherto
The Civic Griffin stood.

And still their names are music
Wherever they are heard;
Still by the daring deeds they did,
The City's pulse is stirred.
And its wives still pray for offspring
With hearts and will as bold
As those who passed the Bill so well,
And stormed bold Bumble's hold.
And in the nights of winter,
When from Turnham-green to Bow,
And from Camberwell to Hackney
The Cits all homeward go;
When round their cosy firesides
The happy households draw,
No longer dreading Bumble,
Nor Vestry-muddled law;

When the evening print is opened,
And electric-lamps are lit,
And, their rates no longer dreading,
The serene breadwinners sit;
When the young and old in circle
Around their parents close;
When the girls make high-art doyleys,
And the boys make classic *mots;*
When Papa writes to the paper
To Civic ways commend,
And London's central government
To London's weal doth tend;
Then, with many a burst of laughter,
Shall the story still be told
How brave Harcourtius passed his Bill
In the bad days of old!

SCRUTATOR.

THE ROYAL FUNERAL.

THE sad ceremony of Saturday was hardly well done, for there was but little that was really imposing about it, and the spectacle was decidedly poor. I see it described in the papers as "picturesque and impressive." A funeral service is always impressive, as a matter of course, and that of Saturday ought to have been particularly impressive; but I cannot say that it answered expectations. Such as it was, however, everything went off admirably, without a hitch of any kind. The fact is that a Royal funeral ought to be either a ceremony of State or else entirely private. The service of Saturday was neither one thing nor the other. Till the present reign, members of the Royal Family were always buried at night, and by torchlight, with a large attendance of soldiers and much magnificence. There is a graphic account of the burial of George II. in Westminster Abbey, in one of Horace Walpole's letters, and there are many people still living who can remember the funerals of the Duke of York and of George IV. in St. George's Chapel. The Duke of York's funeral, in fact, deserves a place in history; for the chill which Canning caught, while standing on the flagstones in the nave of the chapel, led to the illness which caused his death. Almost everybody who attended that funeral suffered severely in health, with the exception of Lord Eldon, who laid down his great cocked hat on the flagstones and stood upon it.

Most of the people who attended the ceremony of Saturday had been present at the Duke of Albany's wedding, and that was the last time that the majority of the company had entered St. George's. The contrast was naturally very striking. The nave, which was then filled with a gay crowd, was now blocked up with hideous scaffolding, except where gangways had been formed from the west and south doors to the choir gates. The choir was now a mass of black, but the effect was not good by daylight, although at night, or by candle-light, it would have been very grand. St. George's, really, never looks well by daylight, when prepared for a ceremony. The people invited to the funeral came down by a special train; and a number of the Royal carriages were waiting at the Great Western station, in which the majority of the company were conveyed direct to the Chapel, but a few walked, and found it by no means easy to get through the crowds which were thronging the whole street in front of the White Hart. An enormous number of people had arrived from London by the early trains, though why they should have undertaken the expedition it was difficult to conjecture, as there was absolutely nothing for "the public" to see.

The arrangements in the choir were excellent in every respect, and there was no sort of confusion, as a plan had been drawn out by which every available seat was assigned. The staff from the Lord Chamberlain's Office attended to all these details, and very well they did their work. Everybody was placed in an incredibly short time. Evening dress had been the original order, but literally at the last moment (late on Friday evening) Levée dress was substituted by the Queen. The change was not judicious. The contrast between the sombre black of the chapel fittings and the varied uniforms was garish and most unpleasing, especially as several ladies in the pews were in the deepest mourning. The company were attired in the uniforms of Privy Councillors and Deputy-Lieutenants and in Court dress, and there were one or two personages arrayed in the hideous Windsor uniform. The Duke of Grafton, and one or two other "Blue Ribbons," were adorned with the trappings of Knights of the Garter. Time had been so short, and so many changes had been made in the order of the ceremony, that the final arrangements in the Chapel were only completed half-an-hour before the hour fixed for the service, and that after very hard work indeed. Mr. Ponsonby-Fane was evidently full of cares, and ran about with the air of bustle and business which he wears at all functions, being at one minute near the altar, the next consulting with a subordinate in the nave, and then rushing out into the aisle. There was quite a bank of beautiful wreaths about the chancel, which had been arranged in the morning, and the gold-plate and palms of the altar looked very well. There was a longer delay than had been expected, during which people whispered to their neighbours, or read their programmes or the Prayer Book. The mourners assembled in the Albert Memorial Chapel, in which the coffin was placed on its arrival at Windsor; and it was known to those in the choir that the procession had started by the Guards' Band commencing Chopin's "Funeral March," and by the minute-guns being fired. All at once, everybody rose as the Queen and the Princesses glided into the choir from the door between the stalls and the altar which communicates with the north aisle. The six chairs which had been brought in for them were arranged in two rows, and were so situated that everything which took place at the graveside could be distinctly seen and heard, while the Queen could both enter and leave the chapel without attracting general notice. It had been intended that her Majesty should occupy the Royal gallery above the altar on the north side (from which she witnessed the wedding of the Prince of Wales), but this plan was abandoned, as the staircase which leads to this gallery is a steep and awkward one. The Royal ladies were attended from the Deanery through the cloisters and into the chapel by Lord Sydney and Lord Kenmare, who carried their wands of office; the latter seemed terribly nervous.

The Dean and clergy and the Lord Chamberlain and Lord Steward then proceeded to the great west doors, at the end of the nave, which are rarely opened except for a ceremony of State. As the procession moved slowly up the nave, Chopin's "Prelude in E minor" was softly played on the organ. This air was selected by Princess Beatrice. The servants came first, then the Ambassadors and members of the Household, all of whom had to be shown to their respective places. The choir and clergy came next, with the Dean last,

Family Histories.—"Our Noble and Gentle Families of Royal Descent" commands peculiar interest on account of the numerous genealogies which will only be found in its pages, and which will enable many families for the first time to possess in a permanent and handy form (in addition to their royal descent) an elaborate account of their relatives and kin with a trustworthy history of their ancestors. Now compiling by Mr. Foster, 21, Boundary-rd., London, N.W.

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next behind the Canons of Windsor, of whom only three were present, as Mr. Anson has not returned from Mentone, where he has been staying all the winter. Lord Wriothesley Russell ought, properly, to have read the Lesson, but the Queen had specially directed that the whole service was to be performed by the Dean. Lord Wriothesley, who has held his stall for forty-four years, is, I believe, the sole survivor of the clergy who were appointed to Prince Albert's household on his marriage. The Dean read throughout with great distinctness and deliberation, but the service ought to have been fully choral.

As the coffin passed under the organ-screen, the Queen and the Princesses rose, and continued standing until after the hymn. The coffin was a tremendous weight, and was said to be the heaviest that has entered St. George's since the funeral of George IV. The bearers (twelve stalwart Highlanders) seemed to quiver under the load, and it was impossible not to feel nervous at the idea of the catastrophe which would have resulted from a false step. The coffin, covered with the Union Jack, was placed on the bier which was waiting at the upper end of the choir, while the wreaths under which it had been concealed were arranged round the edges. The soldiers who had carried it filed off to the right, and stood ranked there almost opposite to the Queen. Lord Sydney and Lord Kenmare stood facing the coffin, with their backs to the altar. The first hymn was then sung, "O God, our help in ages past," and after the Lesson came the anthem, Spohr's "Blest are the departed," which was finely rendered. During the prayer beginning "Forasmuch as it has pleased," earth was thrown upon the coffin by Lord Brooke, who stood at the head of the pall-bearers on the left side, and who had been deeply affected throughout. The Prince of Wales seemed full of woe, and looked quite broken-down with fatigue and sorrow. The shock of his brother's death, and the perpetual travelling and excitement of the last week, had evidently told severely on him. He will do well to take a few weeks of entire rest either in the country or abroad. The German Crown Prince, who looked ill and worried, was principal supporter to the Prince of Wales, as at the funeral of the Prince Consort; and on the other side was the Grand Duke of Hesse, who also seemed deeply depressed. The Queen maintained her composure in a marvellous manner, but some of the Princesses sobbed bitterly. After the concluding hymn, Dr. Newman's "Lead, kindly light," the Queen and the Princesses retired from the chapel, and Garter King at Arms advanced to the mouth of the vault, and in a loud, pompous voice proclaimed "the style and titles" of the deceased Prince; but he did not do this in a very felicitous fashion, which was unfortunate, inasmuch as a proclamation of this kind sounds grotesque if it is not well given. The coffin—which in the course of the prayers had been partially lowered into the vaults by the machinery underneath—was then lowered right down to the floor below, and the company began to crowd out of the choir, while Mr. Parrett (who was principally indebted for his present post to the influence of the Duke of Albany) played Chopin's "March," and finished with one of Beethoven's Funeral Marches. Outside the pipers of the Seaforth Regiment played "Lochaber's Lament," a most mournful dirge.

It was said that the Queen had originally commanded Luther's Hymn, "Great God, what do I see and hear?" which was sung so grandly at the Prince Consort's funeral, and it is a pity that it was struck out, as it was a great favourite with the Duke of Albany, who was always excessively fond of Church music, and both at Boyton and at Claremont he frequently interested himself in the selection of the chant tunes and the hymns for the Sunday services. The music at Prince Albert's funeral was very fine, but the Queen had cut down this part of the service on Saturday, and the ceremony lost immeasurably by the alteration. Handel and Croft and Purcell would have been far more effective than the music which was selected. The lunch at the Castle was a doleful affair, for it was laid, with a singular lack of *savoir-faire*, precisely as it had been at the Duke's wedding, in the same room, the Waterloo Chamber, and on tables arranged as on that occasion. But very little time was allowed for refreshment, as the funeral, not having commenced punctually, finished later than had been expected. The company were back in London before three, thanks to the Great Western, whose arrangements were excellent.

Directly after the service had finished, the Lord Chamberlain's functionaries descended to the vaults, and superintended the removal of the coffin from the crypt underneath the choir of St. George's to the royal tomb-house, constructed by George III., which forms the superstructure of the Albert Memorial (Wolsey) Chapel. It was wheeled along on a trolley, and on reaching the vault (which is entered from the passage by a large gate) it was placed on the stone table in the centre, where the coffins of King George of Hanover and of the Duke of Kent lie. The Queen visited the vault late in the afternoon. It is generally expected that the Duke's coffin will ultimately be transferred to the Prince Consort's Mausoleum, at Frogmore. The Queen and the Prince of Wales expressed their entire satisfaction with the admirable manner in which Lieutenant Munro and the soldiers of the Seaforth Highlanders carried out their melancholy duties. Everybody who had been in the Chapel praised them highly. They had been thoroughly well drilled beforehand by Banting.

FEEDING THE ROBINS.

Down in the country, in whatever part of England you may wander, there is an old-fashioned superstition in connection with the pretty red-breasted bird known as the Robin. You may slay a sparrow, you may cage a thrush, you may trap a blackbird, and you may even shoot a swallow—if you can; but woe betide the mischievous and ill-conditioned urchin who in any way interferes with the liberty of the robin redbreast! If this favourite little bird ever gets into trouble, he is quickly assisted out of his predicament, fed if he be hungry and released if he be trapped. The boy would be thrashed who tortured him; the child is encouraged from infancy to scatter crumbs for

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the sustenance of this favourite of the household. In the winter time, when the snow is on the ground, in the bleak and wild March weather, in the teeth of the torture of the east wind, who is there—man, woman, or child—who would have the heart to deny a meal to the poor half-starved and ragged robin? Who would preach and prate about the mischievous practice of encouraging unnecessary dependence, or would wax eloquent about the danger of pauperising and demoralising the bird kingdom, if a score of hungry robins settled under the house-roof or hopped about the hall-door, looking very disconsolate and forlorn, and saying, in the most expressive bird language, that the wretched little creatures were very hungry and claimed our consideration and hospitality?

The other morning I saw the most pitiful assemblage of hungry and destitute robins that it was ever my sad fortune to behold. I was standing at the door of the Omega Hall, in a little street just off the Alpha-road, in the Regent's Park, in the teeth of the bitter east wind of a wild March morning, when some hundreds of starved robins settled and perched about the hospitable porch of a well built and convenient mission hall that has been utilised for the service of an excellent charity. They were the saddest and hungriest little robins in the world. Some were very ragged, and most were very pale. Some had thread-bare garments, and many were deplorably ill-shod. Some were enfeebled and crippled, and one was stone-blind from starvation—only think of that! They all bore on their white, worn faces the signs of acute and speechless misery, that dreadful searching look that betokens the desperate hunger of a little child. Let me drop the allegory. They were not feathered birds at all, but very featherless and chilly little children—boys and girls, infants and urchins, who had been discovered in the neighbouring Board Schools so hungry and so half-starved that it was morally impossible that they could do satisfactorily what the law insists they shall do—learn their lessons like good children, and, by the power of education, grow up into strong and healthy citizens. It was not their own fault that they were so hungry. They were dependent on their parents, and their parents could not help them. Fathers out of work, or racked with rheumatism, mothers unable to get a job or dying from consumption, children of drunkards some of them, the offspring of renegades not a few, poor little atoms brought into the world and left to shift for themselves, the last love of widows, the strange burden of widowers, the legacy left to old aunts and grandmothers—these were the brief outlines of the stories I read in the sad faces of the youngsters who crowded into Omega Hall bearing in their hands the welcome ticket, which said as plain as words can say that their poor little stomachs should be warm and full for one day at least out of the weary week. It may not be generally known, but it is nevertheless true, that the experience of the Board Schools has revealed an appalling destitution. Children subjected to the educational process have fallen off their seats, fainting from want of food, lips have turned pale, the thread of strength has given way, and it has been discovered that at certain times of the year a large percentage of the children come to school unfortified by food, and depart from it with but a very poor prospect of any sustenance before bed-time. These are not mere accidental or sensational cases, they are only too common and too prevalent, and the occasional doles of charity wrung from the compassionate and tender-hearted have seriously taxed the slender pockets of the poor and good-natured teachers. Certain kind and energetic women came to know of this distress, and it made their hearts bleed to know that so many children were such silent sufferers. So they determined that if they could avoid it, the children should starve no more. They set about their work in an honest, straightforward, and practical manner. With the aid of the School Board authorities and the teachers, they commenced a system of examining minutely and personally into every case of distress, and they satisfied themselves that the children were being starved simply because the domestic cupboard was bare. Collecting some small sums from the charitable at the outset, they commenced a series of periodical dinners for these poor waifs. Scarcely had this excellent and praiseworthy mission been started and got in order when the promoters of it were assailed with invective and scorn by a section of philosophic philanthropists. This was a form of outdoor relief intolerable to the mind of a certain section of Bumbledom. The good women who were feeding the hungry little children were told that they were pauperising and degrading the people, they were teaching them the worst kind of dependence, they were encouraging the poor in idle and vicious habits, and they were by this charity opposing the first principles of modern organisation in connection with the poor. Never for one moment was any alternative proposed. When cases of starving children were brought forward, where no blame could possibly be attached to parent or child, it was not pretended that it were better for them to starve than to eat. But for all that, buckets of cold water were thrown on the efforts of these excellent women, who never dreamed of relieving before they could assure themselves that it was a case of real distress and destitution. Notwithstanding the sneers of rival charitable societies, the work went on. And this is what I myself saw of the work that cold and pitiless March morning as I shivered in the Regent's Park:—

At a little after twelve o'clock a small detachment of charitable ladies repaired to the hall; pretty and gentle ladies they were, I can assure you, who had left their own children, left their warm and comfortable homes, left their society and amusements, denied themselves the luxury of laziness, for the sake of waiting upon the hungry robins, and seeing that the crumbs were scattered. With their own hands these gentlewomen laid the table-cloths, put out the cutlery, cut up the bread, arranged the hall for the mid-day meal, and prepared the sideboards for the hot joints and the steaming puddings. Bless your heart, these generous creatures were not above acting as house-

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Roper Frères' 1st Quality extra dry Champagne. Roper Frères' 1st Quality medium dry. Of all Wine Merchants.

maids and parlour-maids, when they could see their thanks in the eyes of the wretched children. Jemima Ann and Mary Jane would turn up their noses at having to wait on these ragged urchins; not so the Christian and devoted creatures who, at severe inconvenience, had faced the cold, wrapped up in faith, and protected by respirators, to do what they could for "the least of these little ones." There was no pride about them, but fair girls and pretty married women tucked up their sleeves, and went to work with a will, unaided by the philandering deacon or the fascinating curate. The cloth was scarcely laid when the poor little waifs rushed in, oh! so desperately eager and hungry! The arrangement was admirable. They were divided into squads, each guarded by an appointed monitor. It was a sad sight indeed to see the children in such a predicament, but a sadder one still to hear the stories of their poverty-stricken homes. Ever the same story—father out of work, mother sick in hospital, an accident here to the bread-winner, disease laying the prop of the home by the heels there, and often the greatest sudden distress and most pinching poverty in the homes of the better classes of artisans. It is a mistake and a shame to assume that the poor and the unfortunate are all miserable cadgers, who would trade upon such a charity as this, and degrade their children by letting them accept that to which they were not entitled. Experience says just the contrary. Those who are temporarily relieved bless in secret the gift in need which is a gift indeed, and when brighter days arrive and work is procured, they voluntarily take their children away and allow them to be fed no more.

It is smart work, this serving of the mid-day dinner to the destitute children. Recreation time is short, and all must go away warmed and fed in a little over half-an-hour. Joints of meat disappear as if by magic; hundreds of hands are held up clamouring for bread, more bread! The huge rice puddings create enormous excitement, and the good ladies are well-nigh exhausted with their efforts to forget no one and to act fairly to all. The poor blind boy has to be attended to up in the corner, lest the sad child should be forgotten in the *mêlée;* the cripple has to be guarded from the rougher lads. The modest little flowers, with their pale sweet faces, must be protected from the storm of the hungry crowd, and the greatest judgment has to be exercised in making a little go a very long way. It was an extremely hungry day on the occasion of my visit. At least twenty more put in an appearance than were expected, and at the last moment came despairing notes from teachers at Board Schools who knew of the good work,—"For goodness' sake, give this poor child something to eat; it is a case of true distress, take my word for it;" or "If there is a scrap over, give it to the bearer; she has eaten nothing to-day, and, without you take pity on her, must go hungry to bed." Whilst there is a square inch left on the joint, or a spoonful of pudding in the tin, you may be sure that no one goes away empty.

A Beautiful Complexion.—Hagan's Magnolia Balm gives a pure and blooming complexion. It restores and preserves youthful beauty. Its effects are gradual, natural, and perfect. It removes redness, blotches, pimples, tan, sunburn, and freckles, and makes a lady of thirty appear but twenty. The Magnolia Balm makes the skin smooth and pearly, and imparts a fresh appearance to the countenance. Hagan's Magnolia Balm has been established nearly 40 years, and is sold by all Chemists and Perfumers.

In half-an-hour all is over, but remember that much more has been done than actually feeding the hungry. Here before our eyes is a grand field for missionary labour. The most ragged and deplorable children are taken aside before they go, and presented with some garments to make them decent, and names of cases are taken down for the subsequent attention of the missionary, the Bible-woman, or the district visitor. If it had not been for the School, no one would have found the hungry child; by means of the hungry child, the sick father or mother is discovered. Unless, then, the bold proposition be laid down that the children of miserable parents ought to starve or suffer for the sins of their fathers, without relief, it is inconceivable upon what ground these School Board dinners can be condemned. Such a charity as this should no more starve than the children. It has up to the present got on so well—thanks to the offerings of the charitable—that branch dinners have been established in various parts of London, where the children are just as hungry as those in Lisson-grove. And now, to put it practically—and this is the great point: We all of us throw away money in every kind of luxury—the woman on her finery, the man on his pleasures. A pair or so of gloves the less, or a something saved off the daily consumption of cigars or tobacco, would cheer the little hearts of some hundreds of little children. Think of it, just these few solemn days before Easter! think of it, you husbands and wives, who expect the youngsters home for the holidays, and welcome the rosy olive-branches! One golden sovereign will procure sixty-four dinners, and will warm and comfort sixty-four sad little bodies. A five-pound note will feed 320 children, and the thankfulness of their young voices will be the best receipt for honest money ever given in this world. Think over it, I say, when the world should be bright and happy, and remember how few little crumbs will feed so many thousands of poor, ragged, and sadly disconsolate robins!

MUSIC.

There is, of course, a sudden lull in the London musical season. Joachim has departed, Madame Schumann's field-days and nights at the Monday and Saturday "Pops" are over, and on Good Friday the British public will take its pleasure sadly at the Albert Hall listening to the "Messiah," with such Lenten benefactors as Albani and Maas. Whilst everybody is out of town, Mr. Carl Rosa will pluckily start his English opera, and doubtless draw crowded houses with such "children in the wilderness" as are left.

Rosa evidently means to do it well. Marie Roze and McGuckin are thoroughly up to their work, and those who have lively recollections of Mackenzie's "Colomba" and Thomas's "Esmeralda" will go again to hear these exceptionally fine works, whilst there is a good deal of curiosity about Mr. Stanford's "Canterbury Pilgrims." Any one who has the genius to bring Chaucer into fashion again will deserve well of his country, and Stanford knows what he is about.

I was rather amused with Bonawitz's grand (?) opera at St. George's Hall last week. It had been considerably

Antique and Decorative French, Italian, and English Furniture, and Old Tapestries, &c.—J. J. Duveen 181, Oxford-street.

puffed; so had her Royal Highness Princess Frederica, who was announced to appear amongst the audience, but who did not show up. A Madame Gladstone-Bennet, who was to have done the Queen of Poland on the other side of the footlights, did not appear either, so Madame Waldmann Leideritz—"earnest," but neither interesting nor in tune—first came on as the Queen of Poland, then as Lodoiska, and ended by ordering her own execution! Then we had a *bal masqué*, which would have been very well only it wasn't a *bal* and it wasn't *masqué*, but every one wore old waterproofs, which made us all feel as if it were raining. Indeed, I expected to see some of the company who came armed with umbrellas, put them up; but the "*bal*" was got through, in spite of the melancholy water-proofers, with the assistance of the corps de ballet in arsenic green, and a really clever little girl who danced very prettily. Madame Leideritz was considered "sublime" by the numerous Polish friends present; and Bonawitz, who is, I am told, a respectable pianist, and quite equal to writing pretty occasional music, was saluted as a genius of the first water, and called on to the stage with Madame Leideritz, who absurdly presented him with a solitary bouquet, which had been handed to her from a side-box. Great applause! The gallant Bonawitz, of course, declined it; more applause! Then in came the little dancing girl in a red frock, dragging her reluctant dancing-mistress after her. This modest lady was not dressed for the occasion, and came on attired—well, as she appeared "of a morning at home!" I should say, before twelve o'clock.

It was all very funny and *heimlich*, as the Germans say, but not exactly "grand opera." How can it be worth Bonawitz's while? and who paid for the hire of the waterproofs and the army of pasteboard guards, and the gas? All that is just one of those mysteries which the critic in the stalls sits revolving, until at last, like Dundreary, he gives it up as a thing no "fellah can understand."

Madame Sainton-Dolby's concert, modestly spoken of as being given by students, might more properly be said to be by artistes, for the quality here offered to the public reaches very high excellence. How can it be otherwise? Madame Sainton-Dolby, who for years had no contralto rival in oratorio, when she retired threw her vast energy, talent, and experience into training others. Miss Hyde, contralto, will do very well if she goes on as she has begun. It would be a good thing if some of our amateur choral societies would go to these "students'" concerts, and learn how part-songs ought to be sung and choirs trained generally.

I suppose last Wednesday's Ballad Concert at St. James's Hall (not Boosey's) was to gather up the fragments. It seems there were yet left a few people in town who had not heard enough ballads; and—what is more to the point—a few singers who had not sung enough, such as Miss Mullen, Miss Ameris, Madame Zimeri, all names with which the public are not over-familiar. Ah, me! 'Tis sad how many people want to be heard compared with the number of people who want to hear them.

Good news! Although Joachim is going, Sarasate is coming, and announces concerts with the Philharmonic band to show him off. I had just as soon hear him with the pianoforte.

Richter is to have his hands full this season. He is not only to conduct a series of orchestral concerts from April 21 to June 9, but a series of Wagner operas at Covent Garden from June 4 to July 11. It is a comfort to think that the classical and operatic enterprises are in the same hands this year, and I sincreely hope that the results will be financially sound. It is most depressing when a great conductor like Richter has to give his services and conduct extra concerts simply to pay the band for their previously unremunerative efforts! This was actually the case last year, and every one thought it very generous of Richter, but I hope it "will never occur again," as Nellie Farren apologetically remarks after some unusually *risqué pas*.

I see that Lord Dysart is president of the London Branch of the United Richard Wagner Society, of Germany. I am glad that for once we have a nobleman whose name is not used idly as an advertisement. Lord Dysart not only takes the trouble to go to Bayreuth to hear Wagner's operas, but is never tired of studying the scores at home, and is usually to be seen in his box when any of the Wagner operas are given. We have had quite enough of musical enterprises under the patronage of unmusical Archbishops and a galaxy of titled people who really know little and care less about the divine art.

NOTES FROM PARIS.

ALBANI, PAST AND PRESENT.

I SAW Albani the other day in the green-room of the Trocadéro, and had the pleasure of a short chat with her. She looked a full-blown woman, gracious, handsome, and the picture of health, wealth, and happiness. If there were exhibitions for well-cared wives as there are for prosperous-looking babies, Mr. Gye would be justified in competing for a first prize. I knew Albani before she went on the operatic stage, when she was Miss La Jeunesse—a name, by the by, celebrated by Longfellow. She has still the wide, high, prominent, white and smooth forehead which thrust itself on my attention when I first saw her; but the under part of the face has developed since her marriage, so that no feature is now more prominent than another. In 1868 Emma La Jeunesse was a sweet maiden, undeveloped, but yet not raw; ingenuous and gay with the gaiety of youth, but endowed with a strong will; upright, and animated by good intentions and high aims. She had no idea that she was gifted with a fine voice when she came to Europe to perfect herself as a church organist. At that time she used to dress in the evening in a dark blue silk dress, quite untrimmed, and a white satin tippet edged with swansdown. The agreeable fact that she had in her the stuff of a first-rate operatic singer was made known to her by Mr. Crawford, the Paris correspondent of the *Daily News*, with whose wife and sisters-in-law she was acquainted. They gave a party on purpose to bring her out, to which the Chinese Embassy, headed by the late Hon. Anson Burlinghame, came.

Rimmel's Toilet Vinegar, tonic, refreshing, 2/6. Aromatic Ozonizer, a natural air purifier, 1/. 96, Strand; 128, Regent-st.; 24, Cornhill.

Minton's China.—A visit to Messrs. Mortlock's extensive collection in Oxford-street and Orchard-street will conclusively prove the superiority of taste and lowness of price for which this house has been so celebrated during the last century and a half.

I was yesterday reminded of all this by M. Kæmpfen, who is now the Directeur-Général des Beaux Arts. He was asked to the party both as a friend and to notice the young Canadian singer in the *Temps* and the *Univers Illustré*, for which he wrote, under the pseudonym of Gerôme. She was thus mentioned by him in the former journal:—"Mdlle. La Jeunesse—'un nom qui va bien avec ses dix-huit années et sa physiognomie toute charmante'—sang with taste, delicacy, feeling, and in a crystalline voice some melodies of Rossini and 'The Last Rose of Summer.'" Vicomte de Calonne spoke of her in the most eulogistic manner; but he did not venture, she being unknown, to print what he said. Other critics were as complimentary in speech; but they were afraid to commit themselves to an opinion in their musical *feuilletons*. Krauss, Marie Roze, Nilsson, and Patti were their personal friends, and might have been angry if a young Canadian girl were brought forward to tread upon their heels. The same critics, four years later, formed a cabal against Mdlle. Albani, when she was engaged to sing at the old Italian Opera House, which Baron de Soubeyran has turned into a bank. Fortunately she had made a name in other capitals, before which they were eventually forced to bow. Albani, throughout her career, has never trusted to luck, momentary favour of the public, or to mere technical skill. She has sedulously applied herself to improve her mind as well as to exercise her throat, and she has lived a good and noble life. The upright girl, whom I knew as Emma La Jeunesse, is, to plagiarise Wordsworth, the mother of the happy and gracious woman whom I talked with in the Artists' Salon at the Trocadéro last week. It is a long time since I heard her in an opera, so that I am not competent to judge of her dramatic power as a cantatrice. But on Thursday her voice was truly *une voix céleste*. It expressed superiority to those low passions which are "of the earth earthy." The style was sublime in its amplitude, and the tone clear as crystal. Though passionless, Albani was not cold. Her singing was analogous to moonlight, such as it is described in "The Merchant of Venice." Albani wore at the rehearsal a grey dress of Lyons brocade and satin, a dark and loose pelisse, trimmed with fur of the same shade, and a grey bonnet and feathers, with white tulle veil and satin strings, fastened with a diamond brooch. On that occasion she did not resort to any of those stage artifices which render the lips redder, the skin whiter, and the cheeks of a warmer carnation than nature made them. On the public day she appeared in a pale pink satin dress with a long train, and trimmed in front with diagonal bands of brown iridescent jet and coarse yellow lace. A large shawl of old lace was wound round her bust. Had it veiled her cheeks and lips one might have thought of "the bunch of sweet strawberries, smothered in cream," of the Irish ballad.

The Queen of Otaheite is now, to speak in the language of an old-fashioned ballad, "sailing on the sea to return in haste to her own countree." She abridged her European tour for several reasons. Her child, she heard, would not be consoled for her absence. Being only one degree removed from a savage, the maternal instinct is so strong in Marahü that she was as miserable as her son when she learned that he pined for her. Her Majesty might have returned to America by way of London, Holyhead, Dublin, and Queenstown if M. Jules Ferry had not given her to understand that John Bull was an omnivorous creature, and having devoured the Cape of Good Hope, Mauritius, and Australia, wanted all the islands of the Pacific for a dessert. Of course, if they let him swallow them, France could not go on subsidising King Pomare and his consort. The third and chief reason was that board and lodging are dear at the Hôtel de Lille et d'Albion. Her Majesty before she came here had a fixed income, allowed by the King of Otaheite, of 6,000 f. a year. She has now 5,000 f. a year more. But what is £440 annually when one is obliged to keep up a decent appearance at a first-class family hotel in Paris? Doubtless she had friends who were devoted to her. But Marahü had too much feminine penetration not to understand that in taking her to operas, theatres, and other spectacles they had done for her all she could reasonably expect. Captain des Essarts, of the Republican Navy, who was Governor of Otaheite before she and her Royal consort had agreed to disagree, is a charming cavalier. But, as he would not go sight-seeing with her unless she was accompanied by a lady, her nephew, and a courier, his politeness was too costly to him and her for it to be longwinded. Some weeks ago, I furnished you with a sketch of her Otaheitan Majesty. I have little to add thereto and nothing to take therefrom. To the end of her visit to Paris she kept journalists at a distance. "If I had anything new or striking to say to them," she said to a visitor, who wanted to obtain leave for a friend of his to interview her, "I could understand why they besieged my doors. But I am very ignorant, and I am conscious that I am not a wit. Though I know French and English, and play several musical instruments, I was not a bright girl at school, and have not improved much since. What, then, can it matter to the world what I think of Paris, Havre, New York, or San Francisco? More intelligent and observant persons than I can set up to be, pass daily through these cities. Why do not the reporters pounce on them and question them? I should feel so happy in hastening back to Otaheite if I were not afraid of being dogged by American interviewers." The Queen of Otaheite agreeably surprised the *habitués* of the Italian Opera by shining forth in white satin and diamonds. Notwithstanding her very dark complexion, she was more attractive than some of the professional beauties who have boxes there. Her Majesty was always *au naturel*. She had neither recourse to paint nor pearl-powder to hide the duskiness of her cheeks.

What do you think of the last fashion? Perhaps you may not have yet been told about it. Beauties who have perfect necks and busts will hasten to adopt this mode. Why? Because it enables them to display charms which are usually hidden in the broad daylight. If the skin be not white and healthy, 'twere best not to be in this fashion. What do you think of a short skirt, a corsage

Vanity Fair says:—"Mr. Benjamin is still the Prince of Ulster and Stalking-Coat Makers." Ulster House, Conduit-street, W

Almond's Hotel, situated in the best position of the West-end and close to the theatres, parks, &c., is now re-opened. A spacious Salle à Manger and Ladies' Drawing-room have also been added, hot and cold baths and many single bedrooms. Special attention directed to sanitary arrangements. Clifford-street, Bond-street, W.
J. R. Roy, Proprietor.

made of the same stuff and just like a corset, with a nether garment in some sort of coloured foulard, made like a chemise, but handsomely bordered above the running strings, which, of course, should be drawn somewhat, and tied? On this trimming small diamond ornaments, such as flies and daddy-long-legs, may be dotted. The sleeves of the under-vesture should extend almost to the elbow. From this you are not to infer that the rest of the arm should be bare. It should be well covered with a Swedish glove. A small sealskin or fur-trimmed mantle, and a bonnet to match, should complete the toilet. If the bonnet is large, it will spoil everything. Nor should I omit to state that if the little mantle is not ostensibly *very warm*, there will not be a good excuse for the wearer to throw it off when she is paying a visit. I was present yesterday at a *déshabillement* of this kind. The fair lady who suffered from the heat of her sealskin cloak, had a figure of sculptural beauty, and such a neck and chest! It was of a pearly tinge, with a faint glow of pink, and delicately veined (but only as nature willed) with blue. This model was, doubtless, imported into France by a mantua-maker, who had seen the ladyhood of the English peerage going to Buckingham Palace to make their curtsey to Queen Victoria at a Drawing-room. When aristocratic necks and bosoms are exhibited in the broad daylight of London to the gaze of Dick, Tom, and Harry, why should they not (when fit to be seen) be bared in Paris salons at afternoon receptions? French logic gives an affirmative answer. Do not imagine that I jest or give the rein to my imagination. What I describe I saw.

SPORTING NOTES.

THE Annual General Meeting of the Jockey Club will be held at Newmarket next Wednesday, when Lord Cadogan's three years' term as Steward will expire. It is earnestly to be hoped that he will be very careful in the choice of his successor. The Jockey Club requires at the present juncture a man who is strong all round, and I cannot but think that by far the best plan would be to request Mr. Lowther to return to office. He proved himself to be by far the most efficient Steward that has been known at Newmarket since Admiral Rous and Mr. Chaplin were so far-reaching in their reform and so manifold in their activities. However, it is absolutely essential that the new Steward should be an individual of unexceptionable position. It will never do in these days to nominate any man whose pecuniary position is equivocal, or any one who makes his racing a trade.

Sir George Chetwynd is to move an addition to Rule 41, "No selling handicaps to be allowed." I sincerely hope that he will succeed in carrying this most salutary proposal, which is one of the many reforms which were recommended years ago in Truth, and which were then virulently denounced in every form of invective, being looked upon as ridiculous and preposterous merely because they were novel; but the proposition that my principles were sound is one that it would be hard to controvert, seeing that the majority of the changes which I advised in 1877 and 1878 have since been brought about. Most of the sporting papers were then determined enemies of every species of reform. They were desirous of maintaining in their integrity even the minutest abuses which in the course of years had become connected with the turf. They would alter nothing, and were furious with anybody who proposed to alter anything. They only represented the views of most racing men, whose talk, as Lord Beaconsfield observed, "begins with handicaps and weights, and ends with weights and handicaps." "A few more drops of Eldonine," said the *Quarterly Review*, "and we should have had the People's Charter." It became the same thing on the turf, which, three years ago, was denounced by Lord Beaconsfield as "a vast engine of national demoralisation." Rational people then began to see that if the Jockey Club would not take steps to improve matters, there must be an end of the Jockey Club, and its work must be taken in hand by Parliament.

If Sir George Chetwynd carries his proposal, I trust to hear next of a motion to make £100 the minimum selling price in auction races—a reform which ought to have been passed long ago. At the best meetings one never finds horses entered for less than £100, and the sort of beasts which are to be sold for £30 and for £50 are much better off the turf; as a rule, their owners are no credit to it. If good horses are entered for these paltry stakes, it is only because their owners want to gamble.

The racing at Northampton was very interesting, as not only was some of the running important as regards future events, but there were some uncommonly fine finishes. The Spencer Plate and the Althorp Stakes were both won by "heads," and the race for the Queen's Plate was a remarkable one, as Lizzie won in a walk, after having appeared to be quite out of it. Bedouin was a hot favourite for the Spencer Plate, and he won after a very fine race with Village Boy (whose success would have been particularly opportune after the tragedy of Fulmen); but Mr. Carington's horse would have won easier if Barrett had ridden him more judiciously. He was, however, very lucky to win at all, for he did not get off very well in front, and, as a rule, a bad start is fatal in this race. Laverock, the Brocklesby failure, was not sent to run for the Althorp Park Stakes, and I hear that his owner intends to reserve him for the Stud Stakes, at Newmarket, on the Thursday in the first Spring Meeting, in which he takes a 10 lb. allowance. Mat Dawson won this race last year with Reprieve. A high bid for Laverock has been refused, and comparing his trial with the running of the last fortnight, it cannot be doubted that he ought to have won easily at Lincoln. The two-year-olds appear to be all together. Lady Gladys, who certainly would have won the Brocklesby cleverly with a clear course, could only scramble home at Northampton a head in front of Present Times, who, on the following day was beaten by an animal in the Heath House stable, which is not "within measurable distance" of

"Advice to Dyspeptics."—Symptoms of Dyspepsia, and Indigestion with special advice as to diet.—"This little pamphlet appeals *forcibly* to those who have allowed the palate to decide everything for them, and have paid the inevitable penalty of their folly."—Sent for one stamp. J. M. Richards, Publisher, 92, Great Russell-street, London.

Sanitary Inspection.—Fee, 2 Guineas. Improvement works undertaken. The Sanitary Engineering Co., 115, Victoria-st., Westminster.

Laverock. The two-year-old "good thing" of the meeting was supposed to be St. Rule, a flashy-looking colt by Pellegrino, for which Blanton paid 360 gs. last year. He cut up very badly. Sir George Chetwynd does not seem to have a bargain in Strathend, a colt by Strathconan, which cost 800 gs. as a yearling. Lizzie, having won the Queen's Plate on Tuesday, was made a "pot" for the Northamptonshire Stakes next day; but she ought not to have been backed, for it had manifestly taken her all her time to get the distance on the first day, and she could scarcely be the better for so severe a race. She was never in it, and the race was won for the Duke of Hamilton in a common canter by Loch Ranza, who, however, did not beat much; but then he is evidently a good stayer, which is something among such a moderate lot of three-year-olds. He is not in the Two Thousand, but is in the Derby, and he will no doubt run a public trial at Newmarket next week, in the Craven Stakes. Cosy was very heavily backed for the St. Liz Handicap, but she ran wretchedly, and any one who has been fatuous enough to back her for the City and Suburban may look upon the money as lost. Her running does not say much for the Lincoln form, and confirms my opinion that Tonans was exceedingly lucky in not meeting Buchanan or Fulmen. The St. Liz was won by Friar Rush, who is brother to St. Blaise. Very high expectations of this horse's future were entertained by Lord Alington and Sir Frederick Johnstone, but he went amiss or met with an accident, and was never more than a respectable plater. He now belongs to Peck. There was a frantic plunge in the Town Stakes on Iolanthe, who made his first appearance since he was purchased last May for 800 gs. at the sale of the stud of the warned-off Radmall. The *Sporting Times* points out very justly that Radmall's retirement was really a fortunate incident for him, inasmuch as he realised enormous prices for a lot of horses, not one of which has since won a shilling.

In a selling race on Wednesday Mr. Chaplin entered Mother Superior to be sold for £50, which signified that she could be claimed for £200. It seems incredible that nobody should have bought this filly on speculation. She is by Sterling out of Chanoinesse (sister to Hermit), and if she were brought into a sale-ring next summer, after having been covered, she would probably fetch the best part of 1,000 gs.

"Pavo" seems quite crazed on the subject of "the scandal" of ready-money betting, which is by far the most healthy method of doing business, both for backers and for layers. When he talks of the Stewards of the Jockey Club suppressing ready-money betting, he reminds me of Milton's country gentleman, who raised his park-wall in order to keep out the crows.

"Sharps" insist that Acrostic will win a good handicap, over a short course, before three months have passed over our heads. The *Sporting Times* states that after his race at Lincoln, "the horse did not look even as though he had gone an exercise gallop." *Verbum sap.* He is in two handicaps at Chester, but I should say that the Esher Stakes at Sandown (on the 26th) would be more likely his "journey," unless he is kept for Ascot.

I am glad to hear that Sir Frederick Johnstone is recovering from a sharp attack of pneumonia, the result of a chill which he somehow caught while confined to the house from the effects of an accident to one of his feet. The *Sportsman* cheerfully consoles City and Suburban speculators by the reflection that "even though the worst might happen, the running of St. Blaise would not be affected"—an announcement which is very indecent and quite unwarrantable. Sir Frederick is, as I have said, out of danger; but most assuredy if "the worst" had happened, St. Blaise would not have been included in the City and Suburban field. I may add that all the circumstantial stories about this horse's trials are pure fiction, merely the "flim-flams" of the imaginative and the mendacious, and the reports concerning Cambusmore are equally devoid of all foundation in fact.

Next week I shall give a definite opinion concerning the City and Suburban, of which handicap Royal Angus is now "the pick," but I do not recommend any one to invest a sou on the Manton horse until he has been backed by the stable. It is by no means improbable that Keir may represent Mr. Manton. This is a good horse, and he has improved much since last season. There are signs of the resurrection of Quicklime, who is "thrown in" on his three-year-old form.

Next week the season really begins, but the Craven programme is not a very rosy one. The Riddlesworth is reduced to a match between Lord Falmouth and the Duke of Hamilton, and will probably come to nothing. In the absence of Busybody and Harvester, the Biennial seems to lie between Royal Fern and Wickham, and as Blanton's horse is not engaged in the Two Thousand, there is no reason why he should not run. If Mr. Holdsworth's horse is to win the Two Thousand, he will have to take this prize. The Column seems to be at the mercy of Reprieve, whose engagement is not affected by Lord Grosvenor's death, as she was entered for this stake by M. Dawson, her breeder. Ishah might run for a public trial of her City and Suburban chance, and Mr. Chaplin has a "dark" sister to Wandering Nun. Ossian will no doubt walk over for the Claret Stakes, and he has nothing to beat in the Four-year-old Biennial except Prince and Deceiver, neither of which will attempt the D.I. The Craven Stakes will be the race of the week. Doncaster Cup, one of the "dark" fancies for the great races, the Sister to Adelaide colt (which belongs to Sir G. Chetwynd, and must not be confounded with the Derby favourite), Cherry, Loch Ranza, and Royal Fern may all run, and the result may seriously affect the Two Thousand and Derby betting. Camlet has only Prince William to beat in the Friday Stakes. The Crawfurd Plate of £1,000, a new handicap over the Dewhurst Plate course, has a capital entry. Geheimniss (9 st. 7 lb.) will probably be sent from Kingsclere to run for it, but it is by no means a certainty, for she has to give away a lot of weight to several speedy animals. Energy (8 st. 6 lb.) will be backed if he runs, but it is 300 yards too far for him.

Pfungst's Extra Quality Champagnes, old landed, can be obtained at the House of Commons Rest., Hotel Bristol, Claridge's Hotel, Café Verrey, Grand Hotel, Woods' Hotel, First Avenue Hotel, Holborn Rest., Palmerston Rest., Stook Exchange (Mabey's), Ship and Trafalgar, Greenwich, and Star and Garter, Richmond, &c.—Agents, J. L. Pfungst & Co., 23, Crutched Friars.

Minton's China.—Thomas Goode & Co., Artists and Designers in Porcelain, South Audley-street Grosvenor-square.

MAMMON.

A VENTURE IN HOUSES.

At the present moment, houses in London which are incompleted are more easily bought than sold. Speculative builders either purchase a site, or they take one on lease, agreeing to pay a peppercorn rent for one or two years, and to erect upon it a house. They obtain what they can on mortgage and from building societies. But they often come to an end of their tether before the house is built. Foreclosure by the mortgagee then takes place, and the house is thrown into the market. A prospectus—in pamphlet form—came a few days ago under my notice. It sets forth the advantages of taking shares in the Palace Mansions Company. The first paragraph runs thus :—

> This Company has been formed to provide for the increasing demand for first-class residential suites of apartments at the West-end of London, and also with the object of affording to the members of the Army and Navy Co-operative Society, and the Army and Navy Auxiliary Co-operative Supply, the opportunity of securing, on advantageous and economical terms, in close proximity to the Stores, this now fashionable class of residence.

Two of the directors of the Army and Navy Stores are directors of this new Company, and a little slip is inclosed, in which it is said—

> This prospectus is specially issued to the members of the Army and Navy Co-operative Society and the Army and Navy Auxiliary Co-operative Supply, and those members who wish to secure an allotment should make an early application.

Now let us see what members are privileged to do. The Company has a share capital of £40,000, divided into 8,000 shares of £5. On these £3 is to be called up, and "it is not anticipated that it will be necessary to make any further call." The object is to buy a carcass in Victoria-street for £76,000, which price includes finishing the premises according to plans. Of this £76,000, £52,000 is to be borrowed on mortgage. The estimated net income is, we are told, according to a careful estimate, "£5,300 per annum, and the Directors have made arrangements with the Army and Navy Auxiliary Supply to undertake the letting of the suites of apartments." Now for a few facts.

This carcass belonged to the Midland Land and Investment Corporation. After being some time in the market, it was sold last year for £28,000. When on sale, it was stated by the vendors that it would cost £15,000 to complete. A builder's estimate, however, put this as high as £23,000. Let us say that it might be done for £25,000. Consequently, the site and the carcass, which were sold last year for £28,000, are now offered as a bargain to the shareholders of the Army and Navy Stores at £51,000.

Why do I call attention to this small Company? Because it is, I trust, a new departure for Directors of Co-operative Stores to use their position to advise the shareholders of these stores to put a profit of about 80 per cent. into the pockets of promoters, and to buy property at nearly twice its market value.

As regards the estimated income, it is, in my opinion, grossly exaggerated. I venture to say that no sane human being would give a guarantee that it would produce net £4,000 per annum. Flats are, it is true, sought after, but they are only let when the terms asked for them are reasonable. Why so many flats are now empty is because the terms are so often unreasonable. Speaking generally, it is a mistake to build flats for which a larger rent than from £150 to £200 is asked. A mansion let out in flats never returns the owner a very large percentage upon his capital, because the expenses are so high. Not only are there rates, taxes, insurance, management, coals, and gas, but there is the important item of repairs, which often is forgotten by those who purchase this kind of property, and which is so heavy that it upsets, when left out, the entire estimate of profit. My own opinion—and I only give it for what it is worth—is that the particular carcass which the "Palace Mansions Company" propose to acquire was dear at £28,000, and for this reason. The arrangement of the suites of apartments is so faulty that, in order to make the property a good letting one, it would be necessary to pull down almost everything except the outside walls.

THE ERIE RAILROAD.

I wonder how much money of English investors has gone into the pockets of American and English speculators, lawyers, and philanthropists who undertake to rescue property from robbers for a handsome consideration. Periodically a committee of kind gentlemen announce that the existing board of the Erie Railroad are a nest of thieves, and that action must be taken to expel them. The kind gentlemen request at once to be furnished with funds. No sooner is this preliminary arranged than they issue a report, and after a good deal of fighting, instal their own nominees in the place of the thieves. The shares at once go up three or four hundred per cent. At length the shareholders are to receive a dividend! The hope, however, is never realised. On one plea or another a few millions are borrowed and vanish. Then down come the shares. The new directors are called thieves, like their predecessors, by a new set of kind gentlemen, and the same old game is played. By the law of the State of New York, an account of the financial position of every Railway Company within the State has to be filed every year—the financial year ending on Sept. 30. The Erie account has come to hand. I defy anyone to make out what it means. What between capital and revenue account hopelessly mixed up, leases of new lines, vague obligations, and expenditure on repairs, a person is about as wise after he has read it as he was before. The main facts, however, which stand out in this account are (1) that during the financial year ending on Sept. 30 last, the available balance after payment of first charges was 406,780 dols., which did not cover interest on Preference stock, although this interest was paid in full; (2) that the bonded debt of the Company during the same period was increased by nearly 5,000,000 dols. Since September the traffics have decreased, the working expenses have gone up, and there are, I gather from the New York press, rumours that a collapse is imminent, which have acted adversely on the shares. But what, I ask, can such minor details signify to the shareholders? The railroad is "run" by thieves and for thieves. Hundreds, thousands, have made money out of it; the shareholders never have and never will.

Options.—Explanatory Pamphlet on Stock Exchange Options, post-free. John Abbott & Co., Stock and Share Brokers, 21 and 22, Palmerston Buildings, London, E.C.

John Shaw, Share Broker, Wardrobe-chambers, Queen Victoria-st. deals at tape prices at an inclusive commission of one-sixteenth.

PERU.

The reply of Peru to the protests of our Government against her ceding territory already subject to mortgages to bondholders is a very conclusive one. Peru points out that the loans were negotiated with private persons regarding whose nationality the Peruvian Government never inquired, and that she owes nothing to England, either as a Government or as a State. This snub is well deserved. Every Englishman lending money to a foreign State must be brought to realise that he does so entirely at his own risk and peril, and if the foreign State does not keep faith with him, he must not expect English taxpayers, who are satisfied with the securities of their own country, to waste time or money in looking after his interests.

CLUB TARIFFS.

The following letter deals with a subject of some importance. It is a universal rule that no one looks so closely after other people's money as he does after his own. This is why joint-stock hotels seldom pay as well as hotels under the management of an individual proprietor. But the latter must have been brought up to the business, in order to be successful. There is a saying in the United States that a man may be clever enough to be President, but he is not clever enough to run an hotel. The art, one of the most able hotel proprietors in the United States once told me, consists in "putting a leg of mutton through," that is to say, taking care that it is eaten to the bone. I doubt whether Pall Mall Clubs would agree to a general provision agency, and I believe what is not eaten in the coffee-room is not wasted, as it is consumed by the servants; but what they unquestionably ought to do is to look after the leakages in percentages. As it is, a lunch or dinner at a club costs more than at a restaurant, and the reverse ought to be the case.

Sir,—In these bad times, when everybody is more or less actively engaged in losing money, it is extremely desirable to make what little one has left go as far as it possibly can, and I trust, therefore, you will afford me an opportunity of airing an idea in that direction.

It is, I believe, a matter of common notoriety that the coffee-room tariff at most of our clubs is much higher than suits the pockets of a large proportion of the members; and, indeed, several of these tariffs do not even compare favourably with large restaurants, whose proprietors are making large fortunes. The fact is, that our clubs (I am, of course, only speaking of non-proprietary ones) are at a disadvantage in the purchase of their raw materials. Instead of going to the public markets and wholesale warehouses, they generally deal with the West-end tradesmen, who have not exactly a happy reputation for moderate charges.

It occurs to one, no doubt not unnaturally, that the "cause" for this "effect" may be "commissions to club managers," but, without venturing to assert that this has no influence in the matter, I think there is a more valid reason why clubs are obliged to buy in the dearest market in the world, and that is the irregularity of the daily demands made by the members. While a large restaurant receives day after day about the same number of customers, and can consequently lay in its supplies in the morning with full confidence that they will all be consumed in the evening, the club manager is in a much less fortunate position. It is a curious thing how, without any apparent reason, the number of members dining at a club will vary to an extent that renders precognition of the actual requirements a sheer impossibility, and consequently all that can be done is to lay in the daily stock of provisions upon as good an average as can be arrived at. Now this system must necessarily result in two things:—1st, If the consumption happens to fall below the supplies, waste ensues, and the loss sustained thereby has to be added on to the club coffee-room prices. 2nd, If the demand exceeds the supplies the deficiency has to be remedied by sending out *at the last moment* to the various purveyors for further stock. To be able to do this it is essential that these purveyors be close at hand; hence, it seems to me that at present the club managers, apart from what may be their private interests, are compelled to deal with the West-end tradesmen.

Having thus diagnosed the disease, I would now venture to suggest a remedy. Although, as I have observed, it is impossible for a single club to reckon on an average attendance, I should imagine that a cluster of the clubs round about Pall-mall, St. James's-street, Piccadilly, &c., could very well do this, as the falling off in numbers at one would probably be compensated for at one or more of the others and *vice versâ*. If this assumption be correct, might not the difficulty I have referred to be removed by the creation of a joint-stock purse for marketing? Say, let a sufficient cluster of the clubs acquire premises in a convenient position, for the storage of provisions, which would be purchased every morning for them in the public and wholesale markets by salaried buyers, under a thoroughly competent manager. If properly arranged, this might be carried out at an expense which would be almost nominal in proportion to the annual turn-over, while the saving in the prime cost of provisions and in the absence of waste (for each club would only take its actual *minimum* supplies in the morning, drawing for any additional requirements as they arose in the evening from the central store) would be so enormous as to enable the club committees to reduce the coffee-room prices to a point much more in harmony with the pockets of a large section of the members than the existing ones.

Having, I fear, already trespassed too much on your valuable space, I am not able to do more than present this suggestion in the crudest possible manner, but I do believe that if a conference could be brought about between delegates from some of the leading clubs, the idea might be licked into a practicable shape.—Yours faithfully, Impecunious.

Get a Bottle To-day of Perry Davis' Pain Killer.—It instantly relieves and cures severe scalds, burns, sprains, bruises, toothache, headache, pains in the side, joints, and limbs, all neuralgic and rheumatic pains. Taken internally cures at once coughs, sudden colds, cramp in stomach, colic, diarrhœa, and cholera infantum. Pain Killer is the great household medicine, and has stood the test of 50 years. Any chemist can supply it at 1/1½ and 2/9.

QUEER STORIES.

A FAIR INVESTMENT.

Part II.

It leaked out that I had dined with Mr. Rushout; so, for the next few days, I had enough to do in answering inquiries about the appearance and history of Dick's slave. I answered every one fully and fairly, making out the best case I could for my friend. I pooh-poohed the reported beauty, and stated that the supposed slave was a young woman whom Dick, from sheer kindness, had brought home and placed in his housekeeper's hands to be trained to some useful employment. But, as I could not deny her Circassian origin, or that he had purchased her, no one would believe my tale; indeed, many hinted that my assertions were only made to gloss over Mr. Rushout's scandalous behaviour. I grew tired of the whole thing. Now that I had seen a Circassian slave my interest in the entire race had faded away. I met Dick about the town as usual. He soon recovered his good temper; but we did not again discuss the merits of his property.

I had an intimate friend, a young doctor, named Ryan—a big, broad-shouldered Galway man, who was a favourite with us all. When professionally engaged, he spoke excellent English, but in his hours of relaxation his Hibernianisms were a joy to us all. He burst into my rooms one morning, making the air feel rich and beautiful with his brogue.

"An' what the divil am I to do now at all?" he cried. "Ould Professor Hirsch has written to say he is in England, and will spind two days with me! And it's not a bit I shall know what to do with him."

"Who is Professor Hirsch, Patrick?"

"Shure, his fame is European, and it's honoured I am. He's the boy who can give Max Müller ten languages start and beat him, hands down and in a canter."

"Royal Charter" Champagne.—Wachter & Co., shippers to H.M. the Queen and H.R.H. the Prince of Wales by special appointment.

"How on earth did you pick up with him?"

"I saved his darlin' ould life abroad, and, out of gratitude, made him promise to come and see me whenever he got to England. And now he's coming, and my keg of whisky is out, and not a drop of good to be got for love or money."

"Bring him to see me, Patrick. I'll give him some whisky." Then a thought struck me. "Does he speak Circassian?" I asked.

"Circassian is it! I belave you. Circassian, Mongolian, Ethiopian, even English—the ould polyglot knows them all. What language he thinks in he can't tell himself."

"I wonder whether Dick Rushout would like the Professor to see his slave. The girl would be glad of some one to talk to."

"The very thing!" cried Ryan. "But, mind you, my Professor goes nowhere without me. Get Dick to give us some dinner, and we'll all go."

I promised to make the attempt; and, shortly afterwords, meeting Mr. Rushout, I broached the subject to him. Rather to my surprise he jumped eagerly at the proposal, although he demurred a little when I told him the learned linguist would not come without Pat Ryan. "Ryan is such a beggar to chaff!" he said, dubiously. I did my part by offering to guarantee his good behaviour on this one occasion, and Mr. Rushout formally invited us to dine with him when Professor Hirsch paid his promised visit.

The learned man arrived the next day. I was duly presented to him by Ryan. The Professor was a mild-looking German, perhaps about sixty years of age. He was a short man, with bushy eyebrows, flowing locks, and the inevitable spectacles. His head was enormous. Its size, I concluded, was necessary in order to enable him to stow away the many languages with which he was said to be acquainted. He talked fluent, if rather peculiar, English, so we got on comfortably. He was delighted at hearing of the treat which awaited him on the following evening.

"Ah," he said, "that will most interesting and instructive be. So many dialects they around the Caucasus talk that it may be I shall the right one, not without some trouble, find. But we will see. Oh, yes, we see will!"

The next day we showed the Professor the sights of the place, and in the evening conducted him to Dick's house. Dick gave us a hearty welcome and a very nice little dinner. The Professor seemed to enjoy the latter immensely, and gave us ocular proof that all the philological roots he had in his time assimilated had not destroyed his confidence in his digestive capabilities. Ryan, at my request, kept in abeyance all his jokes at Dick's expense. Indeed, until dinner was well over no one mentioned the existence of the Circassian. Then Ryan said:—

"Now, Dick, me boy, trot her out, and let the Professor ask her her catechism before he finishes the bottle and gets all his tongues of Babel mixed up together."

"Yes, Dick," I said. "Summon the young lady."

"Ah!" said the Professor, "surely—yes. The young lady I was to see and converse with; she who from Caucasian regions comes. But how gets she herself in England? Your wife, is she?" he added, turning to our host.

"No," answered Dick, looking rather awkward. "She isn't my wife."

"A friend from a distance, then? But to me it seems strange."

"She is a slave," answered Dick, shortly. "I bought her in Stamboul."

The Professor adjusted his spectacles, and looked at the speaker in amazement.

"A slave! In England—in the land of the free! Ach, no, no, that cannot be! I am astonished. But yet I am not. You English do some strange things. My good friend Ryan—the preserver of my life—he did many strange things in Germany. But he is Irish, though, which is worse. Yet I will not be surprised. But bring her in and I will converse with her."

Dick rang for his property. The slave came in, in very much the same way as before. She seated herself in a similar attitude and removed her veil. Ryan's eyes twinkled as he looked at her; he gave me a glance but said nothing. The Professor rubbed his spectacles with his dinner napkin, and then studied the girl's appearance, in order to decide which weapon of speech he should choose for the attack. Dick whispered to me, "How surprised and delighted the poor girl will be to hear her own native tongue from the lips of a stranger!"

I could see that the Circassian had recognised me. Her eyes told me that much without the need of words. She glanced at my two companions inquisitively, and I thought distrustfully. Then she cast her eyes on the ground and looked the very picture of bashfulness and humility.

The Professor, after glancing round to see that we were all attentive and ready to applaud his coming triumph, commenced operations. He spoke, very glibly, a short sentence in some strange tongue; then drawing back, awaited the effect. The girl made no reply. The Professor repeated his words slowly and distinctly. The girl shook her head, and the Professor turned to us.

"It is clear," he said, with the greatest confidence, "she is not Circassian. Probably she is from Georgia, or Daghestan, or some province about there. But we will find out—oh, yes; we will find out."

Then, clearing his throat, he went again to work.

But not one of his weapons drew blood. Change after change he tried, but the effect of each was the same. The fair Circassian shook her head, and made signs that she understood nothing. Yet the undaunted Professor went on with his wordy assaults. His poor jaws must have ached! Half an hour passed before he showed any signs that his armoury was getting exhausted. Then he turned to us, baffled for the time, but determined to conquer.

"It is very strange. I have now all the Turkic branches of the great Turanian family of language tried. Now to the Mongolic must I go, then to the Samoyedic, the Finnic, perhaps even to the Tungusic branches."

It was only after hearing the Professor's simple statement of the case that we were able to realise the grandeur of the man whom it was our good fortune to entertain.

The Granville, Ramsgate.—The Redecoration of this Hotel is now complete, and under entirely new Proprietorship. Terms (except at Easter), 10s. 6d. per day, including attendance, bedroom, and full board. Tariff on application. The Band plays during Table d'Hôte.

The Beach House Hotel (in connection with the Granville, Ramsgate), Westgate-on-Sea, Thanet. This Hotel is now open for the Season. Tariff on application to the Manager.

Once more the mighty linguist returned to the attack. He bombarded the virgin fortress with dialect after dialect. He discharged salvoes of uncouth and spluttering sounds. He slung smooth pebbles of gentle speech. In vain! Still the young woman shook her head. The beloved accents of her native land had not yet gladdened her ears. The Professor, with a kind of gasp, hurled his last Turanian shot at her, then sank into a chair the picture of mortification.

He mopped his expansive forehead. He tapped that great receptacle with his forefinger, as if to shake out any untried dialect which might be lurking away in a forgotten corner. Nevertheless, he was far from being beaten.

"I will take one glass of red wine," he said, "and then I will try the Aryan family. It is just possible I may, in the Iranic or the Windic class find the missing tongue. Any way, I will try."

"Professor," I said, "excuse me asking—How many more families are there after the Aryan is exhausted?"

"Only the Semitic. That I shall not try. She can in no way Semitic speak. Oh—no—no. But——" Here he appeared struck by a happy thought. "Indeed, it may be so. One tells me there are white gipsies. She may be gipsy. I will try."

Alas! the Romany was as useless as the others.

"Now," said our gifted friend, with the air of a man who means to do his duty down to the smallest detail. "Now I commence at Afghanistan, and work right through to Bohemia. After that, I shall despair, and think there must be one tongue I have never heard of."

By this time we found the affair growing rather monotonous. The slave girl looked weary. Rushout was yawning occasionally, and the man of Galway, who had not spared the wine, was absolutely sleeping. The Professor's meditated journey from Afghanistan to Bohemia appalled me. I ventured to hazard a suggestion.

"Why not go the other way to work, and try to get her to speak in her own language? Then you may recognise it."

"But how am I to do that? In what tongue can I tell her?"

"Tell her in Turkish," said Dick. "She knows some little Turkish. Say it in the simplest words, and perhaps she will catch your meaning."

The Professor did as we suggested. He put the request in several simple forms of Turkish, and our hopes rose as we saw that the slave at last seemed to understand him. Yet she hesitated, and glanced in a most curious way from one to another. The Professor once more repeated his request.

"You have heard her speak her own tongue?" he asked, turning to Dick.

"Often and often. It is a very sweet, musical language, with a good many vowels in it, I should think."

"Then," said the Professor, with the air of one registering a terrific vow, "I will stay all night. I will stay a year. I will stay until the flesh rots from my bones, but hear her speak I will."

Fortunately he was not called upon to do anything so unpleasant. The girl began to speak, and we all, with the exception of the sleeping Irishman, listened intently, eager to catch every sound of the mysterious language.

Dick had told the truth. The language was soft and musical, and fell readily and prettily from the Circassian's lips. But what it was I had no idea. We turned to the Professor for information. His face was a sight to behold, but he made no sign.

"You see I was right," said Dick. "It is a very pretty, nice language. What do you make of it?"

Professor Hirsch turned and positively glared at us. He was trembling with excitement. His cheeks were flushed, and his hair seemed to bristle up.

"Yes," he said, "it is very pretty—it is very nice—moreover, it is A LANGUAGE; yes, undoubtedly, a LANGUAGE! But I do not know it—I have never heard it before!"

The pathos the poor man threw into the last words was sublime.

As if to triumph over her many-tongued tormentor, the fair native of Circassia, Georgia, Daghestan, Kenghiz, or whatever the land to which she might eventually be adjudged, continued to speak volubly, and once more Professor Hirsch listened to every word, endeavouring to pounce upon familiar roots, inflections, or agglutinations which would enable him to put that mysterious tongue under the proper branch of its proper family, whether Turanian, Aryan, or Semitic.

At last he sighed deeply. I believe his eyes were full of tears.

"No," he said, with touching solemnity, "I do not know it. It is Aryan, I believe. But how can a girl from the Caucasus speak a true Aryan tongue? It is a language I do not know—that I—Hans Hirsch—do not know!"

His words and his attitude were inimitable. Having spoken, he brought his hand down on the table with a crash which awoke Pat Ryan, who lifted up his head, rubbed his eyes and looked guiltily around him.

Seeing the Professor's evident discomfiture, the slave talked more volubly than ever, and again with breathless emotion Hans Hirsch, the hundred-tongued man, listened, and strove to fathom the philological mystery.

At that moment I chanced to look across at Ryan, who was now fully awake. He sat behind the speaker, and the expression which passed over his eloquent features arrested my attention. First, blank astonishment; then keen amusement and fun; and then soon afterwards I saw his frame quivering and his face growing crimson with suppressed laughter. Suddenly, with a yell of merriment which made the glasses jingle, he sprang to his feet, and shouting, "Oh, mother of Moses! This is too much! Erin for ever!" confronted the fair Circassian, and to our surprise rolled out a sentence in a strange tongue, but one which sounded marvellously like her own native speech. He could not talk long. Even as he spoke he seemed convulsed with laughter. From whatever family he chose his words—Aryan, Turanian, or Semitic—the slave understood them. Her face grew crimson with passion; she shook her fist at him, and after replying in style which left no doubt as to the purport of her unintelligible words, she rushed headlong from the room, leaving Dick and myself staring at each other in blank astonishment, the Professor

RIDING HABITS.—Specialty of JOHN REDFERN & SONS. Ladies' Tailors by Appointment to H.R.H. the Princess of Wales, 26, Conduit-street, London, W. Also at Cowes and Paris.

murmuring, "Mad, mad English!" and Pat Ryan absolutely rolling on the floor in agonies of delight. I kicked him back to his senses before death actually put an end to his tortures.

"Oh! don't!" he gasped out. "It is too great! Too wonderful! Dick, I shall die! Oh, Dick, my darling! A Circassian slave! O—o—o—h!"

"What is it, you idiot?" cried Dick.

"A Circassian slave!" said Pat, struggling into a sitting posture. "A Circassian—slave! Hurrah! the base Saxon is sat upon, betrayed, swindled. A Circassian slave!—speaking the purest Irish, Dick! Good old Celtic, now only heard in Galway. Bought in Stamboul! Oh, Dick, I'll never go home any more!"

When I understood Ryan's disjointed explanation of his mirth, I could do nothing but sit down by his side and laugh with him. So contagious was our united merriment that even poor Dick, who, at first, seemed inclined to fly into a rage, was drawn into it, and laughed as heartily as either of us. Our mirth was not lessened by the Professor, who could not comprehend what had occurred, standing over us and regarding us benignantly as a parcel of English lunatics.

As soon as our emotions would allow, we explained the matter to him. I don't think he caught the joke. His lamentable display of ignorance still exercised his great mind.

"Irish!" cried Ryan. "Celtic, pure Celtic! Oh, Professor!"

"Ach, Herr Gott!" said the Professor. "Celtic?—yes, Celtic. The dead branch, Gadhelic—once in Scotland, Ireland, and the Island of Man spoken. Now I know. Yet I was right in calling it Aryan."

We relapsed again and laughed till our sides ached. "What did she say to you, Pat, before she went out?" I asked.

"Shure, she tould me if iver she had the chance, she'd stick a knife into me as true as her name was Biddy Flannagan. Oh, Dick! Dick! A Circassian named Biddy Flannagan! I'll never survive this night!"

I wonder any of us survived, and I wish I could tell how Dick Rushout got rid of his investment. But I never knew how it was done. He bolted off the next day for Mesapotamia or Kamskatcha before we had time to give the tale the publicity it deserved. His return is a matter of uncertainty.

The Professor also bade us adieu the next day. "Mad, mad Englishmen!" he said. "You pay large sums of money for Circassians who speak an Aryan tongue. Mad Englishmen!"

GIRLS' GOSSIP.

DEAREST AMY,—You, who are in the country, with all the brightness and freshness of early spring surrounding you, can form little idea of the utter gloom that enwraps the capital. The shop windows show nothing but black dresses, bonnets, mantles, gloves, and even stockings. Nearly every person one meets is clad in mourning, and even the sunshine seems dulled and ineffectual, because it shines on so much blackness *sans reflets*. There is no English to express that, or I would not have dared to use French in writing to such a lover of our own tongue as you are.

On Saturday, the all-pervading gloom was even more striking. In most of the houses the blinds were drawn down, and many of the shops were closed—others had the shutters partially up. The cabmen and omnibus-drivers had their whips tied with crape, and the tolling of the church bells filled the air with mournfulness. On such susceptible beings as Maud, for instance, the impression made by all this visible and audible mourning was great.

Did you read how the Seaforth Highlanders, during the removal of the remains from the train at Windsor, played that exquisitely sad Scotch air, "The Flowers of the Forest?" Do you know it? Each verse ends with the refrain, "They're a' wede away." In that delightful novel, "A Daughter of Heth," Mr. Black makes his heroine, Coquette, play it, and bring tears to the eyes of the rough old Scotch servant. I suppose the Queen chose it. The words are more than a hundred years old, and are full of sadness.

Then Chopin's "Funeral March" was played, with its marvellous sounds of grieving, without a note of hope or comfort, only a wail of sorrow. And after it came the grand music of Beethoven's "Funeral March," full of majestic triumph. Must it not have been touching and impressive? I should have loved to hear it all from some dark corner, where I could cry as much as I liked without anybody seeing me. Whoever selected the music must indeed have a soul for sounds.

Fancy the Joneses, of Parvenu Place, wearing crape! As though the poor Duke had been a relative of theirs. There seem to be all kinds of extravagant ideas afloat on the subject of the mourning to be worn. Crape is, of course, absurd. The Queen does not desire her own ladies to wear it. Nor is it necessary, as some people who live in our street seem to think, to invest oneself with an inky blackness, without the relief of a white collar or a little white flower, or even grey pompons, in one's bonnet.

On the other hand, there are numbers of people who seem to imagine that coloured flowers and feathers and tan-coloured gloves are mourning! I saw two ladies in a victoria to-day who were dressed in black, but one had yellow buttercups in her head-gear, and the other scarlet poppies. And Mrs. Dash called on us on our "day," in correctest black except for her hands, which were clothed in tan Suède. She reminded us of poor Mrs. C——, who, while in deepest widow's weeds, constantly wore gold ornaments. It seems absurd to talk of the etiquette of mourning, as though one could grieve by line and rule; yet a little study of the subject would enable people to avoid such solecisms as these.

You remember my telling you that poor Mabel, who, with her mother, was left so badly off on her father's death, had sent some things to be sold at a depôt for ladies' work, at 129, Regent-street? I went beforehand to see the place, and saw that they had a quantity of saleable articles marked at moderate prices; so Mabel paid a subscription, fortunately for only three months, and sent up two or three of those charming, compact little "housewives" she makes out of brown leather and brown silk, with a tidy little nook for the thimble, an arbour of refuge for the scissors and bodkin, and a sweet seclusion for the silks and threads, with a pocket for the work. She makes them beautifully, with a finish and completeness that, I fear, do not often characterise ladies' work.

Well, dear, she has had them sent back to her, soiled, worn, and minus their fittings, with a note stating that the business has been relinquished. I am so vexed about it. Poor Mabel! No doubt the cost of the necessary materials for making these things represented a somewhat serious expenditure to her, and it is too bad to have them returned in an unsaleable condition.

It is one of the worst things to bear in poverty, that most people, when you are poor, show you the seamy side of human nature. The papers are full of advertisements from persons who pose as philanthropists in order to get

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the little they possess out of the widow and the orphan. Then, again, people seem to imagine that they can say what they like to you if you are poor. They force unasked advice upon you, and appear to think it is as good as practical help. The prodigal son's husks could not have been more unpalatable or less satisfying than the messes of counsel that are freely distributed by the prosperous to the unprosperous.

And the former class are too often possessed of the idea that when one becomes poor, one loses one's pride. If they had the slightest knowledge of human nature, they would be aware that those who have slipped down from their proper place in the world are peculiarly sensitive to slights. Their pride is like a mollusc robbed of its shell, and feels the faintest touch—in fact, anticipates it.

I shall never forget, when dear little Mrs. A—— was so ill, after her husband had lost everything through the failure of a bank, Lady Languish bringing her about half-a-pint of soup one day, and asking that the glass she brought it in might be carefully washed and put away for her until she sent for it! As though Mrs. A—— was a pauper and on the parish! She only laughed at the fun of it, but her husband could hardly be prevented from pitching the whole thing, glass and all, out of the window.

It was Lady Languish who said to her children's daily governess one morning, "Is your cloak lined with *fur*, Miss Brown?" with an incredulous accent on the word "fur." "Yes, madam," said poor Miss Brown. "*Really!*" was the reply. "Everybody wears fur now. *I* shall have to give it up." There are good taste and a good heart for you! As though Miss Brown, who had to be out in all weathers, did not need a warm cloak a thousand times more than her charming and cultivated employer.

And I have noticed, too, that the extremity of some poor ladies is the opportunity for their richer sisters. There are pieces of old lace, fans, jewels, dinner services, and many other things, that could tell their own tales of unholy "bargains." I actually heard a woman say once of her own sister: "She wants me to buy her lace flounces, and I have offered her five guineas, but she does not seem willing to take it. I shall wait awhile. She will be glad enough to accept the money in a month or two."

The flounces were well worth thirty pounds, but no doubt the hideous bargain was concluded. The "beating-down" process is easy when poverty helps. I heard another woman say once, when it was a question of buying something of an impoverished gentlewoman: "Is she *very poor?*" "Very poor, indeed," was the reply, "and in want of the ordinary necessaries of life." "Oh, then, I should think she would take ten shillings, and be glad to get it. You may tell her I shan't give more."

Surely these are the women with whom it is well to be angry. I always find consolation in the thought that there is a debit side on all such bargains, and that the books will come into Court some day. That is vicious of me, is it not? But it is certainly consoling.

Here is an amusing letter I have just had from Gracie.

My Dearest Madge,—I wish you would enlighten me on a point on which I am rather hazy. You know Papa's old-fashioned proclivities? Well, he thinks every girl or woman should wear ear-rings, and I at last have screwed up my courage to have my ears pierced, on the promise of a pair of any sort of ear-rings I like. Please let me know what is *the* correct thing. Also, how am I to get my ears pierced? Can Jessie do it? If so, *how*, with the least modicum of pain to yours truly? As you know, we live so far away from any real town, and I do not like to trust myself to the tender mercies of our village clock-mender.

I should certainly hesitate before I should take my ears to the clockmender to be pierced. I have told her that I am sure Jessie could not do them properly, and that she had better come to town. As her father is so anxious for her to have them done, he cannot object to the extra bribe of a week or two in town. Small ear-rings are still worn, but as she will have to wear "sleepers" for awhile, I must employ the interval in finding out what is the latest novelty in this direction.

We have been trying some new music, and, as usual, I pick out the plums for you. A packet I have just had sent me contains all the songs from the opera of "Nell Gwynne," written by H. B. Farnie, and composed by R. Planquette. "Tic-tac," the song of the clock, is charming. The compass is from B flat to F natural. The songs sung by Miss Florence St. John are of course much higher. In "First Love" there is a G sustained during three bars of valse time; I should not like to hear some girls undertake this. You know the dreadful attenuated shriek, growing shriller and shriller, clutching the note, as it were, with which it would be rendered? "Only an Orange Girl" is both bright and pathetic in turns, and needs an artist to do it justice. "The Trysting Tree" is a man's song, from the same opera; the music is graceful, and the words unusually pretty. It is published in three keys—C, D, and E flat. "Illusions" and "Once upon a Time" are also a man's songs, and are written in valse time. The "Nell Gwynne" Quadrilles and Polka, both by Charles Coote, are good. So are the Lancers and Galop, arranged upon airs from the opera by Liddell; but no one dances the poor old galop now. Its occupation 's gone. There is also a fireworky fantasia by Sydney Smith on the same themes. "Sunshine" is one of the prettiest and most original songs I have come across for some time. The composer is Caroline Lothian. "Sing to Me" is a ballad by Lady Arthur Hill. The words are by the Dowager Marchioness of Downshire, and are plaintively sweet. Lady Arthur has not been so successful as usual in the setting. "Unbidden," composed by Alfred J. Caldicott, is quite charming. You will be enchanted with both music and words. The latter are by Jetty Vogel—curious name—is it not? "Household Words" is the name of Cotsford Dick's new song. "Arithmetic" is a bright and quaint *duettino* written by Gounod, the words by Marzials. "Our Letters," by the same writer and composer, is more serious in tone.

As you scold me so for not mentioning the publishers, I may say that all the above music is Metzler's.

The "New Club Valse," by A. Dami, is capital. It is published by Mitchell, of Bond-street. "Hush-a-bye," a cradle song for the piano, by Eaton Faning (publishers, Augener & Co.), has a swaying, rocking cadence, and being *legato* and *andante*, and at the close *perdendosi*, one almost falls asleep over it, which is, I conjecture, the correct mission of a cradle-song.

The Palais Royal Gavotte, by Stephen Fielding, is very happy. It is like a dance of dolls or a procession of toys. "The March of the Little Tin Soldiers," by the same composer, is especially good. Here and there one is reminded of the never-to-be-equalled "Funeral March of a Marionnette." "Le Secret d'Amour" is a good polka, by G. J. Rubini, and the "Valley of Roses" a tempting valse, by F. W. Baker. These last are all published by Nichol, Battersea Park-road.

Sir Greville Smyth and Mrs. Edwards are to be married on the 24th at three o'clock, at St. George's, Hanover-square.

Before Lent quite vanishes, I send you two more seasonable dishes. One is an excellent way of preparing codfish and making it savoury—decidedly a desideratum this week. Mince a few leeks, say in sufficient quantity to produce three large spoonfuls, and cook them in olive-oil in a large saucepan till they have taken a golden colour; then add three pints of water, a few potatoes, parsley, one laurel-leaf, a little saffron, pepper and salt. When the potatoes are done, put into the saucepan two pounds of cod, which you will have soaked so as to take away the salt taste; a quarter of an hour suffices for cooking. Then slice some bread into a deep dish, put some oil over the slices, and pour into the same dish the sauce in which you have cooked the cod, which you will serve in another dish, surrounded by the potatoes. Each guest, of course, takes some of the sauce as well as a piece of fish.

The other is a galantine made with conger-eel. You have a good quantity of conger-eel, from which you extract the bones. Then take a teaspoonful of minced parsley, the same quantity of mace mixed with sweet herbs, and add a good tablespoonful of minced mushroons, pepper and salt. Powder the inside of your fish with this vegetable seasoning, then roll it up, wrap it in a napkin, and cook it in equal parts of vinegar and water. When sufficiently tender, take it off the fire, but leave it in the stock till cold. Then take away the napkin, and serve

the fish cold, garnished with parsley. Serve mayonnaise sauce with it.

Charlie carried off a copy of the recipe for Madras curry that I sent you, to a friend who is an old Madrassee. This friend has written to "correct my idea of a curry." He says:—

The best way to make curry in England is with two spoonfuls of curry-powder and one of curry-paste. Vencatachellum's is the best, and is to be had at a shop in Leicester-square. I forget the name.

There is no such thing as curry *leaf*. The Indian curry is a conglomeration of fresh ingredients ground into a paste daily. In the bottle paste will be found the tamarinds, lime-juice, green ginger, and a *soupçon* of garlic (two or three cloves would choke a Spaniard). The cocoa-nut is immaterial—a tablespoonful of cream is a good substitute.

Don't boil, but stew gently. Mutton does not require more than an hour, and the best of all curries is a lamb's head and fry. (N.B., cut in pieces, of course.) When you taste this you will bless me. Serve a little chutney on a separate plate. A little salt should be added, by the way.

He is a member of the Oriental Club, which is famous for its curries.

Are you a breakfast-eater? I forget what the character of your performance is at that important meal. If you wield an active knife and fork, you will be pleased with a little book just published by Virtue & Co., called "Breakfast Dishes for Every Morning of Three Months." The list of dishes is useful as suggestive of ideas on a subject to which English housekeepers pay by no means as much attention as it deserves. Breakfast dishes ought to be particularly appetising and tempting. Oh, the dreary monotony of bacon and eggs, the gruesome groove into which we nearly all unconsciously fall! Recipes are given at the end of the book, and many of them seem to be excellent. There is one for curried macaroni, which I mean to try, and another for cooking macaroni with American salmon. "Duck olives" and "croquettes of brains" also look good. "Sardines on toast" I know to be excellent, if served very hot. There are many new dishes given, with clear directions for their manufacture. I cannot, however, agree with the authoress's opinion that five minutes are sufficient for boiling oatmeal porridge. It needs at least half-an-hour, and it is safer to give it three-quarters. I also prefer our own way of boiling eggs, viz., putting them on in *cold* water. When it has boiled for one minute the eggs are done. Of course, the usual method is to place them in the saucepan when the water has begun to boil, but when this plan is followed, they generally dance a wild *can-can* or carmagnole, and emerge from their amusement with a disreputable look of dissipation, and present themselves on the breakfast-table in cracked and untempting condition, occasionally leaving a portion of their contents in the saucepan. Eggs are apropos to the season. "I'll warrant you for an egg at Easter," says an old English proverb. Mr. Cremer has done much towards reviving this "silver-grey custom," as he calls it in his little book on the subject. The Easter eggs this year contain every possible variety of present—except, perhaps, a piano or a dressing-bag! I hope you will receive ever so many!

Good-bye dear.—From your loving cousin,

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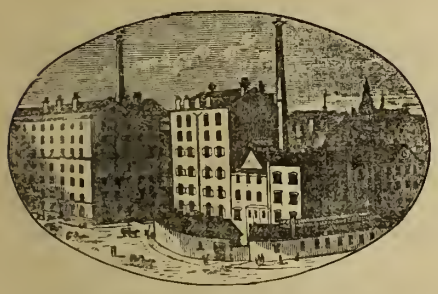
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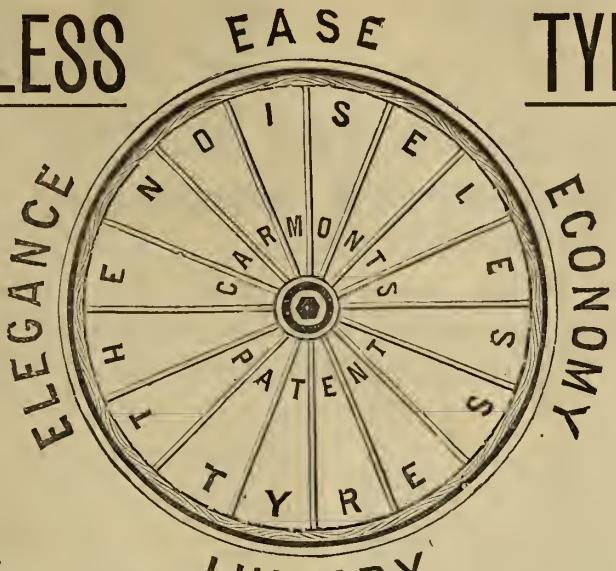

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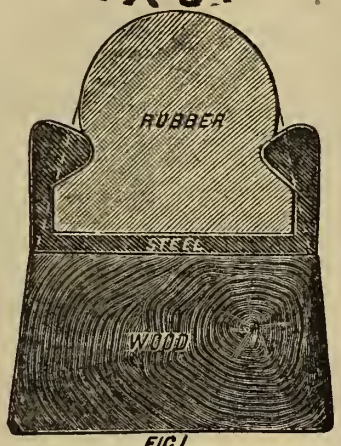

FIG. 1

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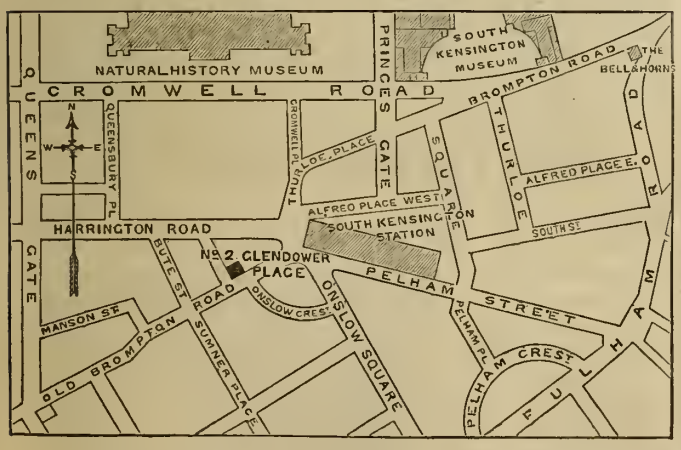

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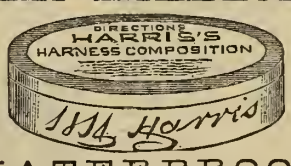

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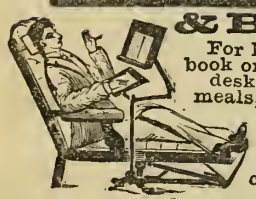

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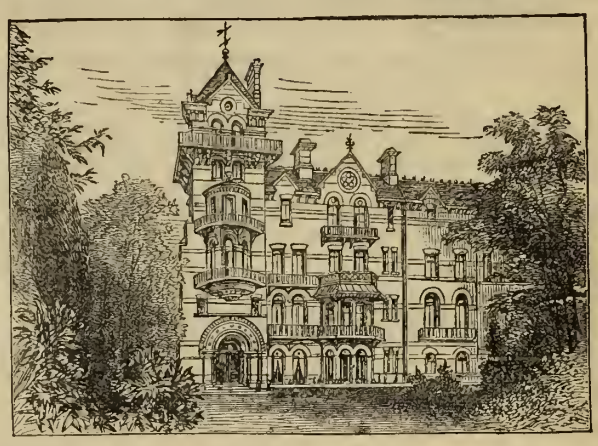

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OUR PUZZLES.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 265.—BURIED PROVERBS.

Kerry Pippin (No application received) £2 2 0

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 268.—PARODY ON DRYDEN'S EPIGRAM ON MILTON.

J. K. (Miss Jane Kennedy, 33, Porchester-terrace, W.) £2 2 0

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 269.

I publish a further selection of predictions of the Boat-Race this week, which, though printed after the event, were really in type some days before the race was decided. I will not name the prize-winner until next week, and I need scarcely say that those predictions not printed will be as carefully examined as those which appear in this and the previous number of Truth.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 272.

Of the Anagrams published below the ten which are considered the best have been selected and arranged in what is deemed the exact order of their merit. Now, by way of giving all the readers of Truth a chance of joining in the current Puzzle Competition it has been decided to offer the Prize of Two Guineas this week to that competitor who, in making a list of ten anagrams from the specimens given below, shall

Come Nearest in His Selection and Order of Arrangement to the List Made and Arranged by the Puzzle Editor.

It will be curious to note how far the critical opinion of competitors coincides with that of the P. E. Were there any precise canon for the judging of Anagrams, it might be feared that many of the lists sent in would coincide exactly with the Puzzle Editor's; but opinions will be certainly found to differ as to the relative merits of this or that Specimen; though it is, of course, possible that some of the lists would be identical with that made at this Office. In case any considerable number thus agree in all particulars with the latter, a special Puzzle will be, if necessary, devised for settling who is to be the Prize-winner; but it is much more probable that a close and interesting contest will be the result.

Competitors, in sending in their answers, will have merely to quote the names affixed to the ten anagrams they select, placing them in the order of what they consider to be their merit. The *nom de plume* of one competitor may appear more than once in the list if it be thought that more than one of his or her anagrams merit places in the selected list. Competitors must satisfy themselves, before including any anagram in their list, it is indeed a complete anagram, and includes all the 35 letters of the original phrase.

Answers to Correspondents.

*** As the Rules are omitted this week, competitors will please notice that all answers to the current Puzzle must be sent in on or before Friday morning, the 18th inst., addressed to the Puzzle Editor, "Truth" Buildings, Carteret-street, Queen Anne's Gate, S.W.

*** The real name and address of Epsilon, winner of Prize No. 267, are Edwin L. Davis, Esq., 11, Coltman-street, Hull.

Tan Tun, Bonus, and A Thirsk Correspondent.—Many thanks for your suggestions, which I shall have much pleasure in considering.

Pokea.—Thanks for your identification of the anonymous answer to Puzzle No. 267.

Ana.—I have passed on your lines to the Editor. For the misprint I beg to apologise.

Paste.—Yes; your prediction was safely received. *Cui nomen innominato.* I have made a note of your request.

Snowstorm, Coaly Tyne, Nemo, Black-Eyed Susan, Hoggy Doggy, Spare Nought, Pseudonym, Roaster, Terar, Unique, No Diena.—I am sorry to have to report to you that your answers to Puzzle No. 269 arrived "Too Late" for publication.

Jack W.—Thanks for your letter; but it would not do to change the paper now. Your prediction was too late for publication, I am sorry to add.

The Puzzle Editor.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 270. ASSORTED SPECIMENS—GOOD AND OTHERWISE.

ANAGRAMS ON "THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE ANNUAL BOAT RACE."

Afar, 'mid loud, grand cheer, Cantab Oxon beat.—Jersey Lily.

Hard race, but Cantab gained lead from Oxon.—Sclaninge.

A barge in front; a bad oar can muddle the cox. A bad cox and old bargeman oft ruin the race. N.B.—Let cox guard from cad in boat near ahead.—Ne quin nimis.

Cantab blue had raced in an extra good form.—Aglastes.

Ah! bad rudder-line for Cantab cox to manage.—Kooree.

If great Cantab had oarmen under a bold cox!—Geralnine.

Oxona built a craft, and a grand mob cheered.—Pivert.

And then, 'mid Cantab roar, cox fouled a barge.—Monkenbons.

A hard race, but an excited mob on land go far.—A Cagen Mary.

Exult for Cantab; a rare good band each, mind.—Provinent.

A coxen mad or daft can bring trouble ahead.—Squelette.

Much extra load on board can bring a defeat.—H. S. Bugny.

Blithe "Cox" on board can manage rudder "aft."—Crystal Palace.

If a bad cox, a rudder can mar one boat length.—Pseudoun.

A band and trace of honour exalt Cambridge.—Ana.

A bad cad-exit, but a rare change from Loudon.—Oln Log.

Boat fouled; Cantab cox ran her in damaged.—A. N. P.

A Cambridge adherent's wish.

Our Cantab cox! (a dab!) lead thee in grand form!—Paste.

Mud barge ahead. Innocent aft. "Larboard, Cox!"—David.

"Aboard," cried Cox; "run along and beat them." Af!—Imperator.

Cantab did humble a rare foe. Oxon can't drag.—Sanna.

Don a blue rag, Dan dear. I'm cox for the Cantab.—Daphnis.

Cantab beat Oxon? Glad, indeed! Hurra! for Cam!!—Gautier.

Haig* and M'Lean† found extra tobacco barred (very little tobacco allowed in training).—Lemon.

* Camb., No. 6. † Ox., No. 5.

Can a Cox'n, rude fate! rob and mar a bold eight?—Bandbox.

A cox and eight men rule on board a bad craft.—Sheepshear.

Can a blind cox manage the rudder for a boat?—Rozel.

Cox ran Cam boat aground. I had beer and left.—Æsthetic boat race for the blue ribbon of the Thames: Oxon racing Cam for blue art band.—Dead heat.—Full Moon.

Oxon beat; Camb, half trained, raced aground.—Oxon in half dead. Camb. aground at Crab Tree.—Jackraw.

A mob on board excited after a grand launch.—An excited hour! mob afloat! crab! and danger!—Rhiw.

(A contemporary predicted that, with rough weather, Oxon would have the better chance.) Cantab dread rough, and beat Oxon if calmer.—Betty Pringle.

A prophecy.

A mad run on the Bridge! a far lead to a B. N. C. Cox.—Rector.

Oxonian lured badgered Cantab for a match.—Sam Slick.

And a barge came and craft in orthodox blue.—Abastor.

Cantab cox had lead for a minute, grand bore.—E. Y. S.

Care abandoned—exulting for a hard combat.—Moralist.

No feather-bed oar lad can go and mix at R.U.B.C.*

* Royal University Boat Club.

Nunnydroog.

Did Oxon dream her flag can beat our Cantab?—Gus.

Ou, game cox!—a hard bid can alter bad fortune.—Number III.

Dear Oxon, hail! and force great Cantab dumb.—Excel, O Cantab! in a grand hard bout for mead.—Epsilon.

*A bad card, †a cox, and ‡four right able Eton men.—Murc.

* Maclean. † Humphreys. ‡ Gridley, Churchill, Haig, and Pitman.

A bright blue cox, and oar can defeat or damn!—Poacher.

"Arrah! do go." "Can't. No fun; a mad excited rabble."—Bobus.

Far too much exertion! a grand lad can be bad.—Phyllis Fleming.

A craft, eight men and cox aboard, blue adorn.—J. H. T.

Eight beat near and far. No bad cox could mar.—W2.

Cam beat Oxon. Not a bad change. Frail rudder.—Bunny.

Grand National Match. A bad cox rued before.—Thwinter.

Had a grand tide. Cox an uncomfortable bear.—Siva.

A bright cox and able men can add to our fear.—Chigs.

An extra hard tug and bide cool. No fear, Camb!—Dora.

(Given) Random cox. Add beer.—(Result) A boat cut in half. Anger.—A bitter cold. No fun. Barge ahead. Cox ran mad.—Each oar mobbed, and a cox in a grand flutter.—Hermione.

Don't brag, Oxon D.D.! Hear! Cam can't be a failure!—R. M. E.

O! the cox? A Cantab undergrad famed in labour.—Cox, a Cantab undergrad, laboured home faint.—Ikey Mo.

Read, don't grumble Oxon if Cantab had a race.—Scotia.

An extra tug for honor can aid. Bedad! be calm!—Altiora Peto.

Oxon ran ahead. Cam boat bilged under craft.—Tan Tun.

Landed Oxon! Arch beating from dear Cantab.—Stella.

Band on barge afloat, and much excited roar.—Malignant.

Ha! exuberant band! A rare, good, mad conflict.—Bay-Dino.

Our dear, grand old man, *he* can "cox" abaft, I bet.—Eastbourne.

Undergrad *loq.*:—"Read, I am for a grand doubt; both canna excel.—Veni.

Caught a crab! Leaned from on board, and exit.—Creno.

A hard ride of a grand Oxon-Cantab Club meet.—A grand and rare club match. Be a fix'd one too!—Don a charming coat-band of "extra" blue, dear!—Roggee Shurt.

A good cox can lend fame, but I ran rather bad.—Osman Digma.

An excited fool (M.D.Cantab) hurra'd on a barge.—Zebedee.

Did blue Cantab and Oxon reach a great form?—King Cole.

Do exert much. Bold oar can beat far, and gain.—Bunthorne.

O! Ox, beat Camb—had grand trial of endurance!—Guinea Pig.

Our bland cabman had extra cigar to feed on.—Bird came aboard; found an oar, exact length.—Bob Ridley.

A bad cab road; fog on land. Excitement! Hurra!—Mia.

For the Oxon and Cantab grad, a dim, blue race.—Jober Khan.

A grand match fixed; oar to blue oar can bend.—Tarbox.

Bacca 'barred a long time, and fortune hoax'd.—White Rose.

F, an amateur cox (on board), cried, "A bad length!"—Venture.

Mad cox cheated near brig and boat ran foul.—No Sam.

One lax B.A. caught a crab—odd for trained men!—Mas. Poyser.

An old Oxonian, Fred Beater, M.D., caught a crab.—Puina.

Oxford eight. Man bad, and unable to race Car.—Blower.

O! grand! noble!—bar a mixture of cheat and cad.—Theonora.

If cox can, do let a green, bad oarman tub hard.—Bung-bung.

A trained blue-badged cox ran on for a match.—Dreamer.

Oxon caught a crab before land made. Darn it!—Respice Finem.

No, a bad crab caught did floor an Exeter man.—Fitz Nigal.

O, Bob; grand! hard run! Extol an academic feat!—Hongus Bongus.

Bet! oh, do! for an extra grand Academian club.—Ellart.

Blue in dog-cart and cab. No extra "form" ahead.—Giglio.

A cab extra do; a dinner grand, O match of Blue.—Abercarn.

A hard nut, Cox! Be calm; go in for bread and tea.—Erema.

A crab, Cox; hold a bit; often a danger near mud.—Louie.

Go, and after much exertion aboard, land, cab.—Winslow.

A grand match! O excited band fear no labour.—Chartanomus.

Our eight excel, roar fond Cantab, a mad band.—E. Y. N.

Academic don had forborne a garb exultant.—Hogganfield.

O frantic undergrad, be not mad! "Cable" a hoax.—Dorothy.

And, I forgot to add, an execrable human crab.—Building Land.

Ah! bad accord. Go, extend not an arm, fair blue.—Dum spiao spero.

Ah! a babe cox, good craft, and train'd men rule.—Welshman's Gap.

Brace deft arm Oxonian, Cantab; hard duel. Go!—Aramis.

A Cantab on board excluding defeat or harm.—Nutcrackers.

But cox and oar bend far along amid the race.—Asymptote.

Reach far out, daring; become not lax and bad.—Smasher.

I'm for the dread Cantab band. No lax courage.—Kerry Pippin.

Cantab do run amain! Excel! Both dared go far.—Wild Thyme.

Exalt a head! braced Cantab! go round in form.—Skrepecila.

Blue oath. Grand idea! Cox loq.: "Cantab men, for'ard!"—Cui Nomen Innominato.

Rare grand band of blue, Tom. Accident—a hoax.—Kathleen.

I go forth and excel, and beat a "crab." O mad run!—Linoleum.

On box of cab, Nadar drained a claret mug.—Bishop Bedek.

A grand oar conflict! Men and beaux aboard.—Delta.

Each oar man'd? Be extra daring. Don't foul, Cah!—W. H. M.

Grand idea. Can orthodox blue man be a craft?—Mersey.

Abound, exalt far and broad the coming race.—Dieux Nigauds.

A grand meat lnuch aboard be nice at Oxford.—Ognos.

An old cox had a tub. Boating men feared Carr.*—C. F. Reid.

* One of the Oxford eight some years ago.

O! grand trial of endnrance had Camh; beat Ox.—Alyce.

Anagrams have been also received from Qneen Bess, Rataplan, Three Castles, Eclipse, W. Val English, Asthma, Dualvor, Pentefrax, T. R. Paterson, Emily, Perle Fine, Ecila May, Daisy, Spero, Garçcn, Guelder Rose, Gipsy, Nigel, Scotch Thistle, Judex, Wayward Thing, Little Margaret, Cæsar's Corner, Skrepecila, Juno, Observer (only twenty-nine letters used), Nil, Evermore, Ulsterman, Jo, Little Dorrit.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 269.—PREDICTIONS OF THE BOAT-RACE (*continued*).

1. C; 2. Two; 3. O; 4. C. Notwithstanding inclemency of the weather, many thousands will be present. Course will he well kept. O would have cut a better figure if they had stuck to the other hoat.—Asthma.

1. O; 2. Two; 3. C; 4. O, hy a length. Time, 21m. 19s. C started with very fast stroke, but at half distance C hegan to fall to pieces; O then hegan to go away hy degrees. Weather fine, but signs of rain.—B. A. M.

1. C; 2. Half a length; 3. O; 4. O. At the start C assnmed the lead. Half way between Putney Bridge and Soapworks hoth crews were level, hut on arrival at the latter O was two lengths ahead. On nearing Barnes Bridge C caught up, and as they shot under their hoat was a trifle in front. C increased lead inch by inch until finish.—Flickster.

1. O; 2. Three; 3. C; 4. C. C kept lead as far as Chiswick, when O, pnttting on a spurt, shot ahead. At B B O was two lengths in front. This lead continued to increase, O being an easy winner.—Cwm Twrch.

1. O; 2. Three and a half; 3. O; 4. O, by half length. A very even start, C at once taking lsad, hut splashing considerably, and off Walden's Wharf O, rowing a long stroke, drew up, passed H B in 7m. 15s. Off Chiswick Church O was 2 lengths in front, and continned to gain till end.—Oxysulphidd.

1. C; 2. One; 3. C; 4. C. Time, 21m. 8s.—Irene Lascelles.

1. C; 2. Fonr; 3. O; 4. C. C will draw away at start, and, pulling well together, will widen gap between O and themselves. O will spurt near H B, and will come within a length of C, who will win in 24m.—Hoeblrdehoy.

1. O; 2. Five; 3. O; 4. O. C get afloat, and strikes the water at starting first. O, Soap Works and Crah Tree first. A man in the C boat hreaks his stretcher, and C, after first few strokes, never gets the lead. After first five minutes daylight is seen nninterruptedly hetween the two boats.—Garth.

1. O; 2. One; 3. C; 4. O. C will at first head O, which will gain the lead before H B, which will he reached in ahout 6m.; thence O will lead to the end. Fine weather; no accident. At the Soap Works C will lead, and immediately after O will shoot ahead. Time, about 21m.—Codford.

1. O; 2. Two and a half; 3. O; 4. O. C will lead at first for a short distance, and its men will roll in their boat.—G. D. Watson.

1. C; 2. Two, nearly; 3. C; 4. C. O will lead at start, but C will soon draw up; C will be the heaviest crew; weather fair; times—Walden's Wharf, 2m. 56s; Crahtree, 4m. 12s.; H B, 6m. 30s.; the Doves, 7m. 35s.; winning-post, 20m. 45s. No accidents.—Elivas.

1. O; 2. Two; 3. C; 4. O, by one and a half length. C will let O take Middlesex side; at start O will take lead, and keep it throughout in spite of C's spnrts. Time, 20m. 45s.—Don Juan.

1. O; 2. One; 3. C; 4. O, slightly ahead. C leads at the Creek; O clear at the Soapworks. Time, 21m. 21½s. (exact).—Chemin.

1. O; 2. One and a half; 3. O; 4. O.—Crystal Palace.

1. C; 2. Two; 3. O; 4. C.—Brian Borel.

1. C; 2. Not stated; 3. C; 4. C. O will lead at Simmon's boat-yard, but at Bishop's Creek, C will be even with them, and C will be through H B in 8m. 18s. At Chiswick Eyot, C will be leading by 1 length; at Barnes Bridge, by 1½ length. Time, 1m. 20s.—Old Girl.

1. C; 2. Nearly a length; 3. O; 4. O, hnt C, contrary to all expectations, will pass them, and win.—Eva Yorke.

1. O; 2. Seven; 3. C; 4. O, by fonr lengths. O took the inside water; at the firing of gun O, with a splendid spurt, took lead, and, pulling 33 to the minute, passed Craven steps 2 lengths ahead, increasing lead off Soapworks to 3 with stroke of 34; from this point they eased down, winning easily in 20m. 30s.—Leo T. Dring.

1. O; 2. Five and a half; 3. C; 4. O.—Tom Boy.

1. O; 2. Two and a half; 3. O; 4. O.—Westward Ho!

1. O; 2. Four and a half; 3. O; 4 O. Weather cold, with east wind. Time, 21m. 28s.—Nellog.

1. C; 2. Nearly one; 3. O; 4. O. O from start lead, hut C will pull up at end. Day warm, with little or no wind. Start half an hour late. Spectators less numerous than last year.—Five o'Clock 'Bus.

1. O; 2. A foul; 3. C; 4. C. C fouled O.—Unlucky.

1. C; 2. Five; 3. O; 4. C. O's bow oar nearly catches a crah. A slight wash of water over O's how. Very nearly an accident to C's crew through boat getting in way. Both hoats inconvenienced by wash from steamer.—X. Y. Z.

1. C; 2. Three. 3. O. 4. C.—Paste.

1. O; 2. Two; 3. O; 4. O. Both crews started well together, C at a quicker stroke than O (Surrey side). As they neared H B it was clear that O was gaining, and its lead was gradually increased till, in Crah Tree Reach, daylight appeared between the two boats. C made final effort, but ended in splashing.—Apollo.

1. C; 2. Half a length; 3. C; 4. O, with very slight lead. Boats kept pretty equal to middle of the course, when O began to show signs of exhaustion. Cold wind and drizzling rain spoilt the holiday. Time, 22m. 17s.—Martello.

1. O; 2. Three; 3. C; 4. O. Dull and cold weather. C started hetter, and led to Soap Works, where O, having settled down after somewhat flurried start, drew up level; O forging ahead, left no doubt as to result.—Lily Bridges.

1. O; 2. One and a half; 3. C; 4. O, by three quarters. C launches first and chooses Surrey side. Good start, O rowing 40 and C 39. Soon O draws a little ahead; hy Craven Cottage O leads hy a ¼ length. The C steering up Crab Tree Reach is bad. O reaches B B 1½ lengths ahead in 17m. 25s.—Lincoln.

1. C; 2. Four; 3. C; 4. C. Fine and warm weather. C went ahead from the first, and kept lead throughout.—Maurice H. F.

1. C; 2. Three; 3. O; 4. C. O, Middlesex side. At word "go," O started at 32 against 34 of C. Passing Rose Bank, C were ½ a length in front. At Crab Tree, O drew level; but, after determined struggle, C shot H B a length to the good, C rowing 36 against O's 35, and drawing in front to the end, overdrew.—Thug.

1. O; 2. Four; 3. O; 4. O. Fine bright day, with favourable breeze. O, almost immediately after start, will take lead, holding its ground throughout, and winning in 19m. 50s.—Solomon.

1. C; 2. Three; 3. C; 4. C. C will start off with good lead, which it will keep up to H B, when O will spurt, hut in vain. At Barnes Railway Bridge another effort may be made by O; but C will come away with a rush, and win.—Pas de Blague.

1. C; 2. Two and a half; 3. C; 4. C. H B in 9m. The betting, 2 to 1 on O. Time, 20m. 4s.—Lelia.

1. O; 2. Three and a half; 3. O; 4. O. H B in 8½m. Betting, 4 to 1 on O. Time, 21m. 9s.—Celia.

1. C; 2. Two; 3. O; 4. C.—Philebene.

1. O; 2. Four; 3. O; 4. O. H B in 8m. Betting 5 to 1 on O at start. Time, 21m. 5s.—Strephon.

1. O; 2. Four and a half; 3. O; 4. O. H B in 8½m. Betting, 3 to 1 on O. Time, 20m. 12s.—Iolanthe.

1. O; 2. Three and a half; 3. C; 4. C.—Herbert Edwards.

1. O; 2. One and a half; 3. C; 4. O, by ½ length. C will choose Surrey side, and have a slight start.—Says as Above.

1. C; 2. Three; 3. O; 4. C, by ½ length. A splendid start, O (Middlesex side) shooting to the front, hut after about 200 yds. was overtaken by C, which won in 23m.—C. Chapman.

1. O; 2. Four and a half; 3. C; 4. O. Wet. Not an average attendance. False and late start. Good tide. Very fast time, about 20m. C got best of start. Nos. 1 and 2 in O hoat very much rowed out. O stroke starts at 42 to minute. C rather slower.—J. Knight.

1. C; 2. Half a length; 3. O; 4. O, very slightly.—Poowong.

1. O; 2. Three and a half; 3. C; 4. O. Time, 20m. 45s. C will lead for first half mile.—Old Cock.

1. O; 2. Three and a half; 3. O; 4. C, by 1 length. Wind N.E., heautifully clear, hut rather cold. Boats started well together, rowing about the same pace until nearing H B. After passing it O quickened up, and gradually passed C, not being headed again. Time, 21m. 15s.—J. B. Balls.

1. O; 2. One and a half; 3. O; 4. O, by half a length. O chooses Surrey side, and soon after start takes a slight lead, which it, holding their lead, gradually increases till the end.—Glenalmond.

1. C; 2. Two; 3. O; 4. C.—Soap-suds.

1. O; 2. Two and a half; 3. O; 4. O. O will not at any time he more than 3 lengths ahead.—Fidget.

1. O; 2. One and a half; 3. C; 4. C, by a quarter of a length. Weather propitious; C, after the first 200 yards, will gradually gain until H B, when O will be seen steadily making way, and the day will eventually he theirs.—Lex.

1. O; 2. Three; 3. C; 4. O. Bright day. C will push off first, choosing Middlesex side, and catching the water first, rowing a stroke of 35, will soon be a few feet ahead. O, pulling a slower stroke, will gradually gain. From opposite Soapworks O will keep steadily ahead, and win in 21m. 10s.—Cocklir.

1. C; 2. One and a half; 3. C; 4. O. Rowed in rain. Time, 20m. 55s. O jumped off with the lead.—Sclanidge.

Answers have also been received from Cara, Sambo, W. G. Dyke, Liscard, Vix Caballus, Nigel, Parsonides, Jersey Lily, Ruperto, G. H. Campbell, Poopoo, Red Rover, Arthur Jones, Broken Leg, Little B., Goring, Arcades Ambo, Archer Up, H. Marsh Green, Guinea Pig, Aurelian, D. B., Arthur, Mercury Maker, Wyvonhoe, Teapot, Full of Go, Herbert S. White, J. Rolph, Old Shingles, Fettesian, Geo. Haste, F. A. Mason, Grosvenor, Royal, Mnre, America, Dot, Yam, Ajax, Penelope, Sexton, Snnffy Yob, Six Knohs, Zuln, Syd, Lotter, Cœur de Lion, Wayward Thing, Wits, Phœbns, Mrs. Bloss, Desdichado, Geo. W. Robertson, Juno, Smuggins, Diapason, Gypsy, Guelder Rose, Harrow-on-the-Hill, Invictus Maneo, Uberima, Pluto, Briggins, Bospidninchis, Alicujus, Poor Man, The False Prophet, Zet, Provident, H. D. Davidson, Cæsar, Dum Spiro Spero, Luxie, Yesmur, Ecila May, Blood Orange, Ohadiah, Tops, Smiff, Nurse, Eutropius, Telford, Bingo, Sardine, Don Carlos, Paddy, Dicky Bird, Saint, Offa, Pnssy, Sam, Devereux, Grovely, Wag, Tito, Athalie, H. Stafford Tucker, King Cole, Hasta, Maybloom, Esa, Celia, Keltie, Invley Nixon, Præcognita, Sloper, Truth, No Name, Sprat, A. Wood, A. B. C., Murdoch, C. Penley Newton, Telegraphist, Silly Dick, Bernard H. Dixson, R. S. Wood, and Rita.

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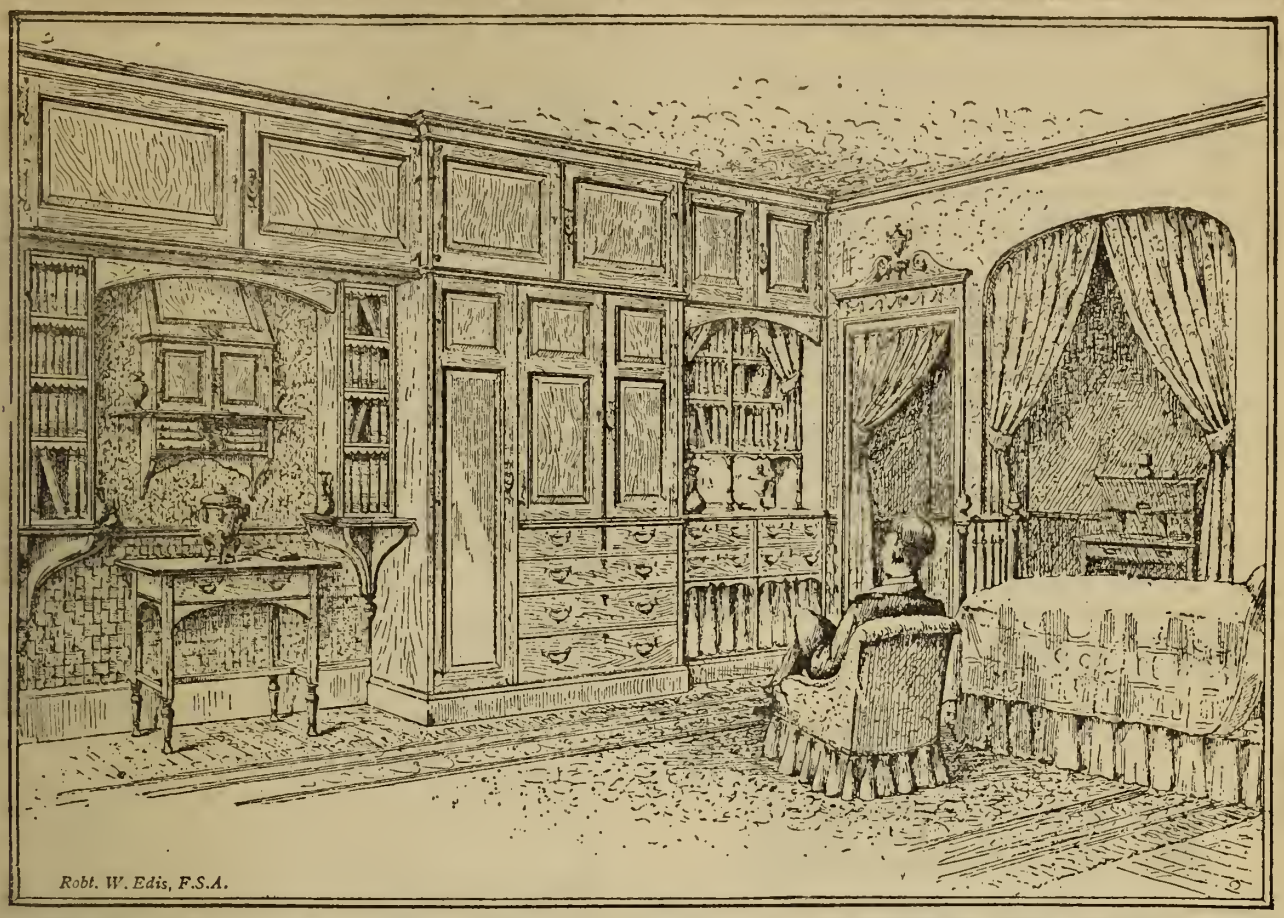

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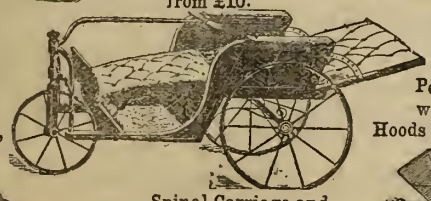

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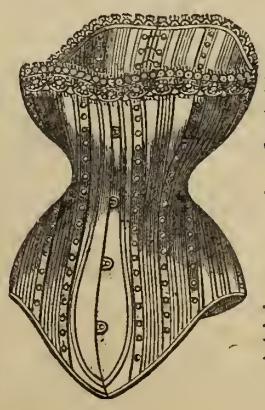

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• TRUTH •

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No. 381. Vol. XV. Thursday, April 17, 1884. Price Sixpence.

ENTRE NOUS.

THE Royal Family and the Queen's medical advisers are anxious that her Majesty should remain in Germany for five weeks, but it was with difficulty that she was induced to go abroad at all, and in all probability she will return to Windsor Castle by the first week in next month. According to present arrangements, the Queen is to arrive at Balmoral on Saturday, May 24, and will stay there till the end of June.

Two beds, which have been manufactured at the Castle works, were despatched last week from Windsor to Portsmouth and Darmstadt. One was to be placed in the Queen's cabin on board the *Osborne*, and the other in the bedroom which she is to occupy in the Neue Schloss, at Darmstadt. Her Majesty invariably sleeps on a bed made after a certain pattern, and one is always sent in advance for her use when she is going to a strange place.

It was left for the railway officials to protest against the Queen's journey to the Continent taking place on Easter Monday, as no one in the entourage could be found with pluck enough to put before her Majesty the inconvenience she would cause were her programme carried out. When the representations on the subject were first made, they were very coldly received by the underlings of the Court. But the Queen soon heard of them, and at once altered her plans by fixing her departure a day later than was originally intended.

After consultation with the Prince of Wales, the Queen has modified her orders as to State functions. I hear that there are to be two Levées after Ascot, and two Drawing-rooms (which will be held at Buckingham Palace, by the Princess of Wales) about the same time. Balls are prohibited, but it is probable that there will be two State concerts, one during the last week in June and the other early in July.

The marriage of Prince Louis of Battenberg with Princess Victoria of Hesse will take place at Darmstadt next week, and it is to be as strictly private as was the wedding of Princess Alice, which was celebrated in the dining-room at Osborne. Only a few of the nearest relatives on both sides will be present. The newly-married couple will probably pass their honeymoon at Heiligenberg, the Schloss of Prince Alexander of Hesse, near Jugenheim, which is within a drive of Darmstadt, and early in May they will come to England, to reside at Sennicotts, near Chichester, which they have taken for eighteen months.

The dress which the Queen was to have worn at the Royal wedding is made of the richest black moiré, with silver embroidery, and with a long train lined with grey satin.

The German Crown Prince and Crown Princess will meet the Queen at Darmstadt, and, when the Prince goes to Kissingen, the Crown Princess and Princess Victoria are expected to come to England on a visit to her Majesty.

Next Monday the German Emperor is expected at Wiesbaden to stay for three weeks. He will not now attend the Royal wedding at Darmstadt, but will go there to pass a day, in order to have an interview with the Queen.

The omission of the Comte de Paris from the list of Royal invitations to the Duke of Albany's funeral has given great offence to the Orleans family. As the Duke was on very intimate terms with the Comte and Comtesse de Paris, and especially as he had been constantly in their company and at their house during his stay on the Riviera, the oversight was certainly unfortunate.

The Duke of Albany's death is a very serious loss to Cannes, for he was so delighted with the place that he was on the point of purchasing a very pleasantly-situated piece of land a short distance out of the town, and the plans for a villa which he proposed to build there before next winter were in preparation. The settlement of a member of the Royal Family at Cannes would have been a climax to the prosperity of the place, owing to the swarm of English and Americans who are always to be found in the track of Royal personages.

Lord Beaconsfield tells us in "Lothair" that "sedentary men of extreme opinions" are always "social parasites." I am reminded of the alleged trait by hearing that some of the Duke of Albany's literary and scientific friends have already expressed a hope that the Queen will permit the collection and early republication of the various addresses delivered by H.R.H. The Duke of Albany's orations were carefully composed, and, for a prince, they were more than respectable, but they never soared above the standard of a good "Union" speech or of an average scientific institute address, and there is nothing in any one of them of sufficient originality or brilliancy or depth to justify any intelligent man in sparing time for a second

reading. If it be resolved to embalm them in a volume, her Majesty will do well to cause it to be printed for private circulation only.

The Empress of Austria terminated her visit to Wiesbaden last week, and removed, with her daughter the Archduchess Valerie, and a suite of sixty persons, to Heidelberg, where she will make a short stay before returning to Vienna. The health of the Empress has been quite restored by her residence at Wiesbaden, and latterly she has taken very long rides every day.

Society in Dublin does not amuse itself during the last week of Lent—prayers, preachings, and Bach's Passion Music giving it more serious occupations. Anticipations of the good time coming after Easter are the only mundane thoughts indulged in during the intervals of pious duties. An excellent meeting is expected at Punchestown, with a train of attendant festivities, including balls to be given by Lady Mayo at Palmerston House, and by Mrs. E. Guinness, at her palatial residence in Stephen's Green.

At Brighton the Orleans Club is becoming an institution of the place. The new portion of the building is to be ready for occupation on July 1, when the number of members will be increased. The club has been very full during Easter, amongst the members staying there being Lord Randolph Churchill, Sirs Rivers Wilson, Bruce Seton, A. Slade, George Wombwell, Andrew Fairbairn, Bridges Hamilton, Colonel Digby, Mr. Marriott, M.P., and innumerable representatives of the whitebait of society.

The two sons of the Duke and Duchess of Teck are staying for their Easter holidays at St. James's Palace, with the Duchess of Cambridge, who has quite recovered from her late sharp attack of bronchitis. The proposed visit to England of the Duchess of Teck is likely to be postponed for some time to come.

Lord and Lady Salisbury and family left Hatfield on Tuesday for Cranborne. Lord and Lady Selborne have been staying with them at Hatfield House.

The Duchess of Argyll, who is a great invalid, is unable to take carriage exercise except in a closed brougham, for the smell of a horse brings on a species of asthma which affects her breathing. Lord Salisbury's youngest son is afflicted in the same way.

Lord Lytton left Knebworth last week for Paris on his way to Italy. He intends to remain abroad till after Whitsuntide.

Last week Sir Richard and Lady Wallace took their final departure from Sudbourn Hall, to the very great regret of their neighbours of all classes. They will be much missed by the poor people, to whom Sir Richard has been most kind and liberal during the twelve years of his residence at Sudbourn. The estate, which extends over 11,000 acres, has been sold to Mr. Heywood, of Liverpool. It is one of the finest sporting properties in England, and the Hall is one of the best houses in Suffolk. It was built on the site of an old manor-house by Wyatt for the second Lord Hertford, but it has been much improved, and so, also, have the gardens and grounds, by its late owners.

Lord and Lady Hampden are not going abroad for several months, as has been stated. They intend to pass the summer at Glynde Place, their residence near Lewes.

Lord Coleridge arrived on Wednesday, with his family, at Heath's Court, his place near Ottery St. Mary. It is Lord Coleridge's first visit to his country home since last Whitsuntide.

The Duke and Duchess of St. Albans will return to England on Monday next from the Mediterranean. Since their visit to Rome they have been cruising about among the islands, and for the last week they have been off the coast of the Riviera. They leave their yacht at Marseilles to-morrow.

Lord Bath has been seriously ill at Longleat, but is now recovering. He was unable to go to Salisbury last week to attend Quarter Sessions, of which he is chairman.

A marriage will take place next month between the Bishop of Sodor and Man and Miss Alice Probyn, sister of Sir Dighton Probyn. Dr. Rowley-Hill has been a widower for about two years.

Lord and Lady Breadalbane, who are staying at Taymouth with a small party, intend to remain in Scotland till the beginning of next month.

Lord and Lady Conyngham are going abroad for two months.

Lord and Lady Zetland leave Aske Hall this week for the season. Lord Zetland's hounds finished their hunting yesterday with a meet at Rokeby Park, Mr. Morritt's beautiful place.

Lord Seafield was buried last Wednesday in the family mausoleum at Duthil, where many generations of the Grant family sleep their last sleep. The scene was a remarkable tribute to the great popularity of the late chief of the clan Grant, for the procession was two miles long, and nearly 4,000 persons were present, many of whom travelled long distances in order to attend. The mourners assembled at Castle Grant, with the Provosts and Town Councils of Inverness, Banff, Elgin, and three other burghs, attended by their halberdiers.

The Dowager Lady Seafield walked at the head of the coffin, escorted by her nephew, the Master of Blantyre. The Duke of Athole, Lord Dunmore, Lord Huntly, Lord March (who travelled from London on purpose to be present), Sir G. M. Grant, Brodie of Brodie, Mr. Baillie of Dochfour, Macleod of Macleod,

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Cluny, and Sir Kenneth Mackenzie, were among those present. Lord Fife was represented by Mr. Tayler, of Glenbarry, and Lochiel was kept away by the dangerous illness of the Duke of Buccleuch. On the coffin was a beautiful wreath, sent by the officers of the 1st Life Guards. The procession was headed by a large band of pipers, who played several mournful dirges.

The account which has been published of the late Earl's will is not quite correct. The whole of the estates are left, without condition or reserve, to the Dowager Countess, who, however, has already intimated her intention of settling £4,000 a year on the holder of the title, and of forthwith entailing the whole property (subject to her own life interest) on the present Lord Seafield and his successors; but this last arrangement will be effected so that the estates will be administered by trustees during the life of the present Earl and his successor, in order that the permanent debt on the property (£800,000) may be paid off. The estates extend over 310,000 acres, and the rental exceeds £70,000 a year. On the Strathspey property are the finest plantations in the country. They cover nearly 100,000 acres, and in thirty years' time they will be worth a million sterling.

Some ill-conditioned Scotch papers are ranting about the disgust of the clansmen at finding that the inheritance of their chief has been alienated from him. This is nonsense. The estates were disentailed years ago, and Lord Seafield's devotion to his mother was so well known that everybody was prepared to find that he had left the property to her. Nothing could be more natural, and Lady Seafield, who, during the thirty-five years that have elapsed since her marriage, has made herself universally beloved on the estate, has lost no time in justifying the trust which her son placed in her. The insinuation that Lord Seafield was solely influenced by political considerations is utterly absurd and most unwarrantable. I understand that the estates were disentailed shortly after the late Earl came of age, and long before his uncle abandoned his hereditary politics.

Mr Monteith, of Carstairs, who has just died, was a fine, old-fashioned specimen of a Scotchman, polished by long Continental residence and travel. He was a staunch Legitimist and Catholic, and an ardent disciple of the late David Urquhart. This small eclectic school was much addicted to the worship of things Turkish. They introduced the Turkish-bath into England. One of their personal peculiarities was never to perform their ablutions except in running water. Another peculiarity was their abhorrence of handshaking. They looked upon it as a rude invention of republican familiarity. It was a custom unknown to the dignified Turk. The happy disciples of this school were privileged to kiss the ladies of their acquaintance on either cheek, which they did on principle (to the envy of unorthodox bystanders) in the case of the young and the fair, while they greeted the elderly with the more stately kiss of the hand.

Whenever Mr. Charles Reade was angry, he would pen the most truculent epistles to the object of his anger; but, in his private relations, a more kind, courteous, and considerate man never breathed. It was difficult to realise that the soft-toned, soft-hearted gentleman could be the author of the fiery missives which periodically appeared in the press. As a writer, he always had a mission, and, although he looked well after his rights, he never weighed popularity against principle. I remember once sitting with him in a box during the first night of one of his plays. It was a failure, and the audience was beginning to hiss. "I am afraid," said the despairing manager, "that the play is not meeting with universal approval." "If you wished, sir," said Mr. Reade, "for a play likely to please an audience, you should not have asked me to write one for you." At rehearsals he certainly did insist upon actors and actresses penetrating themselves with his conception of their parts, but he always was the first to recognise humble merit. On one occasion the girl playing a small servant's part had to be on the stage, whilst another was fondling a doll which represented her offspring. Charles Reade was narrowly watching the bye-play, and the next day the girl received a little bracelet from him, accompanied by a note congratulating her upon the affectionate manner in which she had glanced at the doll, and telling her that if she only persevered in playing the smallest parts with feeling she would live to be a great actress. "The Cloister and the Hearth" is, to my mind, the best of his novels. In those dealing with modern life there is almost always a vein of exaggeration of thought and sentiment which irritates.

"Bob" Grimston's familiar face and genial presence will be sorely missed by old Harrovians, the Marylebone Club, and the cricketing world at large. At Lord's his miraculous broad-brimmed hat and square-cut coat, whose roomy pockets always seemed to be constructed to carry cricket-balls, were as well known as the Pavilion itself. His death will be a grievous loss to Lord Bessborough, better known as Fred Ponsonby, from whom he was almost inseparable. Their friendship was lifelong, and is thus alluded to in a Harrow Tercentenary song:—

Old Damon and Old Pythias
They always "found" together;
You never saw those chums apart
In smooth or stormy weather.
But Ponsonby and Grimston
Triumphantly compare
With that somewhat sentimental,
Superannuated pair.

Anecdotes of the deceased President of the M.C.C. are legion. In addition to being an ardent cricketer he was a devoted follower of the chase. It is recorded of him that he once sustained a nasty fall over a difficult post and rails, and broke his collar-bone. As soon as he was again able to mount in the saddle he lost no time in seeking out the scene of his disaster, and triumphantly cleared the jump. Nay, more, he never lost an opportunity of repeating the performance whenever the hounds ran anywhere near the spot.

As if the "sporting obituary" for the year were not terribly long enough already, the hand of Death continues busy, and among its more recent victims, poor John

Antique and Decorative French, Italian, and English Furniture, and Old Tapestries, &c.—J. J. Duveen 181, Oxford-street.

Wisden deserves a passing word of notice. One of the soundest cricketers Sussex ever produced, he was a member of the England Eleven *v.* Kent in 1850, and of H. H. Stephenson's American team in 1859. At one time, Wisden could have been backed at single wicket against any man in the world, excelling as he did in every department of the game. Since his retirement from active participation in matches, he has benefited cricketers by the annual publication of the most useful of all the many records of the national pastime.

Hunt's Magazine for this month has an article on the new yachts and the coming season, and states that there is a racing tonnage of 321 tons building, as against 250 tons last year, which, in the face of so many weary tales elsewhere, looks pretty conclusive. The dimensions of some of the new craft are given, but appear to be rather faulty, since a calculation from the length and breadth of one vessel given will not make her the tonnage stated.

The yacht *Kara*, with Sir Henry Gore-Booth and Mr. W. J. A. Grant on board, left Wivenhoe on the 7th inst. for the Arctic regions on a sporting expedition.

Sir Richard Sutton's new 80-ton cutter *Genesta* was launched on Thursday last, *Tara* on Saturday, and *Marjorie* a week since, showing that some of the butterflies are getting ready for the cruising season.

A small steam-launch, not 22 ft. in length, built and engined by Messrs. Willans & Robinson from Mr. Beavor Webb's design was tried in the Thames a week ago, and proved a great success, doing some eight miles per hour on trial, a good speed for so small a craft.

Lord and Lady Pembroke joined their steam-yacht *Minerva* on Monday, the 7th inst., at Southampton, and at once started for Gibraltar. His lordship, although still very weak, seemed greatly improved in health, and no doubt a few weeks in the more genial climate of the Mediterranean will completely restore him to health. Lord and Lady Brownlow and Rear-Admiral Carpenter went on board with them, and saw them off. It is a good many years now since Lord Pembroke has done any yachting, but it is to be hoped his present cruise will prove more fortunate than his last, when he was wrecked in the South Seas, and lost the good ship *Albatross*.

The *Santa Maria*, Lord Alfred Paget's beautiful steam yacht, is at present let on hire to Prince Henri de Bourbon, who is cruising in the Mediterranean for his health; and the *Santa Cecilia*, Lord Alfred's other steamer, which was let to Mr. Sydney Platt, is now on her way home from New York. This will be the second time the latter vessel has crossed the Atlantic from New York to England.

The opening cruise of the Royal Northern Yacht Club has been fixed to take place on the Clyde on May 22, 23, and 24. There will be a regatta at Rothesay on July 11 and 12, and the closing cruise has been set down for the first week in September. The Earl of Glasgow and Sir Michael Shaw Stewart have been again elected Commodore and Vice-Commodore of the Club.

There has been quite a large muster of members at the R.Y.S. Castle, at Cowes, during the last week, including Lord Colville, Lord Dorchester, Lord Lamington, Sir Allen Young, Mr. M. Guest, Mr. Cust, Mr. Perceval, Mr. Aubrey Harcourt, and General Baring.

The yacht *Wave*, which was recently purchased by the Admiralty from Lord Delawarr for £7,000, has been refitted at Dartmouth at a further cost of £3,000; but during her trial trip last week she ran upon a rock off Dartmouth, and sustained such serious damage that she has been sent to Devonport dockyard, and she is likely to be there for some time, as she requires very extensive repairs. The *Wave* was about to be commissioned as tender to the *Britannia*.

The Boat Race has been so fully dealt with by contemporaries whose dates of publication gave them better facilities for discussing its merits, while its incidents were fresh in history, that the wind is pretty well taken out of my sails on the subject. However, I may congratulate my readers and myself on the soundness of the estimate I formed of the respective merits of the crews, and which I recorded this day fortnight, at a time when the public were laying 7 to 4 and 2 to 1 on Oxford. Both crews performed creditably in the race, remembering the stiff wind that blew, and also the annoyance which both sustained from a mischievous steam-tug.

On the subject of that steam-tug I have something to say. It was labelled "police boat." I presume that its original mission was to clear the course of obstruction. This is just what it did not do; for it was in itself the greatest obstruction, from the lawless and stupid manner in which it was navigated. If a pilot boat is to clear the course, it should go at least five minutes ahead of a race; otherwise it is not only too late to rectify the line if any barge or steamer is trespassing, but, also, it does not leave time for its own wash to subside before the boats arrive. This police boat seemed to be intent only on viewing the race for itself. From Chiswick to the finish it steamed just in front of the rowing crews, raising a frightful swell. No crews, however good, could have rowed steadily in such broken water. I hope that some one in authority will haul over the coals those who were in charge of this mismanaged police tug.

Among those who sat down to the annual dinner of the Blues after the 'Varsity Boat Race, was a very distinguished old Blue indeed, M. W. H. Waddington, late Prime Minister of France. M. Waddington rowed No. 5 in the winning Cambridge boat of 1849, turning the scale at 11 st. 10 lb. He had cultivated his inborn love of athletic pastimes at Rugby, where he was one of Dr. Arnold's pupils, and where he made his mark as a football player of great power. Indeed, there is still a tradition

Rimmel's Toilet Vinegar, tonic, refreshing, 2/6. Aromatic Ozonizer, a natural air purifier, 1/. 96, Strand; 128, Regent-st.; 24, Cornhill.

Minton's China.—A visit to Messrs. Goode's Depôt in South Audley-street will at once show the immense superiority of their collection, both as regards taste, extent, and lowness of price.

of a mighty kick he once made in Old Bigside, which is supposed to have secured the downfall of the Island goal, from the "Three trees," a distance of some 80 yards.

It is very proper, by the way, that the French papers should take an interest in English affairs, but would they not do well to steer clear of the Boat-race? The readers of the *Gaulois*, for instance, will gather rather a false impression of the business from being told that one of the features of the *boad-race* is the *coachman* who directs the *manœuvres*.

The University sports were a decided surprise for most of the cognoscenti, who fancied the Cambridge athletes were a better all-round lot than their opponents. Of the five events which were considered "morals" for the Cantabs, the hundred, mile, three miles, hurdles, and high jump, only the last two came off, the mile providing the surprise of the whole meeting, an Oxonian of only mediocre reputation not only vanquishing last year's winner, but establishing a record for Inter-'Varsity contests. The Cambridge first string was too unwell to make much of a show in the long race, and in the hundred the Oxford president got the best of a good start, and led throughout. On the other hand, two of the three Oxford certainties scored — viz., the hammer and the weight, the wide jump being the sole disappointment of the day for the partisans of the Isis; and as the doubtful event of the contest, the quarter mile, also fell to their share, the Oxonian victory was sufficiently complete.

In these days of English decadence it is refreshing occasionally to come across a champion worthy the name, and Mr. W. G. George, of the Moseley Harriers, deserves well of all lovers of sport. At the recent London Athletic Club meeting he ran ten miles in 51 minutes 20 seconds, one of the most marvellous performances ever seen on the running path, and six seconds better than Deerfoot's record, which called forth much doubt at the time it was earned. At the close of his task Mr. George pulled up quite fresh, and many of his friends firmly believe that he could, under favourable circumstances, go very near covering twelve miles within the hour.

A correspondent, who makes such matters his special study, and who has just had a series of runs through Perthshire, writes me that—

If no unforeseen circumstance should occur, the present will be a good grouse year. A more than usually large breeding stock was left on the moors at the close of the shooting season, and to all appearances there has been less than the usual mortality among the birds. Nesting is now going forward, and young ones will speedily be seen.

The meeting of the members of the Cottesmore Hunt at Oakham, over which Lord Aveland presided, was by no means harmonious. The question of building new kennels is not yet decided, and there was a general opinion that the projected site at Ashwell is unsuitable. It is difficult to understand why the Hunt cannot come to a friendly understanding with Lord Lonsdale, and continue to use the stables and kennels at Barleythorpe. A more serious matter was the complaint, which is general among the farmers, that hay and corn are now always bought from dealers out of the country, and that followers of the Hunt had entirely ignored the interests of occupiers of land when the foot-and-mouth disease broke out. Mr. Baird will continue to hunt the country for at least one more season.

It is definitely settled that Mr. A. H. Wood, of Froyle Park, is to be the new Master of the H H., in succession to Mr. Deacon.

Every effort was made to induce Lord Wilton to accept the Mastership of the Quorn, but he persistently refused, and the only offer (after the negotiation with Lord Lonsdale had ended in nothing) was from Lord Manners, whose election gives much satisfaction in the country, as he is well known and very popular in Leicestershire. At the Leicester meeting of the Hunt, it was very truly remarked by Lord Wilton that unless the farmers were *liberally* compensated for damage done to land and fences, foxhunting would be brought to a standstill. It will be well for the sport if this very sensible view is adopted in other parts of the country, and practically acted upon.

The far-famed Merryton stud of Clydesdale horses, the property of the late Mr. Drew, will be sold off to-morrow at the farm in Lanarkshire. There are sixty-three lots, including twelve sires.

Gambling on horse-races in India has hitherto been carried on through the medium of racing lotteries, the professional bookmaker being almost unknown. The would-be "punter" has been forced to back his fancy by buying a share, or a half-share, or even a quarter-share in a fancied horse, or by holding a number of tickets in the lotteries, in the hopes of drawing a favourite which would sell for a large sum. As the tickets were not paid for until the settling-day following the result of the races, the system gave plenty of scope to rash sportsmen with slender means and a passion for plunging, and it often happened, after a large meeting at Poona or Bombay, that some of these speculative accounts were "missing" or "required time." These racing lotteries are now to be abolished, and to be superseded by the ever-enterprising bookmaker. Whether this will prove an advantage to India is, perhaps, doubtful.

The following letter points to charges for booking. In the particular case alluded to they seem to have been excessive :—

Sir,—I sent to a theatrical office in Victoria-street for three stalls at the Avenue Theatre, and I was charged the sum of 4s. 6d. for booking. I knew that the system of charging one shilling for booking any number of stalls still exists at some theatres; but is not eighteenpence per stall in excess of any fee that has heretofore been charged? I arrived late myself at the theatre, and the ladies for whom I had got the stalls preceded me. They had asked for a programme, but was told that they must pay sixpence for it. As they had no money with them, they begged the programme girl to give them credit until my arrival.

For Breakfast, Epps's Cocoa is grateful and comforting. Boiling water or milk only. James Epps & Co., Homœopathic Chemists.

Woods' Hotel (within Furnival's Inn, Holborn, E.C.) has been considerably modernised and improved. Families and Gentlemen will find in this Hotel *home comforts*.

This she only consented to do on my name being given up. Clearly the Avenue Theatre is not one where "no fees" is the rule.—Your obedient servant, THEATRE-GOER.
March 29.

THE Spanish Cortes have paid £36,000 for the library of the late Duke of Osuna, which is £10,000 less than the price originally fixed by the Dowager Duchess. There are 32,567 volumes of printed books, 2,770 volumes of MSS, many of which are unique, and nearly 1,000 volumes of prints. The cream of the collection goes to the Bibliotica, but duplicates and works not needed there will very properly be distributed among the principal provincial libraries.

THE German Crown Prince and Princess have started an album, to which all the best-known Spanish painters have contributed. The album, in several folios, is completed, but has not yet been bound up in a volume, by order of the Crown Prince, who wishes each folio to be exhibited singly at the forthcoming Spanish Art Exhibition, at Berlin.

I HEAR, better late than never, that a statue is going to be erected at Antwerp to the old Flemish painter, Jordaens, perhaps the greatest colorist of the seventeenth century. The Belgian *Moniteur*, in announcing that a design by Pecher has been accepted, says :—

The face of the painter seems to indicate that he is about to fix his conception on the canvas. His cloak is thrown back over his left shoulder, he grasps firmly his brushes in his right hand.

The design is said to be excellent.

AN Art Exhibition is to be held in Bedford during May, at which prizes will be given for every description of works of art. This is the third exhibition held at Bedford under the same auspices, and it promises to be as successful as its predecessors.

I AM glad to hear that Mr. Barnett's Easter Exhibition in Whitechapel has again been a great success. It does not close until Sunday next, so that full statistics have not yet been made up; but the fact that the visitors on Good Friday and Easter Sunday were counted by thousands shows clearly enough that there are plenty of people only too glad to avail themselves of "Sunday opening." Another favourite argument of the advocates of dull Sundays is effectually disposed of by the experience of this exhibition, for Mr. Barnett finds that the attendance at his church services is considerably increased during the time the pictures are on view in his schools.

THE exhibition itself is a very creditable one, and although there is a certain amount of inferior work, the general level is decidedly above that of the annual show at Burlington House. There is a particularly strong muster of Mr. Watts's pictures. Of the works by amateurs, Miss Dorothy Tennant's portrait of Gambetta, and a sketch of the room in which he died, are interesting. I see from a statement of the receipts and expenditure for last year's exhibition that the net cost was only £60; this, surely, is not too much to prevent Mr. Barnett's excellent example being followed elsewhere.

MR. ERNEST GYE writes to say that there is no truth in the Belgian story respecting Madame Albani and himself having been threatened with arrest by the police at Antwerp, owing to their bearing a resemblance to a tall gentleman and a pretty lady who were "wanted."

MR. HUNT, "the Michigan millionaire," who died recently, bequeathed legacies of £1,000 each to Josh Billings and to the mother of Artemus Ward. His widow has taken proceedings to contest the payment of these sums, as she considers that he must have been insane to make such bequests.

AT Edinburgh, last week, a copy of the first (Kilmarnock) edition of Burns's "Poems" was sold for £40, and an incomplete copy of the second edition fetched £23.

A NUMBER of letters, written by Goethe between 1812 and 1823, have just been discovered at Salzburg. They were addressed to the Countess Josephine O'Donnel, who was for many years lady-in-waiting to the Empress of Austria. These letters have been placed in the hands of Professor Werner, of Lemberg, who has undertaken to prepare them for publication.

THE remains of Beethoven and of Schubert, which were buried at Hernals, near Vienna, are about to be removed to the Central Cemetery of that city, where they will be re-interred with elaborate ceremonies.

A BRONZE bust of the late Professor Balfour has just been placed in the Combination Room at Trinity College, Cambridge. It is an excellent likeness.

SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE has intimated his intention of giving an annual prize of twenty-five guineas during his tenure of the office of Lord Rector of Edinburgh University, for the best essay on an historical subject. This year's essay is to be on "The Navigation Laws, and their relation to the British Colonial System."

THE ladies' battle is to be fought over again in Convocation at Oxford on the 29th of this month, when another attempt will be made to defeat the proposal for admitting women to some of the Honour Examinations. There is a clear majority amongst the residents in favour of the proposal. The issue will depend on how far its opponents can succeed in hoodwinking the country parsons into a belief that the interests of the Church are involved. The fact that Canon Liddon is strongly opposed to the statute will no doubt help in that direction, but it is surely rather late in the day to rely on isolated texts from the Bible as an argument against the higher education of women. The real object of the statute is to give women who are training for teachers a chance of earning a distinction the value of which is generally recognised and which would be useful to them in their profession. Cambridge has already conceded the point, and if it is refused at Oxford, the result will be to drive all the serious women students from the Isis to the Cam. Patriotism, therefore, if no other motive, ought to induce old Oxford men to go up and vote for the ladies.

PARENTS of intending Oxford undergraduates, who fancy that there is a special atmosphere of sanctity in the red bricks of Keble, may be interested to hear what I was told the other day—that at the last examination in the "Rudiments of Faith and Religion," Keble cut a worse

figure than any other College, two-thirds of its candidates being ploughed.

There is to be a choral festival on a very large scale next May, in Salisbury Cathedral. The choir will consist of over 2,800 voices, selected from the principal churches in the diocese. The special musical features of the service will be a new Benedictus and Te Deum, specially composed for the festival by Dr. Stainer; and a selection from the "Messiah" is to be sung for the anthem.

The special evening services at Westminster Abbey will be resumed next Sunday, and are to be continued till July 27. Archdeacon Farrar is to preach at the opening service.

A community of Benedictines, who were expelled from France a few years ago, have purchased the grand old abbey at Buckfastleigh, in the Dart Valley, which was the richest Cistercian house in the west before the Reformation; and for some time before the Conquest it was occupied by Benedictines. About forty Fathers are now residing there, and before long they hope to restore the building upon something like its old scale. A chapel, which has just been erected in the grounds, was opened the other day with much ceremony by Bishop Patterson, in the presence of all the principal Catholics of Devon and Cornwall. The fifteenth century Abbots' Tower of Perpendicular Gothic is now being restored and filled with oak fittings and stained glass, under the direction of a committee, of which the Duke of Norfolk and Lord Clifford are active members. This is the only part of the ancient abbey which now remains, the rest of the buildings being comparatively modern. All the monks, save two, are foreigners.

The *World* commends Lord Powis for contributing £1,000 towards the new organ in Welshpool Church, because the patron, the Bishop of St. Asaph, is a Low Churchman, while his Lordship's principles are decidedly High. This is very absurd. Surely Edmund does not suppose that Dr. Hughes is to preside over this diocese for ever, or that his successor must necessarily be of the same school. As a matter of fact, the Bishop is in his seventy-eighth year, and for some time past he has been contemplating the resignation of his see.

This is from the *Guardian* of 9th April. How alluring is "quite alone; no family; absolute liberty; splendid climate; summer breezes; extending celebrated vineyard":—

SOUTH OF FRANCE (near Hyères).—Vine and primeur growing. Good business opening. Splendid climate. Fresh summer breezes. Three miles from sea. Retired Rector (six years in France) seeks ONE or TWO MEN to learn the business, and, if after trial they like it, to join with him in extending celebrated old vineyard. Quite alone. No family. Absolute liberty. Apply &c.

The estate of Beaconsfield, near Plymouth, has been purchased by a community of Basilian Fathers for £10,000, and they intend to establish a college on a large scale there. Beaconsfield House has been rented for several years by Lord Francis Cecil. The grounds and fields which adjoin the mansion extend over seventeen acres.

Once more Zanzibar has a Bishop. Two were expected to arrive simultaneously—one for the English Protestants, and one for the French Romanists. The flock of the latter made most elaborate preparations for his reception—decorations, triumphal arches, and all the rest. Everything went off splendidly—except the Bishop, who did not come. The Britishers were luckier. Dr. Smythies, an Archdeacon, and a train of fledgling curates and laymen (all celibates) arrived by the last mail. The new Bishop is likely to be popular; but his manner in the pulpit is peculiar, reminding his hearers more of a warrior diffidently returning thanks for the toast of the "Army," than of a Right Reverend Father in God addressing his flock.

The sober *Scotsman* has, I see, recently been laying the most tempting offers of matrimony before its readers. Here is the last:—

Matrimony.—A Deaf-Mute Gentleman, Fair, and considered handsome, would correspond with a Unitarian or Secularist Lady with a view to marriage. Has means, but not sufficient to keep a Wife. Strict and honourable confidence on both sides. Name and address exchanged. Address B 47, *Scotsman* Office.

A Marine sends me the following apparently very justifiable growl:—

The ways of Government are often inscrutable, and for those who were not satisfied with the very "high-falutin" answers of the Secretary to the Admiralty to Lord Lewisham and Captain Price, on the subject of the recent treatment of the Royal Marines sent at thirty-six hours' notice from England to Egypt, allow me to furnish the following facts.

A rough passage of thirteen days with contrary winds took them to Malta. Here, though they had been despatched in such hot haste, valuable time was lost in transferring them, or part of them, to the *Gilsland*, because, forsooth, this cargo-steamer, recently returned from a coaling-trip, was only fit for Marines and not for a half battalion of the South Staffordshire Regiment.

There was not room on board, however, for all of them. What mattered? said those in authority. Let us "break up" the battalion, and with a light heart entrust over 400 brave men to a vessel, the boats of which, should disaster happen, can only save 160 of them. Let us crowd them so close that the men can find no corner in which to sling their hammocks, and have to "bunk" it out on the coal-stained deck. What does it signify provided the half-battalion South Staffordshire goes intact and makes its far shorter voyage in comfort? Let us, where Marines are concerned, laugh to scorn every regulation of the "Trooping Service," and let us reward them for their ready response to their country's call for help by exposing them to miseries and discomforts to which we certainly will not expose the South Staffordshires.

Who is to blame for such culpable mismanagement, for such gross unfairness? Who would have been held responsible if the dainty collier had gone down, and her boats had rescued less than half of her gallant freight?

It is certain that the brave but ill-treated corps of Marines will never receive justice till the Admiralty Board numbers among its members a General of Marines.

The Permanent Secretaryship at the Admiralty, worth £2,000 a year, has become vacant by the promotion of Captain Tryon to flag rank, and, to the disgust and discontent of the whole body of Naval officers, my Lords, instead of strengthening the "service" element in the office, which is very weak, have thought fit to appoint the second principal clerk. A civilian certainly ought not to have been appointed to succeed Captain Tryon, but the whole administration of the Navy has been so thoroughly unsatisfactory of late, and so tainted with jobbery and favouritism, that we ought not be surprised at any proceeding from the present Board, however injudicious or unpopular.

Anglo-French and German Colleges, Finchley-road, London.—Principals, Messrs. Haysman & Son.—Corresponding schools in France, Germany, and at Seaside.—Paris, Boulogne, Hanover, &c.
1. A thorough knowledge of the French and German languages.
2. Pupils can either study entirely at Finchley-road, London, or they may go at any time to France or Germany if parents desire it.
4. Professional or Commercial education, Twenty years' references.
5. Preparation for Army, Civil Service, Legal and Medical Exams.
6. At Schools near Paris always ten French youths to one English.
7. At Boulogne-sur-Mer (only 3½ hours from London), good sea bathing, mild healthy climate. Delicate boys greatly benefited. Pupils are also received abroad to study French or German only.

When the Duke of Edinburgh was Admiral Superintendent of Naval Reserves he was allowed the assistance of a naval captain as a secretary. The work of the office has increased of late, but the captain's appointment has been abolished, and now my Lords propose to do away with the secretary, who is a naval paymaster, and it is intended to replace him by a clerk, who, of course, must necessarily be profoundly ignorant of all the petty practical details of the service afloat. It is as impossible to understand the principle on which Admiralty economies are carried out as it is to comprehend the system on which appointments are given away.

Arrangements have been made by which the Government powder magazines at Purfleet will in future be in custody of the Metropolitan Police Force, instead of the military. This step is to be commended, for it seems easier in these days to provide policemen than soldiers, and far easier than to provide soldiers who are fit to guard a magazine.

Can the War Office authorities explain the following anomaly? Under the Army Regulations a battery sergeant major staff clerk receives less pay than when he is probationary. Four shillings and twopence a day is allowed him before he is confirmed in his appointment, and only 4s. a day when he is finally approved.

Tommy Atkins is just now receiving his new clothing. Under an absurd rule he is compelled to return his old clothing into store, the result being that he has to do everything in his new coat, which soon becomes dirty. Surely it would be more economical if soldiers were allowed to retain their old clothing for the purpose of doing drills and fatigue duties, such as coal carrying, &c., and reserve their new outfit for reviews, guards, &c.

Messrs. John Elder & Co. are pushing on rapidly with the two large Cunarders they are building for Mr. John Burns. These vessels are expected to beat any vessel afloat, and have engines far larger than any hitherto built, one single crank weighing no less than 27 tons; the boilers will have 72 furnaces, and the speed is expected to eclipse even that of the *Oregon*, which vessel did the distance from Queenstown to Liverpool in eleven hours on her last trip homewards. On Saturday last the *Oregon* and *Aurania* left Liverpool for New York, and, as both are the fastest steamers that cross the Atlantic, considerable interest is taken in the result of what can scarcely be called other than a race of 3,000 miles.

I do not attach any great importance to the confidences of a dynamiter to the *Times* correspondent in Paris. Still, it is pretty clear that, at present, some of the dynamite which finds its way into this country comes from France. The French manufacturers of this explosive ought, therefore, to be carefully watched. Considering, however, that any one with a very elementary knowledge of chemistry, and a trifle necessary to purchase a few simple ingredients, purchaseable everywhere, can make dynamite in a garret, I doubt whether it will be possible effectually to hinder its manufacture. The only way to secure us against explosions is to deal drastically with any one in whose possession dynamite or infernal machines are found, and who cannot satisfactorily explain why he has them.

Large families are so rare in France, that when they are to be found they deserve to be mentioned. Père Morand has just died at Megrève, in Upper Savoy, leaving behind him fifteen children, sixty-five grandchildren, and thirty-one great-grandchildren. As an encouragement to others, it is said that the Government, who are aggrieved at the increasing depopulation of France compared with her neighbours, proposes to present a medal to the family, with an inscription to the effect that "Citoyen Morand a bien merité de la patrie."

Old Baroness Daumesnil died last week, aged ninety. She was the widow of the celebrated General Daumesnil, who in 1814 defended the fort of Vincennes (of which he was the governor) against the allies. He had a wooden leg, and when asked to surrender he replied, "Tell them I will give them Vincennes when they bring me back my leg."

Another well-known sight in Paris dear to excursionists is about to disappear—the Moulin de la Galethe, on the heights of Montmartre. A kind of Trocadéro, with a monument in the centre, is to take its place.

Among the banquets in which the Ultras of Paris delight on a Good Friday was one this year at Clichy, where the *menu* comprised *potage Robespierre, veau à la Danton, présalé à la Marat, filet de bœuf Vendredi-Saint, fromage prolétarien,* and *mitrailleuses au sucre,* washed down with *café de Nouméa* and *liqueurs patriotiques.*

At home the observation of Good Friday as a day of rest seems to be dying out. I do not think that I ever remarked so many artisans and labourers pursuing their ordinary avocations on this fast day as this year.

Zanzibar is a paradise for criminals unless they have the ill fortune to be subjects of his Highness the Sultan. Some time ago the Consul General expended a large fine, which had been inflicted on an offender in our Consular Court, in building a prison for British subjects. The authorities disapproved of the step, the prison scheme was dropped, and the present tenant of the building is her Majesty's Consular Judge. The only way left, therefore, of dealing with offenders was to send them to "the Fort," the Sultan's prison. Recently, however, there was a general and very unlooked-for gaol delivery. Two natives from Freretown, the missionary village near Mombasa, were brought down on a charge of murder. Sir John Kirk handed them over to the Sultan's authorities, carefully pointing out that the men had not been tried, and that they were sent to the gaol merely for detention, not for punishment. Arab gaolers do not draw fine distinctions, and in a couple of days one of the men was dead. "Heat apoplexy and suffocation" was the English doctor's verdict, after making a *post mortem.* Sir John Kirk at once inspected the prison himself. The stench and heat were beyond bearing when the cell door was opened. Some score or two of prisoners had been crammed into the place; even at that moment one was insensible, and two had already died. All the prisoners who had been sentenced by the British Court were accordingly set free on the spot.

A correspondent writes to say that he witnessed an entertainment on the Hastings Pier of a very disagreeable character. A Herr Schmitt made his children distort themselves in every possible manner, and as my correspondent thinks that they must have endured agonies, he asks why there is not a society for preventing cruelty to children as well as to animals? I never could see any redeeming feature in these distortion exhibitions. If a grown-up man likes to twist himself into a knot, and if people like to pay to see this, there is no cause for interference; but nothing will ever persuade me that children ought to be forced to perform such feats. If the law allows it, then the public should take the matter in hand, and put a stop to this sort of thing by signifying their disapprobation of it.

The spotless Attwood does not seem to understand that if he receives three guineas to pry into the affairs of a lady from a gentleman in the Indian service, absolutely unconnected with her, and in order to earn his money employs a "Colonel Williams" to make inquiries, who deceives and puts a young lady to expense by telling her a pack of lies about a fortune which has been left to her, he is himself responsible, and ought at least to pay her what she is out of pocket, together with an indemnity for her trouble, worry, and disappointment. Whether he was employed by a gentleman in India or not, has absolutely nothing to do with the question. However, let the spotless one speak for himself:—

Sir,—You seem determined to insult and injure me in every possible way, without doing me the common justice to disprove my statements.

You write, "I do not believe for a moment in the statements of his Indian friend."

The statements of my "Indian friend" (who, by the way, is a gentleman in the Government service) are, and always have been, at my office, and I am prepared to show them (in strict confidence) either to yourself or a representative bearing your card, in order that my veracity may be established.

Mr. Bellew's letter to you is quite what I expected; and I have also a letter from an original Miss Warden, of the Prince of Wales's Theatre, Birmingham, in which she states, with reference to Miss Warden, "I remember the lady you speak of, as by her adopting my name considerable inconvenience was caused."

You are acting under a wrong impression with regard to myself. I have always had a spotless name, and a short retraction of your abusive paragraphs will allow it to remain so.

Did you devote criticisms to the doing and misstatements of (Colonel) Williams, you would do myself and others some service.

—Obediently yours, H. G. Attwood.

6, Catherine-street, Strand, W.C.,
London, *April* 10, 1884.

On the same subject, I have received the following letter:—

Dear Sir,—My attention having been called to a paragraph in your issue of March 27, and several inquiries having been addressed to me on the subject, will you do me the justice to state that I am in no way connected with the lady you mention?

At the time a Miss Julia Warden appeared at the Haymarket Theatre I waited upon her there, to request of her a letter which had been sent to the Haymarket by mistake for me; and I also represented to her the confusion sure to arise by her adopting my name, a proof of which very soon appeared in the fact of some of her correspondence falling into my hands.

I shall feel obliged if you will kindly spare me space for this letter in your next issue.—I am, Sir, yours obediently,

58, Cochrane-street, St. John's Wood, N.W., Julia Warden.
April 8, 1884.

Screens, with tea-cup shelf on each fold, from 21s. A large variety of screens in Japanese leather paper, needlework, stained glass, and hand-painted in all sizes and styles.—C. Hindley & Sons, 290 to 294, Oxford-street, London.

The Lord Chief Justice and Mr. Justice Stephen have administered a very well-deserved rebuke to an offending member of the Great Unpaid. Mr. C. S. Tooke, a magistrate on the East Grinstead bench, had persisted in both sitting on the bench and giving evidence in the hearing of a summons for trespass against Sir Francis Truscott. Counsel for the complainant naturally declined to proceed with the case, and intimated his intention of bringing the matter before the superior court. Mr. Justice Stephen remarked that although Mr. Tooke was an old man, he was not too old not to know the difference between right and wrong, and added that his conduct had been most injudicious. As the costs of the proceedings before the superior court will have to be borne by Mr. Tooke, I hope that he and other magistrates of an arbitrary and obstinate turn of mind will be taught a very salutary lesson.

It is not often that the affection entertained by nephews for their aunts leads them to elope with these relatives. Nepotal affection, however, was so strong in the breast of Robert Baker, a Devonshire labourer, that he fled from the house of his Uncle James with Mrs. James. The erring relatives were found in a room at a public-house, and some goods belonging to Uncle James were discovered in the fair Helen's box. Helen was acquitted, but Robert was sentenced to three months' imprisonment for theft—not of his uncle's wife, but of his uncle's chattels. All things considered, he probably deserved his punishment, but I do not quite see how he could have been legally condemned, and the aunt, in whose box the goods were, acquitted.

The Scott trial, if it does nothing else, throws very useful light on the value of medical opinions in cases of alleged insanity. Setting aside those who saw Mr. Scott when he was admittedly out of his mind, the half-dozen gentlemen who examined him with a special view to giving evidence at the trial appear to have been as nearly as possible equally divided in opinion. All of them were specialists of some eminence, and one at least of them is at the very head of his branch of the profession. And on the strength of a couple of opinions such as these, any one of us may be kidnapped and imprisoned for life!

Mrs. Weldon has done good service in raising the question of the operation of the Lunacy Laws, which are a disgrace to a civilised country; and I am glad that she is to have a new trial. One of the most remarkable cases of their abuse took place in 1858, and is now almost forgotten. Lady Lytton, the wife of the novelist, had lived apart from her husband for many years, and there were frequent discussions between the pair respecting money. In 1858 she appeared at Hertford during an election at which Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton was a candidate, and denounced him. After this she went to Taunton. There she was visited by a Dr. Thompson, who represented himself as a friend of her husband, and invited her to come to his home in London, where all monetary matters in dispute would be amicably settled. On going there, she found her husband, two doctors, and some stalwart attendants. The "doctors"

Vanity Fair says:—"Mr. Benjamin is still the Prince of Ulster and Stalking-Coat Makers." Ulster House, Conduit-street, W.

were an obscure apothecary and an equally obscure practitioner. On their and her husband's certificate she was hurried off to an asylum kept by one Hill at Brentford. After being retained there for about three weeks, during which the Lunacy Commissioners visited her without apparently taking any action, she was finally released, owing to the newspapers having taken up her case. That she was not, and that she had not been, insane seems to have been admitted, but she was induced to go abroad, in order to prevent an inquiry into these high-handed proceedings.

I am glad to see that the Lord Chancellor has written a letter recommending the abolition of Judges' Marshals. This office is a practical sinecure, and as each Marshal receives about £70 for every circuit he goes, in addition to board, lodging, and travelling expenses, it is also somewhat expensive. Marshals live in the Judges' lodgings at the various assize towns, and their only duties are to swear in the Grand Jury and to answer and issue invitations to dinner. Besides these onerous tasks, they are expected to dance attendance on the Judges when they take their walks abroad, or when, as frequently happens, they accept the hospitality of some county magnate for a night or two. Different judges require different amounts of attention. Mr. Justice Hawkins, for instance, leaves his Marshals almost entirely to their own devices; while Mr. Justice Kay used to insist upon their rising at unhallowed hours in order to accompany him in a matutinal stroll, and kept them at his side throughout the day.

Lady Meux is somewhat astonishing the sober inhabitants of Wiltshire by her curious proceedings. A month ago a farmer, in the neighbourhood of Wootton Bassett, was sent to Devizes gaol for a month, for a most disgraceful and violent assault upon two labourers. The term expired last week, and, to the wonder of everybody, Lady Meux invited a large company to a sumptuous dinner at the inn at Wootton Bassett, in order to celebrate the culprit's return, where there was a band playing and every sort of tomfoolery. The curate of the parish presided at the orgie, and announced after dinner that he was sent there as the vicar's representative, for "he had been told that if he held the position of chairman, it would not be long before the parish would lose sight of him." A farmer who is very properly punished for gross misconduct towards labourers ought not in these days to be set up as a hero; and it seems to me that Sir Henry Meux would do well to restrain the ill-regulated liberality and misplaced enthusiasm of his spouse.

In consequence of the decision of the West Riding magistrates being reversed in the Thellusson game case and the conviction quashed, there is great consternation amongst the large game preservers in the neighbourhood of Brodsworth. The farmers in that part of Yorkshire have learnt one lesson, viz., that where the game is not specially reserved to the landlord it belongs solely to the tenant; and whether specially reserved or not, that the landlords cannot contract themselves out of the Ground Game Act. The farmers in the neighbourhood are overjoyed at the result of the appeal, considering that it was from County Justices to County Justices.

I always like to see a Judge of a Criminal Court exercise good discretion. I give Mr. Edlin, Q.C., the Assistant Judge of Middlesex Sessions, the credit of having displayed this quality in a sentence which he passed last week upon a young girl who had, while in a confidential situation, committed a series of robberies from her employer. The girl's moral character was good; at the same time such extensive depredations and such duplicity could not safely go unpunished. The Judge therefore sentenced her to four months' imprisonment *without hard labour;* so that she will suffer as a second-class misdemeanant, and not have to herd with felons and with female prisoners of uncertain morals. It would be well if this principle were more often adopted in punishing young persons whose peccadilloes will not justify a Judge in releasing them upon "recognisances to come up for judgment when called upon." Too often, a sentence of imprisonment, while acting as a deterrent to others who may be similarly tempted, hopelessly corrupts the offender who has not been previously convicted. Imprisonment without hard labour obviates this, and yet is fairly severe to one who is not a gaol-bird by antecedents.

Robert Lane, a ticket-of-leave man, living at Crayford, Kent, found concealed in a rabbit-burrow on Dartford Common a quantity of silver plate, worth several hundred pounds. He took the property to the local police-station, where it remained since that time (the early part of 1882) until last month, descriptions being in the meantime circulated in the police sheets. An owner was at last found in the person of an Essex gentleman, to whom the plate was delivered. This gentleman wrote to the Dartford police asking what remuneration they thought should be given to Lane. The reply was that 5s. and 1s. for expenses would be ample. Six shillings were accordingly forwarded, and the police handed over to the man the 5s., with which he was not unnaturally dissatisfied. He therefore requested the name and address of the owner of the property, which the police refused to give him. Lane carried his complaint to the local magistrates, who told him that as he was on ticket-of-leave they should not interfere with the action of the police. On the advice of a legal gentleman, Lane wrote to the Home Secretary, detailing the circumstances of the affair. Sir William Harcourt very properly at once ordered the police to give the name and address required by Lane. Their conduct and that of the local magistrates hardly seems likely to act as an inducement to ticket-of-leave men to become honest.

I hope the Guardians of most workhouses are not so inhuman as those of St. Olave's Union, Southwark. Last Saturday a poor sickly infant, whose mother had died in giving it birth, and whose father could not be found, applied, through its mother's sister, at St. Olave's, for relief. The latter had nourished it herself until her own small

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means were exhausted, but the Guardians would not listen to her appeal. In order, then, to save the poor little outcast from starvation, she applied for magisterial advice to Mr. Bridge, who ordered her to receive three shillings a week out of the poor-box "until the Guardians thought fit to be charitable." It is a pity that Mr. Bridge could not have summoned the Guardians before him, and insisted upon an explanation of their conduct. Such men cannot be shamed into doing their duty merely by severe magisterial rebukes.

If the *Lancet* be correct as to the time during which the *employés* of the General Omnibus Company have to work each day, they have good reason to complain. They work, it seems, from 8 a.m. until midnight. This Company has managed, with the very worst omnibuses that ply in any metropolis, to stave off all opposition, and it returns 12 per cent. to its shareholders. It is, therefore, in a position to show a little more consideration to those who enable it to pay this dividend.

The intention of the Thames Conservators is to expend about £20,000 during the next three or four years on improving the condition of the Thames between Isleworth and Teddington Weir. The mud-banks will be removed, the channel will be deepened, and the shores will be grassed over. The difficulty, however, I should fancy in the way of the Conservators is the small amount of water that comes over Teddington Weir, owing to the depredations of the Water Companies. Each tide will deposit a certain amount of mud, and I doubt whether the stream will scour the enlarged channel. If it does not, the cost of perpetually dredging will be very great. However, let us be thankful that the Conservators have recognised that the present condition of the river between Isleworth and Teddington renders it imperatively necessary that something should be done to improve it.

I wonder it has never occurred to any philanthropic First Commissioner of Works to raise the level of the bridge in St. James's Park. The aquatic sport to be enjoyed between Buckingham Palace and the Foreign Office may not be of a very high order, but in the course of a week the lake affords healthy amusement to thousands who cannot get anything better; and it seems decidedly hard that this little piece of pleasure can only be enjoyed at the risk of a broken neck. By raising the bridge a couple of feet, and throwing back the bar which protects the ducks another twenty yards, which might very well be done during the summer months, the value of the water would be at least doubled, and at a mere fraction of what has been spent over very questionable improvements at the corner of the park.

A Scotch correspondent writes:—

It is not only in the neighbourhood of Northampton that land and house owners decline to let except to tenants whose political principles are similar to their own. One of the leading "lairds" in Forfarshire, who has a number of farms on hand, refused the other day to let one of them to a most eligible offerer merely because he was a Liberal. At least it ought to be intimated in the advertisements that only Tories need apply, which would save the Liberals from useless trouble and expense. In this case the would-be tenant had travelled fifty miles to look at the farm.

Libertys' Arabian, Chinese, and Indian Furniture and Decoration. A new Sketch-book post-free. Chesham House. Regent-street, W.

Last week the *Greenock Advertiser*, the principal organ of the Tory party in that part of Scotland, was issued for the last time. The following are the terms in which it announced its demise on its first page, which was surrounded by a mourning border:—"In memoriam: the *Greenock Advertiser*, which, having survived empires and revolutions, dies at last because the party to which its best efforts were devoted is so inspired by the spirit of Christian meekness that it prefers journals which misrepresent its sayings and revile its policy. Born 8th January, 1802; died 8th April, 1884. Too bad for blessing, yet too good for banning."

A little book of political recollections, just published in Kentucky, contributes a new story of President Lincoln, which is worth quoting, because of its apparent applicability to a recent conspicuous *volte-face* in our own politics, and possibly, also, to the future development of the same incident. To a political opponent, who had taunted Lincoln with his youth, he replied:—

Live long, or die young, I would rather die now than, like the gentleman, change my politics, and, simultaneously with the change, receive an office worth 3,000 dols. per year, and then have to erect a lightning-rod over my house to protect a guilty conscience from an offended God.

An American correspondent writes:—

For the benefit of those who are disposed to join you in your contest against perpetual pensions and useless annuities that are nominally charged upon the debt side of the National Budget, but that practically come from the pocket of well-to-do artisans and agriculturists, I recal how, fifteen years ago, General Benjamin F. Butler, of Massachusetts, U.S.A., then a Congressman in the American House of Representatives (and lately Governor of his State), made war upon the sinecures and quasi-pensions which, in a small way, were leeches upon the Federal body politic. He was met, as you are met, by the whispered word "patriotism"—recalling what Dr. Samuel Johnson said about its being "a last resort," &c. But, finally, General Butler thus undermined even that word. Sapping and mining one day in an almost forgotten catacomb under the dreary building known as the "Capitol," at Washington, he encountered a spectral-looking individual, who seemed disposed to escape observation. "Who are you?" queried the investigating Congressman. "Keeper of the General Washington crypt." "But General Washington was buried at Mount Vernon, twenty miles from here." "Nevertheless, yonder is his crypt." "Are you paid a salary?" "I have fifteen hundred dollars a year, and I succeeded my father in the office." This sent the investigator to the records, who discovered that sixty-five years previously a certain Congress, expecting to entomb General Washington under the Capitol, had established a crypt and a keeper of it. Other Congresses forgot the subject, but the salary survived, while the "patriotism" of successive Secretaries of the Treasury forbade inquiry into the subject. Very soon afterwards, upon narrating his tale to the House—shouts of laughter drowning "patriotism"—General Butler passed his Anti-Sinecure Bill. What Edmund Burke did in attacking the pension scandals of the last century is as open for imitation at St. Stephen's now as it was at Washington.

The Duke of Marlborough, who has returned to London from Cannes, intends shortly to take his seat in the House of Lords, on the cross benches.

Mr. Cope, of Lenton, will be the second Tory candidate for North Notts at the General Election.

Sir Edward Bates is to contest Plymouth for the Tories at the general election, in conjunction with Mr. Clarke, M.P.

Mr. Harris, the Tory candidate for Poole, had been selected to succeed Mr. Carpenter-Garnier in South Devon, but he retired on hearing that Mr. Tremayne was willing to come forward. Mr. Harris owns a considerable estate in Devon. A few years ago he purchased Halwill Manor

Sanitary Inspection.—Fee, 2 Guineas. Improvement works undertaken. The Sanitary Engineering Co., 115, Victoria-st., Westminster.

from the Molesworth family, and more recently he bought the Ellacott property from Lord Morley. Mr. Harris is one of the leaders of the Fair Trade illusion.

The Conservatives of Ayr district have adopted as their candidate at the next election Captain McTaggart, who unsuccessfully contested Falkirk at the last General Election. Captain McTaggart was formerly in the 14th Hussars, and for some time held the post of Adjutant to the Derbyshire Yeomanry Cavalry. Since his retirement from the Army in 1880, he has devoted himself to finance, and is connected with various gold mining companies, of several of which he is a director.

Should the political "clearance" of the Irish Liberal Home Rule Members, which Mr. Parnell and his followers anticipate at the next General Election, be effected, among the "evicted" ones will probably be Sir Patrick O'Brien, who has given great offence to the Nationalist Party by his conduct in the present Parliament. Sir Patrick, who is the senior member for King's County, is the oldest Irish representative in the present House of Commons, having sat uninterruptedly for King's County since the General Election of 1852, a period of 32 years. If political exile should be his fate, Sir Patrick will be much missed by the House, with whom he is a great favourite, being an able and witty impromptu speaker, and possessing not a little originality.

The promoters of the Manchester Ship Canal are highly satisfied with the manner in which the scheme has been explained and discussed before the Lords' Committee. They affirmed as much at a meeting held in Manchester towards the close of last week, and expressed the utmost confidence that the Lords will not repeat their unfavourable decision of last year. But I imagine that it would be wiser to wait until the other side has been heard. The case of the opponents is to be opened on the 24th, when the Select Committee resumes its meetings, and I am told that these gentlemen are also extremely confident that their arguments will prevail. It is a local matter, and I suppose that few Londoners understand all the pros and cons, but to hear a Manchester man talk about it, you would think that nothing of like importance has come to the front since M. de Lesseps bored his isthmus.

So far as it goes, Sir William Harcourt's Bill for the Government of London is, in the main, a good one. I do not like the compensation scheme, for I suspect that it will enable many persons who have already got too much out of the rates to establish a claim for more. It would have been better had the Poor Law Administration, Education, and Police of the metropolis been handed over to the new Corporation; but, when once a sound central authority has been established, it will not be long before it is invested with these functions. There is a good deal in the Bill which is intended to buy off opposition; if it fails in this object, all this might be eliminated with advantage.

But why abolish Aldermen? It is not every one who wishes to be an Alderman. Some people do, and if the chairman of a District Council can be made happy by calling himself an Alderman instead of a chairman I see no reason why any enactment should deprive him of this happiness.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* has very truly pointed out that it is far more easy to profess a general approval of what is called the representation of minorities than to devise a practical scheme for giving effect to it. In the existing three-cornered constituencies the minority might easily obtain more than a full share of the representation if the majority were not well and expensively drilled, and were they not to vote according to orders. Sir John Lubbock advocates that each elector should have one transferable vote. If his first choice did not require it in order to be elected, it would be handed over to his second choice. But supposing A, B, and C are candidates, and that there are A B votes and A C votes, who is to decide whether the A B or the A C votes which are not required by A are to be taken from him? Clearly if this be left to the returning officer, that officer would have it in his power to secure the election either of B or of C.

The truth is that these minority schemes are impractical theory. If a person cannot find a majority in one single constituency to advocate his views and to accept him as a candidate, his views are not worth being represented.

I have often wondered why Parliaments are not elected for three years, with one-third of the members chosen each year. This would ensure continuity. The country would be divided into electoral districts, each returning three members. Parliaments would be elected for three years, and there would be an annual election for one member in each district. Thus the country would have an opportunity to express its opinion each year. The Upper House might then have a suspensive veto, but any Bill vetoed by it might become law if passed again the next year, the decision being taken without discussion. A general election is but a bungling contrivance where, as in the case of our House of Commons, the object is to bring together a council of the nation in which all power resides. Probably the best legislative and executive Assembly in the world is the Senate of the United States. It is never dissolved, but is always renewing itself, and thus maintains its touch with popular opinion.

In Egypt we are going from bad to worse. Nubar was the one man connected with the country who, we were told, was with us, and he has plainly informed us that we are making fools of ourselves. Mr. Clifford Lloyd, in whom we trust, having been the most hated man in Ireland, now seems destined to become the most hated man in Egypt.

We cannot halt between two courses: either we ought to rule in Egypt, or we ought to let the Egyptians rule. All else is intrigue. For us to rule would be to assume onerous responsibilities, and would neither benefit us nor

Phillips' China and Glass.—Simply the largest Stock in London of Common and Best Services, Ornaments, and Duplex Lamps.—W. P. & G. Phillips, 175, 177, and 179, Oxford-street, W.

the Egyptians: therefore we ought to accept the latter alternative.

But how? By requesting Arabi and his friends to come back, and then by forming an Assembly consisting of the men whom we honestly regard as notables, and of representatives from the various towns and districts. To this Assembly we ought to hand over all power, and the only European connected with the Government should be our Consul-General, a man of mark and experience, and one who is free from all bias in favour of any particular party or particular system.

In the meanwhile we ought to negotiate with the Great Powers, to declare Egypt neutralised. In consideration of this, we might insist upon the Canal and the Isthmus being handed over to some sort of international authority. A waterway connecting two oceans ought to belong neither to us nor to any other one Power. It should be free to all, and so far as is possible, independent of the whims and caprices of all.

But the financial question? No human being has a right to crush a country by taxation. The Egyptians should be fairly taxed. The first charge would be the cost of administration and of keeping in good condition the public works, such as canals. Whatever surplus there may remain after this should go to the bondholders. This is in accordance with common sense and with justice; indeed, it is the only plan upon which public finance can be based.

As regards Gordon and the Soudan; the General was sent to Khartoum because he said that he could peaceably arrange with the Mahdi for the evacuation of the garrisons. He clearly had formed an entirely erroneous idea of his influence. Since he has been at Khartoum he has acted in direct antagonism to his instructions, and has apparently done his best to force our hand and oblige us to send an army to his relief. He has been told distinctly to withdraw, if he is unable to effect the withdrawal of the garrisons by peaceable means. He has remained at his own risk and peril. That he may return in safety is the desire of every one; but that we are to slaughter Arabs, spend millions, reverse our policy, and practically assume authority in the Soudan because he has declined to conform to instructions, is a very different matter.

I confess that when I learnt from the *Pall Mall Gazette* that he was, when in doubt, in the habit of tossing a coin in the air as an appeal to Providence, I felt convinced that it had been a mistake ever to have sent him to the Soudan. Would any sane human being entrust his business to the best of men accustomed to seek a solution of difficulties after this supernatural fashion?

I am glad to see that the Egyptian Government has announced that henceforth no contracts will be entered into with Europeans, giving them a right, when their services are no longer required, to indemnities. The "indemnity trick" has been a favourite mode of spoiling the Egyptians. A certain Logoelin has managed to secure two indemnities of £1,300 each in less than a year.

I see that another Committee has been formed to provide meals for school-children, but in no case is a meal to be given gratis. This proviso is a mistake. There are children attending schools whose parents would be unable to give them the requisite penny. It would be a Tantalus-like cruelty indeed to leave these starving children to look at the other children feeding. These sort of hard-and-fast rules may be in accordance with the political economy of which Dives was an eminent professor, but they are iniquitously unpractical. A meal costs one penny per child. Our interference in Egypt has cost us in round figures £5,000,000. This invested in Consols would give £150,000 per annum. At one penny per meal, this sum would enable 86,666 children to have a meal on 300 days of each year for ever. The Royal Family costs—all told—about £1,000,000 per annum. This would give a meal to 600,000 children on 300 days of the year. Heaven forbid that I should say that it would be better that 600,000 children should have a good meal every day that they attend school, than that we should enjoy the blessings of Royalty. I am not so lost to all sense of the fitness of things as even to suggest such a heresy. I merely state a statistical fact.

With regard to the charity referred to in the following letter, I can only say that I shall be most happy to receive and transmit as many golden sovereigns as the readers of Truth think well to forward to me on behalf of the fund for "Feeding the Robins":—

Dear Truth,—I have read with much interest your article in last week's issue, headed "Feeding the Robins." Its concluding appeal was most eloquent and effective, and doubtless touched the heart of many a sympathiser with such good and noble works. But to untie willing purse-strings the most important point was unfortunately omitted. Where and to whom should contributions be addressed? "One golden sovereign," you say, "will procure sixty-four dinners, and will warm and comfort sixty-four sad little bodies." My sovereign has been waiting ever since I read the excellent article, and if you will furnish the public with this much-desired information I am sure the example set will be immediately followed a hundredfold or more.—Yours faithfully,

Folkestone. Felix Joseph.

The following speaks for itself:—

"Enclosed is one pound, drawn from an almost empty pocket, to feed sixty-four of the 'Little Robins,' whose sad condition you describe in this week's Truth." J.

I acknowledge with pleasure the following amounts I have received for this fund:—

An Almost Empty Pocket, £1; Delga, 5s.; Beryl and Tottie, 5s.; Howard Ellis, 5s.; W. G. A., £1; E. Heath, £2; H. S. C., £2; H., 5s.; M. H., £1; Mrs. John Waterer, £1; E. T. B., £2. 2s.; Mrs. C. R. Alexander, £2; Violet, £1.

Miss English writes:—

Will you kindly acknowledge the following donations to my fund:—Mrs. Sloane Stanley, £1; Mrs. Meynell, £5; Mrs. Trimmer, 5s.; Mr. Barrow Emanuel, £1. 1s.

I have also received the following sums for this fund:—

M. S., £1; Mrs. William Waring, £2. 2s.; H. S. C., £8.

There was a letter in the *Daily News* last week from Lady Violet Greville advocating the establishment of places where poor women might lie in. The suggestion is an excellent one, for what are poor women, under such circumstances, to do who are with their husbands and children in perhaps only one room?

Minton's China.—Thomas Goode & Co., Artists and Designers in Porcelain, South Audley-street Grosvenor-square.

SCRUTATOR.

LAWRENCE BARRETT.

LAWRENCE BARRETT, like our own Hermann Vezin—who, by the way, is an American—is an interesting rather than a great actor. At times he reminds me of Mr. Vezin, at others he suddenly turns himself into Mr. Samuel Brandram, the reciter. From this description it will be seen that he has a clean-cut and intelligent face, a bright and unaffected manner, and a rapid way of speaking. So far I am constrained to say that Mr. Lawrence Barrett is a far more agreeable actor than the over-rated, pompous, artificial, and unsatisfactory Edwin Booth. He puts more heart into his work, he talks more naturally, and I am heartily glad to see that he is free from the condescending manner of most tragedians. If Mr. Barrett were content, as Charles Kemble was, to settle down into the quasi-subordinate *rôles* of the Shakespearean drama and of poetic tragedy generally, he would, no doubt, be of great service to the stage. He should be Horatio, not Hamlet; Jaques, not Orlando; Mercutio, not Romeo; Edgar, not Lear; Iago or Cassio, but never Othello; Cassius, not Brutus or Mark Antony; Wilford, in the "Iron Chest," and not Sir Edward Mortimer; Wellborn, and not Sir Giles Overreach. To persuade an accepted and advertising tragedian that all this is true is, however, of all things the most difficult. Mr. Barrett has made his first appearance in this country in one of the most ridiculous plays that I have seen for some time. It is called "Yorick's Love," and it cries aloud for the caricaturing humour of Mr. Burnand. Fancy a manager of a theatre who has discovered an intrigue between his *jeune premier* and his leading lady, who happens to be a married woman, taking upon himself the solemn duty of *censor morum* and leading them gently back into the paths of virtue with the voice of a stage ghost and the ponderous manner of an evangelical missionary! Manager Heywood might have been possible in the days of Shakespeare, but I fear that his moral homilies would not be listened to to-day. Indeed, I am afraid that they would be laughed at. I have seen few situations more comical than the scene where the guilty wife kneels on one side of the moral Manager and the young and lovely seducer on the other, and they both pour into his ear the fatal story of their unholy passion, contained in a litany of lament. "Remember," says the moral Manager, "you must never be left alone again." Whereupon he straightway leaves them alone, and, forgetting their confession and their penitence, the guilty couple proceed to bring down the grey hairs of husband Yorick in sorrow to the grave. Yorick slays his wife's seducer—or would-be seducer, for he offers to run away with her—when he is fencing with him on the stage, and then proceeds to run himself through the body with a sword—a most disagreeable arrangement. If Mr. Barrett had been less interesting than he is, the play in which he appears would not have been tolerated for a moment, but thanks to him and Mr. Fernandez—an able actor who happily does not want to play Othello or Lear—they pulled it through. Miss Marie Wainwright is an American actress, graceful, pretty, and without a trace of accent, and Mr. Louis James is a far more terrible tragedian than the dapper little gentleman he has accompanied from America. No human being could have made anything out of the milksop lover Edmund, but it might have been played far worse than by Mr. Mark Quinton, who should be warned, however, against his extraordinary grimaces. It is a pity that some one could not have told Mr. Barrett how to decorate his stage so as to represent a house in the year 1613. A stage in the days of Shakespeare with footlights and women actresses was not, however, so incorrect as the interior and exterior of Yorick's house. Indeed, the low comedian of Shakespeare's day must have been paid a salary equivalent to the fine gentleman actor of to-day, for he dwells in a mansion as superb as that at Hatfield. So far Mr. Lawrence Barrett has been cordially greeted and has been appreciated on his merits. The public has seen him, thinks well of him, and would like to see more of him. The result would have been precisely the same without the letters of introduction from America, the preliminary suppers, the interviewings of writers, and the subtle attempts to bias and influence the judgment of those who could not possibly decide on Mr. Barrett's merits as an actor until they had seen him act. To pester journalists with letters saying what a good fellow Lawrence Barrett is may no doubt be a natural result of friendship, but it does not commend itself to our journalistic ideas in England. Good fellows often make very bad actors: in this instance there was no need to advance geniality as an excuse for indifferent art. These things may be essential in America; they are unnecessary in London. It is not because Mr. Irving has proved successful in this country on his own merits, and has earned our gratitude for his conscientious devotion to his art, that each successive tenant of his "house to let, furnished," should be eulogised as a Mrs. Siddons or a David Garrick. It is too readily assumed that unless a critic is waited on he will be instantly hostile to a new-comer; whereas his prejudice generally dates from his interrupted work caused by boring interviewers and over-officious friends.

"THE BEGGAR-STUDENT."

On Saturday evening the Alhambra reopened its doors with an operetta new to English ears, called "The Beggar-Student." The English libretto is by Mr. Beatty Kingston, and the music is by a Vienna bandmaster, one Herr Carl Millöcker. The story of the "Beggar-Student" is not incomprehensible. We have Claude Melnotte in the

A Beautiful Complexion.—Hagan's Magnolia Balm gives a pure and blooming complexion. It restores and preserves youthful beauty. Its effects are gradual, natural, and perfect. It removes redness, blotches, pimples, tan, sunburn, and freckles, and makes a lady of thirty appear but twenty. The Magnolia Balm makes the skin smooth and pearly, and imparts a fresh appearance to the countenance. Hagan's Magnolia Balm has been established nearly 40 years, and is sold by all Chemists and Perfumers.

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hero himself, while the other characters in the piece are respectively those of "The Lady of Lyons," clothed in Nihilistic, Socialistic, Rustic, and Polastic dress. Bulwer Lytton adapted a certain play from an uncertain French story a long time ago. The original librettist since has made an uncertain libretto from this certain play. I was mildly interested in the fate of the "Beggar Student," and learned that a long time ago, in Cracow, Augustus the Strong having overcome the Polish monarch Stanislaus, the Saxons were in possession of the city, and the prisons were filled with political prisoners. General Ollendorf—(who, if I am to judge by his grammar, is not an ancestor of the author of "Have you seen the yellow tail of the dog of my neighbour?")—loves Countess Laura, the daughter of a "haught" Polish Countess Palmitica, who refuses Ollendorf as a possible son-in-law, and writes a letter in which she explains that no child of hers shall ever wed with other than a noble Polonais. The General revenges himself by taking the Beggar Student from prison to "spring" him on the proud dame as a Prince, at the same time liberating another fellow prisoner. The Beggar-Student personates a certain millionaire, Prince Kibytski, makes love to and marries the Countess Laura, spends Ollendorf's money, and so on. The plot works well—*vide* "Lady of Lyons." Whilst it is being developed there is a scheme for the restoration of King Stanislaus to the throne of Poland. The Beggar Student—a great patriot—is knighted for his chivalrous aid; and Countess Laura, who has always been really in love with her once low-born husband, consents to reinstate him in her affections. His devotion, however, to his country leads him into political difficulties, and he is condemned to die. Laura pleads for his life, and fortunately there is a Polish uprising at the very moment of his condemnation, by which King Stanislaus is restored to his throne and the Beggar-Student not only regains the affections of his mother-in-law and family, but is promoted to great honour.

The music, throughout melodious and catching, often rises far above the average comic opera, as in the case of Laura's songs in the second and fourth acts, in the two love duets, and in much of the concerted music. The finale of the second act is a fine piece of writing, and so is that of the third act, although it is totally different in style from the former. I always object to the wholesale dose of waltzes, neither new nor original, which usually clogs the Vienna or Berlin comic opera score. Millöcker has not been able wholly to emancipate himself from this mania. One effort, however, is charming and facile.

The libretto, by W. Beatty Kingston, is a long way beyond the ordinary opera-comique style. His work is undoubtedly a paraphrase from the original, but the lyrics are written especially for the English version of "Der Bettelstudent," and, in many instances, display true poetical feeling. Metrically speaking, they are irreproachable. The singing numbers have evidently been written with a special view to vocal requirements and the exigencies of the singers, the dialogue is sparkling, and free from the rubbish which usually abounds in this class of opera.

Of the performers I need say but little. Fanny Leslie, the Beggar Student, took the house by storm with an interpolated jig, and showed that the resources of the opera-singer of to-day must be based on other than musical ability. Irene Verona was a good Countess Stephanie, and succeeded in showing how unscrupulous a hungry woman can be. Mervin was a fair General. Miss Marion Hood, as the Countess Laura, was simply extraordinary. I cannot see why, when artists have a decent libretto, they will utterly ignore it. Most of the cast spoke anyhow, but Miss Hood beat them all. Her accent and words resembled original Cherokee more than aught else. Such mouthing and mumbling I have never before heard.

The piece is well mounted, the costumes being pretty, though not always original. I particularly objected to one dancer wearing a violent-striped purple, that would have startled the whole shell-fish tribe in Taranto of old. This purple was married to mauve, and a dancing partner was a "light gal, dressed in lighter blue!" By the way, I should like to have seen the blue dress a little more complete; there were too many curves. The ballet music has been fairly selected, but it must have astonished many when the lovely prelude to the second act of the "Huguenots" was served up for a *pas seul* or an inverted *can-can*. On the whole, the opera is fairly successful, though, like most pieces on a first night, it was too long.

THE ROYALTY.

Miss Kate Santley produced Mr. Sydney Grundy's adaptation of "La Cosaque" at this theatre on Saturday night. It is called a musical vaudeville, but why, considering the small amount of music there is in it, it should be spun out into three acts, only Miss Kate Santley and Mr. Sydney Grundy can say. What little music there is, however, is very good, and some two or three of the songs are sure to gain the popularity of the street-organ. The plot of the piece is not very ambitious. Miss Santley is an eccentric Russian princess. A family council consisting of M. Marius, Mr. Sidney Harcourt, and Mr. Williams, attempts to control her movements. She is anxious to flee from that control. Fortunately, a traveller from a French milliner's has just called at the Palace with samples. Miss Santley persuades this musical bagman, Mr. Ashley, that she is her maid's sister, and induces him to take her to Paris, in order, as he says, to save her from the knout. She then enters into the milliner's employment, where she is followed by her triple guardians, and told that, by an edict of the Emperor, she must marry within twenty-four hours. M. Marius has decided that she shall marry Mr. Harcourt; but as, fortunately for her, the edict does not insist upon her marrying any special individual, she resolves to lead Mr. Ashley to the hymeneal altar. Now all this could very well have been condensed into two short acts instead of three long ones. The weary

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dialogues that Mr. Grundy has inflicted upon M. Marius and Mr. Harcourt, and which they in turn inflict upon the audience, might with advantage be reduced to one half. The twaddling, sentimental rubbish, too, of the last act should be bodily cut out. The piece would then be a success, for in addition to the little music there is being bright and sparkling, the acting all round is excellent. Miss Santley sings charmingly, and endows the whole piece with life and vigour, and Mr. Ashley is comical without being wearisome. M. Marius has in the part of a bombastic Russian prince one that suits him and which he suits. His make up is excellent. Mr. Harcourt will be more successful when he has learnt to balance his hat on his head and to keep his eyeglass in his eye. The "young ladies" of the piece are at a great disadvantage in having to appear in the second act in ordinary costume. Stage "young ladies" look better in stage dress, or rather, perhaps, I should say, in stage undress.

WAGNER AND GOUNOD.

Wagner appears to be Gounod's *bête noire*. One has only to compare the conception of formal and monotonous recitative in the "Redemption" with any of Wagner's close recitative imitations of the natural inflexions of the human voice, to see that the methods of the two masters are wide as the poles asunder; yet it is also evident to all admirers of Gounod with what assiduity the great Frenchman has read the hated German's scores. The hatred of Wagner is almost a patriotic duty, it appears. "I will not listen to his music," said Victor Hugo, the other day; "he has spoken evil of France." I shall be rather curious to see M. Gounod's forthcoming book on "Wagner; the Man, the Artist, and the School." "Why on earth," exclaims *La France*, "did not Gounod publish this book whilst Wagner was alive?" Why, indeed! I can imagine the exhaustive and eloquent reply that Wagner would have written. His prolific pen was never long idle. He was an inveterate journalist and pamphleteer to the end. But Wagner's best reply will be found in the very papers which announce M. Gounod's attack; for I read that on Good Friday in Paris, at the Châtelet, Wagner's "Lohengrin Prelude;" at the Château d'Eau, Wagner's Overture to the "Flying Dutchman," Prelude to "Parsifal," Lohengrin's "Swan Song," "Götterdämmerun" Funeral March, Overture to the "Master-Singers," n the Overture to the "Tannhäuser" were all given; whilst the "Götterdämmerung" March was given at the Cirque d'Hiver. I am afraid, my dear M. Gounod, your book comes a little too late to crush a rival who has already supplanted you in the concert-rooms of Paris, for it is a singular fact that in the above programmes at the chief concert-rooms in your own city, whilst Wagner's name occurs *eight* times, your own occurs but *once!* You have indeed reason to fear lest Wagner—who has, perhaps, been more shamefully treated in Paris than in any other European city—should at last egg you off that stage where, since the death of Rossini, you have reigned supreme. A public willing to listen to the "Parsifal Prelude" may end by voting that style of music *très chic*, and your own *banal*. I have seen changes in public taste as great, and publics as ingrate.

Army and Navy Hotel, Victoria-st., S.W., is probably now the best Hotel in London. Table d'hote 6 to 8. Cookery excellent.

HONEYMOON GUARDS.

The following letter relates the writer's experiences last week on his way out of town for a few hours at the seaside. When will railway guards learn that every one travelling with a lady more or less young and good-looking is not necessarily on his honeymoon, and that whatever men are disposed to do when honeymooning, they are hardly likely to pay extra for the privilege of travelling alone with their wife or sister?

Last week I started with my wife for the "Continong." She happens to be—well, it is, perhaps, not for me to say, more or less young and, etc., etc., and I am—not so old as Methusaleh. That was quite enough. We must be a newly-married couple; so must others. A young couple occupied two seats in our compartment. Presently up comes the guard, opens the carriage door, and seizes the lady's bag, to her evident surprise. "Wrong carriage, sir," says the brazen fellow, with a wink. They follow him. I happen to know they were quite right for Folkestone, but they disappear. They were merely being "Honeymooned" by the guard. As a matter of fact, they were brother and sister. He was taking her down to the rest of the family at Folkestone. She looks about seventeen, and is at school somewhere in Bayswater. I picked up this much from their guileless chat. Before we start, up hurries the guard again, and poking his head in at the window, he says: "I'll see you are not crowded, sir," and before I can reply that I like being crowded he is off. At the next station we stop at he looks in again. "Can I get you anything?" "Get out!" I just have time to roar. "Impossible, sir!—train just off," and the imperturbable official whistles, and vanishes before I have time to make my meaning clear. Now, were I on my honeymoon and desirous of seclu i n with my fair companion, is this the way to be treated? These honeymooning guards overdo tho thing.

Well, at last we arrive, and I warrant you the creature who has just succeeded in getting a fee of some sort out of the brother and sister, is again on to me and my wife. This is too much. "Yes," I say, all in a breath, as he is beginning to cringe and touch his hat and make his kind inquiries, "my luggage is labelled; I know where I'm going—do you? I don't want to be alone. I don't want refreshment nor a foot-warmer, nor any one to carry my walking-stick, and I've no small change—go to the ——." I own the climax was impolite, even p of ne, but I had been tried. I shall never forget how the fellow _ r u and jumped at this reception, which, I admit, was a little sultry, under the circumstances; but then he had only himself to thank for it. I know very well the comfort of a polite guard, but an officious guard is simply a pest. I remember a proverb which may be older than the era of railway guards, but not too old for the honeymoonist sort—"Proffered Service Stinks."

GOING ACROS .

I don't believe in going abroad as a panacea for everything; it is, no doubt, good sometimes for some people and for some things, but simply to enable a doctor to get rid of an inconvenient patient, who threatens to die at home, it is not good. Even delicate people who are not killed off by it are miserably victimised by the popular delusion that any place is better than home. And because you are bad here it does not follow you will be better abroad. That entirely depends! You over-estimate the risks of a London winter, for instance, and you under-estimate the risks of *getting to* the Riviera or Cannes, let alone those incurred when you are there.

I am not now going to write a dissertation on bad water, ill-aired beds, typhoid, change of food, and long, fatiguing journeys, each of which deserves a separate article. I am merely going to take one point—the one usually accepted as inevitable: I allude to the miserable arrangements on both sides of the Channel for going on board and landing

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The mischief done in rough weather to pulmonaries and weaklings of all kinds during that *mauvais quart d'heure* on either side of the Channel is often never undone; and why is this thus? "What is the reason," as Artemus inquires, "of this thusness?" That wretched, windy walk down the pier, if you have put up at the Lord Warden overnight, or that exposed exit from the railway-carriage on to the slippery, wet planks; and that staggering walk in sleet or fog, or worse, down the rocking gangway—hustled and crowded. We all know what we have suffered, or have seen others suffer. The chill is got, the shock to the heart, the irritation and over-exertion which it has been the study of months to avoid; medical appliances, nursing, rooms kept at a fixed temperature—in that one bad quarter of an hour's exposure, discomfort, and hurry all have been undone. And this goes on all the year round, for no reason whatever except that the old miseries of travel, which have almost disappeared before Pulman cars and express through-trains on land, are still tenderly cherished as relics of the interesting and barbarous past—by sea!

Pray what is to prevent a covered way from at least the train to the boat? The whole passage might consist of a thick glass corridor, properly warmed, and at the end the traveller should find himself in a small room, larger, but similar to the lift-rooms now used at great hotels and in London flats. Then, by a sufficiently powerful crane, the whole room could be swung on to the deck of the steamer, and thus all who cared to be put on board in this way would have the chance of avoiding what every medical man denounces as a serious risk, especially in bad weather.

The present condition of things is, I am convinced, a penny wise and pound foolish one, for I am confident that people, especially those to whom it may be a matter of life and death, would pay an extra fee for the avoidance of risk and misery.

THE BARREL ORGAN.

Tune.—The Capel Courtier's Lament.

"'TIS passing strange the wondrous change
That Capel Court's invaded;
We've lost our luck and gone amuck—
Our prospects all have faded!
For years ago, as you must know,
We made the most imposing show;
Our wines and pictures were the best;
Our spouses most profusely dress'd;
We rolled in cash and cut a dash,
But now we've come to utter smash,
And cry, the while our teeth we gnash,
We've got no work to do—oo—oo!
We've got no work to do!
Our chance of new swindles
Diurnally dwindles—
We've got no work to do!

"Oh, those *were* days! when fresh relays
Of victims to be cheated
Backed up our aims and little games
Before they were completed.
We 'bulled' and 'beared' and rings prepared,
Made 'corners' and the profits shared;
We rigged the markets, "watered" stock,
And freely fleeced the guileless flock.
In short, we killed, by greed cajoled,
The Goose which laid us eggs of gold,
And now lament, 'midst woes untold,
We've got no work to do—oo—oo!
We've got no work to do!

"We long, in vain, to see again
Those years of pelf and plunder,
When the parade of wealth we made
A by-word was, and wonder.
Our prancing steeds, our costly 'weeds,'
Our vulgar ostentatious 'feeds,'
Our *mots*, our jests, our *coups*, in fact,
No more the public eye attract.
In vain we fuss and fume and pose.
The world no thought on us bestows
As we exclaim, in ruin's throes,—
We've got no work to do—oo—oo!
We've got no work to do!

"Yet, not long since both Peer and Prince
Were envying our condition,
And thinking they might well essay
To share our grand position;
They saw it needed no great sense,
But boundless bounce and impudence;
In short, our trade so simple seemed,
The 'House' with lordlings quickly teemed;
Whilst fools, the Church once used to claim,
Upon the Stock Exchange soon came;
Whence 'tis we cry, o'erwhelmed with shame
We've got no work to do—oo—oo!
We've got no work to do!

"Then came the worst—the bubble burst,
The golden shower was ended;
And on our head, forthwith instead,
Cold ruin's rain descended.
The public saw those lordlings raw,
And rushed its favour to withdraw;
It noted, too, the greedy way
In which, for years, we'd made it pay;
That if we 'bulled,' or if we 'beared,'
It's pocket 'twas we never spared,
And in revengeful ire declared—
'We should have no work to do—oo—oo
We should have no work to do!

"And truth to say, to our dismay,
It's kept its word too surely.
In vain our net is daily set,
The birds fly past securely!
In sooth such sense the fowls display,
We must on one another prey;
And if a victim we would 'chouse,'
Must look for him *inside* the 'House.'
Meanwhile, deprived of our renown,
Our gems 'put up,' our steeds put down,
We moan, as we loaf through the town,
'We've got no work to do—oo—oo!
We've got no work to do!
Our chance of new swindles
Diurnally dwindles—
We've got no work to do!'"

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NOTES FROM PARIS.

CONSIDERATIONS ON PASSION PLAYS.

If theatrical managers shut up shop in Holy Week, the public lose nothing thereby. All the churches become spectacular during that period; and there are no better *metteurs en scène* than the French clergy. I do not despair of witnessing revivals here in Lent of the "mysteries," which used to be played at Notre Dame and other French Cathedrals. There is no reason why a Passion Play should not be as edifying in a Paris church as in a Bavarian village. If the Pope had the boldness to authorise dramatic representations in Lent of the events celebrated in Holy Week, the coffers of St. Peter's would be filled to overflowing. I venture to predict that Catholics and Protestants would no longer fight about dogmas, but dispute for places in which to see the spectacle; whilst, as for the Jews, they would be the first to patronise church "mysteries" if the acting and music were good. However feeble the performance might be, it could not be so trivial as the modes of devotion now fashionable. Frou-frou undoubtedly reigns at the Madeleine, La Trinité, Ste. Clotilde, St. Augustin, and at Notre Dame on grand days. She is also triumphant at Notre Dame des Victoires, St. Eustache, and at St. Roch, at the musical services on Good Friday. I should like a tone of genuine tragedy not only in the music, but in the rest of a Holy Week performance, and acting good enough to draw strong brethren as well as delicate-nerved sisters devoted to St. Worth. I have spoken on this subject to a curé with whom I am acquainted. He only saw difficulties in the way of reviving mysteries in Lent. "Faith was no longer simple and child-like. Criticism and the passion for analyses had taken its place. We treat mythologies and legends as children do their drums when they break them to find out whence the noise comes. A picture or a wax image did not offer such vantage to irreverent critics as would real human beings in a Good Friday spectacle. The greatest difficulty lay in the cessation of men to play feminine parts. Three hundred years ago it was thought scandalous for women to personate heroines. It would be now deemed a shame for men to wear petticoats with grace. The revival of the Passion Play would therefore necessitate the introduction of women into the churches as actresses. It would be impossible to flout modern prejudices to the extent of getting youths to personate the three Maries and the daughters of Jerusalem." I failed to see how this could be a hitch. The curé explained that the private lives of French theatrical ladies are too public for any of them to perform a sacred character in a holy place without arousing a cry of indignation among all the truly devout. "Imagine," he said, "a *farceuse* like Sarah Bernhardt, or even Rachel (who confined herself to classical tragedy, and disdained such *saletés* as *La Dame aux Camélias*) rising to sublime heights of pathos in the *Mater Dolorosa!* It would be intolerable. In the part of Mary Magdalen we might afford not to be so particular. The women of Samaria used to be brought into the ancient mysteries. As to the daughters of Jerusalem, they would not be hard to manage. Still it would not do for them to be opera house 'rats.'" "Could you not," I asked, "get *femmes du monde* to come forward in Passion Plays?" "Have you ever," the curé replied, "been in a great country house when rehearsals for private theatricals were going forward? If you have, you must remember tempests about the veriest trifles, and fights about rôles as Homeric as the dispute for the apple which unlucky Paris was asked to decide. I need not tell you what *femmes du monde* are now. Having copied their sinful sisters for thirty years, they have outrun their models. On the whole, I have more respect for the *farceuse*, who is what she is from necessity, than for the one who *from choice* serves as a model to the artists of *La Vie Parisienne*, and reads *Le Gil Blas* every morning. The only women I can think of who could act with propriety in a Holy Week Mystery are nuns; and if they were brought forward on a Church stage, the demon of vanity would take hold of them, and convent discipline would be at an end."

Nevertheless, I persist in thinking the time has come for reviving the old "mysteries." The stage is not what it is in Paris all the world over. Are not American young ladies coming forward every day with the self-imposed mission of raising and purifying it? The truth is, that unless they are acted in the old way, there is very little meaning or life in the offices for Good Friday. Processions have lost significance because unconnected with a drama. The feet-washing at Notre Dame, for the same reason, is without life. It should not be performed by an old palsied Archbishop and senile canons, but by persons resembling the characters in Da Vinci's "Last Supper," and having dramatic art enough to make believe that they are really of humble mind and ready to be the servants of the lowest.

On Holy Saturday an English lady and gentleman gave a party in compliment to some distinguished strangers who were hurrying through Paris, and could not be present any other evening. Indeed, they were going to the Tercentenary Celebration at the Edinburgh University. One of them was the daughter of a Scotch laird, brought up in the tenets professed by Knox, and married to a Jewish nobleman of Dom Pedro's creation. Of course, they were indifferent to what was going on in the churches, and so, indeed, were many of the celebrities asked to meet them. But there were others invited who were particular in keeping within the disciplinary rules of Mother Church. The host and hostess wanted a feast of reason and a flow of soul. But how could they carry out their wish with a company so mixed? This was how they managed. All the guests who had "no prejudices" were told that there would be a supper at one o'clock, at which intellectual minds could "come out." They were to stay, happen what might. All the candles, which had been cut shorter than the ordinary length, went out at half-past eleven, and the guests whose prejudices it was necessary to respect at once departed. The supper was not very luxurious, but it was very animated, and lasted until three o'clock in the morning. Lord Houghton, by-the-bye, who has wintered

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The Granville, Ramsgate.—The Redecoration of this Hotel is now complete, and under entirely new Proprietorship. Terms (except at Easter), 10s. 6d. per day, including attendance, bedroom, and full board. Tariff on application. The Band plays during Table d'Hôte.

in Egypt, hopes to mingle with the lions who are to assemble in Edinburgh. M. de Lesseps will not take his whole batch of "infantry." Fernande will represent all the girls of the family, and Mathieu all the boys. The excavator of inter-oceanic canals prides himself on his Scotch descent. I never met a Scotchman of his name; but he says that it was borne by the architect who planned St. Giles's Cathedral, and who, having fourteen sons, despatched one of them to France, to enter the Scottish Guard, created by Louis XI. His grandfather on the maternal side, who also stood in the same relation to the late Countess de Montijo, was a Belgian named Grévigny, and represented at Malaga a large grocery establishment of Bruges. He married the heiress of one of the richest business men in Andalusia. M. de Lesseps, therefore, is not so French as the Paris Press would make him out. The Gascon, however, predominates in him. As he was favourable in 1849 to the Roman triumvirate, with whom he negotiated during the siege of Rome, he will find no difficulty in fraternising with Saffi. Signora Saffi is the daughter of a Scotch general who lived for many years in Florence, and whose wife had quite an advanced salon there. She is a woman of the highest breeding, and, I believe, a sister of Craufurd of Auchenames, who formerly represented Ayr in the House of Commons.

To me, the most astounding event of the week is the appearance of M. Jules Ferry, at Cahors, as Gambetta's successor. I never heard so much evil spoken of a human being as of the actual French Premier by the late illustrious orator whom he eulogised on Monday. I also heard Gambetta's most trusted henchman, when M. Ferry was locked up in Paris, call him an Orleanist, and say that he would not wonder if he gave a sly blow to the Republic. This is the occasion on which he did so. I had, in paying a visit to a lady at Bordeaux, heard the Russian Chargé d'Affaires and Prince Metternich discuss the chances of an Orleanist restoration, and speak of Ferry as one who was certain to side with "the Princes." Having known him in Paris, I ventured to say they were mistaken, and, a few days later, asked M. Spuller if he did not think I was right? I still think that I was. But he thought otherwise, and said so in the plainest manner. In 1879, two days after MacMahon resigned, Gambetta was very much opposed to a ministerial list, because M. Ferry's name was on it. However, he soon yielded, as Madame Ferry belonged to an Alsatian family with which he was intimate, and some members of which were leading shareholders of the *République Française*. Just two and a half years ago I also remember that a very old legal friend of Gambetta, at his wish, gave a dinner-party. He himself appointed the day on which it was to come off, and suggested that two persons whom he wished to meet in an informal way should be invited. They received a fortnight's notice. M. Ferry was then supposed to be anti-Gambettist, though he was carrying out Gambetta's policy in Tunis and the far East. The person who was giving the dinner heard that he was engaged to dine elsewhere, and paid him the empty compliment of inviting him too. On the day appointed Gambetta sent an excuse at the last hour. He was subsequently asked why he did so, and he answered: "I have agents everywhere, and there is one of them in Ferry's bureau. He told me of an invitation you sent to Ferry, whom I wish to avoid meeting as much as I possibly can. We are antipathetic to each other, and I know that he watches for occasions to trip me up. When I go to your house it is to be at ease. In his company, 'il faudrait m'observer.'" Gambetta never overcame the feeling he expressed on this occasion. His anger was usually short-lived. But he was permanently rancorous towards M. Ferry and M. Jules Simon, whom for five years he refused to meet anywhere. When told he was unjust towards them, he admitted that perhaps he was, but added that his antipathy was stronger than his will.

SPORTING NOTES.

During the last few weeks the sporting papers have published a number of dismal jeremiads on the decline of steeplechasing, and in several journals the present condition of cross-country sport is foolishly and absurdly attributed to the supineness of the Government, who, it is asserted, ought to buy stallions and send them to various parts of the country, which would enable farmers to rear good stock from half-bred mares. Sir George Chetwynd, in a letter to the *Sportsman*, expresses an opinion that nothing can be expected from "this Government," and some of the papers have raised a chorus of assent. I am quite sure that no Ministry, whether Tory or Radical, will ever venture seriously to propose a vote in the House of Commons for the establishment of Government studs. If Lord George Bentinck had ever floundered into Downing-street, he might possibly have favoured such chimerical nonsense; but he is the only individual who was ever in the running for the Premiership who would have been likely to trouble himself with such fantastical puerilities. Government studs in England would simply mean jobbery, mismanagement, and waste of money. One might as well attempt to erect a lighthouse on Goodwin Sands. As a matter of fact, there are at the present time plenty of thoroughbred sires who can be secured at trifling fees in almost every county in England. Mr. Chaplin, Lord Fitzwilliam, the Duke of Beaufort, and many other landowners keep sires expressly for the use of the neighbouring farmers, and the practice ought to be universal among owners of large estates. It should be one of the duties of georgical peers and bucolical squires to improve the breed of horses in their respective districts on this method, and many of them appear to recognise that it is so. "Vagabond! keep to your pantomimes!" wrote Junius to Garrick, and I am reminded of this injunction by the slipshod, inaccurate statements which have lately appeared in connection with this subject of public breeding. Writers who lament that "the public money" should be frittered away on Queen's Plates are, of course, ignorant that the annual grant of £3,300 is paid out of the Queen's Civil List, and that "the Government" have no more concern in the matter than they have with her Majesty's

Old Point Lace.—Hayward's, Experts, Dealers and Purchasers of Old Lace, 166 and 168, Oxford-street, W.

Beauté. Vérité. Éternité.—Miniatures photographiques inaltérables sur émail vitrifiées au feu (patent). Walery, 5, Conduit-st., W.

purchases of horses and carriages. Lord Bradford's scheme of concentrating the Queen's Plates has now been tried for ten years, and it has failed ignominiously; but even if they were abolished, as they well might be, it is highly improbable that the money saved would continue to be devoted to the turf, either directly or indirectly; and it is simply idiotic to talk of establishing Government studs on £3,300 a year. There never was a time when mandrake-like wailings were not to be heard about the degeneracy of something or other. If steeplechasing is declining, it is more likely to be from other causes. It would be strange, indeed, if any sport could flourish under the infelicitous guidance of such as body as the G.N.H. Committee.

The collapse of M. Aumont's Fra Diavolo clears the way for Archiduc in the French Derby. Fra Diavolo was on public form the best two-year-old in France last season. He was not engaged in the Grand Prix, but English race-goers have reason to deplore his downfall, as it was intended to send him to Ascot to run for the Rous Memorial on the Cup Day, in which he might have met St. Blaise, Busybody, Harvester, Ossian, Royal Fern, St. Simon, Duke of Richmond, and Adelaide filly. However, there still remain the elements for a most interesting contest. Fra Diavolo came to grief on Monday week while running for the Prix de Longchamps.

During the last two months I have over and over again cautioned my readers in the strongest terms against being led away by the Cambusmore "rush." This horse was actually backed down to 9—1 for the Two Thousand, although he had never been tried in any way, and absolutely nothing was known about his capabilities either by Porter or by any one else. Last week Cambusmore was galloped in the presence of the Duke of Westminster, and the result was so wofully unsatisfactory that he was forthwith scratched, both for Two Thousand and Derby. It is the tragedy of Troll over again, and I have frequently expressed the opinion that Cambusmore was quite as likely to turn out a Troll as a Peregrine or a Shotover. It would certainly be most interesting to learn the reasons which led the backers of Cambusmore to invest on him so recklessly. The backing of Garb Or for the Derby down to 25 to 1 is equally unaccountable, and if this arrant rogue is thought to be good business for Epsom, how is it that he remains without a price for the Two Thousand, which will be an easier race to win than the Derby? When Superba was being backed at 6 to 1, I wrote that I would be sorry to take 66 to 1 about her. Peck's filly may run for the Two Thousand, but she does not seem to have a chance for that race, for which Harvester is now a rattling favourite, though it would not be easy for his supporters to give conclusive reasons for the demonstration in his favour. I shall endeavour to find the winner next week, but, in the meantime, I have reason to believe that Sir G. Chetwynd's Sister to Adelaide colt will see a shorter price. Very likely he will win the Craven Stakes to-morrow.

The *Sportsman* thinks it worth while to relate how "a certain nobleman of Hungarian extraction" (Count Festetics, of course) recently offered Lord Falmouth £600 per head for his twenty-four horses in training. There is an infantile ingenuousness about this which is worthy of Parson Adams. Fourteen thousand four hundred pounds for Lord Falmouth's racing-stud, when Busybody and Harvester alone are expected to realise nearly £20,000! What the two-year-olds will fetch it is not easy to conjecture, but, remembering the prices which were paid two years ago at Lord Wilton's sale, it is probable that the dozen will not go under £10,000. There is a half brother (by Hampton) to Jannette a half sister (by Childeric) to Galliard, a filly by Skylark, out of Wheel of Fortune (the best racer which Lord Falmouth ever bred) a filly by Silvio—Jannette, and a half sister (by Childeric) to Atlantic. For the second year in succession Lord Falmouth has had the misfortune to lose his two-year-old out of Cantinière. The colt in question was by Hampton, and, to say nothing of the £1,500 which he would no doubt have fetched, there is some £500 to pay for forfeit on his thirty-two engagements. These are some of the pleasant risks of breeding.

Among the recent foals are a brother to Reprieve, a filly by Macaroni, or Dutch Skater out of Duckling (dam of that good but unlucky mare Cipolata), and a colt by Dutch Skater out of Corisande, who goes to him again. It is high time for this mare to breed something within reasonable distance of her own racing form. At Marden Park Gamos has a colt by Beauclerc, and goes to Hilarious. Princess of Wales (the gold-mine of the late Mr. Cartwright's stud) has a filly by Beaudesert, and goes to him again, and Hawthorn Bloom has a filly by Albert Victor, and goes to George Frederick. Of the Duchess of Montrose's mares, In Bounds has a filly by Isonomy, and goes to him again; Highland Lassie a filly by Sefton and goes to him again; Glentmore a colt by Sefton, and goes to Isonomy, to whom has arrived Mr. Bowes's Twine the Plaiden, in foal to Rosicrucian.

THE CITY AND SUBURBAN

The field seems dwindling down, and although there are about twenty-five horses nominally in the betting, I shall be surprised if more than fifteen run. Lowland Chief (9 st. 2 lb.) has been heavily backed of late, and he is now second favourite. I have no fancy for this horse, for if he could not win last year, in bad company, with 8 st. 10 lb., I do not understand how he can be expected to win next week with 9 st. 2 lb., running against a very much better field, and especially as he can scarcely have improved during the last twelve months. The presence of Shotover and Scobell in last year's race proves nothing, for both had gone hopelessly "all to pieces," and there is nothing very marvellous in the form of Sweetbread, to whom, on that occasion, Lord Ellesmere's horse gave 6 lb. and an easy beating. Mr. Pitt used to say, "Give me figures and I can prove anything," and by a hocus-pocus of past running almost any animal which has ever won a race can be shown to have a chance. Geheimniss (9 st. 4 lb.) is a great fancy in some quarters. She might run in spite of the St. Blaise craze; but, in my opinion, she could not stay the course. The stamina of Lady Stamford's mare appears to diminish as she grows older.

"Royal Charter" Champagne.—Wachter & Co., shippers to H.M. the Queen and H.R.H. the Prince of Wales by special appointment.

The Kaps Pianofortes, grand and upright. These celebrated instruments can be obtained at C. E. Flavell's, 26, North Audley-street, W.

As a three-year-old she was second best in the Cambridgeshire with a heavy weight; but last season it was all she could do to achieve victory over the New Mile at Ascot when running in moderate company. The market position of Florence has been highly equivocal, but I would not recommend her under any circumstances, nor Springbok, about whom there has all along been a sort of subdued bustle, which is usually to be observed in connection with Mr. Jardine's horses. Caméliard will not like the Epsom gradients, and I hear that a boy cannot ride Lambkin, who is wonderfully well in on his three-year-old form. Royal Angus (clearly the pick of the handicap after the departure of Blue Grass and Quicklime) will not do this time, I am assured, and I have no belief in either Perdita II. or Richmond. This distance is three-quarters of a mile too far for Despair, and Sweetbread is overweighted. It is presumptuous to attempt to give a selection for such a race ten days before it is run, and with a Newmarket meeting to come off in the interval, but in my opinion the cream of the lot are Thebais (9 st. 4 lb.), St. Blaise (8 st. 12 lb.), Keir (8 st. 4 lb.), Royal Stag (6 st. 7 lb.), and Ishah (5 st. 10 lb.). Thebais was undoubtedly third best in the Cambridgeshire last year, when she carried 8 st. 13 lb., and three weeks later she literally walked in for the Shropshire Handicap, in which she gave a lot of weight to several animals which had shown good form. The way has been wonderfully smoothed for St. Blaise, and he will no doubt run well, as he has improved vastly since last year, and has never given Porter a single moment of anxiety during his preparation. Having selected this horse for the Derby, I should like to be able to recommend him for this race, but I do not feel justified in doing so. Up to the present time St. Blaise has not been tried. Keir is my own fancy of the top weights, and he would be my sole selection if he were to start "enjoying the confidence of his party," as the reporters say; but at present he looks more like winning the Babraham to-morrow. I have heard a good account of Royal Stag, with whom there has been a great deal of rather queer manœuvring in the betting, and, all being well, I expect that Mr. Cookson's horse will finish in the first three; but for the winner I shall look to Ishah, whose victory will be most popular.

MAMMON.

A NOVEL SYNDICATE.

I HAVE received the "prospectus" of an Anglo-French syndicate. There are 1,000 shares of six guineas each, and the object is to play a martingale against a series of ten *coups* at Chicago and other American towns "where gambling is tolerated." The most curious paragraphs in this document are the following:—

"By agreement with Lord Hinton W. Poulette the 1,000 shares will be guaranteed by a mortgage on Lord Hinton W. Poulette's rights to an estate called Hinton St. George's Poulette, which is situated in Somersetshire. This property, of which Lord Hinton's father has the usufruct, is worth more than £200,000, and brings in a revenue of £10,000 per annum after all deductions for present charges and existing mortgages. Should Lord Hinton die before his father, the guarantee will be covered by a life insurance for one fourth more than the subscribed capital."

Those wishing to take shares in this remarkable syndicate must apply to D. Bence, Esq., 1, Sherwood-street, Piccadilly-circus.

A CURIOUS SYNDICATE.

Messrs. H. Graham Wills & Co. have issued the following lithographed letter:—

[*Strictly private and confidential.*] London, *April* 7.

Dear Sir,—In the course of a few days an important operation will take place in connection with the Ordinary Stock of the *Mexican Railway Company*. The continued and disastrous fall in the price has been brought about chiefly by the action of the "Bears," who have, however, oversold the stock to a very large extent, and a comparatively slight effort is needed to place those who have persistently speculated for the fall in a most difficult position. The combination now being organised will, we believe, have an immediate and powerful effect on the market, and in order to take advantage of the rise a syndicate has been formed in which we invite your co-operation.

We enclose copy of the syndicate agreement and forms of application, and we hope that you will take an interest in it, as we are confident that a very large profit—probably from 100 to 200 per cent.—will be divided within a fortnight from the date of the operation.

All subscribers to the Syndicate will be furnished with a full printed statement of the transactions entered into, and the accounts will be duly audited. The precise moment for carrying out the operation will, for obvious reasons, remain a secret with the Trustees and Committee, whose discretion alone will be exercised; but as the movement may be speedily made, we will ask you to favour us with an early reply.—We are, yours faithfully,

Wills & Co.

P.S.—The recent rise and the fluctuations in the price of the Ordinary Stock were anticipated by us as per enclosed copy of letter we sent to a few of our clients on the 24th ultimo.

This is accompanied by a Memorandum of Agreement, to be signed by any subscriber to the syndicate, with all the "whereases" dear to the legal mind. It states that Wills & Co. have formed a syndicate for the purpose of operating in the Ordinary Stock of the Mexican Railway Company, the syndicate being managed by Messrs. Wills; with Colonel George Carden, of Home Lodge, Surbiton, S.W., and Ernest Moreton, Esq., of Leadenhall-buildings, as trustees; and Lieutenant-Colonel W. Maurice, Major W. J. Elliott, and Messrs. Francis F. Ommaney, Edward L. Cleaver, and Ernest Moreton as a committee. The accounts of the syndicate are to be kept by Messrs. Wills & Co. at their offices, and upon the closing of the syndicate they are to be audited by Edward L. Ernest, Esq., public accountant. The promoters of the syndicate are to receive one-fourteenth share of the profits, and the trustees and committee one-fourteenth. This certainly is one of the most remarkable syndicates that has ever come to my knowledge. The object, and the sole object, is to buy a "bull" of the speculative stock of a Mexican railroad, and to sell it at a profit. But if any one feels inclined to do this, I do not clearly understand why he should sign any agreement with Messrs. Wills, pay to these gentlemen money, and divide his profits between managers, trustees, and committeemen. All that he would have to do would be to instruct a broker to buy the amount of stock that he requires, and to pocket the entire profit—if profit there be—himself.

A STILL MORE CURIOUS COMPANY.

M. J. Reybaud, calling himself "Agence J. Reybaud," of 35, Claremont-square, London, issues a circular, which it would seem is sent to Frenchmen, inviting them to forward

John Shaw, Share Broker, Wardrobe-chambers, Queen Victoria-st. deals at tape prices at an inclusive commission of one-sixteenth.

him 1,000 f. He then promises to hand them over, at once, the equivalent in French Rentes, or in other equally excellent securities, as a guarantee, and estimates the profits of the investment at 50 per cent., paid weekly. His *modus operandi* is as follows:—He backs a horse given as a probable winner at a race meeting by the *Sportsman*, and if he loses on it, backs another "tipped" horse for double the amount, and so on, until he pulls off a stake. J. Reybaud proposes to commence so soon as he has received 1,000 f. from one hundred persons. On the face of it, this is a swindle. I take it that the plan is to get hold of as many thousand francs as possible, and to defer to all time handing over the securities which are to be the guarantee for it. If J. Reybaud has 100,000 f. in French Rentes, and is so certain of the success of his operation that he is prepared to risk them, it is obvious that he would employ his own money, and not from mere benevolence hand over the enormous profits that he prophesies to others. I hear that the police have already cautioned this speculator: might he not be prosecuted on his circular for attempting to obtain money on false pretences?

Already this Reybaud has made money by his devices, and the French Consul has received complaints from two French gentlemen, one of whom forwarded 2,100 francs on the 25th ultimo, and the other 550 francs on the 27th ultimo. It is needless to say that they have not yet received "titres." I recommend the matter to the French *Figaro*, or some such paper of large circulation. It would be desirable that Frenchmen should be put on their guard against this compatriot who is honouring our shores with his presence.

THE LAND CORPORATION OF CANADA.

The career of this Company ought to be a warning to those who fancy that English Companies are likely to make money by jobbing in Canadian land. It made a considerable profit one year by a lucky deal. Since then its operations have not been successful. It owns a farm in Manitoba, which stands in the books at £10,555, and which, being farmed by the Company, yields a profit of £158. It had entered into a contract with the Canada North-West Land Company to buy certain lands, and it has paid a considerable sum to rescind it. Some land has been bought near Regina, which has cost four dollars per acre, and it is questionable whether it could be sold at this figure. The Company was started under excellent auspices. The directors seem to have acted with perfect honesty, and yet these are the results. The new chairman, Mr. A. R. Grenfell, a man of weight and experience, observed that he had a thankless task to perform, and that it is by no means easy to conduct farming and land operations in Canada from New Broad-street. This candid avowal of a practical man, together with the experience gained by the results of the operations of this Company, will, I trust, instil a little caution into those who fancy that they are likely to make money by taking shares in all the Companies which are started to job in American land, or to buy American land on which to breed cattle or grow corn. Almost invariably the price paid is a seller's, not a buyer's, price, and, in a good many instances, it is a promoter's price.

Options.—Explanatory Pamphlet on Stock Exchange Options, post-free. John Abbott & Co., Stock and Share Brokers, 21 and 22, Palmerston Buildings, London, E.C.

THE WEST OF ENGLAND BANK.

Why does it take so long to wind up the affairs of this bank, as compared with the time occupied in the case of the Glasgow Bank? The liquidation of the former is now in its sixth year, although all liabilities were discharged more than three years ago. Surely it is full time that the Board of Trade should insist upon a little more dispatch?

THE HAMMOND ELECTRIC LIGHT COMPANY.

The reports and balance-sheets of these Electric Lighting Companies are strange reading. The Hammond Company, with a capital of £330,000, shows on the debtor side for the year ending December last, a total of £32,869, and on the creditor side a total of £3,100. The gross profit for the year on trading has been £2,733, advertising figures for £1,667, exhibitions for £1,166, and experimenting and testing for £3,449. Altogether the Company is poorer by £29,768 than it was at the commencement of 1883.

To meet this state of things the directors propose to convert the capital, which now consists of £330,000, divided into 66,000 shares of £5 each, into a capital of £525,000, divided into 350,000 shares of £1. 10s. each. Of these, 40,133 shares are to be given to the holders of ordinary shares, 7,990 to the holders of deferred shares, and 2,000 to the holders of founders' shares, whilst the Company is to take powers to issue a further 150,000 shares to the public. Of these latter, it may be said, "First catch your hare." It is hardly likely that even idiots will subscribe to an issue of shares in an Electric Lighting Company just now, and certainly not to one that assesses its loss during a year's operation at about £30,000. There can be no objection to the Company converting its ordinary shares of £5 into shares of £1. 10s., but why, I would ask, are deferred shareholders and holders of founders' shares to receive ordinary shares? What possible value can attach either to a deferred share or to a founder's share in this Company?

QUEER STORIES.

THE FLEET-STREET PARSON.

MR. MONTAGU MOUNTFORD was a barrister who had started in life with ten thousand pounds, a fair share of ability, and a very considerable belief in his own powers. He knew the bar was a slow profession, but he never had any doubts about his ultimate success. Give him the usual seven years, he used to say to his intimates, and he would be making two or three thousand a year. Meanwhile, Mr. Mountford devoted most of his energies towards amusing himself in the best way he could afford. He was a man of good family, of tolerable looks, and considerable social advantages. He could sing a good song, take a part in private theatricals, shoot and ride fairly straight, and was an undoubted proficient in the art of flirting. Gradually, while his invitations grew in number, his attendances at the Temple during business

hours became rarer. He had an occasional brief, which he held without achieving either distinction or disgrace; and, though his practice did not perceptibly increase, he always consoled himself with the reflection that one of these days he would really give up all frivolities and take to serious hard work. That day, however, did not arrive, and as Mr. Mountford's festive disposition got noised abroad, his few clients dropped off one by one, and his practice became a rapidly-vanishing quantity. This did not greatly disturb him, for he had a temperament that was not easily depressed, and he was sure that something would eventually turn up.

So the seven years went by, and Mountford discovered that, far from making two or three thousand a year, his sole capital consisted of fifteen hundred pounds' worth of Egyptian bonds, while his liabilities were represented by a forbidding heap of unpaid bills of infinite variety and unknown amount. As he sat one morning in his dingy chambers in the Temple, he suddenly realised that he had made a most particular fool of himself, and that, unless some specific for restoring his fortune could very speedily be found, there would be nothing before him but the Bankruptcy Court or a clean bolt to Canada or New Zealand. This did not at all suit his views, and he cursed his folly loudly and long. What business, he thought to himself, had he in the extravagant set he had been thrown among? Of course, when he went to Ascot with the Hon. George Fitzpunter and Lady Violet Veriphast, he could not in common decency bet in less than tenners; when a roulette table was produced after supper—"just to see how the thing worked, you know"—he could not, as ladies were present, refuse to try his luck. Boxes at theatres were expensive, so were bouquets, and little dinners resulted in very big bills. His speculations, too, in El Dorado bonds and India Gold Mines—so confidentially recommended by people who had been there and knew—somehow turned out dismal failures. But he was not the man to despair, though he could not but admit that his affairs were terribly gloomy.

He turned over his letters impatiently; bills and invitations were alike distasteful to him in his present frame of mind. At length he came upon a modest-looking missive in an unknown hand. He opened it carelessly. It was a note from an old schoolfellow, one Baynes, who had married and been lost sight of for the last half-a-dozen years. Baynes hoped that his old friend would look him up at their cottage on the river. Should be delighted if he could manage to drop down there from Friday till Monday; had not much to offer a man of his extensive acquaintance and engagements, &c.

"I almost believe he would be glad to see me," said Mountford, cynically. "It will be quite a new sensation. A couple of quiet days on the Thames may give me an idea or two."

So he went. Baynes's cottage was a very nice little place, and Baynes himself was a very agreeable host. Mrs. Baynes was scarcely up to the mark in Mountford's critical eye, but he felt in an unusually meek frame of mind, and so made himself pleasant to both.

Just before they retired for the night, a note arrived for Mrs. Baynes.

"Mary is coming to-morrow, after all, my dear," she remarked, on reading it.

"Oh, that's all right," replied her husband. "My sister-in-law," he added, by way of explanation.

Mrs. Baynes retired, and the men went to the dining-room to have a cigar.

"She's a fine woman, Mary," said Baynes, thoughtfully. "Must have a pot of money, too."

Mountford pricked up his ears.

"The sister-in-law?" he inquired.

"Yes, she married old Binks, wholesale oil and colourman, you know; he died about a year ago, and I believe left her a couple of hundred thou. No youngsters, either."

"Nice little pile that," said Mountford, concealing his horror at the idea of oils and colours.

"Yes, isn't it? She's a nice woman, too; a trifle silly, but some people don't mind that. Now, if you'd been on the look-out—eh, old chap?"

"I'm not a marrying man, I'm afraid, Baynes," answered his guest. "Thanks, I won't have any more, it's about time to turn in."

The next morning was fortunately fine, and Baynes having ordered a steam-launch to be ready betimes at the bottom of his garden, the party proceeded to embark for a trip up the river. There were two or three young gentlemen, apparently from the Stock Exchange, as they talked of nothing else, two or three riparian young ladies, a lively Curate who sang comic songs, and an elderly maiden relative of Baynes, who was popularly supposed to be well off.

As he was introduced to the company, Mountford fairly shuddered. He had never seen any of the people before, and he had not the least inclination to regret his loss. A trip up the river in such company presaged a very torment of boredom, and he began to wish he had pleaded illness, in which case he would have escaped the party, and have had a quiet spin in a sculling-boat by himself in the afternoon. It was, therefore, with a faint sensation of relief he heard Baynes tell the captain of the launch to stop at Kingston to pick up some more people. Any change, he reflected, must be for the better, and he was curious to see Mrs. Binks. At Kingston accordingly he looked out with considerable interest. The lady was there, attended by a very well-turned-out footman, bearing rugs and other necessaries. She was passably good-looking, and, to all appearance, not more than five-and-thirty, so Mountford promptly got introduced.

The steam-launch proceeded on its course, accompanied by the usual curses of boating and fishing men. The Stock Exchange young men indulged in boisterous horse-play and violent flirtation with the riparian young ladies; the Curate, when he was not singing his songs, devoted himself to the hostess; Baynes was occupied by the cares of hospitality, and Mountford was left in undisturbed possession of Mrs. Binks's attention. He speedily found out that her special weakness was the question of social position, and consequently he chatted freely about the various titled individuals with whom he was in the habit of associating. The widow was evidently interested, and inquired about his own people.

Riding Habits.—Specialty of John Redfern & Sons. Ladies' Tailors by Appointment to H.R.H. the Princess of Wales, 26, Conduit-street, London, W. Also at Cowes and Paris.

"The Mountfords are a very old family," he said, with perfect truth, for Debrett is a terribly certain avenger of this species of falsehoods. "The peerage became extinct by the execution of the last lineal descendant. We have always been loyal and Conservative."

"Oh, yes!" she sighed, "all the best people are."

"Binks must have been a terrific cad," mused Mountford.

"Good family is a great advantage, in spite of what the Radicals say," she continued. "Now, neither my husband's family nor my own are anything but bourgeois, and Bin s is such a terrible name!"

Mrs. Binks's French accent grated upon Mountford's sensitive ear, but he gallantly replied:—

"After all, family is nowhere, compared to personal advantages; and as for names, 'the rose would smell as sweet,' you know."

The widow sighed, and was evidently impressed.

In the course of the day Mountford made an excellent use of his opportunities, and when the launch stopped at Kingston to leave Mrs. Binks, they parted on the understanding that he was to call at her house in Portman-square and renew the acquaintance at the earliest opportunity

Mountford was good as his word. He called in Portman-square—in fact, he called frequently. He also paid a visit to Somerset House, and inspected the will of the late Josiah Binks—the perusal of which afforded him every satisfaction. So far as he could see, there was no very formidable rival in the field. There were several old friends of Mrs. Binks's husband, who would have gladly consoled his sorrowing relict, but none of them found favour in her eyes. They were all of the City, and her aspirations were towards the West. She knew very few people in her neighbourhood, so Mountford had many opportunities for private interviews, which the widow's companion, the elderly and discreet Miss Bowser, was too astute to interrupt by her presence.

Mountford had made up his mind to propose, and was only waiting until a decent interval had elapsed since the beginning of their acquaintance in order to take the plunge. He was in this frame of mind, when one day, on entering the well-known mansion, he met a couple of unfamiliar figures descending the ample staircase. The one was tall and meagre, the other stout and short. The tall man was evidently a parson, and wore a somewhat meek and downtrodden air; his companion seemed bustling and self-important. Mountford stood aside as they left the house, and promptly interrogated the butler, whose good offices he had taken care to secure, as to the meaning of this unwonted incursion. In answer, the man handed him a couple of cards. On the one he read, "Lord Slumly Fitzfudge;" on the other, "Rev. Septimus Cruciform, Curate of S. Gemini, The Docks, S.E."

"The devil!" murmured Mountford, as he hurried upstairs.

The widow greeted him as usual with much cordiality.

"I have had two such interesting visitors, Mr. Mountford. Lord Slumly Fitzfudge and Mr. Cruciform. They have been talking so charmingly about the poor creatures in the East-end who have such horrible places to live in, and nothing to eat. I really feel quite guilty in not having done anything for them with all my money. Of course, you know at least one of my visitors; you who know everybody?"

"I think I have heard of Fitzfudge," replied Mountford, who had a very distinct recollection of that eminent nobleman's name in connection with several extremely doubtful companies. "But, of course, they did not appeal in vain to your generosity, Mrs. Binks?"

"I gave them all I had, only ten pounds; but I have promised to attend a meeting next week to discuss what we ought to do. Lady Sapphira Polkington is coming, and very likely the Duke of Mewsford will be there. They all seem to be charming people," concluded the widow, with a sigh.

Mountford looked at her with something like alarm. The prospect of associating with a Lord and of meeting a real live Duke, to say nothing of minor personages, was evidently a dazzling one for the widow. But it was full of danger for Mountford's plans. Mr. Cruciform was a needy curate, Lord Slumly was by no means well-off, and was a widower with five unmarried daughters. The time had come for action.

"How long have I known you, Mrs. Binks?" he inquired, in his most insinuating manner.

"About three months, I think," she answered "But why do you ask?"

"I was only wondering why it is that some acquaintances ripen so quickly. I seem to have known you for years. Forgive me, but do you not share this indescribable sympathy in some small degree?"

At this highly interesting juncture Mountford heard a rustle and a discreet "Hem!" which warned him of the approach of Miss Bowser.

"Mr. Dockit wishes to see you, Mrs. Binks," she said. "His business is very important."

"Dear me, how tiresome!" replied the widow, with a sympathetic glance at Mountford. "Some City business, I suppose. You can't think what a nuisance it is for an unfortunate woman to be bothered with all these money matters."

"If I could only take these worries off your hands!" murmured the barrister, as he took his leave.

"You will come again to-morrow?" she replied.

Mountford cordially wished Mr. Dockit in Hades, but he could not help feeling that the game was practically won. Instead of Canada or New Zealand, the enticing prospect of spending the fortune of the oil and colour man dazzled his mental vision, and he arrived at his chambers in unwonted high spirits. But, as luck would have it, he found a telegram waiting for him which conveyed the news that his only wealthy relative, a rich and eccentric bachelor, was lying dangerously ill at his country house, and that his presence was required at once.

Mountford was not by any means a dutiful nephew, but he felt that not only common decency, but his own interests, commanded that he should start without delay. So he wrote a hurried note to Mrs. Binks, and in a couple of hours was on his way north by an evening express.

Mountford's departure was somewhat unfortunate. The widow only half believed his explanation, and could not imagine that he was justified in leaving her side at so

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critical a juncture at the bidding of a comparatively distant relative, whom, he informed her, he had not even set eyes upon for years. For the next day or two her temper was exceedingly trying even to the long-suffering Miss Bowser, who more than once was on the point of throwing up her situation. However, a couple of days after Mountford's departure, Lord Slumly called—this time accompanied by Lady Sapphira Polkington and that celebrated philanthropist Miss Flint and this distinguished and enthusiastic company—for the time, at all events—reconciled Mrs. Binks to the temporary loss of her admirer. Lord Slumly enlisted her aid as a patroness of the society over which he presided, and Mrs. Binks undertook to take a regular course of district visiting in the parish of the Rev. Septimus Cruciform.

Accordingly, during the next few days, she visited some terrible slums, smelt exceedingly bad smells, subscribed largely to the Society of which the Rev. Septimus was secretary, presented old women with sundry half-crowns, talked an immense amount of philanthropy, and became filled with the proud and happy consciousness that she was doing a vast amount of good in most aristocratic company. She inquired of some of her new friends as to what manner of man Mr. Mountford was, and received somewhat unsatisfactory answers.

Mr. Septimus Cruciform, in the meantime, paid her assiduous attention, and lost no opportunity of impressing her with a sense of his profound admiration for her goodness and virtue. Nay, more, he occasionally hinted at the duties which attended the possession of great wealth, and gave her to understand that, under proper direction, she might attain a position but little inferior to that of the Baroness Burdett-Coutts.

It was at this juncture that Mountford returned to London. He had buried his uncle, who had caused him great inconvenience by lingering nearly three weeks after his seizure. The old gentleman had left him the insignificant legacy of a thousand pounds, and as the whole of his creditors immediately threatened strong measures, Mountford was rather worse off than before. Hence he resolved to waste no time, but to settle his fate at once. He attired himself in faultless mourning, and drove off to Portman-square the day after his return.

"You see I lose no time in coming to call on you," he began. The widow, however, was not to be taken by storm.

"You have been out of town, I think?" she answered, somewhat coldly.

Mountford was not easily discouraged, and so went on:—"I have, I am sorry to say. It seems ages since I saw you."

"Only a week or two, I think," replied the widow.

She was evidently indisposed to give him an opening, and Mountford was rapidly becoming desperate, when the footman announced Mr. Cruciform. There was a sort of familiarity about the very manner in which that reverend gentleman entered the room which irritated Mountford profoundly. He looked, moreover, more prosperous than before, the hollows in his cheeks were less marked, his smile was less saintly and more complacent, and he had evidently invested in a new coat and hat. Mountford greeted him with as much civility as he could muster, and waited patiently for his departure. But the Rev. Septimus showed not the least sign of moving, and the widow evinced such an obvious preference for his details of the proceedings of the Philanthropic Society, that Mountford was at length constrained to take his leave first.

"May I call again to-morrow?" he asked, half aside.

"Thursday is my usual day," she rejoined blandly, without lowering her voice.

Mountford felt utterly dumbfounded. Something was clearly very much amiss; and the news he extracted from the butler, that Mr. Cruciform, or some other eminent philanthropist, had called nearly every day during his absence, by no means tended to reassure him.

He walked moodily away, ruminating on this new and unpleasant feature in his love-making. His affairs were really desperate, and he was certain that nothing, in the absence of hard cash, would quiet his more obstreperous creditors unless it were the news that he was on the point of making a rich marriage. He felt more than half inclined to entrust the collection of his legacy to some faithful friend, and make a clean bolt to the colonies. But he thought he had better have a night's rest before arriving at a definite decision.

The next morning found him very much in the same frame of mind. To distract his thoughts, therefore, he determined to take a sharp walk, in the course of which he happened to pass a certain police-court, where he had frequently spent an idle hour in listening to a catalogue of offences not without a charm for a student of human nature. He went in, and more than one of the attendant constables acknowledged his familiar nod.

"Anything particular on, Jobson?" he inquired.

"No, sir," answered that officer. "Same as usual; drunk and disorderly, cruelty to 'osses, and so on. Rather a heavy list to-day. By the way, there's one rum-looking gent; says he's a parson. Hawful drunk he was last night!"

"Indeed, they do get into trouble now and then," said Mountford, not much interested. And he sat down, and again mused upon his melancholy condition.

It was clear enough that his unfortunate absence had gone far to ruin his chances with Mrs. Binks. She must have succumbed to the wiles of the saintly Cruciform, and, as he thought of that exemplary young clergyman, Mountford cursed him with intense fervour. The prospect of becoming a leading philanthropist in the company of dukes and lords had turned her head. Mountford had discovered that Cruciform's real name was Cross, and that he was the son of a bankrupt tailor; but he feared that it was useless to tell the widow that. She would only think him jealous, and would not believe the story. From Cruciform, Mountford's thoughts unconsciously turned towards the parson who was about to be charged with the unseemly offence of drunkenness.

"By Jove," he muttered, "I wish I could make my friend Cross screwed, and send him round to Portman-square!"

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Somehow or another, the drunken parson interested him.

"What did you say your clerical friend's name was, Jobson?" he asked the officer.

"Well, I'm blessed if I know, sir," said the policeman. "He's got a lot of names; they generally call him the 'Fleet-street Parson.'"

"Got a lot of names, has he?" said Mountford, absently staring very hard at the presiding magistrate; "the deuce he has! I say, Jobson, do you think you could manage to let me have five minutes' conversation with him—private conversation, you know?"

And Mountford slipped a coin into the officer's willing fingers.

"Dessay I could, sir. You'd like to say a few words for him to the magistrate, perhaps?" answered Jobson, with a grin. And he conducted Mountford to a select apartment where the "Fleet-street Parson," along with several other gentlemen in misfortune, was waiting his turn to appear.

Mountford's interview with that worthy seemed to be highly satisfactory, for after it was over, as he walked along the Strand, he could scarcely refrain from bursting into mysterious fits of laughter, and, when a cabman nearly ran over him, splashed him with mud, and then swore at him, Mountford answered with a bland if somewhat unmeaning smile.

Mrs. Binks was by no means an early riser, and usually had her breakfast, the *Daily Delirium*, and a Church paper, specially recommended by Mr. Cruciform, sent up to her bedroom. The morning but one after Mountford's visit to the police-court was no exception to the rule, and the faithful companion, Miss Bowser, after seeing that her mistress's wants had been abundantly supplied, had retired to her household duties, when she was recalled by a loud shriek and a furious ring at the bell.

She rushed up to Mrs. Binks's bedroom and found her in an alarming state of mental perturbation. It is extremely difficult, for obvious reasons, to faint, or even to go into hysterics, in bed, or there is no doubt that Mrs. Binks would have availed herself of one or other of these specifics so dear to distressed ladies of middle age. As it was, she lay speechless with passion, and very red in the face, pointing to a column of the *Daily Delirium*. Miss Bowser picked up the offending journal, and read under the heading of Police Intelligence:—

A Clergyman in Difficulties.—The Rev. Septimus Cruciform, who said he was a clergyman of the Church of England, was charged with being drunk and disorderly in the Strand about 12.30 a.m. Police Constable Jobson, X. 000, said the defendant was exceedingly drunk, and, when asked to go home, made use of most disgusting language. He then took him into custody. He was well known to the police as a disorderly character. The magistrate said it was a sad thing to see a man of the defendant's station in such a position, and fined him 40s. and costs, or fourteen days in default of payment. The fine was immediately paid.

"Good heavens!" said Miss Bowser.

"And this is the man," cried the outraged widow, finding her voice at last, "who has been deceiving me with his professions of sanctity, and self-sacrifice, and what not! Outcast London, indeed! Oh, the viper! Miss Bowser, give orders to James that Mr. Cruciform is not to be admitted here again on any pretence whatever, and remember that if he writes to me, you are to send back his letters unopened."

Miss Bowser lost no time in carrying out Mrs. Binks's instructions, for she was by no means an admirer of the saintly curate, and when the Rev. Septimus appeared at his usual hour he was met with a curt, "Not at home."

Mountford, however, was more fortunate, and succeeded, mainly through the good offices of the companion, in obtaining an interview, at which he consoled the widow so effectually for the cruel deception of which she had been the victim that, when he left the house, it was with Mrs. Binks's promise to make him a happy man at the earliest convenient opportunity. It is hardly necessary to say that Mountford took good care that Mrs. Binks never set eyes upon the indignant disclaimer which the Rev. Septimus Cruciform wrote to the *Daily Delirium*. He married the relict of the oil and colour man in due course, and his wife is still convinced that the unfortunate curate was an impostor of the deepest dye.

GIRLS' GOSSIP.

DEAREST AMY,—I am glad to tell you that everybody is buying new frocks, and, with a natural re-action from so much gloom, everybody is bent on colour. I never, never saw anything half so dismal as the Park looked one morning last week—the only time we have been in it since the general mourning began. There were the usual crowds, but all in black, and the contrast was suicidally sombre. One is accustomed to see the "morning Park" blossom like the rose, or like the peony or tulip, with all sorts of coats of many colours.

Well, dear, the eyes of Londoners are so weary of blackness, that one hears nothing now but of costumes of green and gold, bonnets of scarlet and salmon-colour, and coats all beady, iridescent glitter. These will, in a few days, dazzle the world, and I must, as befits a good correspondent, take old Time by the forelock and describe some of "the wonders that will be" before the whole world sees them.

Now here is a simply lovely dress, which is sure to make a sensation. The petticoat is of canary-coloured satin, edged with lace of a slightly paler tint. The whole of the front is covered with fine lace, draped in folds from the waist, where it is gathered in under the bodice, so that the folds run outwards. The whole is so soft that immediate response is made to each movement of the wearer. Tiny tassels of satin and gold droop from the lace at equal intervals. The over-dress is of seal-brown plush, made perfectly plain and free from flounces, but falling in enchanting folds from the waist. Large designs—what French milliners call "motifs" of gold passementerie are placed along the sides of the plush, and appear to fasten it down upon the lace-covered petticoat. The plush bodice laces down the front with gold cord, which is tied in a pretty bow when the lacing is finished. The upper part of the front is filled in with a blouse of lace similar to that on the petticoat, and this, of course, shows behind the lacing. There is a tiny collar of plush, and within it a ruffle of the lace. The whole dress is beautifully simple, the straight lines giving height and dignity to the figure. Do you like it?

Here is another gem. It is a dinner and evening dress, with short skirt, made of pale blue satin, with wide panels of embroidery, in which every kind of yellow rose—gloire de Dijon, Maréchal Niel, &c.—is worked in silks in the natural size, with buds and leaves and thorny stalks. The bodice is of palest blue cashmere, with just a faint suggestion of green in it, and the long pleats at the back of the skirt are of cashmere also. The collar, cuffs, and front of the bodice are of the silk-wrought embroidery. Can you

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imagine it? Well, now scatter over it in your imagination miles of the softest creamy-white Valenciennes, rippling down the front between the panels, dancing round the skirt in the form of fully-gathered flounces, and in a softly falling summer shower over the shoulders, and say if it is not lovely?

I am glad to tell you that this dress is going to be worn by a very pretty woman. It would really be *a sin* to let a plain one destroy the effect of it.

Another dress of the same class is made of the new gaze de Chambéry, with stripes of embroidery in shades of brown, pink, palest blue, and a tender apple-green. The draping of the whole is masterly, the folds being held by loops of cream-coloured satin ribbon. About one hundred yards of Valenciennes are scattered over it, and there is a removable train—one mass of lace, both inside and outside—which can be hooked or buttoned on when wanted, and consigned to the seclusion of a box when off work. A fichu of lace is worn with this dress, edged with pearls, and their soft clinking against each other makes a pretty sound that would be musical if it were strong enough, still it does its best.

Did I tell you that the bodice of this dress is pleated throughout, and is pointed both at the back and in front?

A beautiful evening dress is made of Oriental embroidery on creamy-white lisse, in shades of red, mauve, yellow, blue, and brown. It is impossible to describe how well these all go together in the skilful work of the embroiderers. Very full flounces of lace run round the edge of the skirt, and the back consists entirely of lace. The bodice has a blouse of the lovely lisse embroidery, and the sleeves are made of the same.

And now I must tell you about some walking *toilettes* and jackets. You are, of course, aware that the Newmarket coat has made its bow, and is no more seen in the world of fashion. Poor thing! It will make strange acquaintances before its eventful history ends in a rag-shop or on a dust-heap. I wonder if any one has ever written the history of a coat—a coat, for instance, that was born at Poole's, and was introduced to fashionable life on the shoulders of some happy young fellow with heaps of money and high spirits? It might be called "A Story of Downhill."

But to return to our muttons—or, rather, the products of their fleece. There are many candidates for election to the place left vacant by the Newmarket. Redfern showed us a number of new designs. One was in terra-cotta brown cloth, with long sleeves falling deep over the fronts, which latter were trimmed with the narrowest possible longitudinal tucks, each edged with one row of very narrow braid. The back was cut so as to follow the inward curve of the waist and then to curve outwards again, with abundant fulness to admit of a fully-draped skirt underneath.

Another quite new shape was, like the previous one, long enough to cover nearly all the dress, and was made perfectly tight to the figure. The lapels were wide at the shoulders and one front buttoned over in double-breasted style, but came down quite narrow at the waist, in a way that apparently diminished its size very appreciably. The sleeves were also tight. This coat was in navy-blue cloth, and was edged all round with one row of gold-and-blue braid, a similar trimming outlining the pockets and lapels.

A delightful coat of *grenat* cloth was edged with a narrow trimming of beaver down the front, and the same fur at the back, which was open almost to the waist. The collar was also of beaver. It seems late to write of furs in April—but oh! the east wind! It makes me feel quite shrunken up, and of all Madges the most dejected. I nursed the kitten for half an hour this morning because she diffused a lovely warmth around her. A second coat of *grenat* cloth had a collar and cuff of Astrachan, and was braided up the fronts in a very handsome and elaborate design of leaves and berries in black braid. The smart little round-basqued jackets are delightful. They showed us one in red cloth, with Guards' braiding in black, and another in grey cloth, trimmed with natural Astrachan, very soft and curly, and in pretty shades of grey.

A pretty costume in fine dark-green Indian cashmere was made with a waistcoat of glove-kid in the natural colour, which buttoned to the dress with plain round gilt buttons. The sleeves were made with cuffs of the kid, which looked as though they were the visible part of long under-sleeves, the cashmere being turned back from them. Three rows of gold braid ran round the basque. Some of the skirts were cleverly devised for lightness. One, for instance, was perfectly plain except for a narrow quilling along the edge, which served to throw out the skirt from the feet. The tunic was draped high on the hips. Another had braided panels alternating with rows of longitudinal kilts; and a third was edged with diagonal rows of braid, and had no flounces whatever.

We saw a costume that had just been completed for the Queen of the Netherlands before the death of our poor Duke. It was of grey vicugna (in a pretty shade that was neither light nor dark), very soft and fine, and draped with fulness at the back. A panel, covered with a pointed design in grey and steel braid, ran up either side of the skirt, and the waistcoat was braided to match these. The buttons were steel. The bonnet was of grey straw, trimmed with satin merveilleux, and with braid like that on the costume as well as grey pompons.

I think the sailor-hats, made of the same stuff as the costumes and trimmed with rows of braid, will be a great success. We saw one in navy serge, with red braid and red pompons, which looked tempting. The brim was made quite narrow at the back, so as not to interfere with the hair. Large loops of red and blue braid made a "cabbage bow" at one side. A love of a hat, made to match a costume, was in tobacco-brown vicugna, caught down round the edge in folds upon a brim of pleated brown velvet, in a darker shade. The trimming consisted of quill feathers in the two colours.

Now, have I not done my duty as a chronicler of the modes? But I must tell you of a delicious thing I saw the other day in sunshades. It was in mushroom-coloured satin, and was trimmed with chocolate-brown ostrich feathers all around the edges and a little way up each seam. But, oh! Amy. Fancy the dishevelled miseries of those feathers if caught in a shower! Another sunshade was made of cardinal satin, almost covered with flat rosettes of white lace, from the centre of each of which drooped a tassel of white chenille with satin "bobs." I do not know their technical name, but as I don't suppose you do either, you will not scold me for saying "bobs," will you?

I have been reading a little book published by Mrs. Carlisle called "Singing for Children," and am sending it to you by this post, as it may give you some hints about your youthful brethren. Mr. Lennox Browne says that a child should begin to learn singing as soon as he can read, and, as Mrs. Carlisle remarks, the true basis of not only singing, but of speaking and reading, is the art of "correct breathing." One would imagine that this needed no teaching, but if you watch little children—to say nothing of adults—you will soon see that the majority of them breathe with open mouths, instead of utilising the valuable filtering and warming capabilities of the nostrils. The little book is full of excellent advice, and when you read it you will find that to learn how to breathe is a matter of more importance than you would think. It is published by Chappell.

Of course, you fortunate country girls (I only say fortunate at this time of year) have no difficulty in growing flowers, but we Londoners who cannot afford to replenish our fern cases every week are much troubled in our endeavours to bring blossoms on and to keep leaves from falling off. When, therefore, I saw a preparation advertised as "containing all the elements essential to perfect growth, and in a form easily assimilated by the plant" (these are the words of the advertisement, not mine), I immediately invested in a tin of it, and I must say that without knowing how it and the plants assimilate, the latter certainly do vastly well during the process. You try some quietly yourself (your gardener is sure to laugh at it) in your little greenhouse, and I know you will be surprised at the result. It is called the Paxton Flower Manure. If

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you find it successful, I shall expect a weekly bouquet for the next three months.

We are just starting for the country, having been invited by the Greys to go down to see the Review and stay the week. In my next letter I shall be able to tell you all about our visit, which I expect to be a pleasant one, if only the wind and the weather will be amiable. Good-bye, dear. —Your loving cousin. MADGE.

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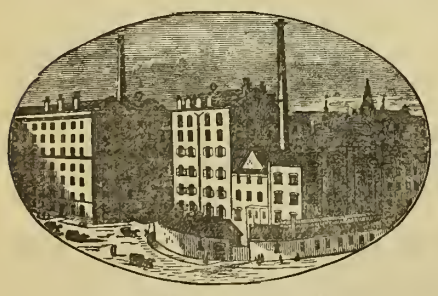
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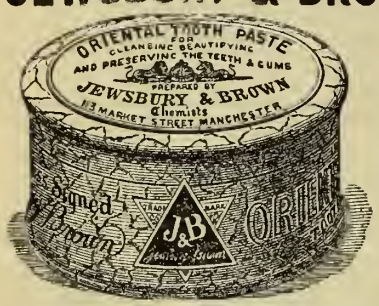

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OUR PUZZLES.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 269.

As I have before stated, the inability to publish the whole of the Boat-Race Predictions received has in no way affected the chances of those whose communications were not printed. I have carefully gone through the whole of the predictions received, including those sent by Ubique, Custos, Double Sixes, J. Devereux, and The Professor, which have not hitherto been acknowledged, and, as a result, I have to announce that the Prize will be awarded to Thug, whose predictions ran as follows:—

1. C; 2. Three; 3. O; 4. C. O, Middlesex side. At word "go," O started at 32 against 34 of C. Passing Rose Bank, C were ½ a length in front. At Crab Tree, O drew level; but, after determined struggle, C shot H B a length to the good, C rowing 36 against O's 35, and drawing in front to the end, overdrew.—Thug.

It will be seen, on comparing these details with the *Times* report, to which, in accordance with my announcement, I have turned for the verification of the prophecies, that Thug is right in his answer to each of the four questions given in stating the puzzle, and partly correct in four other of the details he gives. No other competitor answered all four of the published questions correctly, and in addition gave as many correct predictions as Thug. I must allude, however, to the answer sent by The Professor, who, though a length out in his answer to Query 2, and wrong altogether in that to Query 3, managed to predict the time occupied by the race within two seconds of the official figures. I would also call attention to the success attained by Custos, Ubique, Asthma, Hobbl dehoy, Pas de Blague, C. Chapman, Phileirene, Soap Suds, Pet, H. W., Once in a Way, Etonian, A. N. Hillier, Hal, L J. C., Tipsio, Allebam, America, Samho, Ruperto, Archer Up, F. A. Mason, Uberrima, and Bingo.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 270.

As Competition No. 272 is founded on this Puzzle, I shall postpone awarding the Prize until I am in a position to decide the winner in this latter contest also.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 273.

This being holiday-time, a puzzle shall be given which I think will generally recommend itself as a simple and straightforward exercise of ingenuity. Below is given a skeleton paragraph, taken from no matter where (possibly evolved out of the P.E.'s inner consciousness), and the Prize of Two Guineas will be given to that competitor who sends up

A Completed Version most Closely Resembling the following Skeleton Paragraph.

Here, then, to begin with, is the skeleton paragraph, which I may say is apparently intended to be of a facetious tendency:—

The .

"Not only . . . . insect . . promise, but . . . . , perform and to . day I . . . . . understand how . . . . . to . little coach. It . . feelers, . . not seem . . . feeling . . victims. Between . . . . . trunk, which . . blood - sucking . When it . . stay . you, . . uninvited, it always . . trunk. Buffon . . . appears . . curiously . . . suit of . . armour, but . is as . . . . are . so . as he points . It . . . which . . fold up and when . . . . spring . . . This spring . . followed . . winter . . . The . cen . two . . . . diameter. This . . put down . . . . feat . . . bed . just . . please."

In the above sentences each dot stands for a complete word, and competitors must substitute for each of them the word he thinks will best take its place. The prize will be given, of course, to that competitor who gets nearest to the actual words, as well as the general sense of the complete copy of the paragraph I have in my possession. Only one word must be substituted for each dot. If competitors give alternate words they will not be noticed.

Answers to Correspondents.

*** As the Rules are omitted this week, competitors will please notice that all answers to the current Puzzle must be sent in on or before Friday morning, the 25th inst., addressed to the Puzzle Editor, "Truth" Buildings, Carteret-street, Queen Anne's Gate, S W.

*** The real name and address of Kerry Pippins, winner of Prize No. 265, are Mrs. Annie Kerry, 53, Crouch-street, Colchester.

Billy.—I have taken due care to consider the contents of your letter.

Bishop Bede L —Many thanks for your suggestion. I will try to carry out your wish as to Prize Answers; but most competitors, I think, have the Puzzle pages, to refer to.

Chartaromus.—I have acted to some extent on your suggestion, for which please accept my thanks.

Rosebud —The Prize was won by Kerry Pippins.

Ichthyosaurus.—Your suggestion has much to recommend it.

Musafir (Canada).—Though your Unburied Proverbs are unfortunately too late to compete, I have received your list with pleasure, and may tell you that you were correct in 91 cases.

The White Lily, Herbert Elliott, Teapot, and Alfredo.—Your anagrams arrived too late to be published with the others.

Ikey Mo —Yes, the "a" in this instance should have been omitted in "labour" and "laboured."

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 271. ASSORTED SPECIMENS—GOOD AND OTHERWISE.

BOUTS-RIMES.

*** I am not able to positively promise that a further selection of *Bouts Rimés* will be published next week, but it is only fair to the following competitors to say that had the Puzzle copy not been sent to the printers a day earlier this week, and had more space been at my disposal, their verses would certainly have merited publication, and will, as it is, stand an equal chance of gaining the prize with those that are printed:—Rainbow, aged 9, Esa, Nineveh, Juno, Prima Donna, Naiad, Smytch, Claymore, Sexton, Beryl, Risk, Moonshine, Fred Perrin, Aramis, Giglio, E. Y. N, Aunt Towser, Homespun, Building Land, White Rose, H. B. P., Faider, Friar Tuck, B. W. Thompson, Dryasdust, V. de Montgomery, Topknot, P. P., C. L. B. Starkey, Confucius, Philip Greene, Kittifonia, Urania, Skriker, E. W. B., Crystal Palace, Dolores, Gneldar Rose, Paintpots, Screwdriver, Rataplan, and Gin.

The Puzzle Editor.

Thou Grand Old Man! so pensive near the mace,
Dream-like, art watching in cool stream the dace
In freedom sport? or does some mournful matter
Press on thy brain, and direful dirges ring?
We would that glad tones of perpetual spring
Should on thy honest heart sweet music patter,
And woo thee by direct, tho' lengthened line,
To that abode of peace for which thy soul must pine.
Dnalwor.

Regardless of Speaker, and Sergeant, and mace,
With manner as wild as a just-startled dace,
And quite reckless of sense and of matter,
Rude Healy uprose in the Home Rulers' ring,
And challenged the smile which so softly did spring
O'er Trevelyan's lips 'midst the patter.
Thus, he who most frequently crossed order's line,
For sake of disorder for order did pine.
Saunterer.

Far sweeter scented than the fragrant mace
Is early morn in spring; the merry dace
Flash in the limpid brook, and from crude matter
Green Nature weaves her robe. Now carols ring
From grove and bush and tree; the sweet flowers spring
Here, there, and everywhere; while warm drops patter
Upon the flagrant earth. Then silver seems to line
E'en sorrow's darkest cloud, and men forgets to pine.
Winslow.

A little man baited his hook with mace,
And very soon caught a foolish young dace,
Who "wanted to know what's the matter."
The dace was sold for a nice gold ring,
That shone so bright in the sun of spring,
Like drops when showers do patter.
He tried again, but broke rod and line,
Though the last was a rope, and the first a pine.
Maude and Ethel (Aged 10 and 11).

Ye sturdie rogues, ye greffs* of mace,
Doe steale ye carppes and eke ye dace,
Wych is ane grievouse matter;
But ye third borows† form ane ring,
And on ye varlets quycklie spring,
Who praiers‡ for mercie patter,
'Till gagged and bounde wyth hempen line
They're lefte in Limbo there to pine.
Chaucer, Junior.

* Those who wittily steal and sell fish.
† Constables.
‡ To pray, or say Paternoster.

The Speaker rules us with the mace,
Like driven deer or scuttling dace.
I may be dining; but no matter!
Let the division-bell but ring,
I to my feet must forthwith spring,
And hungry to the Lobby patter.
Oh! who'd be in the M.P. line,
In slavery like this to pine? Guinea Pig.

My love can use a hilliard mace,
And cast most dainty flies for dace,
She knows most useful matter.
'Tis sweet to hear her young voice ring
Throughout the woodland glades in spring,
Where oft her footsteps patter.
Could I but catch her on my line
I'd guard her like? . . . A hot-house pine.
Offa.

Nutmeg pungent, fragrant mace,
Season well and haste your dace,
Flavour more or less what matter?
Hear the welcome feast-bell ring,
To the board we gladly spring,
Hurrying feet come pit-a-patter.
. . . . . .
Ha! my fish is off the line,
Then I dreamt, and now I pine. Daisy.

There once was an Alderman, bearing a mace,
Whose weakness (in Lent) was a dinner of dace.
His name was H—e—r—really that can be no matter,
His cook went to answer a runaway ring,
And Tabby, the puss, on the fish made a spring,
Upset some in the fire,—then off pitter, patter,
Crunched up the remainder, so drawing a line,
'Twixt fasting and starving, he dined off a pine.
Eva Yorke.

Some peppercorns, and eke some blades of mace,
In stewpan scatter o'er some roach or dace,
Fill up with stock (some wine to add is a great matter);
No larger than will go through wedding-ring,
Slice up some onions of the sort called "spring,"
Stew for an hour (o'er all let drops of lemon patter.)
Refreshed with this choice product of your line,
For Lord Mayor's banquets never will you pine!
Œnone.

How changed all sport! its patrons, too, since "Mace"
And "King" were "in the swim," now small fry, (dace
In place of whales) essay to plunge; this matter,
And lack of men like "Rous," or "Peel," the "ring"
May grieve, whilst on the handicaps of spring,
They muse, and con the sporting writers' patter.
For worthy patrons—I, who write this line—
Do greatly fear horse-racing soon will pine.
Plumepiebee.

When you grumble that your quenelles are stuffed half full of mace;
That you never get variety—for fish nought else but dace;
When you're choked by bones in fish-cakes, and they wonder what's the matter;
When your dinner's late by half-an-hour, and you're kindly asked to ring;
When your curry's *made* of onions, and you're told they're only "Spring;"
When three cherubs (? imps) above your head continually do patter;
When your boots are filled with water by the youngest of your line;
Is it odd that for your favourite club you now and then should pine? Full Moon.

Wi' sword and spear, and pond'rous mace
Puir Simon gangs to kill a dace;
What kens he o' sich matter?
Adoon the glen the flower bells ring,
They feel the saft sweet rain of spring
Upon their leaflets patter.
Sin ye gang na' wi' rod nor line
For dace, my friend, ye lang may pine.
Betty Pringle.

Of Arabs, armed with futile lance and mace,
Our men (as pike despise weak roach or dace)
With their sure weapons make but little matter.
Upon the level bayonets' serried ring
In vain the naked foemen bravely spring.
In vain dense storms of spears 'mid rifles' patter.
They fall; death reigns triumphant o'er their line;
And why? That Jingoes may no more for glory pine.
Hugo.

The housewife thought of a blade of mace
To season and flavour her dish of dace;
But, after all, what did it matter.
For, lo! the bells began to ring
And usher in the first of spring.
She ceased her bustle and her patter,
Cooked a fresh trout caught by the line,
And ended her feast with a splendid pine.
Magda.

In the lovely isles where grows the mace
The fairies were fishing for silvery dace—
To them a solemn matter.
When they were tired they formed a ring,
And frolicked away with a bound and a spring,
Their feet went pitter-patter.
Then they drew up in a graceful line
Under the shade of the feathery pine.
Wild Ferd.

Last night Mr. Speaker went off with the mace,
And I quitted the town to come fishing for dace,
Very glad to be rid of political matter;
For a week I'll not hear the division-bell ring,
While recruiting my health in the beautiful spring,
In spite of a few April show'rs that may patter;
So handling my rod and manœuv'ring my line,
I flatly refuse for London to pine. David.

Though stately and straight as a Chamberlain's mace,
She is lively and bright as a swift shoal of dace;
In her presence black care is no matter.
He flies, charmed away by her soft laughter's ring,
While, like sunlighted rain-drops from cloudlets in spring,
Is her tongue's irresistible patter.
But past is my lifetime's meridian line;
What a fool I should look if for her I should pine!
Liberior.

One dripping wet evening I watched Jem Mace,
Soothing his spirit by fishing for dace.
He hooked a big fish—of what sort, no matter;
But, knowing less of the "rod" than the "ring,"
The fish that he hooked, with a mighty spring
('Gad! how the rain on my gingham did patter)
Shattered his delicate gossamer line.
And splintered his rod, that was made of pine.
Wilmore.

HOW NEWS OF THE BOAT-RACE CAME TO A COUNTRY HOUSE.

The telegram! Down falls both cue and mace;
The angler, headless, drops his cruel of dace.

I wonder what's the matter!
Their halloa makes the welkin ring,
As on the messenger they spring;
Careless of rain-drops' patter,
And eager scan the pithy line
Which gives the news for which they pine.
TREHELIG.

With sullen plunge falls the magic mace
In the fairy lake, 'mongst the startled dace,
Who wonder what 's the matter,
As it strikes with a clang the mystic ring,
The water-elves to the surface spring,
And soon o'er the shingles patter,
As they form themselves in a dazzling line
And wend their way to the haunted pine.
WILDFLOWER.

Far from the smoke and noise, from Speaker's mace
And other haubles, far, in quest of dace,
Or pike, or grayling, trout, or—what, no matter—
Flies the pale senator. Sweet now the ring
Of thrush and blackbird, sweet the joyous spring
And sense of freedom, as the big drops patter
In rainbow shower. Careless he with line;
Careless, by glittering stream and shadowy pine.
EN VACANCE.

The Royal assent, with wig and with mace,
Is quickly bestowed for protection of dace—
A fish that don't very much matter.
But grave measures fail whilst our Parliaments ring
With wordy discussions, that waste all the spring,
And endless Hibernian patter.
The Bills that we want are opposed line by line,
And sufferers, hopeless of justice, may pine.
KISSIMEE.

Can'st not protect, oh, civic mace!
Us, lovers of the chubb and dace,
In piscatorial matter?
Shield us from Thames' riparian ring,
Who'd on the peaceful angler spring,
And mercilessly patter
With fines and penalties the lover of the line,
Or send for trespass him, in durance vile to pine.
IONI.

One ounce of red pepper and ditto of mace,
In butter sufficient to cover the dace,
Must be the first thought in the matter.
An onion or two each cut in a ring,
Or, milder in flavour, a shalot of spring
(For these to your garden you patter).
You add to the butter, your dish you then line
With slices of lemon, still better of pine.
FRENCH COOK.

Silence! he comes! the bearer of the mace,
With stockings sheeny as the silver dace—
Mind clearly slave to matter!
Mark him, describe his due, diurnal ring,
Then, bending low, with tripping, jaunty spring,
Retire with graceful patter.
No heed pays he to hostile party line,
But towers supreme, as 'midst the scrub, a pine.
INFELIX.

A City merchant, tired of spice and mace,
One day went out to fish for trout and dace;
But catching fish is quite another matter.
He fix'd his flies, and twirl'd them in a ring,
And watch'd, in hope a speckled trout would spring.
But all in vain! Soon rain began to patter;
This settled him—he unfix'd rod and line:
Says he, "I'm off, I'll not stop here and pine!"
SPHINX.

That grave official, bearer of the mace,
Whipped winding Wandle for the winsome dace;
They were not rising—but it did not matter
To him who heard the deep blue welkin ring
With sweetest song, and felt the breath of Spring
Upon his cheek—anon, a gentle patter
Of rhythmic rain—when he withdrew his line,
And sought the shelter of a friendly pine. ORCHIS.

On dash the boats, swift as the whirl of mace
In former fights—far fly the silv'ry dace—
Tho' chilling gusts oppress each crew. No matter.
Hear how the ashen oars in concert ring,
See, urged by strength, the crafts responding spring,
While from dark clouds the circling rain drops patter.
The goal is reach'd, loud shouts along the line
The victors hail, and cheer the hearts that pine.
MORALIST.

See, Nature wakes; and, bright as silver mace,
Through rippling rivers dart the gleamy dace.
Man's hopes now soar beyond organic matter,
While balmy airs engirt him like a ring,
And into leafy life bursts the extatic spring.
Now sunbeams lie, or April's raindrops patter,
(Oh, Muse, enshrine them in thy fairest line!)
Upon some shingly bank, or some exalted pine.
RIVER PARRET.

Soft is the gentle breeze and sweet the feathery mace *
That, nodding, crests the sylvan pool where sport the dace;
And hark! disburdening her breast of plaintive matter,
Sad Philomel's love lays through mead and woodland ring.
Earth toils; from Flora's artist hands fair blossoms spring,
As from gay scudding cloudlets glistening rain-drops patter,
Nature's best pictures hang, consummate, on the line,
And man, Elysium lapped, content, forgets to pine.

* Mace, or meadow-sweet. OBSERVER.

Salt and pepper, butter, mace,
Basted well on fresh-caught dace—
Fried or baked, it does not matter;
Mushrooms from the "fairy-ring,"
First fruits of the early spring,
When the April raindrops patter;
And of fruits we 'll draw the line
At oranges and juicy pine. BEVER.

I'm tired of looking at the Speaker's mace,
I long for fishing-rod and chance of dace—
What's up now? What's the matter?
I'm sick of hearing that "Division" ring!
I long to change it for the songs of spring
And country rain's soft patter.
I'm coming soon—I've just to write a line;
Like schoolboy, for the "holidays" I pine.
M. T.

TO CROMWELL.

Return, great Oliver! remove the mace,
And, like a giant trout 'mid shoals of dace,
Send this lot flying! 'Tis no trifling matter
That these division bells all vainly ring,
That summer treads upon the heels of spring,
And yet there's nought to show but patter, patter.
When Bills are blocked or argued line by line,
For thee, Protector, patient people pine.
THEODORA.

With arm of might the gallant knight doth wield his heavy mace,
As to the sky his battle-cry goes up, "A Dace! A Dace!"
His noble charger suddenly falls dead. What doth it matter?
On foot he still, with right good will, fights on. Above the ring
Of clashing swords those thrilling words, "A Dace!" are heard. A spring
Upon the brave young knight is made. He falls.
. . . . With ceaseless patter
Descends the rain. Lord Dace lies slain, the last of a warrior line;
And sweet Lady Wayne is left in vain for her knight's return to pine. JUVENILE.

TO THE LORD MAYOR.

O! Lord of the Turtle! O! pride of the mace!
Whose palate confesses a penchant for dace,
Where long the whole edible gamut of matter
(Be it fish, flesh, or fowl—eke from Brymer & Ring,
Whether "prime" in September, or "forced" in the spring.)
Hath rung all it's changes (no melody patter).
Mark! mark! Sir Alcazar! the last of his line:
Go! chump him up slowly, and think not to pine!
WANDSWORTH.

Green hubs, red pepper, just a touch of mace;
Soles, whiting, gudgeon, garlic, roach, and dace,
The *bouillabasse* contains, with richer matter,
Which, tasted, I got up and quickly ring,
And ask for what we ought to get in spring.
Young onions; hang you! Waiter, with your patter,
Bring me a beefsteak, too; more in my line
Than fishes, cured by flaming torch of pine.
BROWNING, JUNR.

Oh come my love, and seek with me where grows the fragrant mace;
Where sunny rivers sparkle bright with goldfish and with dace;
Where you and I will cast aside all sad or weighty matter.
Then we shall tune our ears to hear the merry may-bells ring,
And wander through the shady dells, where fairy blossoms spring,
And crystal drops upon the rocks do musically patter.
Say, will you come? I cannot wait, so pray send me a line.
For wanderings such as these with thee my heart doth sigh and pine. NANCY.

Sweet herbs and lemons, cloves and mace,
All fail to make me relish dace;
Stew, bake, or fry them, 't is no matter,
The cook may all the changes ring.
Try them in autumn or in spring;
Yet this is pat, no truth is patter
('Twill do for a concluding line),
For roach and dace no man can pine.
FIRST FAULT.

AN OWD VARMUR'S ADVISE TOW THE RAIGHT HONNEERABLE SUR ARTHUR PEAL, SPEEKER.

Wot yow waants iz a wrest Mester Speeker, soa hannish yond grewsum owd mäce
An haaste tow the trewly rewral, an the hornts uv the sylveri däce;
Chuck asside awl them hawtherin questchuns, an sich-lyke wurryin matter;
Cum awaay frum yond rakkettin Lundun, wheer noizes continoval ring,
An barsk lyke a trewant schnil-buoy, e' the smoile nv the harmy spring.
Yit Oi'm feerfull yow'd miss 'em fell soarly, yond chaps wi' their frihulus patter,
An thoa yow mite idlee me yander, wi' yewr kreel an a rod an a line,
M'ap yow'd si fur the row nv St. Steeven's, an fur Gladstoan an Cumpany pine. SIVA.

Easy seemed it, fairy fair, as playing billiards wi mace,
To allure and land thy lordling—as the unsuspecting dace
Is beguiled by dough-tipped baithook? Truly, a simple matter,
Yet important, advantageous. For the magic of ring
Was to waft thee high on fashion's happy ladder at spring;
Carriage, coronette, and clatter, *ton*, and all the social patter.
Still, alas! poor, peerless peri! must thou try another line,
But the jury shall award thee compensation—do not pine. LAGO DI GARDA.

BEADLAUGH *loq.*:
A plague on their pomps, and a fig for their mace!
I am strong and as sly as a wary old dace;
I've nothing to lose, so what can it matter,
Tho' the Commons sit gathered in hostile ring,
And "Staffy" and "Randy" are couched for their spring,
And the "Beetle" (poor creature) comes on "pitter patter,"
And Denning's police are drawn up in a line?
But yet,—ah! for my seat in that House *how* I pine!
EDINBURGH.

The Ministry went down by boat; the Speaker bore the mace,
Just to oblige me with a rhyme with what they dined on—dace;
And lots of other things, of course; but what, it doesn't matter.
The Grand Old Man orated, and he made the rafters ring
With an impassioned eloquence that from his heart did spring.
"Let not our utterance," said he, "degenerate to patter;
If we shape well our future course, and keep within the line,
The Tories still may vanquished be, and long for office pine. W. VAL ENGLISH.

You may eat dainty dishes, flavoured with mace,
And fish, fresh or salt, such as haddock or dace;
Meat, you mayn't touch; still, that does not matter.
The constant bells ring,
For Lent comes in spring;
At prayer you can hear the rain fall with dull patter.
The profane say such things are not in their line,
While the extra-devout fast, grow sallow, and pine.
PADDY.

Yield, Gog and Magog, to Reform! Surrender sword and mace!
Doff your silver'd armour-scales (resembling those of dace),—
They're useless in the matter
Of your "vested rights'" defence. The mighty Civic "ring"
Shatter'd is since Harcourt, lion-hearted, "made his spring,"
Despite opponents' "patter."
'Twixt Government and muddling, Bumble ne'er could "draw a line":
He's doom'd to die! Unlov'd, unmourn'd—few folks will for him pine. EFFEM JAY.

No throne, no crown, is my desire; no regal state, no mace.
Give me instead a fishing-rod—a rippling brook—where dace
And leaping hungry trout abound; and, to complete the matter,
A lark's sweet song, high over-head, should through the soft air ring
Above his nest, half hid in grass, where wild flow'rs thickly spring.
If stealing showers dim the skies, and through the green leaves patter
To fleck the surface of the stream, yet still I'll cast my line,
And while the fish reward my toil, for nought else do I pine. JANET.

Answers have been received from Guinea Pig, Tout Paris, Bishop Bedell, Daisy, Janet, Eva York, Mercury Maker, Wild Thyme, Avon, H. Marsh Green, Cornelius, Little Margaret, Jani, Aenone (No. 1). Nostrodamus, Hodgus Podgus, D. A. Edgell, Plumepierre, Gwynfryn, Full Moon, Huhha, Daphnis, Al-pine, O'Hara Moc, Betty Pringle, Hugo, Effemjay, Paddy, Don Carlos, Norna, Magda, Osman Digna, Beryl, Mia, Wild Fred, Rosehud, Magellan, Musafir, David, Liberior, Fitz-Nigel, E. C. K., Peewit, W. Val English, Wilmore, Dried Grass, A. M. T., Colchester, Spike, Trehelig, Kissimee, Kooreb, Rosary, Ioni, Infelix, Sphinx, Acco, Chartadomus, E. Y. S., Leger W. Schwert, J. Milligan, Esmond, M. T., Hotspur, Orchis, Moralist, Pongo, Bever, Observer, Hopegold, Theodore, River Parret, A Hunter, Ginx, Mundydroog, Wandsworth, Grandmother, Kerry Pippin, Lago di Garda, Wratsea, King Cole, Trout, First Fault, Edinburgh, S. F., Siva, Edward Meake, Ern, Nancy, Pysche, S. S. S., French Cook, Eldonia, Nox, T. M. Bassano, Rip, Pattie, Maude and Ethel (aged 10 and 11), Ossie, Wildflower, Dualwor, Offa, Juvenile, Philo, Tortu Foulque, J. McGrigor Allan, Coal-hoaley Clement, J. H. P., Llewellyn, Browning, jun., Ichthyosaurus, Keltie, R. M. E., Indiana, Steeps, Old Yorkshire, Pussy, Gipsy, Jupiter Pluvius, Cæsar's Corner, Mrs. M. D., Choo, Sunshine, Dum Spiro Spero, Snowdrop, Osman, G. O. M., and Ego.

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Thackeray (The Virginians.)

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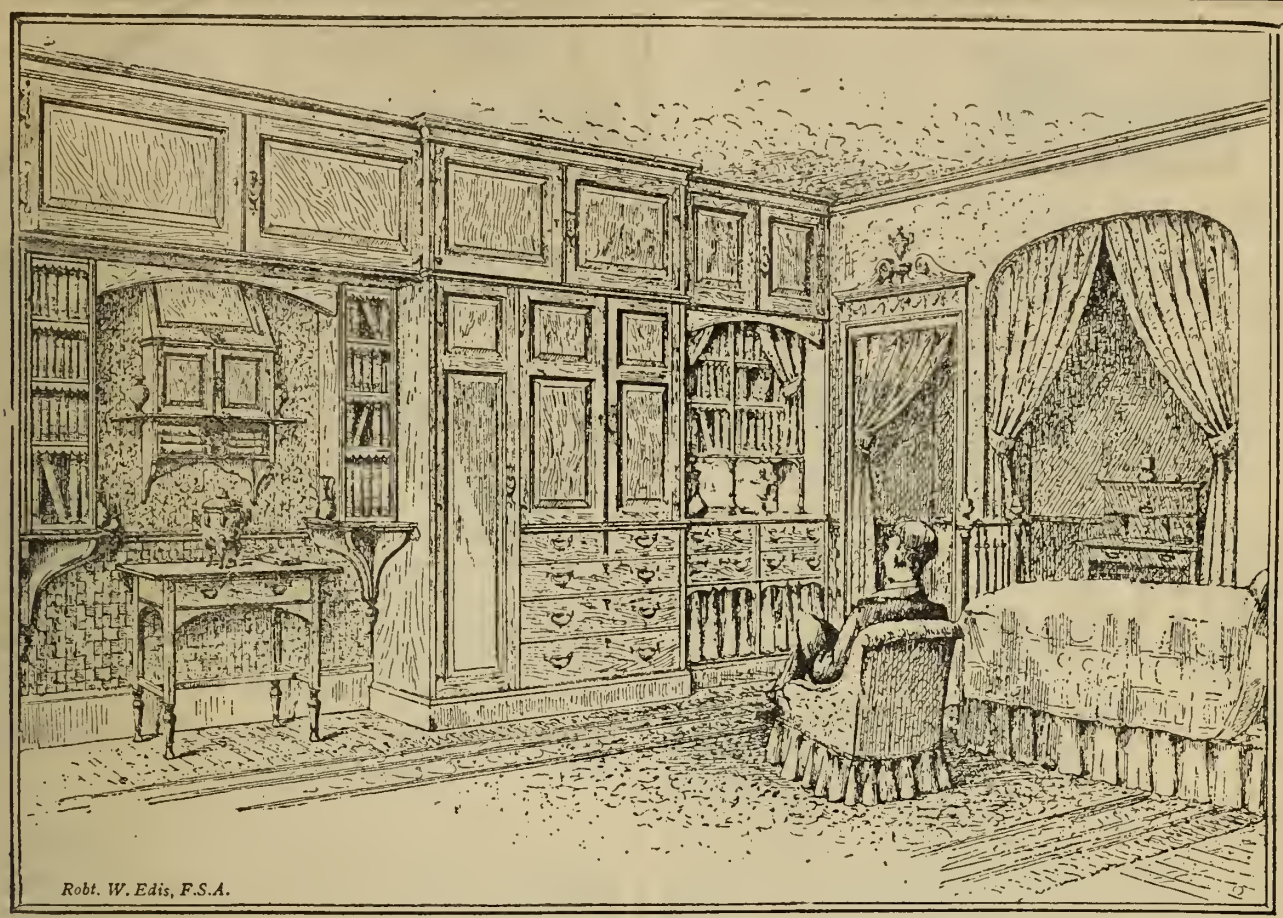
Tennyson (Princess, Can. II.)



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• TRUTH •

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ENTRE NOUS.

THE Queen's reception at Darmstadt was quite private, only the Grand Duke, Prince Henry, Princess Irene, and Princess Elizabeth being on the platform to receive her Majesty. Mr. Jocelyn, her Majesty's Chargé d'Affaires there, was requested to attend only in an unofficial capacity. A few people were gathered outside the station, amongst whom were many of the English residents.

THE "authorised" contradiction of the report of the Queen's illness, which was published in the evening papers on Monday, appeared in compliance with a peremptory telegram from Darmstadt, which reached London early on Monday morning. The Queen was exceedingly angry at the exaggerated rumours of her "serious indisposition." It is, however, perfectly true that her Majesty has been afflicted with lumbago since her arrival at Darmstadt, the result probably of a chill caught on the journey; but the fact of her being unwell was kept out of the "Court Circular," and the news would not have reached England so soon but for the energy of some special correspondent. The weather is now bitterly cold in Germany, and it may be hoped that for the present the Queen will be prevailed upon to abandon her usual custom of taking long drives in open carriages.

DARMSTADT is about the dullest capital in the world. It has enormously wide streets, in which a human being is rarely to be seen. In the centre of the town is a gloomy Schloss, which is the Royal Palace. I was once an attaché to the Legation which was accredited to the extinct German Confederation that used to sit at Frankfort. The Legation was also accredited to the Grand Duke of Darmstadt, and two or three times a year we had to go over to Darmstadt to figure at a State Ball. I remember that I was at first somewhat astonished to remark that the guests arrived in coveys, until it was explained to me that as none of his Serene Highness's subjects had carriages, it was the kindly habit of the potentate, when he gave a ball, to send a conveyance round the town, and bring his guests by omnibus loads. I still think with awe and reverence of these august creatures. Every one of them was noble, for none but nobles were regarded as fitting guests for the Grand Ducal *fêtes.* The Minister in whose suite I went was, it was known, fond of whist, and it was felt that an English diplomatist could hardly be expected to play the game for less than florin points (1s. 8d.). Such stakes, however, the fortune of no Darmstadt nobleman could stand. A sort of joint purse was therefore formed, which was entrusted to the three best whist players of the Grand Ducal Court, and these champions encountered the Englishman. It was amusing to watch the anxiety depicted on all countenances; when the Minister won, all was gloom; when he lost, Counts and Countesses, Barons and Baronesses skipped about in high glee, like the hills of the Psalmist.

THE Prince and Princess of Wales are expected to come up to Marlborough House on Friday from Sandringham, and they will probably leave for Darmstadt on Sunday evening. Prince Albert Victor and the three young Princesses will accompany them to Germany.

THERE is no truth whatever in the statement which appeared in several journals on Monday, that Prince Albert Victor is to be created Duke of Dublin, and is to take up his residence in Ireland. Nothing whatever has yet been arranged concerning the young Prince's plan of life after he attains his majority, but I believe that he will not at once be raised to the peerage. The Prince's education will not be completed for more than a year to come, and he will probably travel abroad for some time before he settles down at home.

ON Friday there was a fire at Clarence House, the residence of the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, which, for a short time, seemed likely to become very serious. It originated in a foul chimney, but luckily the flames were subdued before much damage was done.

SEVERAL correspondents have written me expressing surprise at the Duchess of Edinburgh's absence from the Duke of Albany's funeral, and have shown the most marvellous ingenuity and originality in giving reasons for her non-appearance. Perhaps they will be satisfied as to the injustice of their assumptions now that the announcement of the Duchess's accouchment has been made.

THE confinement of the Duchess of Albany is not expected to take place before August. The Princess of Waldeck-Pyrmont will remain at Claremont for a few weeks, and when she leaves, Princess Christian will go there to stay for some time.

A LIST of about five hundred persons, who sent crosses or wreaths on the occasion of the funeral of the Duke of Albany, is published in the daily newspapers "by authority."

I WONDER how many of these benevolent donors had ever even spoken to the late Duke, and how many amongst

those who did enjoy his acquaintance, would have taken the trouble to forward a floral offering, had he not been a member of the Royal Family? Now that it is known, however, that a list on such occasions will be published, it is probable that the next time that we have the misfortune to lose a Prince, the wreaths and crosses will number thousands instead of hundreds.

"Vanity Fair" tells a wonderful story of how Lieut. Munro, of the Seaforth Highlanders, declared that he would not let his men carry the Duke of Albany's coffin unless the management of the affair was left to him; and how he had the two outer coffins removed, so that nothing but the shell was carried, while the outer coffins were placed in the vault below, and when the shell was lowered, it was deposited in them and they were hastily closed up. This is all a farrago of nonsense. Lieutenant Munro made no such stipulations; and during four days before the funeral his men were drilled by Banting and his myrmidons for several hours each day. The real fact is, that the enormous outer coffin was so long that it literally could not have been lowered into the vault, as the space is not a large one. It was therefore removed, and the inner coffin or shell was carried to the grave, and finally deposited in the Royal vault. It was not replaced in the French case, but is to be enclosed in an oak one, made like all the rest in the vault. It seems a matter of etiquette that Royal coffins should be as bulky and as heavy as possible. At one funeral (Princess Sophia's, I think) the bearers gave way, and the coffin fell with a crash into the grave.

It may be an open question whether orders and decorations are useful to the State. I have always regarded them as a cheap mode of repaying public services. They will, however, fail in this object if they are prostituted to reward personal service to members of the Royal family. Mr. Robert Collins was Controller of the Household of the late Duke of Albany. His functions were, I suppose, those of a house-steward; he engaged and paid the servants, and kept his eye on the butcher's bills. Very possibly he performed these humble duties efficiently, but this seems hardly a reason why he should be made a Knight Commander of the Bath.

Mr. Ure, the ex-Lord Provost of Glasgow, has declined to accept "the honour of knighthood," which was offered to him last week by Mr. Gladstone.

Lord Lorne was down at Inverary last week, while Princess Louise was visiting the Prince and Princess of Wales at Sandringham.

The English edition of the letters of Princess Alice will be published the week after next by Mr. Murray.

Some of the letters written by the Princess Alice to the Queen will astonish those people who labour under the illusion that Royal personages are not troubled by the sordid cares of ordinary life. The Princess seems to have been in a painful state of pecuniary embarrassment from the hour of her arrival at Darmstadt, and when one remembers that a dowry of £30,000 and an income of £6,000 a year were voted to H.R.H. on her marriage, the revelations of the correspondence are certainly astonishing. The German Royalties do not maintain extravagant households, and the Prince and Princess ought to have been able to live in ease and comfort on such a sum, even supposing that the bridegroom contributed nothing towards the maintenance of the establishment.

The Princess, on first arriving at Darmstadt, complains that her house would be thought small and mean even by plain middle-class people, while the dining-room is so stuffy and uncomfortable that they are unable to invite people to dinner. A year later, when the Princess is confined, the Queen sends money to pay the doctor, and provides the baby-linen and accompaniments. The Princess is invited to come to England on a visit, but replies that she cannot afford to do so. She cannot pay an adequate salary for a governess for her daughters, nor can she buy curtains for the drawing-room (which are much wanted), unless the Queen will pay for them. The late Emperor of Russia, passing through Darmstadt on his way from Ems, comes to luncheon, and the Princess (like the Primrose family) is beside herself with worries at the prospect of the expense of entertaining him. The Princess could not have suffered worse privation (for it was nothing less, considering the very different circumstances of her early life) if she had married a clerk with £150 a year. The Queen spent £20,000 on building a suitable house for the Princess and her husband, for the residence given to them by the Grand Duke of Hesse at their marriage was described at the time as "a doghole of a place."

These dismal revelations remind one of an incident which startled the company at a Royal marriage in this country some years ago, where also the bridegroom was a German Prince. Only members of the Royal Family were present at the ceremony, with a few of the chief officers of the Household. When the bridegroom came to repeat the words, "with all my goods I thee endow," an indignant exclamation was heard from the Royal circle, "Good God! the very shoes the fellow wears are not paid for!" It was the old Duke of Cambridge who had blurted out this awkward truth in one of his fits of abstraction.

The health of the German Empress has been unsatisfactory for a long time past, and during the last few months she has visibly been failing. I hear from a trustworthy correspondent at Berlin that the Empress is now in a most precarious condition, and it is not expected in the Court circle that she will live for many weeks. Her Majesty's physicians are anxious to remove her to Baden, but she is too weak to bear the fatigue of the journey. The Emperor also has been far from well for a month past, and it is the

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general opinion that he may now go off at any moment. He has not rallied from a severe cold which he caught some time ago, but he insists on performing all his routine duties, and cannot bear that people should think him weak or ill. It was the critical state of his father's health which caused the Crown Prince to rush back to Berlin on the evening of the Duke of Albany's funeral.

The Queen of Sweden has left Stockholm on her way to Amsterdam, where she is to stay for three weeks in order to consult a famous Dutch physician, from whose treatment she has on former occasions derived much benefit.

A contemporary alludes to the close of the general mourning as permitting the gaieties of the season to commence. This is quite a mistake. It is not etiquette to give dances, or, indeed, any but quite formal parties, till the six weeks of Court mourning have expired. The statement that there will be a Drawing-Room about the end of May is a simple invention. There will be neither Drawing-rooms nor Levées before the third week in June.

Lord Spencer left Bective, County Meath, last week for the Viceregal Lodge, where he was joined on Friday by Lady Spencer on her return from England. Though their Excellencies cannot be present at Punchestown in the usual state, they are entertaining a large party of visitors for the occasion.

The marriage of the Attorney-General of Ireland with Miss Dease took place at Turbotstown, Westmeath, on Easter Tuesday, amidst much rejoicing. The bride was presented with a handsome present by the tenantry. Mr. Gerald Dease, A.D.C. to Lord Spencer, gave away his sister, who looked charming in the traditional bridal dress and orange-blossoms. Lady G. Pakenham and the Misses Dease were amongst the bridesmaids. The bridegroom was supported by Mr. G. Fitzgerald as "best man."

Count Münster and Countess Marie Münster have left the German Embassy for the family "Schloss" in Hanover. They will not return to London before the second week in next month. Count Münster will go to Berlin during his stay in Germany in order to have an interview with Prince Bismarck, and he will also visit Wiesbaden for the purpose of paying his respects to the Emperor.

The Comtesse de Chambord contemplates entering the Carmelite convent at Gratz.

Lord and Lady Salisbury have arrived in Arlington-street from Hatfield House for the season. Lady Salisbury will not give any large parties until after the expiration of the Court mourning.

The Duke of Sutherland has returned from Athens and Constantinople, and is going down to Dunrobin for a short stay before settling at Stafford House for the season. The Duchess and Lady Alexandra Leveson-Gower will come up next week from Torquay.

"Liberty" Art Fabrics.—For Ladies' Spring Costumes and Toilets. Patterns post-free. East India House, Regent-street, W.

Lord and Lady Essex have gone to Cashiobury, the family place in Herts, and intend to stay there for the summer. The late Lady Essex's house in Belgrave-square is to be sold.

Sir William and Lady Harcourt passed Easter at Haskells, Lyndhurst. Their new residence in that pleasant neighbourhood is not yet completed. Mr. Lewis Harcourt joined them on the day before Good Friday, having just returned from passing the winter at Madeira.

The Duke and Duchess of Cleveland and Lady Mary Primrose have returned to Battle Abbey after an absence of three months, during which time they have been staying on the Riviera and in Italy. The Duke's health has been benefited by his sojourn in the South. They come to town early next month, but only for a short time, as they contemplate going to Germany about the end of June.

Lord Arthur Russell has been passing the Easter holidays at Berlin, with Lord and Lady Ampthill, who leave the Embassy this week for Darmstadt to attend the Royal wedding.

The Earl of Huntington and his eldest son, Lord Hastings, who have been travelling in the Southern States for the past three months, arrived at Queenstown last week on board the *Arizona*, and went on by the mail train to Sharavogue, his lordship's seat in King's county.

Lord Lytton, who, on leaving England went direct to Naples, has gone on to Sorrento, and intends to stay there and at Capri for a month.

Colonel and Lady Constance Stanley were staying last week at Blytheswood, Renfrewshire, on a visit to Sir Archibald and Lady Campbell. Colonel Stanley was the "star" of a Tory demonstration at Greenock on Wednesday, at which, also, Lord Arthur Cecil, a stepson of Lord Derby's, delivered an address.

The Duke and Duchess of St. Albans have taken No. 1, Cadogan-square, till the end of June. They have protracted their stay on the Riviera for a week longer than they had intended, and will leave the *Ceres* at Marseilles to-morrow, and are to arrive in town on Sunday morning, merely stopping one day in Paris. The Duke and Duchess were entertained by Cardinal Howard during their stay at Rome.

Mr. Froude has been out of health for some time past, and as soon as he has completed the revision of the proof-sheets of the concluding volumes of his "Life of Mr. Carlyle," he will start on a voyage round the world. Mr. Froude proposes to pass some time both in America and in Australia.

Lord Clifden has taken Dover House on a yearly tenancy, pending its appropriation by the Government, the Crown lease having expired last Christmas.

Screens, with tea-cup shelf on each fold, from 21s. A large variety of screens in Japanese leather paper, needlework, stained glass, and hand-painted in all sizes and styles.—C. Hindley & Sons, 290 to 294, Oxford-street, London.

Sir Theodore and Lady Martin have been staying at Tunbridge Wells for a fortnight, for the benefit of Lady Martin's health, which, I regret to hear, is still in a very unsatisfactory condition. This most unseasonable weather is eminently calculated to aggravate the sufferings of any one afflicted with neuralgic rheumatism.

The Dowager Lady Seafield has left England on her annual visit to Wiesbaden, and will remain abroad for the next two months, as she has suffered much, both in health and spirits, from the shock of her son's almost sudden death. Under the deeds for the settlement of the Seafield estates, the whole property will pass at the death of Lady Seafield direct to the holder of the title, the idea of creating a trust, pending the paying off of the debt, having been abandoned. This arrangement is calculated entirely to remove the purely sentimental grievance of the clansmen.

Lord Thurlow will represent the Queen at the funeral of the Duke of Buccleuch, which takes place to-day at Dalkeith. The Duchess has received a most kind and sympathetic letter of condolence from her Majesty, who also telegraphed from Flushing, on Wednesday evening, to express her sorrow.

The death of the Duke leaves Mr. Gladstone the last survivor of Sir Robert Peel's Cabinet. Although their paths in politics had strayed wide asunder, they always remained on most friendly terms; and during the Midlothian campaign, Mr. Gladstone never lost an opportunity of expressing his admiration for the Duke's character, and his appreciation of his liberal and considerate policy as a landowner, both in England and Scotland.

It is expected that the personal property of the Duke will exceed a million. The estates in Scotland pass to the new Duke. He also inherits Montagu House, the Ditton Park property near Eton, and the Richmond Villa, at which "old Q." used to entertain the best and worst "society." It was when dining there with Lord and Lady Chatham, the Duchess of Gordon, Mr. Pitt, and George Selwyn, that Mr. Wilberforce burst into ecstasies about the enchanting view from the window, and the host remarked, "What is there to make so much of in the Thames? I am quite tired of it. There it goes flow, flow, flow, always the same!" The Duchess has the use of Bowhill, the beautiful Selkirkshire place, for her life; and the principal estates in England are devised to Lords Walter and Henry Scott. These properties came to the late Duke from his uncle, Lord Montagu, and from his brother, Lord John Scott.

The Duke had been in failing health for several months, and when he arrived at Bowhill from Drumlanrig for his usual winter sojourn he was very unwell, and the symptoms seemed to indicate a speedy break-up of his constitution. He came up to London for the meeting of Parliament, and while in town consulted Sir William Gull. He continued in much the same state during March, his last illness commencing on the 3rd inst. He was seized with a severe shivering fit on returning to Bowhill from a drive round by Abbotsford, and fever followed, and from that time he gradually sank. There never was any hope of recovery from the first. The Duke's last public appearance in Scotland was at the Thornhill Ball, which has been given every year on his birthday.

The Duchess became a Roman Catholic many years ago, but her husband and all her family have adhered to their hereditary church principles. In 1874 the Duke waived all claim to compensation for the loss of his church patronage in Scotland, which was very extensive and valuable. He has built and restored a great number of churches in the south of Scotland.

In his personal relations with his tenants he was a kind and amiable man. He held, however, that his connection with them was that of a father to his children, and they were not allowed to enjoy the privilege of political opinions. He, perhaps, carried the creation of dummy votes further than any other Scotch landlord. His rent-roll was £217,163. Consequently, during the 57 years which he enjoyed it, he must have received from the land £12,378,291.

There was a story about him which went "the round of the newspapers," some years ago. He and the then Duke of Northumberland found themselves in a carriage going northwards with a commercial traveller. The conversation was general between the three. At Alnwick station the Duke of Northumberland got out, and was borne away in a showy equipage. "That must be a swell," said the commercial traveller. "Do you know who it is?" "The Duke of Northumberland," replied His Grace of Buccleuch. "And they say," exclaimed the traveller, "that our nobility is haughty! Why, he talked to two snobs like you and me as though we had been his pals!"

A magnificent monument, designed after the Foscherari monument at Bologna, has just been erected at Cortachy Castle, Forfarshire, to the memory of the late Lord Airlie. It is built of polished granite and freestone, fitted and joined with brass cramps, and is by far the finest work of the sort which has ever been seen in the district. The beautiful and touching inscription was written by Lady Airlie, who has raised the memorial "with tenderest love and devotion."

Harness' Electric Battery Belt (by Royal Letters Patent) is the latest invention in medical electricity, and the safest and most effectual natural remedy for rheumatic, muscular, and nervous ailments, general debility, and functional disorders. Those suffering are invited to call at the consulting rooms of the Medical Battery Company, 205, Regent-street, and gratuitously inspect the various therapeutical appliances which are the outcome of years of labour and experimental research. An interesting little treatise, "Galvanic Electricity, Nature's Remedy for impaired Vital Energy," published by the company, will be sent post free on application.—Harness' Battery Belt forwarded post free on receipt of P.O.O. or cheque for 21s., payable to G. A. Nelson, the Medical Battery Company, 205, Regent-street, London, W.

Anglo-French and German Colleges, Finchley-road, London.—Principals, Messrs. Haysman & Son.—Corresponding schools in France, Germany, and at Seaside.—Paris, Boulogne, Hanover, &c. 1. A thorough knowledge of the French and German languages. 2. Pupils can either study entirely at Finchley-road, London, or they may go at any time to France or Germany if parents desire it. 4. Professional or Commercial education, Twenty years' references. 5. Preparation for Army, Civil Service, Legal and Medical Exams. 6. At Schools near Paris always ten French youths to one English. 7. At Boulogne-sur-Mer (only 3½ hours from London), good sea bathing, mild healthy climate. Delicate boys greatly benefited. Pupils are also received abroad to study French or German only.

Mr. Duff, who sold the Garth Castle estate to Sir Donald Currie a few years ago, is now building a large villa at Cannes, which with its grounds is to cost £30,000.

The Canadian Minister of Agriculture, Mr. Pope, offered £1,000 for Mr. Price's Hereford bull, Monarch, but the bid was refused. The animal is eighteen months old.

I am requested to state that a "Grand Floral Fête and Fair" will be held at the Duke of Wellington's Riding School, on the first three days of July, in aid of the funds of the Surgical Appliance Society for the Relief of the Crippled Poor, a very deserving charity.

Lindfield is a pretty hamlet in a retired nook of Sussex, but it has blossomed forth into an Assembly-Room, and last Monday a concert was given there under the auspices of Lady Queensberry, which would not have discredited the Albert Hall. Amongst the artistes were Lady Arthur Hill, Madame Machetta, Mrs. Godfrey Pearse, Mrs. Winch, Signor Bissaccia, Lieut.-Colonel Sampson, Mr. Moore, and Lord Arthur Hill. In addition to a good selection of quartets, duets, and solos, Lady Arthur Hill gave selections from her new operetta, "The Ferry Girl."

The first meet of the Coaching Club is fixed for noon on Saturday, May 17, at the Magazine. The Four-in-Hand Club will meet at the same place and hour on the following Wednesday, the 21st.

Nearly £700 has been subscribed towards the testimonial for Mr. Deacon, the popular ex-master of the H.H., although no larger contribution than £5 was received. The committee have decided to present Mr. Deacon with a large antique silver salver and a silver dinner service.

A public meeting was held at Portsmouth last week, at which it was decided that an unusually ambitious regatta should be held there in August. The programme will extend over a whole week, from the 11th to the 16th, and will comprise yacht-racing, boat-racing, swimming, athletic sports, a flower show, and other attractions. A considerable sum of money has been already subscribed.

The nucleus of a strong professional team has already been got together to visit the Colonies after our cricket season is over. Shaw, Shrewsbury, and Lillywhite are the promoters, and they have so far engaged Ulyett, Bates, Flowers, Barnes, and Maurice Read — a very good selection.

President Grévy is credited with having recently beaten Vignaux, the French champion billiard-player, in a match at the Elysée. The President is a good man with the cue, but if he really beat Vignaux, we must conclude that the skill of the latter is not confined to the board of green cloth. Louis XIV. made a man a Minister because he always allowed "Le Grand Monarque" to beat him at billiards.

Old Point Lace.—Hayward's, Experts, Dealers and Purchasers of Old Lace, 166 and 168, Oxford-street, W.

The great ladies of the Faubourg, usually so modest and retiring, and so averse to anything that savours of common and vulgar publicity, have suddenly changed their time-worn tactics, and now seem to have but one idea in their heads, and that is "to appear in public." Already two concerts have taken place at which the *femmes du monde*, headed by the Vicomtesse de Trédern and the Marquise de St. Paul, have sung and played to paying audiences—of course, for charitable purposes. At the last of these concerts, such was the curiosity of the *oï polloï* to see these great ladies that six hundred pounds were taken at the doors, and one unfortunate ticket, which had been forgotten or mislaid till the last moment, was actually raffled for and fetched twelve pounds! This sort of thing must be infectious. Our "near neighbours" have evidently caught the disease from us.

A painting by Jules Garnier, entitled "Borgia s'Amuse," has been refused by the Jury of the *Salon*, on the ground that it was calculated to shock the modesty of the ladies and children who visit the exhibition. The *tableau* represented seven nude women dancing before Pope Alexander, who is seated at a table with Lucretia and Cæsar. M. Garnier protests, and says there are many more immoral pictures in the French public galleries. This does not say much for French art.

Mr. Julian Story, the son of the well-known sculptor, is sending to the Grosvenor Gallery a capital portrait of Cardinal Howard, which he has painted for the Duke of Norfolk. The Cardinal is depicted wearing a gold episcopal cross. When the picture was being painted, the Cardinal had some doubts as to whether he could allow Mr. Story to put in this cross, which, as a Cardinal Deacon Priest, he could only wear when commissioned by the Pope to represent him in the consecration of a Bishop. The painter, however, urged the Cardinal to let him insert it on account of its æsthetic value as a point of light, and at length obtained his consent. A week after the picture was completed and on its way to London, the Pope advanced Cardinal Howard to the rank of a Cardinal Bishop, and gave him charge of the Diocese of Frascati, which was once held by "Henry IX., King of Great Britain, Ireland, and France." The picture has, therefore, during its voyage from Italy to England become historically correct.

What is the *Times* about? The following is from the impression of Saturday, April 12:—

Recent Novels.—"To Leeward," by F. Marion Crawford. In two volumes. (Chapman & Hall.) Upon the last page but one of this well-written and picturesque novel, the *authoress*, as if struck with some misgiving, inquires of *her* readers, "Do you ask what is the moral of this?" and replies, "Ask it of yourselves."

F. Marion Crawford is a black-browed young athlete, six feet two in his stockings, and as undoubted a specimen of male humanity as eyes could rest upon. Moreover, he is perfectly well known to everybody but the critic of the *Times* as the author of "Mr. Isaacs" and "Dr. Claudius."

A Beautiful Complexion.—Hagan's Magnolia Balm gives a pure and blooming complexion. It restores and preserves youthful beauty. Its effects are gradual, natural, and perfect. It removes redness, blotches, pimples, tan, sunburn, and freckles, and makes a lady of thirty appear but twenty. The Magnolia Balm makes the skin smooth and pearly, and imparts a fresh appearance to the countenance. Hagan's Magnolia Balm has been established nearly 40 years, and is sold by all Chemists and Perfumers.

The Hamilton Library, which is to be sold at Sotheby's during the first eight days of May, comprises 2,000 lots, and nearly 5,000 volumes. It is the original collection of the Dukes of Hamilton, and was placed at the Palace in a room called "the Hamilton Library," to distinguish it from the splendid Beckford collection, which was bequeathed to the grandfather of the present Duke of Hamilton by his father-in-law, the author of "Vathek," and which sold last year for £75,500. The Hamilton library includes several volumes of almost priceless prints, which were selected from the most famous collections in Europe, including those of Louis XIV., Louis XV., Louis XVI., Madame de Pompadour, and Pope Clement X. Among the books are a copy of the "Odyssey," which is said to be the finest in existence, and several unique Dantes.

Mr. Robert Buchanan is a gentleman who once wrote a somewhat commonplace but readable poem called "Uncle Abe and his Seven Wives." Since then he has been inditing novels and plays which have not added to his reputation. He is, however, filled with a robust faith in himself, and seldom loses an opportunity to hint that in him we have amongst us an unappreciated genius. The death of Charles Reade has furnished him with one of these occasions. "There is," he says, "a good time coming for genius. The present popular idols will be justly forgotten when the heroines of Thackeray, Dickens, and George Eliot are relegated to the old curiosity-shop of sawdust dolls." Then—and not till then—will the world recognise the genius of Robert Buchanan.

I hear that Charles Reade has left a literary and dramatic autobiography, which contains some most vivacious criticisms on his contemporaries and their works. It may be hoped that the manuscript will not be subjected to too rigorous a revision.

Mr. Anderson's work on "The House of Commons" promises to be an interesting and amusing one, for, sitting in the reporters' gallery, he must have had an excellent opportunity to photograph in his memory the scenes and peculiarities which passed below.

I see that a discussion is going on in the United States respecting the mode in which Washington Irving wrote his books. I remember visiting him at his country-house on the Hudson about thirty years ago. He then told me that he had acquired ease and elegance in writing by a careful study of the Essays of Addison. He used, he said, to read an Essay, then write it from memory, and compare his phrases with those of the original.

Mr. W. Terriss writes to me from New York to say that the venture of bringing Mr. Daly's theatrical company to London is entirely his, and that he alone will be the gainer or loser, as the case may be.

The Royal Italian Opera (Covent Garden) has issued its programme for 1884. There are now three opera courses before the public between this and July—the Carl Rosa at Drury Lane, the Italian Opera at Covent Garden, and the German Opera at Drury Lane. A little wild betting on which of the three undertakings will survive bankruptcy would not be altogether out of place. Seeing the excellent fare promised by each manager, I, for one, heartily wish all three success. I see the Italian Opera are to have Adelina Patti, Pauline Lucca, Sembrich, Scalchi, Tremelli—would it were Trebelli, who is out of it—Miss Griswold from America, and Albani, who seems to be always with us, and is none the less valued for that. Amongst the male singers there are Nicolini, Marconi, Corsi, and Cotogni. Signor Bevignani and Mons. Dupont are down to conduct. The Floral Hall concerts are also announced, but not the dates. The first opera will be given on April the 29th. The répertoire is strong enough. Verdi heads the poll with eight, Donizetti presses him hard with seven, Meyerbeer follows with six, Rossini and Auber have but four, Bellini and Wagner three, Flötow and A. Thomas each two, and Rubinstein and Bizet one each.

Possibly the music is newly-written, but it certainly reminded me of that of "The Huguenots." I suppose that this was because great minds often meet:—

Dear Sir,—I am very much surprised to read in your critique on the "Beggar Student" that the ballet music is selected, and that an introduction from "The Huguenots" is to be found there.

Allow me to state that the music of the "Fair Folk Ballet" and the "Military Ballet" is quite new, and composed by myself. I shall have much pleasure to show you my score, in which you will not find a single bar from "The Huguenots."

In Act III. a Mazurka from Millöcker's original score, and an introduced Pastorale, by Bocherini (1786), are the only ballet numbers not from the pen of, yours very truly,

Alhambra Company, Limited, *April* 17, 1884. G. Jacobi.

Professor Owen used to be styled "Superintendent" of the Natural History Department at South Kensington. Professor Flower, his successor, is to be described as "Director." There is considerable significance in the alteration to persons *en connaissance de cause*. Professor Huxley and the Director of the British Museum have lately been interfering a good deal at South Kensington, and much irritation has been the consequence, so Professor Flower is to be strengthened against dictation or criticism by having his post made more dignified. This is a matter of little moment; but what *is* of considerable importance is the fact that this department, which is already scandalously costly, is to be quietly reorganised on an even more expensive footing, and the staff is to be largely increased. At the present time, Professor Flower is aided in his not very arduous duties by four keepers of departments (zoology, geology, mineralogy, and botany), by two assistant-keepers of geology and zoology, and by eleven first-class assistants and fourteen second-class assistants. South Kensington for years past has been a perfect quicksand for public money. It is high time for Parliament to interfere to prevent any more extravagance; but if the Estimates are to be rushed through Committee between two and four in the morning, it is not easy to conjecture where our expenditure will stop.

Minton's (Limited). — Minton's China. A visit to Messrs. Mortlock's extensive collection in Oxford-st. and Orchard-st. will conclusively prove the superiority of taste and lowness of price for which this house has been so celebrated during the last century and a half.

Pfungst's Extra Quality Champagnes, old landed, can be obtained at the House of Commons Rest., Hotel Bristol, Claridge's Hotel, Café Verrey, Grand Hotel, Woods' Hotel, First Avenue Hotel, Holborn Rest., Palmerston Rest., Stook Exchange (Mabey's), Ship and Trafalgar, Greenwich, and Star and Garter, Richmond, &c.—Agents, J. L. Pfungst & Co., 23, Crutched Friars.

The Provost of Eton has been seriously out of health for a year past, and I regret to hear that he is now in a condition which causes the greatest anxiety to his friends. Dr. Goodford is at Chilton Cantelo, his rectory in Somersetshire.

Dr. Magee is still at Beach House, Worthing, where he will remain until the beginning of May. He takes daily walks about the neighbourhood, and his health is now quite re-established.

The University Tercentenary celebration at Edinburgh passed off without a hitch—largely owing to the authorities having wisely altered their original plans so as to allow the students to take a prominent part in the entertainments. The young gentlemen, appreciating the justice of this arrangement, were on their best behaviour throughout, and only created a very moderate disturbance when some of their guests rather abused their hospitality by inflicting on them long speeches in foreign languages.

Apropos of the Tercentenary Celebration, I am glad to see that attention has been called to the unnecessarily high salaries which the Edinburgh professors enjoy. Far be it from me to suggest that tutors and professors at Oxford and Cambridge do not receive an adequate *quid pro quo*; still it is certainly strange that, whereas £1,000 a year is about as much as the busiest Don at either of those Universities can make, the income of an Edinburgh professor is usually £2,500—a difference which is certainly not to be accounted for by the superior fame of the northern teachers. The matter is one of some public importance, at a time when the Scotch Universities are threatening fresh inroads upon the national exchequer, and ought not to escape notice. At Oxford and Cambridge the income of all the teachers is now fixed by law; at Edinburgh they are allowed to make what they can out of their pupils. Why should this be?

Lord Aberdeen has again accepted the office of Lord High Commissioner of the General Assembly. The sitting of the Assemblies in May produces a sort of serious carnival in Edinburgh for ten days.

The Revised Version of the Old Testament will be completed in July, and its publication may be looked for in the autumn. It is to be hoped that its popularity will be more permanent than was that of the Revised Version of the New Testament, which was killed by Dean Burgon only three weeks after its appearance.

I have often had occasion to remark that Edmund is not usually happy in his notes on Church subjects. In last week's *World* the climax of folly and absurdity has surely been attained, for there is actually a paragraph in which a complaint is made that "the frequent services and other functions at St. Paul's Cathedral are a serious trouble to the sight-seers"! What next? It is news to learn that the primary object of either St. Paul's or any other church should be to facilitate the lounges of "sight-seers."

The sermon on the occasion of Dr. Ridding's consecration as Bishop of Southwell will, I hear, be preached by the Rev. E. W. Sergeant. Mr. Sergeant was for many years an assistant-master under Dr. Ridding at Winchester, and has since then interested himself in the work of the "School Mission." He was considered the best preacher amongst the Winchester masters.

There is to be a Diocesan Choral Festival on a very large scale in Winchester Cathedral on May 14 and 15. The choirs of North Hants will sing on the first day, and those of the Southern Division on the second day. The Dean has decided, and wisely, to have only one service on each day.

In Westminster Abbey there will be a special service on the afternoon of Ascension Day (May 22nd), when the "Redemption" will be given with a largely-augmented choir and a full orchestra. It is proposed to place the harps and the boys up on the triforium, as was done last year, when the effect was remarkably fine.

With all respect to the late Bishop of Ripon, I am glad to see that Sir William Harcourt refused his consent to the burial of the deceased prelate in the cathedral. The practice of burying inside churches is utterly repugnant to modern ideas, and for reasons which apply indiscriminately to the corpses of all ranks of society. The body of a dead bishop is, in fact, just as objectionable an addition to the subsoil of a public building as would be that of a dead curate, or, for the matter of that, a dead donkey. This is a truth which would have had to be recognised sooner or later even at Westminster, if the exhaustion of available space had not practically settled the question so far as the Abbey is concerned. After all, the taste which prefers dissolution in such a situation is as depraved as it is curious.

Prince Bismarck, who was once admonished for whistling on the Sabbath day in Scotland, and has never forgotten it, will not be in the least surprised, whatever other people may feel, when he hears, as he will with grim satisfaction, that Mr. Gray, a member of the Helensburgh United Presbyterian Church, who had been elected to the office of elder, has just been refused ordination by the Session on the ground that he "took a walk in the country on the Sabbath afternoon."

It has, I believe, been decided to give a second Red Hat to the United States. The Primate's See there is that of Baltimore, and it is found inconvenient that the Primate should only be an Archbishop, whilst the Archbishop of New York is a Cardinal. The new Cardinal will, therefore, be the Archbishop of Baltimore.

Mr. Sam Ward (Uncle Sam) has been laid up with fever at Rome; but I am glad to hear that he has, with his usual indomitable energy, got over it. An endeavour is being made by Uncle Sam's relatives at Rome, who are 'verts, to induce him and his nephew, the author of "Mr. Isaacs," to join the Catholic Church. According, however, to the latest accounts, both uncle and nephew are holding their own.

The Rev. John Wicke, Vicar of Wootton Bassett, writes to say that the curate who took the chair at the dinner given to a farmer on his release from prison was not acting as his (the Vicar's) representative, but attended the dinner in direct opposition to his most solemn remonstrances.

"Another of Them" writes :—

April 13, 1884.

Sir,—With reference to "One of Them's" letter in your issue of the 10th inst., may I ask you to insert my case also?

I paid £800 for my Subaltern grades, and to do so, I had to give a bond for £1,000 upon property I was to inherit. I find myself serving on the same terms as to pay and pension as my more fortunate non-purchase comrades, while I lose the principal and interest of a considerable sum of money, because I entered the army under the Purchase system, and did not obtain my company until after its abolition. I enclose my card.

Colonel Francis Charteris Wemyss has succeeded Colonel J. F. Bayley as Colonel-Commandant of the 3rd and 4th Battalions, Duke of Wellington's West Riding Regiment.

Out of evil sometimes cometh good. It is certain that, had it not been for the "jobbery" *in re* the appointment of Assistant-Paymaster Rickards to be secretary to H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh, in direct opposition to the Regulations, the circular which has just emanated from Whitehall, stating that assistant-paymasters of eight years' seniority are now eligible for appointment as secretaries to Flag officers, would never have been issued. It is only on very rare occasions that "my Lords" are literally driven to grant a concession of this kind.

How is it that tea and coffee cannot be obtained by soldiers at canteens? I am informed that at the majority of military stations it is only possible to obtain beer, the canteen caterer refusing to sell tea and coffee. Surely non-alcoholic beverages should be as readily obtainable as malt liquors?

I observe, by a circular, that certain cab proprietors have formed themselves into a committee to raise funds from other cab proprietors for a testimonial to Mr. Stanford on his retirement from the post of Public Carriage Inspector for the Dorset-square and Bayswater districts, which he has occupied for about four years. Mr. Stanford is, I make no doubt, a most respectable man, but I greatly question whether testimonials of this sort ought to be encouraged. The circular says that the testimonial is to be given to him because he has "faithfully discharged the duties of his office." This may be, but the public often complain of the condition of some of the cabs that ply for hire, and it hardly seems likely that the complaints will bear fruit if it becomes the habit of cab proprietors to give obliging inspectors a testimonial when, in their opinion, they have faithfully discharged the duties of their office.

The *Richmond and Twickenham Times* complains bitterly of the rowdyism on the river between Hampton Court and Mortlake on popular holidays, and suggests that on such occasions there should be some river police about to keep order. They certainly are needed. Most of those who go on the river behave with perfect propriety, and to them, as well as to those who live on the banks, boatloads of yelling, half-drunken roughs, whose remarks are interolated with inodorous epithets and curses, must be a very objectionable feature. So little able are they to manage a boat that one can only account for their not being drowned by the fact that probably they are born to be hanged.

A most scandalous case of death from starvation was investigated at Devonport last week. The wife of a lance-corporal resided out of barracks, and was compelled to support herself and her child on five shillings a week, out of which she paid 3s. 6d. for rent. She was not allowed to seek parish relief, and eighteenpence a week being, of course, insufficient to keep body and soul together, the child died from want of nourishment. The coroner very justly remarked that the case was a disgrace to a civilised country. If this is the way we treat our soldiers' wives and children, it is scarcely surprising that difficulty is experienced in inducing men to enlist.

It is an old-established and idiotic rule that both the coroner and the jury who inquire into a death should be obliged to view the body. The practical inconvenience of this system has just been made abundantly manifest. Mr. W. J. Payne was holding an inquest on the body of Perkins, the clerk who was murdered in Arthur-street West; the requirements of the law as to viewing had been complied with, and the unfortunate man's remains had been buried in Ilford Cemetery. The inquest, however, was adjourned, and, before it was resumed, Mr. Payne died. Sir John Monckton is now acting coroner, and, it being necessary for him to view the body, it must be exhumed and brought to the City Mortuary, a proceeding eminently undesirable in the interests both of public health and of decency. The rule about viewing was made, of course, in the times when coroners and juries actually inspected the corpse, in order to ascertain the cause of death. Now, however, that scientific medical evidence is invariably forthcoming, the proceeding is purely formal and unnecessary, and ought to be abolished without delay.

I have frequently noticed that when an official in a good position falls ill, his duties are performed by a deputy, and he continues to draw his salary as usual. If, however, a humble individual ventures to suffer from ill-health, he is, in nine cases out of ten, promptly dismissed. At the meet- of the vestries of St. Lawrence Jewry, and St. Mary Magdalen, Milk-street, last week, a letter was read from the Vicar, regretting that he was unable to attend, from illness, and recommending that the pew-opener should be dismissed, as she was in bad health. The coolness of this proposition struck several members of the vestry, one gentleman pointing out that if the pew-opener was to be sent off, the vicar also should be dismissed, as he was often absent three and four months together. In the end, the reverend gentleman's modest request was not acceded to. What is sauce for the pew-owner certainly ought to be sauce for the Vicar, and clergymen, who, of all men, are most obstinate in clinging to office, should be the last to ignore the maxim.

Pistols for Egypt.—Charles Lancaster's Patent Four-barrel BL Hammerless Pistols having met with universal praise from Officers in the last Campaign, he begs to ask the favour of an inspection of same,—455 bore, price, blued, £8. Nickel plated, £8. 11s. net. Holster, pouch, and belt, 15s. extra. Illustrated price lists free on application to 151, New Bond-street, London, W.

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There is something peculiarly appropriate in the discovery of a collection of antediluvian remains in the foundations of the new Constitutional Club. Perhaps Lord Randolph Churchill and those who share his contempt for "pliocene and miocene Toryism" will not appreciate the significance of the event, but the old fogies of the party ought to see in the "find" a supernatural omen such as would rejoice the heart of a "pious founder" of the good old type. I would suggest to the committee that they should hand the bones over to a qualified *savant* to reconstruct an animal of the paleozoic age—say George III., or the Duke of Wellington. The fossil would make a handsome ornament for the hall of the new club. I only hope, remembering the fate of "the society upon the Stanislow," that the Tories have not been trespassing upon the Duke of Northumberland's family vault.

The report of Mr. Henry Irving coming forward as a candidate for a seat in Parliament, which has been aired in several newspapers, seems to have had no foundation; and, indeed, it would be difficult for him to act and legislate on the same evening, unless he were to let down the curtain whenever a division was impending, and rush to the House arrayed in the garb of Hamlet or Macbeth. Once, however, Mr. Irving did appear on the hustings, and it was in this wise. I was the defeated candidate at a Middlesex election. Those were the days of hustings and display, and it was the fashion for each candidate to go down to Brentford in a carriage and four to thank his supporters. On the morning of the day when I had to perform this function, Irving called upon me, and I invited him to accompany me. Down we drove; I made an inaudible speech to a mob, and we re-entered our carriage to return to London. In a large constituency like Middlesex, few know the candidates by sight. Irving felt it his duty to assume a *mine de circonstance*. He folded his arms, pressed his hat over his brows, and was every inch the baffled politician—defeated, sad, but yet sternly resigned to his fate. In this character he was so impressive that the crowd came to the conclusion that he was the defeated candidate. So woebegone and so solemnly dignified did he look that they were overcome with emotion, and, to show their sympathy, they took the horses out of the carriage and dragged it back to London. When they left us, I got up to thank them; but this did not dispel the illusion. "Poor fellow," I heard them say, as they watched Irving, "his feelings are too much for him;" and they patted him and shook hands with him, with the kindly wish to comfort him.

It is probable that Mr. E. P. Bouverie will contest Westbury for the Tories at the General Election, in place of Mr. Phipps, M.P., who intends to retire. Mr. Brown, of Trowbridge, is to be the Liberal candidate.

Several months ago it was announced in Truth that Mr. Humphrey Sturt would be the Tory Candidate for Dorsetshire in the event of a vacancy in the representation of that county. A contradictory contemporary thought fit to denounce the news as unauthorised and untrue. I did not think proper to trouble myself to notice the contradiction, because my authority for the statement was the best possible, and my confidence has been justified by the result, for, on Friday, the daily papers were all instructed to state that Mr. Sturt would contest Dorsetshire. There is, however, a rather awkward split in the Tory camp which Lord Salisbury's pilgrimage to Dorchester has entirely failed to heal.

I hear that Lord Weymouth is not likely to stand in East Somerset for the seat to be vacated by Sir Philip Miles. It is generally expected in the division that Mr. Llewellyn, of Langford Court, will be the Tory candidate. He is a new-comer in Somersetshire, and his estate is not large; but he is popular in the division, and he has taken an active part in county business for some years past. It is not very creditable to the local Liberals that, after all their boastings about their successes in the Registration Courts, there seems no prospect of their contesting either of the seats. Lord Carlingford and Lord Cork ought really to bestir themselves.

Lord Edmond Talbot, who unsuccessfully contested Burnley in 1880, has consented to become a candidate for the borough of Horsham, in the Conservative interest, at the next election, in the event of Sir Henry Fletcher, the present member, electing to stand for Shoreham and the Rape of Bramber. Lord Edmond, who is a brother of the Duke of Norfolk, is a Captain in the 11th Hussars, and at present holds the post of Adjutant to the Middlesex Yeomanry Cavalry. Should he be successful in his attempt to win the seat, he will probably be the only Catholic member for Great Britain in the next House of Commons, as Mr. Jerningham, who now represents Berwick-on-Tweed in the Liberal interest, has given great offence to a large section of the party in that borough by his adverse vote on the Affirmation Bill.

The Conservative sheep of Woodstock, who are about to be deserted by their present shepherd, who has gone in search of larger flocks, have obtained the services of Mr. W. D. Mackenzie for the vacant charge. The new shepherd, who is the eldest son of the late Mr. Edward Mackenzie, of Fawley Court, Henley-on-Thames, the well-known engineer and contractor, was High Sheriff of Oxon in 1873, and at the General Election in the ensuing year, in conjunction with Mr. Attenborough, fought the Tory battle in the "biscuit town," but without success.

City dignitaries do not appear to understand the meaning of the desire not to abolish Aldermen in the reformed Corporation of the Metropolis. There is no wish, as they seem to imagine, to perpetuate the existence of the present Aldermen, who were elected for life in a hole-and-corner fashion, nor would any one suggest that the present magisterial functions of Aldermen should be maintained. What is suggested is that the Chairman of the Local District Boards should be called Aldermen instead of Chairmen.

The strangest argument of all against Sir William Harcourt's Bill is that of Mr. Alderman Nottage. He

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objects to it because the Aldermen, who have been Sheriffs, have a vested right in the Lord Mayoralty, on account of the money which they have expended when Sheriffs. The answer to this is that if they can convince the ratepayers of the Metropolis of the justice of their claim, they will be elected Lord Mayors.

A very novel suggestion has been made for the rescue of the doomed Aldermen. One of the City papers has recalled an incident in the history of the Corporation which may serve as a valuable precedent for the conduct of the City Fathers in the present strait. In 1820 they presented an address to the Crown, "representing the manifold evils which have resulted to the country from the pernicious measures of the present Ministers, humbly praying his Majesty to dismiss from his presence those advisers whose conduct has been productive only of calamity," &c. When Sir William Harcourt's Bill becomes law, it will certainly be an impressive and interesting event if, in an expiring effort to escape reform, the Corporation addresses the Crown and demands the expulsion of the Ministry. I greatly fear, however, that the heroic experiment would not be any more successful than it was in 1820, when the City Fathers were severely snubbed. I may add that Aldermen were evidently much more sensible individuals in 1820 than in 1884, for the Ministry whose proceedings so greatly aroused their wrath on the previous occasion was composed of Tories of the deepest dye.

The sublime audacity of genius which inspired the Emperor Napoleon, on the eve of his exile to Elba, to predict that he would return with the violet in spring, naturally consecrated, by its fulfilment, the violet as an emblem to the Bonapartists of hope and trust. But the Knights of the Primrose League, conceived, as we are told, by six gentlemen four months ago, seemed to forget on Saturday, when they predicted to themselve, *sotto voce*, that they would return with the primrose in spring to the Treasury benches, that there is but one step between the sublime and the ridiculous. There are only two kinds of prophets who are honoured in the land—the prophet inspired by genius and the prophet who predicts what he knows; all the rest are fools or knaves. To which of the two categories the Knights of the Primrose League belong next Primrose Day will declare.

This is the only allusion to Disraeli in connection with flowers that I can find. N. P. Willis, in his "Pencillings by the Way," thus describes him as he appeared at Lady Blessington's:—

> Patent leather pumps, a white stick with a black cord and tassel, and a quantity of chains about his neck and pockets, served to make him, even in the dim light, a conspicuous object as he sat in the deep window looking out upon Hyde Park, with the last rays of daylight reflected upon the gorgeous gold flowers of a splendidly embroidered waistcoat. His hair is as extraordinary as his taste in waistcoats. A thick, heavy mass of jet black ringlets falls over his left cheek almost to his collarless stock, whilst on the right temple it is parted and put away with the smooth carefulness of a girl, and shines most unctuously.

That Lord Beaconsfield's friends should regret his loss is only natural; nor is it surprising that the Conservatives should share in that regret, for they will have long to wait before they find so adroit a party leader. He was amiable and selfish, ready to do a good turn when it did not harm him, and ready to sacrifice his best friend when he stood in his way. He was entirely without those prejudices which Talleyrand said were the bane of so many men eager to succeed in life. Probably the strongest feeling in his heart was contempt of his own followers.

He must sardonically smile in his grave, when the intelligence reaches him there, that these followers have dedicated the primrose to him, and wear it on the day which commemorates his loss, as though he had been an artless village maiden cut off in her prime. But the funniest part of the business is that our humble, modest old friend, the primrose, has been exalted to something almost divine since it has become the flower of this able partizan. On Saturday last the *Morning Post* compared it to "a patient heron alone with the reeds," to "a carrier-pigeon steering its path across the empty sky," to an "eagle beating its way towards some desolate rock pinnacle" to a "lion listening to the echoes of the startled wilderness," and to a "palm-tree bending over its own shadow." And only to think that so many of us have come across many a primrose during many a spring, without once having been reminded either of a heron, or of a pigeon, or of an eagle, or of a lion, or of a palm-tree, or of Mr. Disraeli, or of the great and glorious principles of the Conservative party!

It is somewhat remarkable that the Conservatives have been making innumerable speeches against a Franchise Bill being passed without the scheme of Redistribution, which is to follow it, being explained, and yet not one of them has hit upon the only tenable argument for their contention. The Franchise Bill gives to every householder, lodger, &c., a vote in town and country. If this were to be followed by a Bill equalising the value of each vote, there would be no reason why the two Bills should not be taken separately. This, however, is not the intention of Ministers. The artificial arrangement by which votes in one place are to count for more than votes in other places is—although modified—to be retained. It follows, therefore that, in giving votes, we are giving something of vague and indefinite value. It is like putting into circulation a number of coins without first deciding what monetary value they are to represent—or, rather, saying that their value is to differ arbitrarily according to the county in which they are to circulate Every argument in favour of giving a man a vote is equally an argument in favour of the equalisation of votes. So long as the Liberal party does not recognise this, it will be unable to answer the criticisms of the Conservatives on its schemes of redistribution.

The Thanes are falling off from Lord Salisbury. They are becoming dimly aware that, if they venture to throw out the Franchise Bill, it is just possible that the millions whom they would take upon themselves to exclude from all voice in public matters may reciprocate. It is probable that the Bill, therefore, will pass the Lords with modifications. These, however, must be rejected. Peers, who owe

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their political existence to no election, cannot be permitted to meddle with the mode in which the elected representatives of the nation are chosen.

Naturally the Peers, being Conservatives, are anxious to precipitate an election. The Conservatives have little to lose by one, and fancy that they will improve their position owing to the unquestionable mistakes which the Government has made in its management of Egyptian matters. This, however, is a good reason for not having an election just now. With a good working majority in the House of Commons, why should the Liberal party dissolve to gratify the minority? If the Lords emasculate the Reform Bill, it must be brought in again. Much time will be lost, but it is consoling to think that as this will be the fault of the Peers, it will, perhaps, open the eyes of the country to the utter absurdity of the political existence of these hereditary obstructives. "It is an ill wind," &c.

There was no truce to the oratory of Parliamentarians during the Easter recess. As I read their speeches, I caught myself murmuring the word "humbugs." What has any one learnt by these utterances? It has been the old, old tunes on the old, old organs.

The Conservatives, Lord Salisbury has explained, when in power were wise, and the Liberals who are now in power are foolish. He thinks that we ought to have hindered the French from taking Madagascar, the Russians from taking territory to the north of the Himalayas, and the Boers from achieving their independence; whilst, at the same time, we should take Egypt ourselves. This his Lordship terms not allowing foreign Powers to take from us the uncivilised markets of the world, and submits it as a programme that he is prepared to carry out, if we confide our destinies to him.

Lord Randolph Churchill has declared that he has no friendship with the leaders of the Conservatives, and that he has not an idea what their policy would be were they in power. Nevertheless, he entreats the country to place them in power, because "the Tory party cling with veneration and affection to the institutions of our country." The Throne is not an expensive institution, for if it were swept away, "the few hundred thousands which it costs would be counted by millions and millions." The House of Lords ought to exist, because "it is recorded of the Sultan Saladin that he always had a shroud carried before him in state processions, to remind him of the perils and destination of Monarchs;" and in like manner "the English people when speculating on or deciding political questions, should always bear before their minds the great constitutional fabric of the House of Lords." The House of Commons ought to be reformed and the county franchise ought to be reduced, but the Conservatives have been wise in opposing the Bill to reduce it, because "it is the general duty of the followers of Sir Stafford Northcote to resist the legislation which may be proposed by Mr. Gladstone." The country should not lend itself hastily to any projects for the demolition of the Established Church, because, "in standing out, like a lighthouse over the stormy ocean, it marks the entrance to a port where those who are wearied at times with the cares of the world and troubled with the trials of existence may search and may find that peace which passeth all understanding." These are sentiments alike pious and beautiful.

Sir William Harcourt orated to his constituents. His speech, he said, was like a mountain stream, which "brawls and bubbles near its source, and, as it descends in the vale of years, becomes gentle, and fertile, and dull." Dull his speech was not, neither was it fertile. He roundly abused the Conservatives, denounced all speaking in the House of Commons as obstructive to the best of Governments, and elicited laughter by the following remarks:—

When we have done our day work, you must remember our night work begins (laughter).
There are gentlemen who indulge in the pastime of paddling their own canoe (laughter).
If you want me to have the freedom of the platform, you must give me back the freedom of opposition (laughter).
The Tories do not seem in their infancy to have learnt the hymns of Dr. Watts (laughter).
Oh, but there is a House of Lords (laughter)!
Lord Salisbury talks very big; it is his habit (laughter).
They (the Lords) have the instinct of self-preservation (laughter).
Ministers dissolve in hopes of getting a majority (laughter).
The Tories understand everything except the country and the people (laughter).
They think the Liberal party and Liberal principles are to be thrown overboard for Egypt (laughter).
They think the narrow circle in which they live is the universe (great laughter).
Mr. Gladstone put out his paw, and there was an end of them (laughter).
In five minutes there was an end of them (laughter).
They scuttled (laughter).
They walked out of the House (laughter).
When they arose in the morning, they were all dead corpses (great laughter).

I had always supposed that the House of Commons was the place where jokes go the greatest way, but its members are not "in it" with the electors of Derby.

On Egypt, Sir William talked, however, much sound sense. "We have," he said, "no intention of taking Egypt. We intend to leave the Egyptians to govern themselves. This is our policy, and we shall not be diverted from it either by the bondholders or the Jingoes. England has quite empire enough. If you are to administer Egypt, in my opinion, you will embark yourselves in a perpetual European quarrel."

All this is excellent; the misfortune, however, is that with the avowed intention to leave Egypt to govern herself, Ministers do not take measures to give effect to these intentions. That, if we contemplate annexation, we should ignore the existence of all local authorities and endeavour to establish no native institutions, is intelligible. If, however, we are there only temporarily, why do we not ask the Egyptians to establish the form of Government that pleases them, and then, having set up this form of Government, turn our backs upon the country? Annexation and withdrawal are each a policy. Those however, who halt between the two will incur the proverbial fate of

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men who seek to sit on two stools. We have rendered our Khedive impossible by making him our puppet. We discovered a sharp Armenian, and we appointed him Prime Minister. Our sharp Armenian is clever enough to see that he will lose every shred of popularity if he does not oppose us. Mr. Clifford Lloyd, as a satrap of Mr. Forster, managed to make himself the most unpopular man in Ireland. We therefore sent him out as a sort of deputy satrap in Egypt, where he has quarrelled with every one, and made the name of Englishmen even more detested than it was before. His only reforms, so far as I can gather from the newspapers, have been to release half the thieves who were in gaol, and who are now committing acts of brigandage throughout the country, and to create a mutiny in the prisons amongst those whom he did not release by insisting upon flogging them for asking to be let out.

Things in Egypt are going from bad to worse, and this will continue—indeed, it ought to continue—so long as we undertake in a half-hearted sort of way to rule the country without consulting the wishes and the aspirations of its people. They do not want us. So far is clear. If left to themselves they would, like other nationalities, evolve some sort of Government which would be in accordance with the fitness of things. If they prefer the Khedive, or Nubar, or Arabi, what is this to us? Lord Salisbury tells us that Mr. Gladstone is ruining the British Empire, but what should we say if a Turkish Pasha were to arrive here with an army and a host of Oriental officials to place Lord Salisbury in power? Never has there been a more convincing proof that one country will always get into a mess when it meddles in the internal affairs of another country.

Who is Mr. Power, the *Times* Correspondent and the Consular Agent at Khartoum? Why, too, does General Gordon, instead of communicating directly with the Government, refer to the utterances of Mr. Power? There was a gentleman of the name of Power who was a hanger-on of the late Mr. O'Donovan. He was a species of artist and secretary, and he accompanied O'Donovan to the Soudan, when he went there as Correspondent of the *Daily News*. This Power did not go with Hicks, like O'Donovan, but was left behind at Khartoum, and a communication has been received from the Consular-Agent Power forwarding some of O'Donovan's letters, and promising to forward his effects at the first opportunity. It would seem, consequently, that Power the Secretary and Power the Consular Agent are one and the same. How, then, did he become Consular Agent; indeed, what is a Consular Agent? Consuls and Vice-Consuls are nominated by their Governments, and are only recognised in an official capacity when they have obtained an *exequatur* from the Government of the country in which they reside. A Consular Agent is a being unknown to International Law. At Khartoum, it would seem that there are only three Englishmen—Gordon, Stewart, and Power. Gordon is, more or less, Governor of the Soudan; Stewart, more or less, Deputy-Governor. What possible functions, then, does the Consular Agent perform?

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I was talking the other day with a friend of mine who lately saw a good deal of Arabi in Ceylon. He said:—

Arabi is not a genius—perhaps not even a good administrator; but he is an honest and a conscientious man, whose influence is derived from the Mahometans being convinced that he endeavours to live up to his religion. In all money matters he is absolutely incorruptible. In Ceylon he is revered as a saint by all the Mahometans. He has no ill-feeling towards us; on the contrary, he is grateful to us for our having interfered to save his life. Were he to return to Egypt, he would probably oppose all foreign interference in the internal affairs of the country, but would regard us as his friends.

Events are proving how right were the few Radicals, who again and again called attention in the House of Commons to the purposeless slaughter of Arabs by thousands in the vicinity of Suakin, and who did not allow themselves to be diverted from their course by the absurd charge that they were playing into the hands of the Conservatives, and obstructing the Reform Bill. Our troops are now withdrawing from Suakin, and a few gunboats with Marines on board are left to protect this port. Our incursion beyond it and our battues of Arabs have produced as little permanent effect as does the passage of a ship through an ocean. Everything outside Suakin is precisely where it would have been had we never advanced into the interior. Nothing is changed except that about 10,000 free natives of the desert have been massacred by our soldiers as an offering on the altar of the great god Jingo. Who now will say that the little band of Radicals were not justified? What they obstructed was not the Reform Bill, but wicked and aimless massacres of men who were defending what Mr. Gladstone justly called their ancestral homes.

Mrs. Maxwell (Miss Braddon) is known far and wide as a successful novelist. It is not, however, so well known that she was one of the first to point out how cruel it is, in these days of high educational pressure, to work the brains of children without giving them food for their stomachs. For many years it would seem that she has given a roast leg of mutton for dinner every Wednesday to the children of the Ormond Yard School. She has now decided to throw her contribution into the larger fund for providing dinners for School Board children.

Miss English writes:—

Gascoigns, Lyndhurst.

Dear Sir,—Will you kindly acknowledge the following donations to my fund (for giving London children a three weeks' outing):—

G. R. C., £2. 10s.; Violet, 10s.; Sir C. de Crespigny, £1; A. C. Barclay, £5.

I have also received the following sums for Miss English's fund:—

X., £2; G. W., £10; Fanny Sterling, £5.

I also acknowledge with pleasure the following amounts received towards the fund for "Feeding the Robins":—

J. Alexander, £5; Edith Doidge, 10s.; Edith Paget, £1; Felix Joseph, £1; Mrs. Symms, £1; X., £1; Jenny Wren, 10s.; J. B. R., £1; J. G., £1. 1s.; G. W., £5; D. B., £1; Emily, £1; Asher Wertheimer, £1; Miss Joseph, £1; Edmund Campbell, £1; Monte Carlo, £2. 2s.; Freddie and Percy, £2. 2s.; Anon, £1; Lord Lamington, £1; Pentland, £2. 2s.; Fanny Sterling, £3; S., 10s.; Mrs. Trimmer, £1; E. F. Cumberlege, £1.

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SCRUTATOR.

CARL ROSA

THE opera campaign has begun. Carl Rosa has got the start with English opera at Drury-lane—and a very good start it is. On his heels will tread the Italian opera, which opens at Covent Garden on April 29, and that again will be interrupted with a strong blast of Wagner between May 30 and July 18. For the moment, however, operatic London is absorbed by Carl Rosa and the capital and judicious selection of works he has produced with exceptional excellence and success during last week and this. "Esmeralda" on Tuesday could not fail to confirm the estimate which I formed of it on its production last year, and I should say that that opera and its companion novelty "Colomba"—which had the advantage of Madame Roze's fine singing and acting, and is to be graced by Pauline Lucca later in the season—have been the public favourites and the financial successes. I ought perhaps to except Bizet's "Carmen," which drew crowded houses. "Colomba" had the advantage of the composer's *bâton*—which, by the way, is not always an advantage. A clever composer is not invariably a good conductor, and the band often take liberties with him. It certainly took advantage of Mr. A. C. Mackenzie. Not only was he unable to quell the tuning, but the instant the musicians were disengaged, the fiddlers set to trying over their pet passages, and turning the orchestra into a sort of cabinet rehearsal. This most wearing and objectionable practice is an inveterate orchestral foible, which every conductor has to deal with more or less, and it is as hard to put down as the chattering and grimaces of schoolboys when the master's back is turned. Madame Georgina Burns achieved a very good success in "The Bohemian Girl," and Mr. Maas more than a good one in the part of Thaddeus. The English acting is not quite up to the mark. Why don't they look at Marie Roze, and catch a little of her *élan?* When she is on the stage, the rest have a tendency to look like sticks. No doubt a good voice and effective vocal delivery are in opera the chief things. An opera is first music, then drama—unless, indeed, you happen to be on the war-path with Wagner, then you must be good all round. McGuckin is capital vocally, and looks his part well. I think, though, he gets into needlessly trying situations. In "Colomba," for instance, he is left staring about him, on and off, a good deal, whereas a little ingenuity exercised in getting behind a hedge, or a hill, or a chair, or a table, trifling with a flower or a sword, striking a few more attitudes, would certainly be an improvement. It is pleasant to hear Miss Clara Perry's fresh voice, although she seems a little nervous. She has not the "wind-up" fervour which compels an encore, but she was helped by the consideration of her fellow artistes more than once, who paused, probably by direction, at the close of her charming song in which McGuckin is warned of his coming fate. No one regretted hearing her over again; in fact, the song itself has become a traditional "encore" already.

Bizet's "Carmen," given on Saturday and Monday, came in for a goodoverflow audience, both Saturday and Monday, "Pops" being out of the way, and town people having got into the habit of hearing music on the afternoon of one day and the evening of the other. The death of Bizet in 1875, at the early age of 37—exactly the age of Mozart—was an irreparable loss to art. He seemed to possess naturally the finest faculties for the lyrical drama, with just that grip of a plot—power of seizing a character and fine sense of a *mise-en-scène*—which are all so indispensable to the musical drama, and which are so rarely found in right balance and proportion. "Carmen" was finished and produced in Paris just three months before M. Bizet died. His previous operas had met with good success, but this one seemed at once to place him, in the eyes of operatic folks, almost on a level with Gounod; though I suppose few musicians would consider him capable of Gounod's highest flights as a serious and scientific musician.

Mr. B. Davies took the leading tenor part of José on Saturday, and Mr. McGuckin was down for the same part on Monday, Madame Marie Roze retaining on each occasion her place as Carmen. She is quite right to smother herself in jewels and tinsel, and thus confuse the general eye, for she does not naturally look the part, as she is not of the slender and agile or sylph-like sort; but her genius overcomes all such difficulties. She sits on a table, dances about, makes the necessary eyes, and gesticulates to such good purpose that I for one quite believe that Carmen must have been comfortably solid in appearance, and none the less attractive for that.

I am not going to describe the music of "Carmen"—*pas si bête.* Its success is easily accounted for. It is incessantly lively. The concerted music took the gallery wonderfully, especially the semi-burlesque quintet between the bandits and Carmen; and the bull-fighter's song by Mr. Ludwig was cheered to the echo.

I must congratulate Carl Rosa on the very thorough way in which he has got up his work. Nothing is slurred over. The orchestra is a little rough here and there, no doubt; but that is always the case at the beginning of the opera season. The selection of Randegger as conductor is a happy—nay, the happiest, of thoughts. Every one agrees that he is the right man in the right place. He knows chorus work, and solo work, and orchestral work, and has an excellent dramatic faculty, combined with temper, and the power of getting himself accepted by the miscellaneous company over which he is called upon to preside. We don't want only *stars,* we want *ensembles.* Randegger thoroughly understands this; Costa always preached it, but could not always get it. In his best days, the operatic public cared more for a solo, duet, and, at most, a quartet of crack singers than for all the choruses in the world. Yet we owe a lasting debt to Sir Michael for the noble work he did chorally on the stage and in the concert-room, and the severe but kindly discipline he brought to bear upon the independent gentlemen who used to scamp work and shirk rehearsals in the old days.

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PRICES AT THEATRES.

A theatrical manager is a trader. He buys plays, scenery, and talent, and then proceeds to retail them. A few years ago, theatrical ventures seldom paid; now the profits are enormous. This is because the expensive portions of the theatres are better filled than they used to be. As a rule, it was always comparatively easy to fill the pit and gallery, but the occupants of the stalls and of the dress-circle were generally dead-heads. Now they represent money. Why, however, has the price of stalls gone up? A stall used to cost 6s. It now costs 10s. Where there are 150 stalls, this alteration represents a difference of £30 per night, or, taking the theatrical year at 300 days, £9,000 per annum. The answer would, I suppose, be that salaries have gone up. They are, it is true, absurdly high, but the rise in salaries does not represent £9,000 per annum. On a full estimate, an entertainment at a first-class theatre ought to cost, inclusive of rent, about £100 per night, and at existing prices such a theatre would hold about £310. In the year, therefore, of 300 days, the profit, if the theatre were full each night, would be £63,000. It is not, however, anything like this; and the reason is because the house is only full on exceptional occasions. When some particular piece or some particular performer becomes the craze of the hour, the theatre is crowded, and people would even pay higher prices than they do now. But under ordinary circumstances, the 10s. for a stall acts as a deterrent upon many; and I suspect that managers would gain in the long run by reducing the price again to 6s. They certainly would be the gainers were they to give a considerable discount when more than one stall is taken. They might charge 10s. for one stall, 18s. for two stalls, and 26s. for three stalls. But the climax of absurdity is reached when a fee is charged for booking in advance. What is the meaning of this charge? When the stall is bought of an agency, the fee is improper, because the agent receives one from the theatre of 10 per cent., and sometimes more; but when the stall is purchased at the theatre it becomes still more outrageous. Managers must be careful not to kill their geese. They have a good paying public for their stalls in all the people who live in the suburbs, in Kensington, and in other places where families bore themselves in big houses from morning to night, and are delighted to vary the monotony of their domestic hearths by going to a theatre, and who, rather than not occupy the best places in a theatre, prefer not to go to one. Times, however, are bad. This is the age of large sales and small profits, and the 10s. stall will eventually lead many to seek cheaper amusements.

NOTES FROM PARIS.

A CENTURIA OF PARISH PRIESTS.

BARONESS MANOURY D'ECTOT, whose adventure *en police correctionnelle* has obliged her to leave Paris, will be missed from the Avenue des Acacias. She was a curious type of that *Bohême dorée* towards which the most active elements of good society are inclined to rush. Madame Adam's success as a literary woman and an inspirer of statesmen aroused her emulation. She also wished to tread on the heels of a Comtesse who has risen from a brandy distillery to be an authority on "High Life" questions, and to write smart, but awfully naughty, plays for a Boulevard Theatre. The Marquise was able to give fine dinners, and, enjoying the independence of a grass widow, had an old English beau of extensive racing experience to look after her stables, of which she was justly proud. Her costumes and evening dresses were admirable. People asked who she was, when they saw her in the theatre. Her husband belonged to an old, but poor family somewhere near Luxembourg, and she was said to be the daughter of an associate of M. Lejeune, the father of the Princesse de Caramen-Chimay, in his unsavoury, but million-making business. However, as she was visibly rich, too close inquiries were not made. She might have gone on pleasantly enough, but for her desire to shine as *une Marquise Républicaine*, and a pendant to either of that trio of Radical Marquises—Rochefort, Grammont, or Talleyrand-Périgord. To this end she started a journal, which she modestly called *Le Succès*. It was a *journal d'actualité*, "light on the surface, but deep below," and was really intended to produce a wholesome effect by making "Society" ashamed of its naughtiness. The Marquise had a great defect as an editress. She did not understand that the club men who supplied her with scandalous gossip wanted to be paid for their services in money, as well as in smiles and pretty speeches. When she was out of town, the "copy" which they had engaged to send to the publisher did not come in, and he had to fall back upon an attack which, in a moment of ill-humour with the Church, she had written—not upon one, but upon a hundred curés. This should have been a case for saying, In the multitude there is safety. A single curé, or two or three reverend gentlemen, would be justified in asking the Public Prosecutor to defend them from libellous pens or slanderous tongues. But a hundred curés! The title of the article proved a diseased imagination, if nothing else. As M. Ferry's Government wants to take the Papal wind out of Bismarck's sails, the Marquise, her printer, and her salesman were prosecuted on the score that in attacking the hundred curés they had outraged public decency. She has crossed the Belgian frontier, and will probably return *pour purger sa contumace*, when there is a frankly anti-clerical Minister of Justice in office. A correctional judge is not like a jury. He only thinks of promotion; and if instructed by his superiors at the Ministry of Justice to make an example, is indifferent to tears, sighs, elegant dress, and exquisite little hands. The printer and publisher contrived to get out of the scrape without speaking ill of the poor Marquise. They judged her entirely, they said, by her four-wheeled vehicles, footmen, and postilion. She was not only a "gigable" but an essentially *carriageable* woman. They would, therefore, have set up, without reading it, any "copy" in her handwriting. Apart from her equipages, her behaviour and language entitled her to their respect. An office-man said in court that her ladyship had a grudge against the Church.

Madame Szarvady, who is now a widow, has come forward again as a pianoforte player. She used, under the

Minton's China.—Thomas Goode & Co., Artists and Designers in Porcelain, South Audley-street Grosvenor-square.

name of Welhelmina Clauss, to give concerts in England, when her late husband was engaged with Kossuth, of whom he was the secretary, in an oratorical campaign against Austria and Lord Malmesbury. Madame Szarvady is one of the most exquisite pianists that I ever heard. I should soon get tired of Rubinstein, but never of the fast rippling harmonies which follow the movements of her hands on the keyboard. Her execution is extraordinary, but it would not seem so to any one who does not understand the technical difficulties which she surmounts. What most appears is musical sensibility with a clear accent. She alone played on Friday night at the Salle Herz. It was a case for saying, "C'est moi, et c'est assez." She was equally competent to interpret all the sad feeling that Beethoven threw into his sonata in "Fa mineure," the frolicsome gaiety of Schumann in "Le Carnaval," and the light, delicate fancies of Chopin in his waltzes and nocturnes. Prince Hohenlohe and his young people, the Princesse de Brancovano, the Comtesse Potocka, the chief members of the Austrian Embassy, and Prince Troubetskoi went to the Szarvady Concert, and remained to the end, although engaged to attend the ball of the Duchesse de Bisaccia. I heard Madame Szarvady play Chopin's music twenty years ago. It seemed to me on Friday that she had improved. Her dimpled hands then, as now, called out rippling streams of sweet sound, but the bass and the severer parts of the compositions she interpreted had not the distinct outlines which I noted at her last performance.

The ball of the Duchesse de Bisaccia was a Fusionist *fête*, and was intended at once to bring forward Mdlle. de Larochefoucauld and the Orleans family. In the lifetime of the Comte de Chambord, the Duke was his humble and obedient subject. He would fain be now the patronising servant and benefactor of Philippe VII., who could not make up his mind to come forward on this occasion. The only Royalties present belonged to the Nemours branch of the Orleans family. Somehow they fail to produce a fine effect whenever they go into society, although, perhaps, the most essentially estimable, and certainly the most consistent, of their numerous kith and kin in shaping their actions according to their pretensions. The venerable Duc de Nemours is, as he ever has been, right-divine at heart, and a fervent, though not a fanatical, Catholic. He remembers still that he just narrowly missed being King of the Belgians and Regent of France, and that he is the father-in-law of the coming Empress of Brazil. His son, the Duc d'Alençon, is a *gentil garçon*, but somehow Don Carlos, who is simply a *mauvais sujet* (as the French understand the term), is a more imposing figure in a Royalist drawing-room. The Princess Blanche has the heavy air of certain Royal houses of Germany, to which she is nearly related. She looks *bonasse* and sonsy, and aspires to be a painter.

The Duchesse de Bisaccia is half Belgian, half Austrian, and resembles the handsomest of Rubens's wives. Her Grace is hospitable, and, though fond of display, very genuine. White is her favourite colour: she was a harmony in white at her *fête*. The only bright tones in the symphony, were produced by diamonds and emeralds used in garnishing her corsage and ornamenting her fine bust and arms. The white roses in her hair were enlivened with firefly jewellery. Flowers were profusely used in decorating the ball-rooms from floor to ceiling. They were twined round lustres and colonnettes, and hung in festoons from the gallery in which the orchestra was placed. The visual effect was enchanting. But natural flowers exhaust at night the air of the room in which they are placed, and owing to the cold weather it was impossible, at the Bisaccia ball, to throw open the windows.

The Duchess of Albuféra, who was buried last week, dated from 1789. She was the daughter of a soap-boiler of Marseilles, named Clary, and second sister of Julie, wife of Joseph Bonaparte. Her youngest sister married Bernadotte, and died Queen of Sweden, imbued with the idea that she and her spouse were necessary to the happiness of the Scandinavian peoples, over whom, by a freak of fortune, they came to reign. Because of her Royal connections, the Swedish Minister and his secretaries attended the funeral of the nonagenarian duchess. I should not wish to live to the age of ninety-five, even though I were certain of ending my days in a grand château of Normandy and in a still grander mansion in the Faubourg St. Honoré, of being visited by Royal nephews and their children's children, and interred with ducal honours. The Duchesse d'Albuféra outlived all save General Schram, who remembered the events with which she was associated in early life and middle age, and as he spoke with military frankness about her exalted relatives, his conversation often failed to please her. He used to call Bernadotte's wife *une bécasse engraissée*, and corroborated the portrait drawn of her by the caustic pen of the Duchesse d'Abrantes. The old Maréchale, until her memory failed her, was an interesting *raconteuse*. She would often wind up long and chatty monologues about her illustrious and long-deceased contemporaries by exclaiming, "And is it possible that they are all dead, and pretty nearly forgotten except by me?" It was her interest to stand by Imperialism; but she had a poor opinion of the Bonapartes. Napoleon was a genius, and excellent for those who stuck by him, flattered him, and took care not only not to tread on his heel, but not on his shadow. He was a despot; and, as he got old and felt his strength wane, he became very jealous of possible rivals. Louis was a prig. He would have been invaluable as a major-domo in a great house, in which everything ought to go like clock-work. Joseph was soft-willed, and soft-brained, but a good husband and father. His best qualities were those of a commonplace bourgeois. Lucien was conceited, dry, disagreeable, and very fond of money. His want of ambition might be explained by the gift of 6,000,000 f. worth of diamonds made him by the Queen of Spain when he went, young and handsome, to Madrid, as the Ambassador of the First Consul. He sold the jewels for more than their value, on his return to Paris, clung to the money which they brought, and kept it through all the vicissitudes of his house. As to

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the women of the family, they were all *cabotines*. Josephine was a good creature, but fickle and cowardly. Hardly anybody defended her when Napoleon wanted to repudiate her, because she had not character enough to stand by any one who might fall into disgrace for having taken her part.

The Duchesse d'Albuféra saw the Duke of Wellington and Blucher review the allied troops in the Champs de Mars, and dined in their company when they were in Paris. She witnessed the marriage of the Duc and Duchesse de Berri, and the funeral of Louis XVIII., who said when he was dying that he was the last King of France whose remains would be taken to St. Denis.

A scheme for maintaining the Casual Night Asylum by a flower tournament in the Bois de Boulogne is discussed in the *salons*. I don't think it will succeed. The proposed theatre of the floral battle is too close to Paris and its two millions of inhabitants for it to escape becoming a bear-garden.

I prefer the Japanese idea of *fêtes* to celebrate the whitening of the meadows and the hedges with daisies and hawthorns, the apparition of the purple bloom on the heather, and of the yellow glow on the broom and gorse on the moors. On Easter Monday a friend of mine gave a daffodil pic-nic in a forest which he rents near Paris. The company drove there in wagonettes. *Déjeuner* was served in a marquee in a grassy amphitheatre. A bouquet of daffodils, set in periwinkles, was beside the plate of each fair guest. Then there was a hunt for wild flowers in the forest, and in the afternoon dancing in a tent, which had a boarded floor. Huntsmen were stationed at a distance to blow their horns. At nine every one was back in town. The cup of pleasure had not been drunk to the dregs, and amusement was not succeeded by a feeling of *ennui*.

THE BARREL ORGAN.

Tune.—"How Doth the Busy Baronet!"

[Sir John Lubbock intends to introduce into the House of Commons a Bill of considerable importance, which aims at extending to those employed in retail shops the provisions of the Factory and Workshops Act as far as they relate to "young persons."—*Evening Paper.*]

It is very well known that the excellent Banker
To whom weary London Bank-holidays owes,
Is earnestly prone after secrets to hanker
Which Nature will only to students disclose.

He's oft watched the way that the bee of the poet
Improves with such zeal every hour as it shines,
And, as to the ant, he's contrived so to know it,
As fully to master its busy designs.

Nor has he been simply content with thus noting
The way these wise insects manœuvre and plan;
No; turning from them, he is oft seen devoting
His time to a similar study of man;

And, fresh from the field of insectile researches,
Has watched all the ways of the great human hive,
Where players and workers, and plodders and shirkers,
Now labour, and suffer; now idle, and thrive.

And soon his trained sight in this hive has detected
How oft Nature's laws are set blindly aside;
How sadly the best of her rules are neglected,
And wholly unnatural substitutes tried.

He's seen how the drones much too kindly are treated,
How, too, the queen-bees swarm in too great excess;
And how some poor bees, ere their task is completed,
Can scarcely bear up 'gainst its strain and its stress.

He has seen how the makers of honey too often
Receive as their share but abundance of wax;
And, 'stead of attempts their hard labour to soften,
An effort their strength too unduly to tax.—

In short, to get rid of our simile quickly,
The shops of our cities, Sir John has surveyed,
And marked there the victims, forsaken and sickly,
Which Greed offers up to the Moloch of Trade.

He's seen how employers, for wealth wildly striving,
Are making their servants mere white counter-slaves;
And, eager for fortune, are recklessly driving,
Poor shop-girls, alas! to their premature graves.

Not all, be it known; there are masters enlightened
Who cheerfully aid the beneficent plan
By which e'en the darkest of lots can be brightened,
And labour no longer be felt as a ban.

But still he's to deal with a heartless remainder,
Who harshly insist on their whole pound of flesh;
And, heedless alike to appeal or attainder,
Enact their old laws of oppression afresh.

And 'tis for the sake of their victims, enduring
The horror of life without hope, without joy,
That a Bill has been drawn legal leisure ensuring
To those whom our slave-driving tradesmen employ.

Aye, 'tis for the sake of those maidens sad-hearted,
With sorrow-worn faces and tear-reddened eyes,
Whose lives are embittered, whose light has departed,
We ask for Sir John troops of willing allies.

Yes, ladies! to you we would turn, and entreat you
To help your poor sisters in trouble so sore;
Look well at the pale, troubled faces that greet you
When next you shop late—and oh! shop late no more!

Of you, too, M.P.'s, we would ask for this measure
Sir John has prepared, just enough of your care
To pass into law what would carry such pleasure
To those who are now well-nigh doom'd to despair.

We cannot believe you will meet with mere mocking
The cry of these poor counter-slaves for your aid;
This Bill should, at least, be exempted from blocking,
Nor must its glad message of hope be delayed.

So courage, Sir John; you have no need to falter,
Though a few your last Act may have misunderstood.
And though its results we in some points would alter,
Your new Bill can only effect what is good.

For once make it law, to the land's satisfaction,
And instant relief 'twould to shop-girls convey;
Not a holiday forced, with its rush and reaction,
But the boon of sweet leisure and rest every day.

SPORTING NOTES.

EPSOM AND NEWMARKET.

The election of Lord Suffolk as steward of the Jockey Club, in the place of Lord Cadogan, is thoroughly satisfactory. The salutary proposal of Sir George Chetwynd that selling handicaps shall be abolished was withdrawn on the understanding that the Stewards will deal with the question; and I hope that they will lose no time in

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doing so. It will be well also if they take my advice, and make £100 the minimum selling price in auction races. Next year the Stewards ought to reduce the Easter meetings at Manchester and Gosforth Park to one day, as they have done at Kempton Park. The "List of Fixtures" requires a far more rigorous weeding than it has yet received.

The sport during the Craven week suffered grievously from the absence of the colours of Lord Falmouth and Mr. Leopold Rothschild. Several stakes collapsed altogether in consequence of Lord Falmouth's resolution not to run any horses, while others lost much of their interest. It is a pity, for many reasons, that the Heath House sale was not fixed for last week. However, there really was no reason to complain of lack of interest in the sport, for many of the races were most exciting in every way, both as regards the present and future. The Biennial disposed of Wickham for the Derby, for there was no excuse whatever for his hollow defeat by Royal Fern. Blanton's horse is undoubtedly touched in his wind, so it is a good thing for the gullish herd that he was beaten; for if he had won he would have come to a short price, and would have been persistently backed for the next five weeks, although, if there is one thing that is certain in racing, it is that a roarer has not a 1,000 to 1 chance for the Derby, and after the example of Prince Charlie, it is astounding that people can still be found to back horses which are thus afflicted. The *Sporting Times* has drawn attention to an alleged flaw in Wickham's nomination for the Derby and other races. He is entered as by Wild Tommy out of Refinement, while in the Stud Book he figures as being by Balfe or Wild Tommy. It is certainly most desirable that this matter should be cleared up; and the authorities ought to make it their business to investigate the case before Wickham runs again for any of the engagements which were made for him as a yearling.

Geheimniss was a warm favourite for the Crawfurd Plate, which was a great success, and, with Prince out of the way, she would have won easily enough; but Mr. "Adrian's" horse walked in. The people connected with him must be decidedly anserous to have let him start at 20 to 1. I have over and over again reprehended the folly and absurdity of denouncing Prince as a rogue, for the fact has long been manifest to discerning eyes that he was indebted for his numerous defeats entirely to the dull insensibility of those who owned and managed him, and who would persist in running him out of his own proper distance. Energy is another of the same sort. I had anticipated that Prince would win either the Wokingham at Ascot or the Steward's Cup, but after his runaway victory last week he is not likely to be favoured by the handicappers in any T.Y.C. races.

The Sweetbriar horse won the Bushes Handicap cleverly; Captain Machell must find him very useful in trials. The favourite "for money" was the colt by Hermit—Gertrude, who ran a regular brute. Lord Zetland gave 1,250 gs. for this beast at the Blankney sale in 1882, and so far has won only one stake of £135 with him, while his forfeits alone must have amounted to more than double that sum. The popular "spots" were, however, to the fore in the Newmarket Handicap — a race which is only the ghost of a shadow of what it used to be. Victor Emmanuel won in a walk (as, indeed, he was bound to at the weights, unless he had hopelessly gone off), this being his first victory since Lord Zetland paid 2,000 gs. for him just a year ago, although he has been fancied several times. Corrie Roy was certainly second best on Friday, and it is evident that she retains her form. She is very backward, and will not be fit before Ascot. Whipper-in won the Babraham, after a splendid finish with Arbalete, and as the Duke of Westminster's colt had previously won the principal handicap at Kempton Park, Porter will have no difficulty in gauging the chances of St. Blaise and Garb Or for their respective engagements if he cares to do so. The victory of Lucy Ashton on Thursday, when carrying 7 lb. extra, proves that the Brocklesby form was much better than usual, and Lady Gladys must be exceedingly smart. The fluky dead-heat of Vacillation with Red Rag filly at Northampton has resulted disastrously, as the Heath House people have been altogether misled by the form. Cannon for once lost a race which he ought to have won. We are not likely to see any really good two-year-olds before the Woodcote.

The most important race of the week was the Craven, in which Scot Free had no difficulty in giving Loch Ranza 5 lb. and an easy beating. Scot Free is by Macgregor—Celibacy, and was bred by the late Mr. Etches, at whose sale his present owner bought him as a yearling for £250, and he has already won nearly £2,000 in stakes. Scot Free is in the Prince of Wales's at Ascot and in the Leger. The horse, apparently, won "all the way" last Thursday, and the condition in which he was brought out does great credit to Challoner, his trainer; but the calibre of the opposition was not very high, for really there is nothing in Loch Ranza's Northampton form, except that he showed that he can stay. He beat nothing on that occasion, and conclusive proof is afforded of the exceeding badness of the entry by the fact that a wretch like Vista was actually top-weight, and handicapped to give the Duke of Hamilton's horse 19 lb.! Doncaster Cup, who has been backed for the "classic" races almost as recklessly as was Cambusmore, was never in it, although he had 10 lb. the best of the weights with the winner. His chances of distinction seem to be entirely extinguished; and the same may be said of Camlet, another vagrant fancy of the early spring, who was beaten on Friday by the moderate Kinsky. Mr. Redfern's horse is certainly capable of improvement, but even making the most ample allowance for what can be done in this way, his Derby prospect seems a forlorn one; moreover he ran like a rogue. Hauteur will win a T.Y.C. race before many weeks have passed.

THE TWO THOUSAND.

It appears probable that there will be about a dozen runners next Wednesday, and on public form they are certainly a moderate lot, with the exception of Superba, who, however, is not yet fit, and, indeed, she will hardly be ready in time to start for the Oaks; but when she does

Sanitary Inspection.—Fee, 2 Guineas. Improvement works undertaken. The Sanitary Engineering Co., 115, Victoria-st., Westminster.

Vanity Fair says:—"Mr. Benjamin is still the Prince of Ulster and Stalking-Coat Makers." Ulster House, Conduit-street, W.

come out to run, it is more than probable that it will be found that her fine form of last season has finally departed, for a filly which once goes to pieces, as she seemed to do, rarely comes round again. Scot Free is now favourite; he has run a good public trial, in so far that he has shown that, in his case at least, the improvement about which there has been so much gabble has really taken place, and he is evidently in good form, and possesses a nice speed, with certainly sufficient stamina, for a horse which walks in over the An.M. will not be stopped by the R.M. His claims on the confidence of backers stop here, for, as I have already observed, he beat nothing within measureable distance of high-class form last Thursday. Mr. Foy's victory would be very popular, but I fear that he will not have to receive the congratulations of his friends next week. Doncaster Cup may run on the off chance, but he is not in it after his exhibition in the Craven. I have no fancy for Mr. Chaplin's Departure's dam colt, although he will probably win some good stakes late in the season. Sir G. Chetwynd's sister to Adelaide colt has come to a shorter price, in accordance with my prediction last week, but I expect that he will fail to stay the course. He ought, however, to distinguish himself before long over a shorter distance. Lillibullero has been backed by some addlebrains, but I should think that his new purchaser, whoever he may be, will scarcely care to pay £100 to run him. I have never admired Royal Fern, and there really does not seem to be much merit in his last week's victory, for if Zadig had not swerved all over the place, and had been ridden out vigorously, he would have been close up. Mr. Houldsworth's horse does not seem to have grown or thickened as much as could be desired, and if he wins next week I shall be greatly surprised. I do not fancy that there is much danger to be feared from Beauchamp, who is not likely to repeat the Bothwell *coup* for Mr. Jardine. Garb Or is such a thief that he cannot be trusted, and there is no reason to anticipate the success of Lord Rosebery's Lynette colt. Talisman is very likely to run well, and of the favourites I decidedly prefer Harvester, who will be very near winning; but I expect that the first place will be gained by Mr. Gerard's St. Medard, by Hermit, dam by Musket, out of Adelaide's dam, whose victory would be a compensation for the grievous *bêtise* of Pilgrimage. This colt was bred by Mr. Chaplin, and cost 800 gs. at the Blankney sale in 1882.

EPSOM.

When writing last week on the City and Suburban, I expressed the opinion that the cream of the field are Thebais, St. Blaise, Royal Stag, and Ishah, and I concluded by predicting the victory of the Duke of Beaufort's mare, coupled with a recommendation of Wild Stag for a place. I was misinformed about Ishah, and should have to eat dirt for having "gone for" her if she had not exposed the hopelessness of her chance on the day that TRUTH was published. St. Blaise is very firm indeed, and I expect that he will improve vastly on the ignominious performance of Shotover last season. Thebais, moreover, is bound to run well, but I cannot help thinking that Keir would have been the best representative of Mr. Manton's interests. I shall give a plumper for Royal Stag, who ought to win cleverly, unless the Manton people are egregious blunderers.

Lord Falmouth has sent Mavis (dam of Galliard) to Galopin; also Chevisaunce (dam of Jannette). Both mares are barren, the former to Galopin, and the latter to Hampton. At Eaton, the Duke of Westminster's Freia and Douranee have foaled to Bend Or, the former a filly and the latter a colt; and to that horse has arrived Mr. Chaplin's Chanoinesse (sister to Hermit), who is barren. Lily Agnes has a filly by Doncaster. At Croft, Beauclerc has a long list, including Mr. Perkins's Dresden China, who has foaled a filly by him. At Newmarket, Lucetta has a filly by Mask, and goes to him again. At Stetchworth, Hampton has a full subscription, including many dams of noted winners, among them being Lord Rosslyn's Lady Superior (dam of Ladislas).

Archiduc goes over to Longchamps to run next Sunday for the French Two Thousand, in which his most formidable opponent will be Little Duck, who belongs to the Duc de Castries, the owner of Frontin. Mr Lefevre and Jennings may be trusted to take every possible precaution to guard against a repetition of the Fra Diavolo tragedy. Archiduc will be ridden by Archer, and Little Duck by Cannon, who steered Frontin in last year's Grand Prix. It appears that the case of M. Aumont's horse is not hopeless, and it is expected that he will be fit to run at Chantilly for the French Derby on May 25, but I shall be surprised if he beats either Archiduc or Little Duck.

MAMMON.

WHO SHALL WE TRUST?

ANY one who would take advice as to the disposal of his money should take good care to ask it of some one who will not profit by the advice tendered. Naturally a broker tells his clients that there are excellent opportunities of making money by either buying or selling stocks. He would prefer that his clients should be the gainers, because this would encourage them to engage in similar speculations, and then, instead of making one commission, he would make many. But it is clear that he would prefer them to lose rather than not speculate at all; for, in this case, he would make no commission. So again, it is with all those persons who forward circulars recommending investment in this or that venture. The circulars cost money. Do those who receive them imagine that the senders are actuated by philanthropic motives? They get their commissions, and the volume of commissions necessarily depends upon the number whom they induce to follow their advice. So, again, with respect to prospectuses of new Companies and of new loans. The promoters have a direct interest in obtaining subscribers. The article sold may be good, or it may be bad; but the fact that the vendor says that it is good ought not to weigh in the mind of any sane human being.

How, then, is a person to be guided in his investments? If he has intelligence, he must exercise it. Should he be living in the country, out of the current of business, this intelligence should enable him to perceive that he is without sufficient data to judge between what is good and what is

JOHN SHAW, Share Broker, Wardrobe-chambers, Queen Victoria-st. deals at tape prices at an inclusive commission of one-sixteenth.

bad. In such cases, investments should only be made in those securities which are universally admitted to be sound, and which, on account of their soundness, return a very moderate rate of interest. This rate is about 4 per cent.

Many sound colonial securities, many first mortgage debentures of the best American Railroads, and the stocks of countries which, like Sweden and Norway, have a comparatively small debt, no deficit, and are not likely to be involved in international complications, may be bought to give this return. As a rule, the public securities of the great Continental Powers should be eschewed, because they none of them pay their way, and are only able to keep up the huge armies which are eating into their resources by continued borrowings. Of these Great Powers, French stocks are the safest, because the French are industrious and saving, and they themselves hold the far greater portion of their loans. Russian stocks are the most questionable. Russian external loans, as they are termed, are all held beyond the confines of the Russian Empire. That Empire is not only politically, but financially, rotten. The day on which it ceases to be able to borrow, it will cease to be able to pay interest on its loans. A new one is to be issued of £15,000,000. It has been taken in great part "firm" by German and other Continental financial houses and financialists. Their object is, of course, to resell the bonds at a profit, and they will naturally do all they can to attain this end. A few years ago the Russian loans were mainly held in this country. Now they are mainly held in Germany. Those who have Russian bonds will do well to seize the opportunity, to sell their bonds, of the market being made good, in order to float the new loan. They may depend upon it, if they do not, they will regret it.

If a person really is minded to buy bonds of a country which exists by borrowing, he should always do so in loans which will soon be paid off. Here the risk is slighter, for the odds are that he will be repaid before the final smash comes. The country may be going from bad to worse, but as its only chance of obtaining fresh accommodation is to pay off its loans at maturity, it will borrow, no matter on what terms, in order to do this. A good deal of money has been made in Hungarian short loans by those who have acted upon this calculation.

Some time ago I recommended persons who would insist upon having a high interest for their money to buy the bonds of the Greek Independence Loan. Why? Because Greece is a country that is annually growing richer, and because the Greeks are far too intelligent not to keep faith with the bondholders of this loan. Interest and sinking fund are secured upon the Custom dues of Patras. The loan dates from 1879, and it will be entirely paid off at par by 1896. The bonds are quoted at from 87 to 88, and they bear 5 per cent. interest. The general debt of the country, which also bears 5 per cent. interest, is quoted at about 70. The difference in market value is therefore due to the short term during which the first loan has to run. I have a somewhat high opinion of Greek finance, but still, looking to all contingences, I would rather pay 87 for a bond of the first loan, than 70 for one of the second loan. "This is all very well," says the sceptical reader, "but my adviser probably has bought bonds of this loan, and he wants to see their price rise in order to sell them at a profit." Yes, I did buy bonds of the loan some years ago, when their price was lower than it is now; but I really do not want to sell them. I am quite satisfied with my 5 per cent. and with repayment of my principal at par by the Greek Government. My advice on this matter is, therefore, perfectly disinterested.

GRAND TRUNKS.

The Honourable Peter Mitchell, a prominent Dominion Privy Councillor, has published a letter in the Canada newspapers about this railroad, which is not likely to be sent to the shareholders over here by the directors. After explaining how recklessly the directors have pursued an absurd policy of buying up all railroads on which they could lay their hands, in order to stave off competition, and how this policy has failed in regard to the Canada Pacific, Mr. Mitchell says:—

> The truth is, the resources of the English people have been lavished apparently without careful inquiry, and with slight regard to results, immediate or remote, and it would not, therefore, be surprising if, in view of the sacrifices made by English investors, and the patient waiting for dividends which are never realised, the time appears to have now arrived when patience is exhausted, promises are not trusted, capital is calling for some return, and the arts and contrivances which for a time may have blocked inquiry will fail to serve the purpose of their former use. The expedient of reducing employés' wages will not avail in the presence of the worthless investments which the Grand Trunk has made on all sides; the millions upon millions of pounds sterling thrown away—the vast annual outlay which attempts at securing an impossible monopoly. That those by whose intervention the sale of some of these numerous roads to the Grand Trunk was brought about have fared badly, I take leave to doubt, and, if inquiry be pushed in this direction, I daresay it will be found that, however misplaced Grand Trunk confidence in the financial consequences of these achievements may have proved, there were at least some who had no reason to complain of the results.

In regard to the condition of the railroad, this outspoken gentleman says:—

> Your equipment is running down; your passenger cars are filthy, and the subject of remark by all who travel over the roads, whether in Canada or in the United States; your station buildings are in many cases a disgrace to the Company and the country. Merchants are crying out against your freight tariff, and demonstrating, beyond all possibility of denial, that your rates are driving business away from the leading Canadian trade centres.

In the meantime, by what is called the Consolidation Act, the Directors are allowed to issue about 6¾ millions of new stock, and they pledge themselves to double their line between Montreal and Ottawa. To judge by past experience, this proviso will afford an opportunity to transfer "maintenance" from revenue to capital account. If the shareholders are wise, they will endeavour to rescue what remains of their property from the present board, by electing men in their place who will charge revenue expenditure to revenue, cease to buy shares in a dozen different railroads, and who will seek to reduce the huge capital account, instead of increasing it.

THE CUNARD STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

Four years ago the owners of the Cunard steamers felt impelled to allow the public to share in their profits. They, therefore, converted their assets into a Limited Liability Company, which was brought out with a capital of £1,800,000. On the first year 6 per cent. was paid, on

Options.—Explanatory Pamphlet on Stock Exchange Options, post-free. John Abbott & Co., Stock and Share Brokers, 21 and 22, Palmerston Buildings, London, E.C.

Antique and Decorative French, Italian, and English Furniture, and Old Tapestries, &c.—J. J. Duveen 181, Oxford-street.

the second year 3 per cent., on the third year 4 per cent., and on the last financial year nothing. The £20 shares are now quoted at £11 in the market. The value of the concern has sunk, therefore, in four years from £1,600,000 to £880,000, and on this £880,000 there is no dividend. What is the reason for this? The Cunard steamers claim to be the best on the Atlantic, they are ably manned, and their accommodation is all that can be desired. What, then, is wrong?

ANECDOTAL PHOTOGRAPHS.

EMMA NEVADA.

THIS bright operatic star was born in Nevada city, California, when that most Western State was affording Bret Harte subjects for his stories. Her father, Doctor Wixom, practised medicine there. He was a free-thinker, and called himself a Universalist because he believed that in doing as we would that others should do to us, we squared our conduct with the universal moral law. This was a religion that went into a nutshell, required no theological colleges to keep it up, was not a burden to the memory, and demanded but one thing of its adepts—the will to bring it into their daily lives. Mrs. Wixom was an Irish Catholic, but, having sat under the shadow of Universalism with great delight, she had nothing to say against it. She took no steps to get either of her children — Emma, or a son who has just married — christened. By all accounts she was a person of genial disposition, and emotional. Being fond of music, she encouraged her daughter, who was a tiny child, and had a voice of rare strength and sweetness, to sing at home and in public. The youthful song-bird took part in a church concert at the age of three. It was then thought that she would have a contralto register. In growing up the voice became soprano, and the high notes attained a degree of crystalline pureness which enabled Emma to rank as an operatic star at the very beginning of her career.

Doctor Wixom moved from Nevada City, California, to Austen, in the State of Nevada. There he lost his wife. Emma was not brought up precisely like Bret Harte's M'liss. But the place was new and in a fever of growth, and she enjoyed unlimited liberty. She was free to go to any church to which she was attracted, to stay at home, or walk in the woods on Sundays. On weekdays she attended the public school. Her mistress, being fond of the drama, often got up school theatricals, in which the Doctor's daughter acted and sang. She played the part of Cinderella in a little comedy adapted from the well-known opera. The dramatic entertainments rendered her insensible to the witchcraft which dolls exercise on girl juveniles, and set her thinking out plays in which the inanimate objects round her were in fancy metamorphosed into living beings. She also used to romance to herself about the brilliant weird which she felt she was to dree, and evoke images of wicked people whom she was to subjugate by singing pathetic songs. The Doctor, finding that her imagination was overriding her other faculties, took her to Mills's seminary, at Oaklands, on the far side of San Francisco Bay. It was directed by Mr. and Mrs. Mills, who had been for thirty years missionaries in India. This worthy couple were strict Presbyterians, but so far tolerated Universalism as not to impose "the Shorter Catechism" on any of their pupils who "did not feel like learning it." But the young ladies had on Sunday to hear a minister expound the Christian religion from a Kirk of Scotland standpoint. The newspapers used to give accounts of the triumphs of Patti, Nilsson, Albani; and the girl from Austen city, when she ought to have been listening to the reverend minister, was wondering if she, too, were destined to shine as a star, and to be known to fame by the soft-sounding name of Emma Nevada. That of Wixom would never do. In German mouths it sounded like Vixen, and French and Italians could not get their tongues round it. In any case, it conveyed no romantic suggestion. It did not occur to Emma that she might throw it off in getting married. Mr. and Mrs. Mills fortunately gained a hold on the affections of their imaginative pupil, and got her to bend her mind to study. She was more dreamy than pensive, but had nevertheless a good deal of will, initiative, and a quick mind. In three and a half years she left Oaklands with a diploma. This was in 1876. In the following year she was in Europe and on the high road to starship.

This is how she struck out upon it. A Dr. Abell, whom the Mills knew in India, kept in the last decade a sort of finishing institute of what is known in America as the post-graduate kind, for young and youngish ladies at Berlin. They could study there, under the first German professors, art, sciences, and literature. Abell had married an American girl who was his pupil. She began by falling in love with his splendid Eastern-looking eyes and regular features, and he ended by reciprocating her passion because she had golden hair, frank blue eyes, a transparent complexion, a fairy-like form, and the bloom and brightness of eighteen. Dr. Abell used each year to go round the United States collecting pupils for his institute. He personally conducted them to Berlin, and on one occasion had a caravan of two hundred. When Emma was leaving Mills's seminary he was at San Francisco. She asked her father to send her with him to study singing in Germany. Doctor Wixom consented. The charges were high, and all payments were in advance. This was risky. But the future star had taken for her motto, *J'ai foi*, and was not afraid to venture. This time Abell got together a batch of twelve, one of whom was a young widow, who agreed to *chaperonner* the party. They started in high spirits, and on March 17, 1877, sailed in the *Frisia* from New York for Hamburg. To that date, which began a new epoch in her life, the recently-Christianised songstress attaches mystical importance, she holding St. Patrick in filial veneration. For two days all was well with the fair twelve and their leader. On the third day he fell sick, and when the *Frisia* was within an

The Granville, Ramsgate.—The Redecoration of this Hotel is now complete, and under entirely new Proprietorship. Present terms, 10s. 6d. per day, including attendance, bedroom, and full board. Tariff on application. The Band plays during Table d'Hôte.

The Beach House Hotel (in connection with the Granville, Ramsgate), Westgate-on-Sea, Thanet. This Hotel is now open for the Season. Tariff on application to the Manager.

hour of Hamburg he died. As the steamer came up to the dock, those on board noticed on the jetty a beautiful fair-haired woman, who seemed hardly more than twenty. She was in grey and light blue, and a veil of this colour fluttered round her head as she waved joyously a handkerchief. All on deck divined in her the young wife of Dr. Abell, and were grieved to think of the blow which she was about to receive. On the gangway being thrown out she tripped gaily across it into the *Frisia*. The captain had not courage to speak to her, and motioned to one of his officers to take her below where the corpse of her husband lay. As the Herr Doctor had bought in the United States a quantity of school furniture and a natural history museum, he had spent there nearly all the money he had been paid in advance. At Hamburg he was not very well known, and his wife had not brought a well-filled purse from Berlin. However, she met with splendid promptitude and energy the difficulties of her cruel situation, arranged with an undertaker for the funeral, and obtained funds enough to send the twelve on to Berlin. There they were met by a young gentleman engaged to Madame Abell's niece, and were taken by him to the institute.

The twelve waited for Madame Abell. On her return she found that her husband's credit at his bankers was low and his property heavily encumbered. His creditors hastened to send bailiffs to the house. Most of the girls were crying and telegraphing to parents. Emma remained quiet. She knew that if she telegraphed, her father would take steps at once to have her sent home. Madame Abell found means to scrape a small sum together for the immediate wants of the pupils, six of whom, finding they had enough to go on with for a week in a *pension* to which she sent them, agreed to stay for that time to look around Berlin. One of them was a Miss Butler, who had come to study pianoforte music, and had brought with her a letter to Ehrlich, the musical critic. As she was arranging to present it, Emma asked whether she might accompany her? The two girls went together, and told Ehrlich of their adventure. Emma mentioned why she had come to Europe, and asked what she had best do. "Leave Berlin as fast as you can," returned Ehrlich, "and place yourself at Vienna under Madame Marchesi, who, in my estimation, is the first professor of singing in the world. She is a Frankfort woman, and speaks nearly every language." At four o'clock on the same afternoon Miss Wixom left Berlin. At seven the next morning she was at Vienna, where she arrived with an empty purse. From the railway she went to the house of Madame Marchesi, and told her story to that lady, who said, "I believe you, and, what's more, I believe you have a voice. I can see the vocalist in your eyes. You are now too tired to sing for me. You want a home. A pupil of mine has just left a family with which she stayed for two years. You can replace her. You will have a beautiful room, and will be well cared for. I shall send you with a letter. When you are rested, we shall begin our studies." So said so done. Emma remained for two and a half years in this improvised home. When installed there, she telegraphed and wrote to her father; and no hitch occurred the whole time she was at Vienna. Madame Marchesi had theatrical influence, which when her Californian pupil was fit to leave her, she exerted in her behalf. The *début* as a light soprano was made in London, at Mapleson's Opera House. An engagement for five years was offered, and refused. From London, Emma Wixom—henceforth Nevada—went to Italy to study Italian and the *scena*. Her father joined her, and has not since left her. She sang at Trieste in "Lucia" and "La Sonnambula," and afterwards made a tour of the Italian cities. Verdi, hearing her at Genoa, recommended her to the director of the Scala, where she appeared twenty-one nights during the Milan Universal Exhibition. The Queen and Court came four times from Monza to hear her. On quitting Milan, the manager of the small Nicolini Theatre engaged her at 300 f. a night; but on the sixth night he raised her salary to 1,000 f., and took her to the great Pagliano Theatre, which he also ran. She sang there fifteen times. As many as 5,000 applicants for places were turned from the doors in one evening.

In speaking of all this, Miss Nevada (she prefers Miss to Mademoiselle when with English-speaking friends) says, "It was a lovely triumph; and starring it in a tour round Italy appeared like a delightful dream." On returning to Florence she was assigned the part of Mignon. Pisa and Naples were again visited. In the latter city Emma met Florimon, the friend of Bellini and teacher of Malibran. They struck up a warm friendship. He used to tell her in what Malibran excelled, and what technical methods she pursued, and gave her a horse-shoe locket containing hair of Bellini and the pen with which he wrote "Norma." She wears the former as an amulet. Once a week Florimon writes her a long letter.

The next move was to Prague, and thence to Berlin to sign an engagement to sing there in the parts of Mignon and Ophelia. As the season was not to open for some weeks, she ran on to Paris, with her father, to study Ophelia under Ambroise Thomas. Dr. Wixom fell in with his old friends the Bonanza Mackays, who were discussing with Maurel a scheme for running the Théâtre Lyrique as an Italian Opera House. Thomas spoke so highly of his Californian pupil to Carvalho, of the Opéra Comique, that he offered to engage her at 600 f. a night, pay a forfeit of 6,000 f. to the Berlin manager, and an indemnity for the time she would lose in studying French—a tongue she had learned only in a schoolgirl way at Oaklands. The *début* was made in Félicien David's "La Perle de Brésil." But it was not all roses at the Opéra Comique. An American opposing an American is like Greek meeting Greek. Miss Van Zandt had already obtained a strong foothold at the Opéra Comique. Publicly, she hailed Emma on her first appearance there with gushing delight. But her enthusiasm soon fell, and the sister stars became active and not amicably-disposed rivals. The French members of the Opéra Comique troupe were fondest of Nevada, who is lovable. But as Van Zandt reigned at the *cercles* and in "le high-life," Carvalho did not dare to demur to her whims or exigencies. "C'est une garce—un véritable démon," cried Madame Carvalho, "mais elle a tant

Rimmel's Toilet Vinegar, tonic, refreshing, 2/6. Aromatic Ozonizer, a natural air purifier, 1/. 96, Strand; 128, Regent-st.; 24, Cornhill.

"Royal Charter" Champagne.—Wachter & Co., shippers to H.M. the Queen and H.R.H. the Prince of Wales by special appointment.

d'esprit! Elle en a à revendre; et elle a l'instinct de son métier." How translate the word *garce*? It means a girl who is something of a boy of the "young monkey" order —a sprite, a little pest, a tomboy, and yet most vexatiously seductive.

The *garce* Van Zandt has a brain fertile in devising practical jokes, and knows how to skin live eels. Nevada has a warm and emotional Irish temper and heart, and is fond of religious sensations. In the most natural way she casts her eyes heavenwards and presses her hand on her bosom like a saint of Guido. So fully did she become imbued with the religious mysticism of "La Perle de Brésil" as to long really for the baptism which, on the stage, she demanded of the *conquistador*.

In the religious state of feeling inspired by "La Perle de Brésil," Emma took a fancy to the saintly *rôle* of Mireille, and often studied it at home. She asked Carvalho to let her appear in this character. He was willing, but Van Zandt, who wanted to come out as a stage saint also, was not. The manager was in the sad predicament of Captain Macheath. While he temporised, a brilliant perspective was opened to Miss Nevada at the Italian Opera House, and she was glad of an excuse to quarrel with Carvalho about her theatrical dresses. As they had been greatly laughed at by the critics, she was justified in demanding the right to direct her costumier. It was refused. A summons to attend a rehearsal was disobeyed, and by mutual consent the engagement was cancelled, Carvalho not suspecting what was brewing at the Italian Opera. Emma was then catechised, confessed, and christened by an Irish priest, Father Kelly, of the Passionist Congregation in the Avenue Friedland. Mrs. Mackay was godmother. Gounod missed being godfather. Were he not old he might have the consolation of thinking that, should he ever be a widower, he could without sacrilege offer her his heart and lute. The composer of "Mireille" not only venerates his fair pupil, but adores her.

The trick played on the journalists and "society" in advancing the christening a day was justifiable. Miss Nevada did not like it to be said that the ceremony was to serve as a puff. A display of the pomps and vanities of this wicked world would have been repugnant to her on such an occasion. She was quite in earnest in not wishing the little church where she became the godchild of the Silver King's wife to be turned into a stage.

Emma Nevada has American resolution and directness. In all other respects she is Irish. Her features are irregular, but, taken as a whole, they are pleasing. They never, perhaps, expressed an ill-natured feeling that was not called out by just anger. Certainly they never expressed a low sentiment. The eyes are of a dark violet, full, set under well-modelled lids, and eloquent. *Rien n'est vulgaire qui passe par le cœur.* Miss Nevada has a strong heart, which beams out in her face, conquers sympathy, and gives suavity to her manners. Her teeth are white, even, and not too large. She has also a fine head of nut-brown hair, a graceful figure, and delicate pliant hands. It would delight an Irish Nationalist to hear her say: "My mother was from Cork, and her name was Kate." Without having kissed the famous stone, she understands blarney. What do you think of this compliment paid by her to a countrywoman of the late Mrs. Wixom? "The day I first met you, the friend with whom I was, asked me when you left us if I had noticed your eyes? 'To be sure I did,' I answered; 'I should have remarked them a mile away, they are so beautiful.'"

QUEER STORIES.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

COLONEL AUGUSTUS CHOPLEIGH, late of her Majesty's Indian Army, lived in stately retirement upon his snug little estate in one of the pleasantest of the home counties. From an outsider's point of view, the Colonel seemed to possess most things which are generally considered to constitute mundane happiness. His liver had survived pawnees, curries, and a tropical sun intact; his income was ample; he belonged to two or three good London clubs; he had an excellent cellar of wine; he was a J.P., respected by his neighbours and worshipped by his tenants; and he rode to cover on the best of cattle. Yet with all this, the Colonel had two eternally grinning skeletons in his cupboard.

The first was the possession of a ne'er-do-weel son, and the second was the non-possession of a wife.

Augustus Chopleigh, junior, although a ne'er-do-weel in the eyes of a parent who was more rigid and precise than are most gentlemen who have breathed the atmosphere of barracks and cantonments during the best part of their lives, was, after all, but an ordinary, "every-day young man." He betted a little, it is true; he belonged to a club where play was sometimes high of an evening; he could drink his claret like a man; he was a connoisseur in cigars; he possessed two or three long tailor's bills; and he was given to staying in town sometimes for a week at a time. Still, after all, what could be expected of a high-spirited young fellow who had received a first-rate education, and was therefore unfitted for any serious walk in life, who was good-looking, who dressed well, who found life at stately Dum Dum Hall a little monotonous at times, and who had a handsome annual allowance?

But in the eyes of the Colonel all these little peculiarities were heinous crimes, and the poor old gentleman, as he pondered in the solitude of what he called his "study," saw very clearly that unless the young man was settled in life with a well-bred, well-connected girl, he would infallibly follow, at headlong pace, that broad road which leads to destruction.

Often alone at Dum Dum Hall, deprived of the society of his son, and not caring very specially for that society when offered, it was hardly to be wondered at that the Colonel yearned for a suitable partner in his exile.

The memory of the departed Mrs. Chopleigh could hardly be said to be yet green, for she had succumbed to an aggravated attack of jungle fever some twenty years before, when Augustus, junior, was but a stripling in plaid dresses and bare legs. It might be said that the remedy

Spectacles scientifically adapted to assist & strengthen the weakest sights by Mr. Laurance, F.S.S., Oculist Optician, 1a, Old Bond-st.

Beauté. Vérité. Éternité.—Miniatures photographiques inaltérables sur émail vitrifiées au feu (patent). Walery, 5, Conduit-st., W.

was easy. Why didn't the Colonel take unto himself a second Mrs. Chopleigh? There were plenty of eligible spinsters who would have jumped at an offer from such a fresh-faced, active, wealthy gentleman, who was but little beyond the prime of life. There was, however, an almost invincible obstacle. Unlike most military men, Colonel Chopleigh was painfully shy; perhaps remembrances of the departed Mrs. Chopleigh, who was known as the Dum Dum Tartar, had driven out the youthful assurance which had won her; at any rate, the flutter of a petticoat awakened feelings within the gallant Colonel's breast which were not to be stirred by a horde of yelling, mutinous Sepoys, or by the stiffest bullfinch in the county. He had loved at a distance a score of times, but had never placed himself within speaking reach of the various objects of his affection.

Suddenly matters took a different turn.

A young lady of strikingly prepossessing appearance—Millicent Vanjohn, only daughter of the Reverend Aloysius Vanjohn, the local vicar—had been espied by the Colonel proceeding up the lane which ran parallel with his grounds, as he paced along his favourite shrubbery walk. Being on his own property had inspired him with courage; he had gazed at her, and she had blushed and looked down. He hurried into the house, and shut himself up in his study.

"I am fifty-five," he said to himself. "I am—well, I am well-looking; my waistcoat is of decent girth; I have a good complexion; and a man is only as old as he feels. Why shouldn't I? I may be called an old fool. Well, there are plenty of older fools in the world. I—yes—I will!"

Miss Vanjohn was walking at the identical spot at the identical hour the next day, and the next day after that, and so on for more than a week, and each day the same little dumb comedy was played—sheep's-eyes on the part of the Colonel, blushes and lookings-down on the part of Miss Millicent Vanjohn.

Did Miss Vanjohn walk up that lane so regularly with a fixed purpose? Of course she did.

Punctually at four o'clock every afternoon Mr. Augustus Chopleigh, junior, met her at the top of it. It was rather an odd thing to do—the daughter of a well-known parson meeting *sub rosâ* the son of an equally well-known colonel. The following conversation explains it:—

"Oh, Gus! I begin to feel so awfully guilty, meeting you like this! Why can't we love each other openly? There's nothing to be ashamed of in it."

"For more than one reason, my darling. I've a bad reputation down here; all fellows have in country places who go up to town, belong to a club, drive down to Ascot, take medicinal B.-and-S.'s, and so on. If the old man were to know that I was spooning you, he'd rush off to your father and warn him. If your father were to know, he'd rush off to mine and tell him that I wasn't a fit aspirant for the hand of his daughter."

"But is your father such a terrible old gentleman, then? What is he like? I've never seen him."

"No, I don't suppose you have. He fights shy of anything with a petticoat on it like the plague. I've known him cut a good run short because there were ladies alone with him in the same field, and he was afraid that in case of accident he'd have to assist them. He's a tall old fellow, with a fresh complexion and a grey moustache, and always wears shepherd's-plaid trousers, summer and winter Why, what's the matter?"

"O dear! O dear! Gus, don't go on, please don't, or I shall die of laughing!"

"Why, what is there to laugh at in it, Millie? By Jove, if you saw him in a temper you wouldn't laugh!"

"Why, my dearest Gus! he's—he's in love with me!"

"The old boy—my father—in love with you? Nonsense, my dear—nonsense, I say. Why, he's more afraid of a girl than of an earthquake, or a boa-constrictor, or anything. What on earth makes you think that he's in love with you?"

"Why, Gus, every day when I come along here, he's walking in the garden. I've always taken him for the steward, or some one, and he makes such eyes at me. O, you'd laugh if you could see him. I try not to, but I know I blush and look awfully silly."

"By Jove, Millie, it's no laughing matter—that it isn't. A man's father his rival in love!"

That evening Mr. Gus appeared at home at an unusually early hour.

"Well!" was the greeting of his parent. "You're not here so precious early, with that goody-goody face, for nothing, I'm sure, you young scamp! When you turn up punctually to dinner I know you want something out of me. But, mind, not another halfpenny do you get. I've already advanced your quarter's allowance, and if you've been squandering it on actresses and race-meetings, and unlimited loo, and dinners at the Bristol, I don't help you. And not only that, sir, but I'm going to put a stop to it. Once for all—and Augustus Chopleigh's a man of his word—I don't care if Stulty, or Golding, or Moses, or any of them come down and dun you at this very door, not a rupee do you get out of me."

"What a deuce of a hurry you're in, father," said the young man. "I don't want any money."

"Well, what the dickens is it, then?" said the old gentleman, seeing that his son looked confused.

"Why—well, I'm in love, that's all," replied Gus; "and I'm going to be married to the best girl in England—a perfect lady, well bred, well connected, and——"

The effect of this speech upon the old Colonel was electrical. He jumped up from his end of the table, almost upset Parker, who was handing him the chilies, rushed towards his son and shook his hand heartily, his face beaming with excitement and pleasure, as he exclaimed, "You're sure of what you say? It isn't Fifine of the Jollity, hey? A lady, well bred, well connected——"

"I've been a bit of a scamp, perhaps, father," said the young man, "but I've never gone in for low form, so, when I tell you she's all that could be wished, you must believe me."

"Of course I will! of course I do!" roared the Colonel. "Who is she?"

"Well, I don't want to give you her name just now, for

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many reasons, but you may take my word for it that she's nobody to be ashamed of," said Gus.

"All right, all right; I won't ask any more questions. So long as you are going to steady down with a good, lady-like wife, I don't care," said his father. "By gad, Gus, I thought you were going to be a millstone round my neck for the remainder of my life. And now, my boy, you've astonished me, I'm going to astonish you. What do you think is about the most unlikely thing I should do?"

"Give up hunting?" replied Gus, "or sell your orchids? or put up for the county? or——"

"No, no, nothing of that kind," said the Colonel, chuckling. "I'm—I'm going to be married, too."

The son affected the greatest astonishment. The Colonel continued:—

"But look here, my boy, it won't interfere with your prospects, and—and, when I say I'm going to be married, I mean that I have my eye on some one, and I rather think, ahem! that that some one has a reciprocal eye on me. I'm not such an old bird, eh?"

"Not a bit of it," replied Gus," and may I ask who the fortunate object of your attentions is?"

"Well," answered the Colonel, laughing, "I've a good mind not to tell you, you dog, as you keep me in the dark about your innamorata. But I will. Do you know Miss Vanjohn?"

"Tall girl, brown hair, brown eyes?" asked Gus, innocently.

"Yes, yes—that's the one! She's going to be Mrs. Chopleigh the second," said the Colonel, rubbing his hands gleefully. "I think—ahem!—that if I can screw up my pluck, I shall speak to her to-morrow."

That evening the Reverend Aloysius Vanjohn received an unexpected visitor in the shape of Mr. Augustus Chopleigh. Urged by the desperate aspect of matters, the young man had resolved to face the terrible parson, as he believed him to be, and to lay the whole state of affairs before him. To his glad surprise, the reverend gentleman, who was really a good fellow, and thought very well of Gus, laughed heartily at the notion of the Colonel's suit, and promised Gus that Millicent should marry him when and where he pleased.

"I say, Gus," roared the Colonel, as they were leaving the smoking-room for bed; "promise me you'll bring Mrs. Chopleigh here directly after you're married."

A few days after, Millicent Vanjohn was quietly and unostentatiously made Mrs. Augustus Chopleigh in London. Faithful to his word, the young man wrote informing his father of his marriage, and telling him that he should run down on the following day to introduce his bride to her new father.

The Colonel was at dinner—that is to say, he was playing at dinner, for what with his own consuming passion, and the eager expectation with which he awaited the arrival of his son and his daughter-in-law, he sent away, almost untasted, every dish that was set before him.

The door-bell rang. The Colonel jumped up to answer it himself, but checked the movement.

"No, no," he said, "I'll have it a surprise to the last."

Gus entered.

"Here I am, father!" he said.

"Yes, yes; but where's——?" said the Colonel, impatiently.

Gus went out, and reappeared with Millicent.

The Colonel staggered at first, and something like a frown gathered on his brow. But he recovered himself, and, with a smile that illuminated his whole face, said, addressing Millicent:—

"I am indeed delighted to welcome you to my house as a—daughter." Then turning to his son, he added, "Gus, my boy, you've had an uncommonly narrow escape!"

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GIRLS' GOSSIP.

DEAREST AMY,—I said I would tell you all about the Portsmouth Review, but I cannot say that we understood much about it. There was a battle of Purbrook, which we witnessed from the interior of Southwick Fort, and a vast expenditure of powder, but it seemed like a pretty little game played by tiny miniature beings in red, grey, or green uniforms. From the heights of the Fort the Volunteers looked like toy soldiers. It was certainly pretty, when the sun shone out, to see them pursuing their lively little game, to us inscrutable, incomprehensible. However, luncheon-hampers proved more attractive, a long drive in a north wind having added keenness to our very excellent every-day appetites.

The march-past was really a charming sight. The sun shone out brightly, and the brilliant uniforms of the staff made effective points of colour. Then, as the various bands assembled opposite the saluting-point, the colours seemed to concentrate themselves there. The Duke of Cambridge is at least as stout as ever. Charlie wants to know who his tailor is. He says he never saw a better-cut coat in his life, fitting "full and round without a wrinkle or a fold." Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar is also very stout, and we could not help feeling sincere pity for the horses that had borne the cousins up the hill.

We came to the conclusion that the grey uniform, if less imposing than the scarlet, conveyed an effect of refinement that the more brilliant tint could never compass. The most conspicuous objects in the field, in point of colour, were the steel helmets, and next to them, the white plumes in the field-marshals' hats. The doctors may congratulate themselves that their little top-knots are composed of black feathers instead of white. The former offer a tempting target. The grey uniforms are the least visible against the green of the fields, though they are conspicuous against the darker green of the bushes. It is here that the dark tint, almost black, of the green jackets is valuable. They simply disappear when passing in front of a mass of underwood or of gorse.

We spent the rest of the week with the Greys; but the wind was always from the east or north, or some such disagreeable point of the compass, and the thermometer was positively down to 40° on the last day of our stay. The Greys call this the "blackthorn winter." It seems that it is always cold when the blackthorn or sloe-tree is in bloom. They were covered with blossoms when we left.

London is certainly warmer than the country, notwithstanding the glorious logs heaped half-way up the chimneys in country-houses. We were not sorry, therefore, to get back and enjoy all the delights of town. It is so comfortable to know that everything you can possibly want is to

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be had in the next street, from a medical man to a packet of pins.

Sandown Second Spring Meeting comes off this week, occupying the last three days of it. Fortunately for the aspect of the Lawn, the general mourning is over. You cannot imagine how utterly dreary it looked on the last occasion. It certainly afforded an excellent opportunity of looking conspicuous to the three ladies who were not in black. One seemed to see them wherever one turned.

Many persons intend to continue wearing black until Court mourning is over, but the multitude broke into colour on Sunday, with very cheerful effect. Several emerged half-way, hesitating between retaining their black or foregoing it, perhaps from motives of economy, which, as you know is quite a vice with some persons.

I think, dear, that the Frenchman who said that the English take their pleasures sadly must have been watching some one playing chess. It is really the most silent game I know. Whist is a sociable and agreeable affair, compared with its more scientific rival. I watched two of our party the other evening, and wondered as I watched. Do they call this a pastime, I thought. It looked more like a penance. Their brows were wrinkled with care and thought. They seemed as though they were both criminals who were going to be hanged next morning. An occasional half-stifled grunt was the only sound they made, and when I went to bed (the country makes one so dreadfully sleepy) I left those two sitting opposite each other, apart from the rest, mute, mournful, absorbed in thought, and looking like haunted men.

Now, what enjoyment *can* they find in such a game? Is it purely intellectual? Or is that mingled with the pleasure of overcoming the adversary? But if this be the essence of it, fancy playing for two or three hours just for the enjoyment of a few moments' fleeting triumph! To one thing I have firmly made up my mind: I will never marry a man who likes playing chess. Mr. Max O'Rell says: "Ceux qui n'ont pas été en Écosse ne savent pas ce que c'est que d'être sérieux." But I should think they might know well enough what seriousness meant by watching a game of chess.

I don't mind it so much if one player is a pretty woman. The other cannot help feeling in some degree tempered down from the severity of chess by the proximity. It lends a chastened softness to the game, and makes it even pleasant to onlookers. The attitude of the lady is graceful, whereas men usually sit half doubled up over the board. The lady looks careless, even when most intent. It would not do for *her* to wrinkle up her forehead, or compress her mouth into sternness. A Nemesis would overtake her. Then, again, she sways a pretty foot in a tiny little embroidered shoe, and displays a graceful arm as she moves the pieces, holding back the laces with the other hand for fear of disarranging the board. I would make a law, if I could, enacting that no two men should be allowed to engage in chess—in drawing-rooms at least. If they particularly want to play together, let them retire to solitary places.

It appears that in writing to you about a song called "What care I for the weather?" I gave you the wrong initials of the composer's name. He is James J. Monk. I understand that there are other Monks—possibly an entire fraternity—and that they have not everything in common, as once was the rule. Their initials, at least, are their own private property, and I can only regret having done anything to disturb so convenient an arrangement. At the same time, I feel aggrieved. Why should a capital J in writing be so absurdly like a capital T? One is obliged, in self-defence, to print the T, and it straggles all over the paper like a badly-constructed gallows-tree. I wish Mr. Vere Foster would see to this, and in his copy-books make some really discernible difference, apart from flourishes, between J and T and I.

I am told that what was called a curry-leaf in the first recipe I sent you is, correctly speaking, curry-pauk, pronounced "pawk," and is a small leaf "invariably used," says my informant, "in a Madras curry." It is found in the powder sold by Halford.

I send you two more recipes from the same source. The following is about the best I have ever come across for scalloped lobster:—

Split a fresh-boiled lobster, take out all the meat, which should be cut in squares, and reserved. Make a thick white sauce with cream, a little anchovy, nutmeg, cayenne, or, better still, Nepaul pepper, and lemon-juice. Stir this sauce over the fire for a few moments to boil, then add the lobster and the yolks of two raw eggs. Now stir all together, so as to make it thoroughly hot, but *do not allow it to boil*. Then fill scallop shells, or silver shells, with this mixture, sift some roasted crumbs over each shell, salamander them, and serve very hot.

The next recipe is for *Fish Moli*, a most delicious breakfast dish, well appreciated in India, but scarcely known here. Soles are, perhaps, the best fish to use, but cod would be also good:—

One ounce butter, one good teaspoonful of flour, half-a-dozen green chilies (these you split and carefully remove the seeds, which you throw away, only using the skins), one large onion, cut into slices, one dozen thin slices of *green ginger* (this can almost always be procured at Mart's, in Oxford-street, or Brooks's, in Regent-street), salt to taste, and a dessert-spoonful of vinegar. Melt the butter and add the flour, fry for two minutes, then put in a small cup of milk and stir well; now add a small cup of cocoanut milk, which is prepared by scraping very fine a half or whole cocoanut, on which you pour *boiling* water, and then squeeze through a muslin, mix this well and add about a salt-spoonful of turmeric powder to colour the mixture. Boil for five minutes, then put in the ginger, onions, chilies, and the fish. You boil this for half an hour. Take it off the fire, and just before serving add the salt and vinegar. A dish of boiled rice is always served with Fish Moli.

We have still a day or two before oysters are quite out of season; make haste, therefore, and gladden your hearts with a dish called by the Parisians, *Gâteau de poisson*.

Boil a fine piece of fish; then crush it, and mix up the *purée* thus obtained with bread-crumbs soaked in milk; knead up the paste with butter; beat up the whites of four or six eggs; add them, as well as the yolks to your cake, which you will have peppered and salted according to taste; put the whole in a buttered mould, and cook on a brisk fire. Serve with melted butter, garnished with oysters.

Everybody, in this changeable April weather, is subject to colds, coughs, and sore throats. To escape falling a victim to the latter annoyance, a kind soul has found out a very easy remedy. A gargle made of strong black tea, and used cold, morning and evening, is, though simple, really most efficacious.

Papa took us to see "Nita's First," at the Novelty, and we enjoyed a thoroughly hearty laugh, both at the ridiculous situations in the play and at the extraordinary way in which some of the audience "take" their laughter. Some crowed, and others vented their feelings in a series of cachinnatory grunts. One girl looked as though she were strung on wires. Every time she laughed, she suddenly doubled up, her nose almost striking itself against her knees. Then she as suddenly righted herself, with her face perfectly grave, until the next laugh came, when she violently folded herself up again. She looked like a marionette.

There was a very pretty wedding at the Savoy Chapel on Thursday, the Rev. Henry White officiating. The bride was Miss Marion Fletcher, and the bridegroom Mr. Archibald Gordon. The Easter decorations of arum lilies, white azaleas, roses, and camellias buried in moss, were still in all their freshness, and had a truly bridal effect. The chancel was lighted with a number of wax candles, which proved a very becoming arrangement. The bride was in white satin, the front of the dress being trimmed with pearl embroidery on net. The bridesmaids, seven in number, wore pale pink satin, trimmed with cream-coloured lace. I liked the dresses, except at the back, where the folds stood out too stiffly, having the air of being stuffed. The little white straw bonnets trimmed with lace and pale pink feathers were very pretty.

Lily complains about the bitter cold of Paris. She went to the celebrated cross-country steeple-chase meeting of the Croix de Bercy, which always takes place on Easter Tuesday. The wind was rather biting, and she says the hideous jockey caps, with huge bunches of feathers on the brim, which some sports*women* insist on wearing, were anything but becoming. The nineteen mail-coaches were a

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pretty sight; Count Potocki's four bays looking especially well. Baron Calvet-Rogniat's coach-horses were ridden by two postilions with velvet jackets and powdered wigs. Fancy! The Marquise de Belbœuf, the Duke of Morny's sister, who occupied the box seat on her brother's coach, wore a lovely shot-silk dress, the skirt being bordered with a huge ruche, over which fell showers of tiny pinked-out plissés. Over this was a jacket of white satin, striped with black velvet and profusely trimmed with white and black lace. The bonnet was small, and made of white lace, with a cockade of black velvet and bunch of golden fruit at the side.

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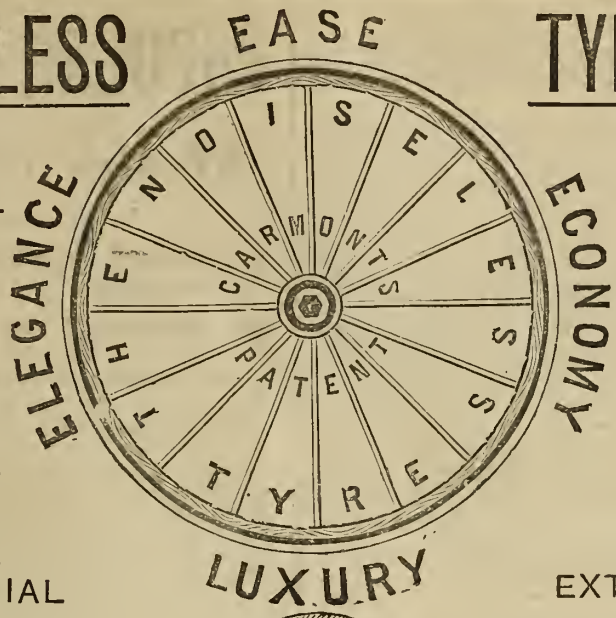

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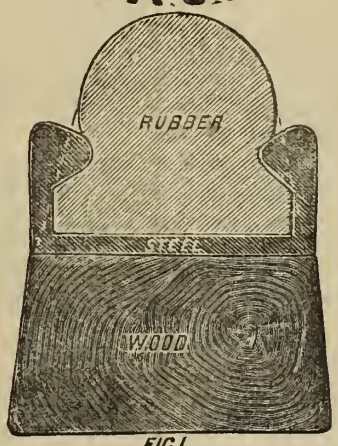

FIG. 1

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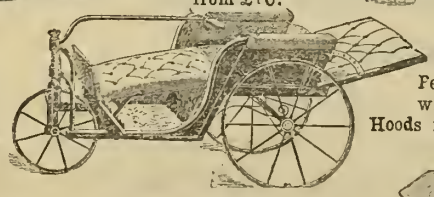

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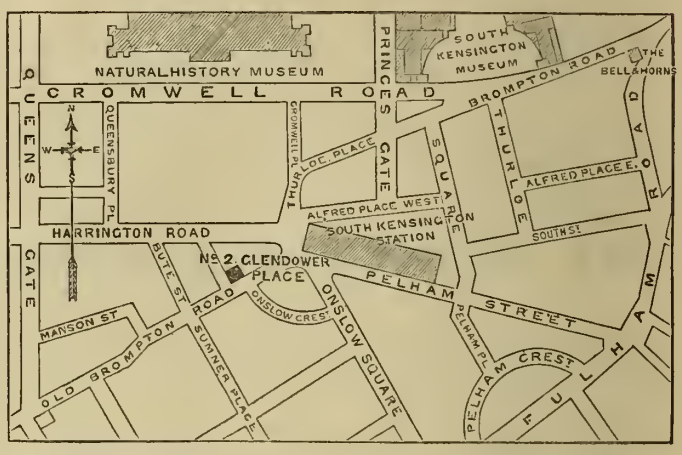

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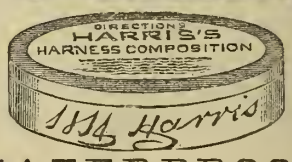

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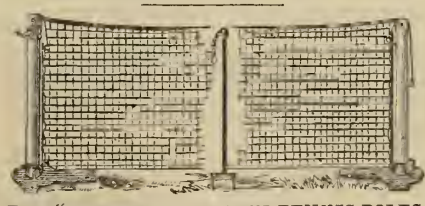
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These splendid Macintoshes at 20s. each, are made from the finest Canton Cloth, with Hoods, and each one is inclosed in a waterproof case, with patent spring fasteners and handle. The proprietors of the Bon Marché have these splendid Macintoshes for Ladies specially manufactured of a light yet very durable material, guaranteed to retain its softness and lustre *in any Climate* however severe, *and perfectly waterproof*. The same kind of Ladies' Macintoshes are sold by the best houses for 30s.

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This Powder contains all the elements essential to perfect growth, and in a form easily assimilated by the Plant. It will be found readily soluble in water, and, being almost inodorous, can be used in the Conservatory.

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Proportions—One teaspoonful to a gallon of water.

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Sold in Tins, 1s. 6d. & 2s. 6d.

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Orders for two tins, delivered free.

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Subtle and powerful, luxurious and aromatic, it has established itself a *sine qua non* of the Toilet Table. Eradicating the very germ of decay, it has rendered unnecessary the painful process of mechanical scaling. Its daily use acts beneficially on the enamel; irresistably removes tartar; preserves, strengthens, and gives to the teeth a dazzling pearly whiteness. Recommended by the highest Medical Authorities. Price 2s. 6d., 5s., and 10s. 6d. per box, of all Chemists and Perfumers; or post-free for stamps from the Laboratory, 18, Haymarket, Leicester. Retail Agents: Butler & Crispe, Cheapside; Sangea & Sons, Oxford-street.

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The price of these beautiful Velveteens in Black and all the most beautiful Colours now worn is 2s. a yard. This quality Velveteen is sold by the best Drapers at 3s. 6d., 4s. 6d., and 5s. 6d. a yard. The public, although they don't know it, have to pay two or three profits, the difference between the manufacturer's price and the price the consumer pays for Velveteens.

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ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, Covent Garden, Limited.

The ITALIAN OPERA SEASON of 1884 will COMMENCE on TUESDAY next, April 29.

The following ARRANGEMENTS for the Season will be adhered to as nearly as circumstances will permit:

Engagements.

Madame ADELINA PATTI,
Madame PAULINE LUCCA,
Madame SEMBRICH,
Madame MARIE DURAND,
Madame FÜRSCH-MADI,
Mademoiselle LERIA,
Madame HÉLÈNE CROSMOND,
Madame LATERNER,
Mademoiselle GERTRUDE GRISWOLD,
Mademoiselle VELMI,
Madame CORSI,
Madame SONNINO, and
Madame ALBANI.

Madame SCALCHI,
Mademoiselle REGGIANI,
Mademoiselle CARLOTTA DESVIGNES, and
Mademoiselle TREMELLI.

Signor NICOLINI,
Signor MARCONI,
Monsieur JOURDAIN,
Monsieur SOULACROIX,
Signor IGENIO CORSI, and
Signor MIERZWINSKI.

Signor COTOGNI,
Signor UGHETTI,
Herr GOTTSCHALK,
Mr. ARTHUR ROUSBY, and
Monsieur DEVOYOD.

Signor DE RESZKE,
Signor MONTI,
Signor SCOLARA,
Signor RAGUER, and
Signor NOVARA.

Conductors—Signor BEVIGNANI and Mons. DUPONT.

Conductor of the Ballet—Mr. GILBERT H. BETJEMANN.

Director of Private Concerts—Sir JULIUS BENEDICT.

Principale Danseuse—Mademoiselle GIURI.

Stage Manager—Monsieur LAPISSIDA.

The Personnel of the Orchestra and Chorus will remain nearly the same as last season.

Madame ADELINA PATTI will re-appear in Verdi's Grand Opera,
AIDA,
In the part of Aïda, which was originally created by her in London.

During the season, in addition to a selection of the operas of the répertoire, it is intended to produce, in Italian, Mackenzie's opera,
COLOMBA,
Principal character by Madame PAULINE LUCCA.

And Reyer's grand Opera,
SIGURD.
Principal character by Madame ALBANI.

Also, to revive, Massenet's Grand Opera,
IL RE DI LAHORE.
Naïr..... Madame MARIA DURAND.

The subscription will consist of 30 nights, but as there will (after the first week) be regularly four opera nights in each week—viz., Monday, Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday—subscribers will, by making known their wishes at the commencement of the season, have the choice of selecting either two (or more) of those four nights. The attention of subscribers is particularly requested to this privilege.

Terms for thirty nights:—

Boxes on the Second Tier (for four persons).		70	guineas.
Do. eight on First Tier, at the sides	do. ...	90	,,
Do. remaining do.	do. ...	120	,,
Do. Grand Tier	do. ...	180	,,
Do. Pit Tier	do. ...	180	,,
Orchestra Stalls	(each)...	29	,,
Balcony Stalls	do. ...	20	,,
Ampitheatre Stalls, 1st and 2nd Rows	do. ...	14	,,

Subscriptions to be paid before the commencement of the Season.

There will be no performance of Italian Opera on Friday evenings between May 30 and July 18, the theatre being let for German Opera for the Wednesday and Friday evenings intervening.

Subscribers of last season are requested, if they wish to retain their boxes or stalls, to notify the same to Mr. Edward Hall, at the Box-office, under the portico of the Theatre, where applications for boxes and stalls are to be made. Also of Mr. Mitchell, Messrs. Lacon & Ollier, Mr. Buhl, Messrs. Chappell & Co., Mr. Ollivier, and Messrs. Schulz-Curtius, Bond-street; Messrs. Cramer & Co., 63, New Bond-street, and 201, Regent-street; Messrs. Leader & Co., Opera-colonnade, Haymarket; Mr. Alfred Hays, 4, Royal Exchange-buildings, and 26, Old Bond-street; Messrs. Keith Prowse & Co., 48, Cheapside, and 13, Grand Hotel-Buildings, Charing-cross; Mr. William Whiteley, Westbourne-grove, W.; and of Mr. Austin, ticket office, St. James's Hall, 28, Piccadilly.

Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden, April 1884.

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OUR PUZZLES.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 269.—PREDICTION OF BOAT-RACE.

Thug (G. W. Hill, Esq., 6, Hides-street, Barnsbury, N.) £2 2 0

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 271.

I have been unable to publish any further *Bouts-Rimés* owing to the pressure on the available space, but I may say before awarding the Prize, that many competitors fell into the mistake of making the terminations "mace" and "ring" form parts of longer words, such as "grimace," "despairing," &c. This was not in accordance with the preliminary directions given, and those who thus treated the said terminations thereby rendered stanzas otherwise good ineligible for the Prize. This was the chief mistake, and the verses were otherwise, as a whole, very successfully done, many of the competitors having ingeniously overcome the difficulty of working in the disconnected rhymed endings. The Prize it has been decided to give to Claymore.

I saw her first in winter, playing billiards with a mace;
And then in summer, on the Thames, we fished for roach and dace.
The autumn found me ailing, and what think you was the matter?
The old complaint; the old, old cure I tried—a wedding-ring.
Hand in hand we faced the future, in the first sweet days of spring;
Now children's voices sound, and on the stairs their feet do patter.
My wife and I oft bless that game of billiards, and the line,
Which fishing, drew us closer, near the Weybridge fragrant pine.

Claymore.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 274.

The following Puzzle has been given, in compliance with the numerous letters I am constantly receiving, asking that a puzzle may be set which it requires no exercise of originality or mental skill to answer. Here, then, is one which can be answered by a mere guess, which ladies and children can readily make; for the usual weekly Prize of £2. 2s. will be given to the competitor who, on or before the morning of the 2nd of May next, sends in

The nearest Guess to the Total Number of Runs (including Extras) that will be Scored by the Australian Eleven in the course of the First Match they Play in their coming visit to this Country.

As existing arrangements may possibly be altered after the arrival of Mr. Murdoch and his comrades, the numbers sent in shall be taken as applying to the match which it is now arranged shall be played at Sheffield Park on May 12, against Lord Sheffield's Eleven. No competitor must send in more than one guess, though it will be allowable for members of the same family or household to include their guesses in one envelope. All that be need sent in is the predicted total, be it 306, 405, 452, or what not, with the *nom-de-plume* of the sender, and in the case of a new competitor his or her real name and address in addition, not for publication, but registration.

Answers to Correspondents.

*** As the Rules are omitted this week, competitors will please notice that all answers to the current Puzzle must be sent in on or before Friday morning, the 2nd prox., addressed to the Puzzle Editor, "Truth" Buildings, Carteret-street, Queen Anne's Gate, S.W.

Cypress.—Your first verse did not reach me; but I included the duplicate in the competition.

Stortfordian.—Your note has been duly received.

Paste.—Yes; your four answers were correct, but Thug gave further details, which you did not furnish.

Neptune, Tarbox, Esmond, Crystal Palace, Squelette, Bevea, Kooreb, Abracaen, Bishop Bedell.—Thanks for your letters, to the suggestions and requests in which I have duly attended.

Doag.—Your letter reached me too late for me to answer last week.

Ne Quid Nimis.—I printed what I thought the best of your anagrams.

Buzzard.—I have complied with your wish most willingly.

Gipsy.—No; all answers received have, as a rule, an equal chance of publication. Yours will, I hope, have better luck in future.

Stella.—The misprint shall in no way affect your chance.

Œnone.—Yes, all were safely received.

Tescar, Broncho, and Alleram.—I am sorry to say your *Bouts-Rimés* were too late for publication.

W. E. MacCarthy.—Your lines are "Too Late," as you feared; but I must say they contain several very ingenious efforts at word-twisting. The "un-soft-fisticated" is especially good. I will not forget your request.

Altiora Peto and Winslow.—I could only find room for the best of your anagrams.

THE PUZZLE EDITOR.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 272. ASSORTED SPECIMENS—GOOD AND OTHERWISE.

ARRANGEMENTS IN ORDER OF MERIT OF THE BEST TEN ANAGRAMS PUBLISHED ON APRIL 10.

*** I have made room for as many Lists as possible, as it may interest competitors in Puzzle No. 270 to see how their efforts are appreciated by amateur judges. But those whose lists are crowded out will have an equal chance of getting the prize. Next week I shall publish the arrangement *I* have decided on, and state who of the competitors has made the selection most like mine.—The P. E.

Gantier, Jersey Lily, Gus, Eastbourne, Daphnis, Agelastes, Squelette, Paste, Deux Nigauds, J. H. T.—Habl.

Gautier, Jersey Lily, Gus, Agelastes, Daphnis, R. M. E., Dora, Sclanidge, Sauna, Brumey.—Rataplan.

Gautier, Jersey Lily, Gus, Dora, Daphnis, Psendoun, Alyce, Provident, Agelastes, Lemon.—Dora.

Gautier, Jersey Lily, Gus, Moralist, Sclanidge, Agelastes, Rhiw (2), Hermione (3), R. M. E., Malignant.—Snipet.

Gautier, Jersey Lily, Agelastes, Gus, Dora, Alyce, Provident, Mrs. Poyser, Scotia, Moralist.—Gwynfryn.

Gautier, Jersey Lily, Agelastes, Gus, Sclanidge, Pivert, R. M. E., Paste, Kooreb, Mrs. Poyser.—Wild Fred.

Gautier, Jersey Lily, Agelastes, Sclanidge, Dora, Dsphnis, Number III., Altiora Peto, Geraldine, Gus.—Dingley.

Gautier, Jersey Lily, Agelastes, Sclanidge, Monkendon, Provident, H. S. Bugby, Lemon, Ne Quid Nimis, Zebedio.—Jersey Lily.

Gantier, Jersey Lily, Agelastes, Provident, Gus, Scotia, Sclanidge, Kerry Pippin, J. H. T., Bunny.—Nostradamus.

Gautier, Jersey Lily, Sclanidge, Bay Dido, Ne Quid Nimis, Mrs Poyser, Malignant, Moralist, Kerry Pippin, Gus.—Epsilon.

Gantier, Jersey Lily, Sclanidge, Gus, Ne Quid Nimis (2), Agelastes, H. S. Bugby, Ada, Full Moon (2), Provident.—Cygne.

Gautier, Jersey Lily, Provident, Agelastes, Gus, Dora, Sclanidge, Paste, Ne Quid Nimis, H. S. Bugby.—Purna.

Gautier, Jersey Lily, R. M. E., Provident, Nundydroog, Agelastes, Sclanidge, Daphnis, Gus, Sanna.—Ego.

Gautier, Sclanidge, Ne Quid Nimis, Monkendons, Jersey Lily, Bunny, Number III., Building Land, Jackdaw, Respice Finem.—Nundydroog.

Gautier, Sclanidge, Gus, Provident, Roggee Shurt (1), Ne Quid Nimis (2), Daphnis, Nundydroog, Delta, I. H. T.—Goburg Goburg.

Gautier, Sclanidge, Jersey Lily, Bunny, Scotia, Agelastes, Malignant, Gus, J. H. T., Monkendons.—Futile.

Gautier, Sclanidge, Jersey Lily, Agelastes, Alyce, J. H. T., H. S. Bugby, Bunny, Scotia, Ne Quid Nimis (1).—G. A. H.

Gautier, Sclanidge, Jersey Lily, Gus, Monkendons, Agelastes, King Cole, A. N. P., Theodera, H. S. Bugby.—No Name.

Gautier, Sclanidge, Roggee Shurt (2), Gus, J. H. T., E. Y. N., Jersey Lily, Agelastes, Provident, Jackdaw.—Muz Muz.

Gautier, Sclanidge, Agelastes, Gus, Jersey Lily, Provident, Tarbox, Chigs, A. N. P., Kerry Pippin.—Skedaddle.

Gautier, Sclanidge, Respice Finem, Puina, Delta, Alyce, Gus, Epsilon, Jersey Lily, Mrs. Poyser.—The False Prophet.

Gautier, Gus, Agelastes, Paste, Stella, E. Y. N., Kooreb, H. S. Bugby, Number III., Sam Slick.—Kooree.

Gautier, Gus, Agelastes, Osman Digma, H. S. Bugby, Chartadomus, Hogganfield, Nutcracker, Louie, Dreamer.—A. A. A.

Gautier, Gus, Jersey Lily, Provident, Sclanidge, Moralist, Dora, Agelastes, Stella, E. Y. N.—Gus.

Gautier, Gus, Alyce, Agelastes, Provident, Asymptote, I. H. T., Bay-Dido, Moralist, Epsilon.—Alec.

Gautier, Gus, Bunny, R. M. E., Dora, Daphnis, Jersey Lily, Agelastes, Sanna, Squelette.—Queen Bess.

Gautier, Gus, Ne Quid Nimis (2), Sclanidge, Agelastes, Ne Quid Nimis (1), Dora, King Cole, Scotia, Bunny.—Dan.

Gautier, Gus, R. M. E., Jersey Lily, Agelastes, Nundydroog, Daphnis, Dora, Chartadomus, Roggee Shurt.—Rosenud.

Gautier, Agelastes, J. H. T., Eastbourne, Jersey Lily, Provident, Sclanidge, Gus, Guinea Pig, Alyce.—Guinea Pig.

Gautier, Lemon and Sclanidge tie for second place, Gus, Bandbox, Dora, Jersey Lily, Bobus, Eastbourne, Provident.—Seneca.

Gautier, R. M. E., Jersey Lily, Provident, Daphnis, Ne Quid Nimis (2), Gus, Agelastes, Bunny, Sanna.—R. M. E.

Gautier, Scotia, Sclanidge, Alyce, Agelastes, Gus, Daphnis, Rozel, Number 3, Bobus.—Stella.

Gautier, Eastbourne, Bunny, Gus, Jersey Lily, Mura, Epsilon (2), Lemon, Sclanidge, R. M. E.—Mildew.

Gautier, Ne Quid Nimis, Zebedee, Bobus, Chartadomus, Sclanidge, H. S. Rugby, Theodora, Rhiw, Moralist.—Hermione.

Gautier, Daphnis, Sclanidge, Slick, Gus, White Rose, Respice Finem, Full Moon, R. M. E., Guinea Pig.—Goat.

Gautier, Daphnis, Sanna, Eastbourne, Gus, Jersey Lily, Chartadomus, Nuldydroog, Wild Thyme, Tarbox.—Nil.

Gautier, Provident, Sclanidge, Jersey Lily, Phyllis Fleming, Daphnis, Ne Quid Nimis (2), Zebedee, Alyce, Agelastes.—Jacques.

Gautier, Monkendons, Epsilon, Daphnis, Zebedee, Full Moon (1), Erema, Rozel, A. W. P., Mrs. Poyser.—David.

Gautier, Daphnis, Roggee Shurt, Jersey Lily, Dora, Bunny, Agelastes, Gus, Sclanidge, Monkendons.—Sphinx.

Jersey Lily, Gautier, Gus, Sclanidge, Dora, Betty Pringle, E. Y. N., Rozel, Chartadomus, Bobus.—W. J. Sira.

Jersey Lily, Gautier, Gus, Agelastes, R. M. E., Daphnis, Dora, Sclanidge, Sanna, Bunny.—Football.

Jersey Lily, Gautier, Betty Pringle, Sclanidge, Dora, Taxbox, Asymptote, Bobus, Ada, Chartadomus.—Ginx.

Jersey Lily, Gautier, Sclanidge, Agelastes, Provident, Monkendons, H. S. Bugby, Respice Finem, Gus, Mrs. Poyser.—Theelkeld.

Jersey Lily, Gautier, Provident, Sanna, Gus, Bunny, Agelastes, Sclanidge, R. M. E., Kerry Pippin.—Spite.

Jersey Lily, Gus, Sclanidge, Agelastes, Gautier, Dora, Abastor, R. M. E., Sanna, Lemon.—Cæsar's Coenee.

Jersey Lily, Gus, Sclanidge, J. H. T., Bunny, Blower, Asymptote, Sheepshear, Bandbox, Royal.—Blower.

Jersey Lily, Gus, Ne Quid Nimis (2), Kerry Pippin, Sclanidge, Nundydroog, Mia, Sanna, Thwinter, Bunny.—Esa.

Jersey Lily, Gus, H. S. Bugby, Sclanidge, Ne Quid Nimis (2), Alyce, Malignant, Chartadomus, Gautier, Daphnis.—Skreyer.

Jersey Lily, Sclanidge, Gautier, Agelastes, Bunny, Nutcrackers, R. M. E., Gus, Eastbourne, Vedi.—Daddy.

Jersey Lily, Sclanidge, Gautier, Bunny, Alyce, Agelastes, Dora, R. M. E., Provident, Sanna.—Scapula.

Jersey Lily, Sclanidge, Gus, Delta, Ne Quid Nimis (2), H. S. Bugby, Chigo, Ne Quid Nimis (1), Nundydroog, Dora.—Asthma.

Jersey Lily, Sclanidge, Monkendons, H. S. Bugby, Provident, Gautier, Respice Finem, Agelastes, Gus, Mrs. Poyser.—Cleygate.

Jersey Lily, Sclanidge, Ne Quid Nimis, Agelastes, Kooreb, Geraldine, Pivert, Monkendons, A Caged Mary, Provident.—Co. No. 1.

Jersey Lily, Sclanidge, Provident, Jober Khan, Gus, Chartadomus, Malignant, King Cole, Epsilon (2), Respice Finem.—Wild Thyme.

Jersey Lily, Provident, Gautier, Gus, Number III., Stella, Bay-Dido, Chartadomus, Aramie, Alyce.—Rem.

Jersey Lily, Provident, Gautier, Gus, Number III., Stella, Bay-Dido, Chartadomus, E. Y. N., Aramis.—Margyne.

Jersey Lily, Provident, Gautier, Gus, Stella, Bay-Dido, Tarbox, Chartadomus, Aramis, Alyce.—Blue Moon.

Jersey Lily, Provident, Gautier, Gus, Number III., Stella, Bay-Dido, Tarbox, Chartadomus, E. Y. N.—Bauseant.

Jersey Lily, Provident, Gautier, Gus, Number III., Stella, Bay-Dido, Tarbox, Chartadomus, Aramis.—Papier-Gris.

Jersey Lily, Provident, Gautier, Dorothy, Ne Quid Nimis (2), Sanna, Betty Pringle, Epsilon (1), Gus, C. F. Reid, or E. Y. R.—Juno.

Sclanidge, Provident, H. S. Bugby, Gautier, Mrs. Poyser, Gus, Bunny, White Rose, Malignant, Chigs. —Tam.

Jersey Lily, Agelastes, Sclanidge, Pivert, Gautier, Kooreb, Gus, Mrs. Poyser, Louie, Jackdaw.—Gipsy.

Jersey Lily, Agelastes, Sclanidge, Provident, Gautier, Gus, Epsilon (2), Dora, Tarbox, Eastbourne.—Marmory & Co.

Jersey Lily, Agelastes, Epsilon (1), Gus, Jackdaw (1), H. S. Bugby, Squelette, Abastor, Ada, Rozel.—Olly.

Jersey Lily, Respice Finem, Sclanidge, Agelastes, Gautier, H. S. Bugby, Provident, Monkendons, Mrs. Poyser, Gus.—Winifred.

Jersey Lily, Sanna, Sclanidge, Bunny, Gautier, Provident, Agelastes, Gus, Dora, Nundydroog.—Co. No. 2.

Jersey Lily, Ne Quid Nimis, Gautier, Bunny, Eastbourne, Delta, Agelastes, Sclauidge, Gus, Sco ia. —Delta.

Jersey Lily, Dora, Gautier, Gus, Agelastes, Pseudoun, Daphnis, Alyce, Lemon, Provident — Confucius.

Jersey Lily, Dora, Ne Quid Nimis, Gautier, Gus, Provident, Bunny, Sclanidge, Agelastes, E. Y. N.—Jackdaw.

Jersey Lily, Acta, Nunnydroog, Nutcracker, Sam Slick, Chartadomus, Mrs. Poyser, Erema, Scotia, Daphnis.—Scotch Thistle.

Gus, Jersey Lily, Sclanidge, Daphnis, Bisbop Bedek, Erema, Dora, Alyce, Asymptote, Betty Pringle.—Venture.

Gus, Jersey Lily. Sclanidge, Monkendons, Alyce, Number III., Fitz Nigel, J. H. T., Lemon, Kooreb. —Forget-me-Not.

Gus, Jersey Lily, Daphnis, Agelastes, Pivert, Roxel, Moralist, Dora, Abercarn, Sheepshear. — Pussie.

Gus, Jersey Lily, Gautier, Daphnis, Dora, Ne Quid Nimis (2), Bandbox, Chigs, Chartadomus, Hodgus Bodgus.—T. R. P.

Gus, Jersey Lily, Sclanidge, Bunny, Chartadomus, Number III., Moralist, R. M. E., Thwinter, Asymptote.—Christopher.

Gus, Jersey Lily, Sanna, Provident, Lemon, Daphnis, Eastbourne, Prune, Nutcracker, Delta.—Dieppe.

Gus, Gautier, Agelastes, Sclanidge, Provident, Jersey Lily, Alyce, J. H. T., E. Y. N., Stells.—Britannia.

Gus, Gautier, Agelastes, Jersey Lily, Mrs. Poyser, Epsilon (2), Aramis, H. S. Bugby, Moralist, A. N. P. —No Name, No. 2.

Gus, Agelastes, E. Y. S., Jersey Lily, Bay Dido, Abastor, Sclanidge, Stella, A Caged Mary, Puma.—Polly.

Gus, Agelastes, Sclanidge, Gautier, Jersey Lily, Provident, Paste, Bay-Dido, J. H. T., E. Y. N.—Fuga.

Gus, Agelastes, Gautier, R. M. E., Sclanidge, Provident, Jersey Lily, J. H. T., Chigs, Dora.—Tito.

Gus, Sclanidge, Squellette, Dora, Zebedee, Bay-Dido, Malignant, H. S. Bugby, Lemon, Eastbourne. —Æsculapius.

Gus, Sclanidge, Number II., Gautier, Provident, Thwinter, H. S. Bugby, Chigs, Scotia, Chartadomus. —Ecila.

Gus and Sclanidge divide first prize, H. S. Bugby, Roggee Shurt (3), Hogganfield, Agelastes, Sheepshear, Chigs, Jersey Lily, Lemon, Rhiw (a mob on board).—Ikey-Mo.

Gus, Daphnis, Gautier, R. M. E., Kerry Pippin, Tarbox, Agelastes, Ada, Rozel, Puina.—Etnelred.

Gus, Daphnis, Jersey Lily, Nutcrackers, Sclanidge, Agelastes, Dora, Gautier, Kerry Pippin, Alyce.—W. H. T.

Gus, Daphnis, H. S. Bugby, Kooreb, Mrs. Poyser, Jersey Lily, Geraldine, Squelette, Fitz Nigel, Sam Slick.—Virago.

Gus, H. S. Bugby, Gautier, Bandbox, Burry, Moralist, Sclanidge, Pseudoun, Rozel, Ne Quid Nimis (2).—Friar Tuck.

Gus, Bandbox, H. S. Bugby, Rozel, Squelette, Sclanidge, Ne Quid Nimis, Roggee Shurt, Jersey Lily, Kooreb.—Squelette.

Gus, Hogganfield, Roggee Shurt (3), Sclanidge, Jersey Lily, Moralist, H. S. Bugby, Agelastes, Sheepshear, Chigs.—Romantic Bar.

Gus, Ne Quid Nimis (2), Sclanidge, Jersey Lily, Agelastes, H. S. Bugby, Gautier, A. N. P., Roggee Shurt (3), Chartadomus.—Altiora Peto.

Sclanidge, Gautier, Jersey Lily, Monkendons, Provident, Gus, Respice Finem, H. S. Bugby, Agelastes, Mrs. Poyser.—Camaralzaman.

Sclanidge, Gautier, Bobus, Roggee Shurt (1), Ne Quid Nimis (1), E. Y. N., Monkendons, H. S. Bugby, Dora, King Cole.—Effem Jay.

Sclanidge, Gautier, Agelastes, Jackdaw, Mrs. Poyser, Dora, Provident, E. Y. N., Alyce, Guinea Pig.—Treffina.

Sclanidge, Gautier, Gus, Provident, Jersey Lily, Betty Pringle, Sanna, Agelastes, Ada, Moralist.—Etall.

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H. S. Bugby, Number III., Rozel, Alyce, Ne Quid Nimis, Ditto, Gus, Guinea Pig, Gautier, Sclanidge.—Infelix.

H. S. Bugby, Bishop Bedel, Ne Quid Nimis (2), Ditto (1), Gus, Gautier, A. N. P., Agelastes, Provident, Pivert.—Bishop Bedel.

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H. S. Bugby, Daphnis, Gus, Epsilon, Dora, Mrs. Poyser, Eastbourne, Ne Quid Nimis, Sclanidge, Rozel. —Rozel.

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Agelastes, Jersey Lily, Gautier, Sclanidge, Provident, Gus, Paste, Sanna, Bunny, Roggee Shurt (2).—Elnique.

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Agelastes, Sclanidge, Gautier, Eastbourne, Jersey Lily, Delta, R. M. E., Theodora, Gus, Ne Quid Nimis (2).—Moung Pho.

Agelastes, Alyce, Gus, E. Y. N., Jersey Lily, Provident, Sclanidge, Gautier, Chartadomus, J. H. T.—Fatima.

Agelastes, Gus, Gautier, Nutcrackers, Osman Dinga, Dreamer, Hogganfield, Chartadomus, Paste, Full Moou (2).—Gautier.

Agelastes, Gus, Chartadomus, Gantier, Provident, E. Y. S, Jersey Lily, Pseudoun, Sclanidge, Altiora Peto, or E. Y. N.—E. Y. N.

Agelastes, Gautier, Fitz Nigel, Dora, Pseudoun, Gus, A. N. P., Chigs, Sclanidge, H. S. Bugby.—Burbo Bank.

Agelastes, Jackdaw, Provident, H. S. Bugby, Malignant, Roggee Shurt (1), Ada, Sclanidge, Gus, Gautier.—Betty Pringle.

Agelastes, Monkendons, Jersey Lily, Chartadomus, Lemon, Sclanidge, Gautier, Dora, Pseudoun, Ne Quid Nimis (2).—Mrs. Poyser.

Ne Quid Nimis, Moukendons, Eastbourne, Dorothy, Rozel, Mrs. Poyser, Hermione, Ne Quid Nimis, H. S. Bugby, Sclanide.—Mango.

Ne Quid Nimis, Betty Pringle, Nundydroog, Epsilon, Roggee Shurt, Eastbourne, Bob Ridley, Puina, Ersma, Full Moon.—Norah Grady.

Ne Quid Nimis, Pebet, Moukendons, Pseudoun, Sanna, Giglio, Tarbox, Bunny, Sheepshear, Eastbourne.—The Mater.

Ne Quid Nimis, H. S. Bugby, Daphnis, Moralist, J. H. T., Jober Khan, Tarbox, White Rose, Abercarn, Welshman's Gap.—Nassau.

Ne Quid Nimis (2), H. S. Bugby, Sclanidge, Bandbox, Gus, Old Log, Jersey Lily, Hogganfield, Charta Domus, Bay Dido.—Bob Ridley.

Ne Quid Nimis (2), H. S. Bugby, Sheepshear, Rozel, Number III., Phyllis Fleming, Chigs, Eastbourne, Mrs. Poyser, Building Land.—Glenalmond.

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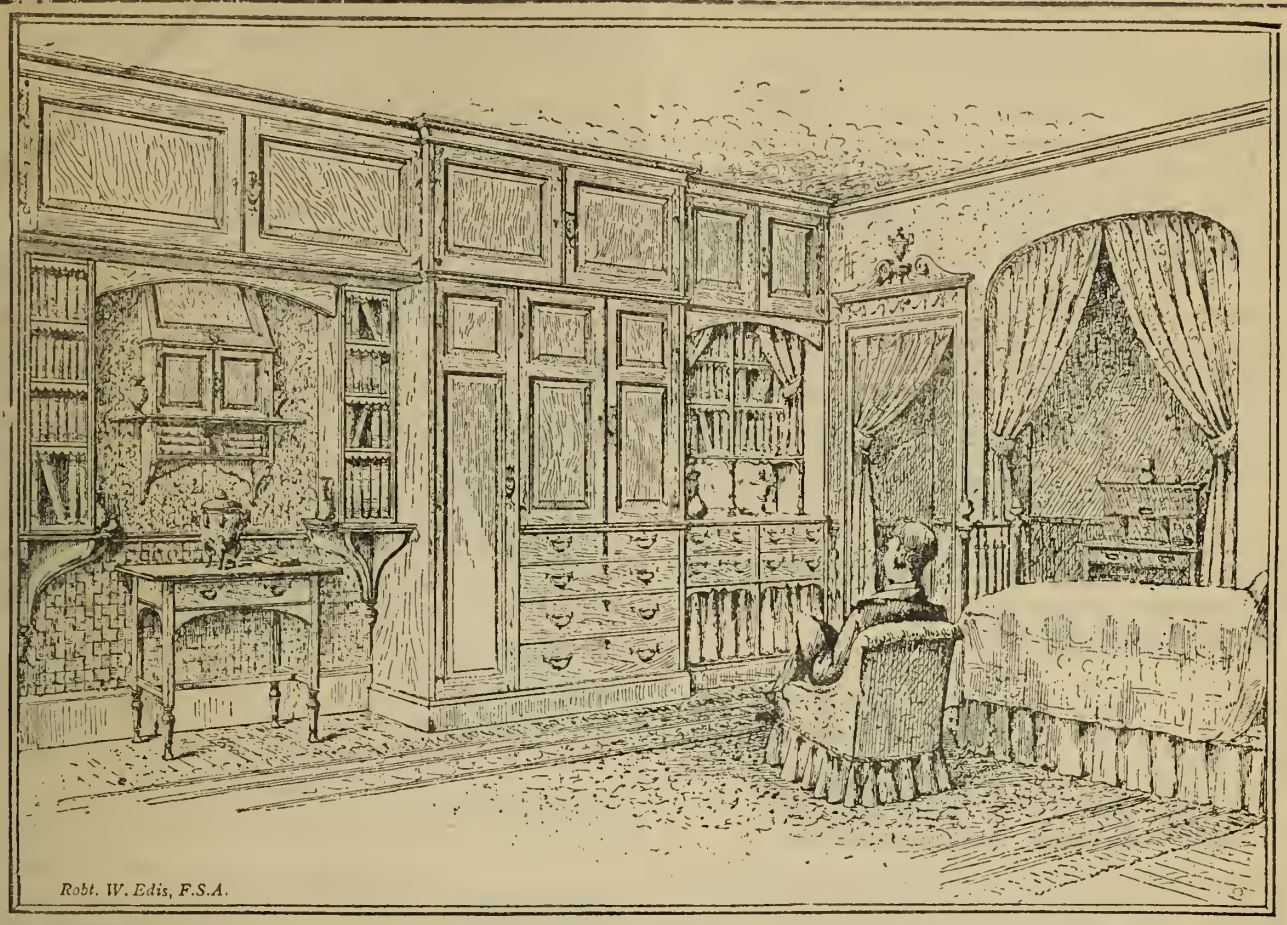

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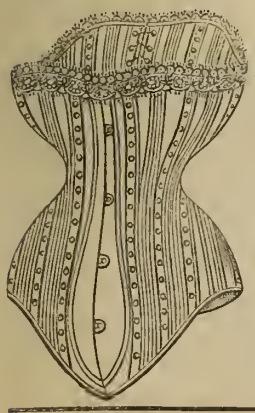

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• TRUTH •

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No. 383. Vol. XV. Thursday, May 1, 1884. Price Sixpence.

ENTRE NOUS.

THE Queen and Princess Beatrice are expected to arrive at Windsor Castle on Tuesday evening. They will leave Darmstadt, according to present arrangements, on Monday night, and will travel direct, by Cologne and Venlo, to Flushing, where they will arrive early on Tuesday morning, when they will at once embark on board the *Osborne* for Port Victoria, near Sheerness, where a special train will be in waiting to convey them to Windsor.

Her Majesty has invested Prince Louis of Battenberg with the Grand Cross of the Bath, as a little extra distinction on the occasion of his marriage to her grand-daughter.

Everything connected with State ceremonies and entertainments is again uncertain, and I believe that the Prince of Wales himself does not at present know whether there will be any of the usual functions. The Queen is now inclined "not to have anything" this season, and it is not even decided whether the Ministers are to give their usual State banquets on her birthday. This last question will have to be settled one way or the other within the next few days; but as to Drawing rooms and Levées, nothing is likely to be decided for the next three weeks, now that the arrangements which have been so far approved have fallen through. The one thing certain is that there will be nothing before the third week in June.

The great hall and the ball-room at Buckingham Palace are being fitted with the electric-light, as well as the principal staircase.

The Prince and Princess of Wales, who left Marlborough House for Darmstadt on Monday evening, will remain abroad for about a fortnight. They are expected to stay in Paris for a few days on their way home from Germany.

The Queen has given the vacant suite of apartments at Hampton Court to Lady Margaret Bourke, sister of the late Lord Mayo.

Princess Christian has been staying for the last few days at Eastwell Park, on a visit to the Duchess of Edinburgh. H.R.H. goes shortly to Claremont, to stay with the Duchess of Albany.

The expenses of the Duke of Albany's funeral will be very heavy. I hear from Cannes that the Prefect has endeavoured to induce the local undertaker to moderate his charges, which are enormous, but this tradesman probably looks upon the Duke's death as a catastrophe arranged by Providence for his special benefit, and he is not disposed to lose the chance of spoiling the Egyptians. According to precedent, the cost of the funeral will fall upon the country, but I am informed that some items will be paid by the Queen.

I see that the medical man who attended the Duke has been made a Companion of the Bath. In Germany many potentates have a House Order, which is conferred for personal services, and it would be well that such an Order should be established here, for it is obvious that statesmen, generals, and public benefactors will hardly care for the Bath if it is to be given in order to reward domestic services rendered to members of the Royal family.

By the way, I wonder that Captain Shaw is not made a Knight of the Bath. With exceedingly narrow means, he has efficiently organised the London Fire Brigade, and the victories which he wins over fires are assuredly more important, as well as far more useful, than those won by our Generals over Egyptians, Arabs, Boers, Zulus, and Afghans.

I hear that the Duke of Teck has been greatly shaken by his recent illness, and it is feared that he may become a confirmed invalid. It is very probable that the failure of the Duke's health may lead to the return of the family to England. They have lost their home in Kensington Palace, but the White Lodge in Richmond-park is still at their disposal.

The Grand Duke Serge of Russia, who is to be married in the summer to Princess Elizabeth of Hesse, has purchased the Belosselski Palace, on the Fontanka, in St. Petersburg, for £120,000.

Lord Lorne, who spent Easter at Inverary, has been making a tour of the Western Islands during the last ten days.

The new Duke of Buccleuch will have an audience of the Queen at Windsor directly after her Majesty's return

LIBRARY OF CALIFORNIA

from Germany in order to deliver up his father's insignia of the Garter. There are now two vacant stalls, as the Duke of Marlborough's has never been filled up, although ten months have elapsed since his death. I hear that the Queen desires always to keep one stall empty, as a mark of respect to Lord Beaconsfield, which seems a most fantastical notion. It is certainly an unprecedented interference with the Prime Minister's patronage. It says much for Mr. Gladstone's kindliness and consideration that he has not remonstrated very seriously against such a curious innovation. Some of the papers allude to a vacancy caused by the Duke of Albany's death, but this is a mistake, as Royal personages are extra Knights. The Duke's insignia will, however, have to be delivered up in the ordinary course.

It is more than probable that Lord Sydney will now be created a Knight of the Garter.

The late Duke of Buccleuch was made a Knight of the Thistle by the Duke of Wellington, and when Sir Robert Peel gave him the Garter in December, 1834, he resigned the other Order, not being, like the present Duke of Argyll and the late Lord Aberdeen, allowed to keep both. He was lucky to get that Garter, for Lord Hardwicke, whom he succeeded, died only a few hours after Lord Melbourne's dismissal, and if the stall had become vacant only five minutes before the Duke of Wellington was sent for by the King, it would have belonged to the Whigs. The Duke of Abercorn is now senior Knight of this "most noble and honourable order."

The sepulchre of the Buccleuch family is at Warkton, Northants, and there all former Dukes have been buried, except the third (grandfather of the late peer), who lies in the parish churchyard at Dalkeith. The late Duke left directions that he was to be buried in a vault beneath the chancel of the Episcopal Chapel in Dalkeith Park, which he built himself in 1845. The coffin arrived at Dalkeith Palace by road on the night before the funeral, and was laid out in state in the fine old portrait gallery, a vast room panelled with oak. The Queen sent a large and splendid wreath of white lilies and camellias; and, indeed, the coffin was quite covered with wreaths and flowers, including many from tenants and cottagers on the estates.

There were at least 5,000 persons in Dalkeith Park, in spite of the wet weather, and the company with the mourners included almost every notable person in the south of Scotland. Lord Rosebery travelled down from London on Tuesday night on purpose to attend. The coffin was carried by men of the Royal Scots, of which regiment the Duke was Colonel. The sons, grandsons, and sons-in-law of the Duke stood behind and round the coffin, and all the ladies of the family were present, except the Duchess, who remained at Bowhill. After the funeral, all who desired to see the tomb were admitted to the chapel, and about 12,000 persons passed through in the course of the afternoon.

Lord Torrington was one of the most popular men about London, where, with the exception of the period during which he was Governor of Ceylon, he had been a well-known personage for many a year. Few men looked younger for their age than he did, for he was above seventy, and he would, within a year or two, have been taken for a hale and hearty man of about fifty.

The news of his death came upon his numerous friends as a most painful shock. He was seriously ill some time ago, but had apparently quite recovered, and only last week letters were received from him from Mentone, in which he alluded to his approaching return to England, in order to take his turn of attendance as Lord-in-waiting to the Queen. Lord Torrington was an especial favourite with her Majesty, as he was one of her oldest servants. He was Lord-in-waiting to Prince Albert for several years, and was then appointed by Lord Palmerston to be Lord-in-waiting to the Queen. He occupied an exceptional position in the Household, as he did not go out, like other Lords, with the Ministry, but held his post as a permanent appointment. Lord Alfred Paget is similarly favoured.

A keen deer-stalker and noted sportsman, Mr. Sidney Hadwen, of Balblair, has just passed away. He was Deputy-Lieutenant of the County of Sutherland, and was a frequent visitor at Dunrobin Castle. Becoming enamoured of Highland life, Mr. Hadwen settled down many years ago in a lodge on the lonely Strath of Kildonan, and spent nearly his whole time there.

It is proposed to place a stained-glass window in the parish church of Alcester, as a memorial to the late Lord Hertford. Steps are being taken in Warwickshire to start a movement for a county memorial to the lamented Marquis.

In 1872 a Mrs. Blake made her will, leaving £2,000 each to Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Dillwyn, M.P., and The O'Conor Don. In 1876 she died intestate, not having signed her will. The legatees have, however, just received a notice that they are to be paid the legacies.

I am glad to hear that Sir Dighton Probyn has been much benefited by his month's holiday at Sandringham, and that he has now quite recovered from his late most dangerous illness. The Prince has given Sir Dighton and Lady Probyn the house above the Duchy of Cornwall office in James-street, as their town residence.

There is to be a matinée at Dudley House, in aid of the School of Dramatic Art, early in July, which the Prince and Princess of Wales have promised to attend. It was to have taken place next month, but has been postponed in consequence of the Court mourning.

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Mr. and Mrs. E. Guinness entertained a large party of visitors during Punchestown week. On Thursday evening a very pleasant dance at their residence in St. Stephen's Green wound up the festivities. The floral decorations were beautiful, especially in the long corridors, where banks of flowers rose up on each side amidst tropical foliage. Amongst the pretty matrons were Lady Kildare, Mrs. Cornwallis West, and Lady R. Churchill. Mrs. Guinness was in blue, with many diamonds. Lady Castletown wore white. Court mourning was still much patronised. Lady Tarbert was in black, as were also Lady Mayo and the Hon. Misses Agar-Ellis, Amy Lambart, and F. Fitzroy.

The marriage of Lady Henrietta Plunkett with Mr. Gradwell, which took place on Monday, in the private chapel at Killeen Castle, Meath, was a pretty ceremony. The youthful bride, who looked charming, was given away by her brother, Lord Fingall. The wedding-presents were numerous, a very handsome one being given by Lord and Lady Spencer.

Lord and Lady Egmont received a large party last week at Nork House, Surrey.

The Duke and Duchess of Wellington have been entertaining a large party at Strathfieldsaye.

Lady Camden and Captain Green will leave Cannes next Monday for Paris, on their way back to England.

The auxiliary steam-yacht *Minerva*, with the Earl and Countess of Pembroke on board, arrived safely at Gibraltar on the 15th, and left on the 17th for Carthagena. From there they intend going to Palermo, and thence to Athens. His Lordship is fast recovering his health, thanks to the soft warm air of the south.

The *Francesca*, with Lord Caithness, Mr. T. J. Barnes, and Mr. Heathcote on board, struck on the rocks at the entrance of Port Mahon, Minorca, on the night of the 14th inst., and is detained for repairs. During the progress of the work the party is travelling in Spain.

Lord and Lady Fitzwilliam and their daughters have arrived at Grosvenor-square from Coollattin, their place in co. Wicklow, where they have been staying since the close of the hunting season. They propose to remain in town till Whitsuntide, when they are going to Cowes.

General and Mrs. de Vic Carey gave two very pleasant dances last Thursday and Friday, at their pretty place, Le Vallon, Guernsey. The second was a leap-year ball, and was most successful.

Mr. Lowell was staying for several days last week at Gosford House, East Lothian, on a visit to Lord Wemyss, who is expending at least £80,000 in building a mansion which is to rival Floors and Bowhill.

Rimmel's Toilet Vinegar, tonic, refreshing, 2/6. Aromatic Ozonizer, a natural air purifier, 1/. 96, Strand; 128, Regent-st.; 24, Cornhill.

Roseneath Castle, the Duke of Argyll's beautiful place on the Firth of Clyde, which has been in the market for a long time past, either to let or sell, has been let for a term of years to Mrs. Mathieson, of Cordale.

Archerfield, the principal seat of Miss Nisbet Hamilton, has been let till the end of the year to Mr. Guinness, of Dublin, with the shooting both of this estate and of the adjoining property of Luffness, belonging to Mr. Hope. The famous gardens at Archerfield are not let with the house.

It is only seven months since Cortachy Castle was burnt to the ground, and now Forfarshire has lost another of her comparatively few "stately homes" by the destruction of Belmont Castle, the Scotch seat of Lord Wharncliffe. Belmont was a vast quadrangular house, in the ancient baronial style, with a court in the centre, and a portion of it was believed to be as old as Glamis Castle. It was restored and enlarged about a century ago by Sir James Mackenzie, at whose death it passed in 1800 to his relative, the first Lord Wharncliffe, along with the estate of 6,000 acres. Belmont was for a long time the property of the Nairnes of Duninsane, by one of whom it is said to have been lost at cards to Sir George Mackenzie, of Roselaugh, who is still remembered in Scotland as "the bloody Mackenzie." Lord Wharncliffe has at various times expended considerable sums of money on Belmont, and the place has been much improved by him. The Castle and grounds had recently been let to Mr. A. Low, of Dundee. The charter-room escaped, which was lucky, inasmuch as it contains many valuable and interesting artic'es; but the splendid banqueting-hall, which was rebuilt by the late Lord Wharncliffe, was entirely destroyed. The fire had been raging for three hours before engines arrived from Dundee, and the supply of water (as is usual on such occasions) was miserably inadequate.

Another large hotel is building at Oban. Perhaps no town in the kingdom with so small a resident population has so many first-class hotels as the capital of the West Highlands, but apparently the ever-increasing tourist business demands more accommodation, though it is only for a couple of months in the year that the pressure is felt. By the way, the Hydropathic Establishment planted on the hill overlooking the town of Oban still remains unfinished—a huge memorial of misfortune to the shareholders of the company.

Lord Onslow's well-known herd of pedigree Sussex cattle will be sold off at Clandon Park to-morrow, as he has resolved to establish a large dairy and milking herd.

The Beaufort Foxhounds, of which Lord Worcester is acting Master, have killed 120 brace of foxes during the season which has just closed.

The members of the Glendale Hunt are to be congratulated upon having at length succeeded in finding a successor to Mr. George Grey. The Hon. Fred Lambton has agreed

to take the country on condition that it is enlarged by the restoration of certain districts now hunted by Lord Percy's hounds and the Berwickshire pack, but which formerly belonged to the Glendale. This has been agreed to, much to the relief of local sportsmen, who feared that the hounds would be given up. Mr. George Grey, jun., son of the retiring master, will still act as huntsman.

The members of the Old Berks Hunt met at Faringdon last week, Sir William Throckmorton in the chair, when it was announced that Colonel Van de Weyer and Mr. Charles Duffield had agreed to hunt the country for at least one season. Colonel Van de Weyer is building new kennels for the Hunt at Kingstone Bagpaye, which will be completed and ready for use before cub hunting begins.

Bookmakers must have won very largely over the City and Suburban, for the Stanton party won a mere trifle, and nobody else appeared to have backed Quicklime. I believe that Lord Bradford had only £100 on, which was invested after the numbers went up. Colonel Forester's investment was limited to a "pony," and "Squire" Drake took 400 to 20. Lord Lascelles had £10 on. Mr. Chaplin won a fair stake, as he backed the horse at the last moment because it seemed so well, and the odds given were so long. Lord Alington and Sir Frederick Johnstone did not lose much by the defeat of St. Blaise, as they had splendid hedging, and were able at the last to stand fair stakes to very little money. The Prince of Wales backed St. Blaise several weeks ago, and Lord Alington hedged his money for him on Wednesday, so that H.R.H. stood "a monkey" to nothing.

Archer marked Captain Machell's card on Wednesday, and tipped him five winners out of seven, which was really good form considering that not a single favourite won during the day.

At the sale of Count Lagrange's racing trophies, the Jockey Club Cup won by Verneuil, advertised to be worth £300, was sold for £112. The Ascot Cup, nominally worth £1,000, realised only £320. The collection, supposed to be worth about £4,200, fetched £1,600.

The late Lord Grosvenor's filly Reprieve is now the joint property of Lord Alington and Lord Hartington. Lord Alington was unable to determine whether Reprieve should run in his colours or in his partner's, or whether a new combination should be invented for her. When the point was submitted to Lord Hartington by his eager "confederate," he solved it with great felicity. "I should say that when the filly is trying she should wear my colours, and when she is not trying she should wear yours!" *Se non è vero!*

A "royal" sturgeon was caught in the Ouse, near York, last week. It was over seven feet in length, and weighed nearly thirteen stone. This splendid fish was taken by the salmon-nets.

Though not personally fond of fishing, I cannot help thinking that the angling world ought to give far more support than they appear to do to the Thames Angling Preservation Society. I see by the forty-fifth annual report of this self-supporting society that out of 116 angling clubs in London, only sixteen are credited with subscribing towards the £400 expended by the T.A.P.S. The work of the society is considerable, but it might be much extended if it received greater financial encouragement.

Men who are fond of fishing, and who cannot afford the time or luxury of possessing private water in Scotland or elsewhere, might do worse than try their hand at the veritable Thames trout, as the fish run large and afford immense sport. Last year a fish, 15 lb. weight, was taken at Moulsey Weir; and two fish, 8 lb. and 7 lb. respectively, have recently been taken at Teddington Weir. The art of spinning for trout is nearly, if not quite, as scientific as fly-casting.

The Dupplin salmon hatcheries on the river Tay, erected at the suggestion of Sir James Gibson Maitland, of the "Howietoun fishery," have proved a great success, 271,000 eggs having been hatched in sixty-five days, with the trifling loss of only 1½ per cent. This hatchery will in time entirely supersede the old open-air salmon nursery at Stormontfield, which has been in use for over twenty-five years.

The first match in the tour of the Australians will come off on May 12, 13, and 14, at Sheffield Park, a private ground belonging to the Earl of Sheffield. The Home team has now been definitely settled by Lord Sheffield, and the eleven finally selected are—The Rev. F. J. Greenfield, Mr. W. G. Grace, Alfred Shaw, Shrewsbury, Barnes, Barlow, Ulyett, Harrison, Mycroft, Harry Phillips, and Jesse Hyde, the Sussex bowler, who is in very good form this year.

Whether any material benefit will be derived from the adoption of Lord Harris's proposition *re* unfair bowling, at the recent meeting of the M.C.C., time alone can prove. To me, the position of the case does not seem much altered; the question as to fair and unfair bowling being still left to the individual caprice of the umpires, who have before now shown themselves incapable of rigorously dealing with it. Lord Harris says that it is impossible to define the difference between bowling and throwing, and, therefore, impossible to word a hard and fast law on the subject. I do not believe in things being indescribable. Bowling is visibly the result of one action, throwing of another; and these actions are capable of lucid description. While crediting Lord Harris with the very best intentions in the matter, and sincerely trusting that his energetic and unselfish efforts to crush out a growing evil may be attended with success, I cannot feel hopeful that much good will result from the adoption of his recent proposal. Something much more definite is required.

The action of the Notts Committee in refusing to meet Lancashire, so long as that county employs unfair, or at any rate doubtful, bowlers, is far more likely to stamp out the evil than any rule or regulation put forward

Screens, with tea-cup shelf on each fold, from 21s. A large variety of screens in Japanese leather paper, needlework, stained glass, and hand-painted in all sizes and styles.—C. Hindley & Sons, 290 to 294, Oxford-street, London.

up to the present. Let other counties, and, above all, the M.C.C., follow suit, and unfair bowlers will be as rare here as they are in Australia.

I am continually receiving letters asking me which is the best tricycle. I don't know. But if any amateurs learned in the matter will explain to me the merits and demerits of the various tricycles, I shall feel obliged to them, and will lay their views before my readers. My own experience of tricycles is that after journeying up a hill, as though I were dragging a perambulator with a family in it, I comfortably put my legs on a bar with a view to descend. Descend I did, in about one second—on the back of my head.

The thirtieth anniversary of the French Society of Acclimatisation will be celebrated in Paris on May 3, by a banquet, which will be given at the Hôtel Continental. The extraordinary part of the business is the *menu* of the feast. Here it is:—

Soups:—Consommé of Chinese yak; purée of iguana; bouchées of vegetables of the Réunion Islands; palm-tree cabbage; solomillo of Estramadura.
Californian salmon, quarter of Wapite venison.
Entrées.—Siamese pork, with Indian sauce; Kangaro à la Française.
Roasts.—Pecari, with venison sauce; cassowary roasted whole.
Californian lettuce, Italian pumpkin.
Vegetables.—Purée of soya; Algerian potatoes.
Sweet dishes.—Japanese medlars; pine-apples.
Dessert.—Chinese lichen; goyavas.
Peruvian coffee; liqueur; eucalyptus.

It seems that the fashion for ladies' hats is passing from the aviary to the market-garden. Having exhausted the supply of birds, the *modistes* have now started vegetables as trimming. The latest novelty reported from Paris is *un chapeau garni de petits bouquets d'artichauts à la poivrade.*

In New York the latest foolish freak is for bald men to paint their heads as a part of their full dress. At a recent entertainment one individual's scalp was covered with a carefully-painted battle-piece, another with a group of fish and shells, while a third displayed a copy of one of Mr. Vanderbilt's Meissoniers.

The land speculators along the Western Riviera are in a state of despair at the death of the Duke of Albany They had induced him to agree to purchase a portion of some land belonging to a syndicate at Antibes, and now they urge that the agreement should be carried out, and that either the Duchess of Albany or some English Prince should build a house there and inhabit it.

All along the Riviera, land is bought and sold much like Stocks elsewhere. Every one speculates. The purchasers pay a deposit, and if they are unable to resell, they forfeit it. Land worth 3 or 4 francs a mètre was at one time run up to 24 or 25 francs. It has now fallen to 14 or 15, and in all probability it will fall still lower.

Visitors to Mentone next year will find great alterations at the Cercle Philharmonique. The club is to be very much enlarged and newly furnished, and there are to be two salons and a restaurant added, for the benefit of members only. The reading-room, which is very stuffy at present, is also to be enlarged, and the stock of newspapers and journals added to; a step in the right direction, as the scarcity of periodicals has long been a complaint among the subscribers.

The literary world of Madrid have had a good chuckle at the expense of the Government. The manager of *El Progreso* was arrested for publishing an article on tyranny, which was considered by the Ministry as an incitement to civil war. The culprit, laughing in his sleeve, refused to divulge the name of the writer, and was sent to prison, where he would probably be now had not the Government suddenly discovered that the article in question was an extract from Macaulay!

Franz Liszt has just left Buda-Pesth, the capital of Hungary, for Weimar. His secretary writes to a friend of his in England: "We desire to offer you our Hungarian hospitality, and our dear Liszt bids you heartily welcome, and begs you will consider the proposal, as he can no longer cross the sea. He has injured his eyes from constantly writing music, and that is why he asks me to write to you for him. You will hear with pleasure how well he otherwise bears his seventy-four years. Liszt's departure for Weimar leaves a great blank in the life of Buda-Pesth, which cannot easily be filled. He has such a grand nature, such a wonderful mind, and such a noble heart."

Charles Reade's rejection for special election by the committee of the Athenæum is not one of the creditable pages in the history of that body. He was put down for the club about 1868, being proposed by Wilkie Collins and seconded by Dickens, but after a few years he was brought forward to be elected under the rule which authorises the committee to select men of special eminence for immediate admission. It is stipulated that the committee shall always be unanimous in these cases, and when Reade came up two members opposed him; not in any way deprecating his claims to the distinction, but merely refusing to sanction his election on account of some petty personal pique. Years passed, and when he was coming up for ballot in the ordinary way (seconded by Mr. Palgrave Simpson, after Dickens's death) strenuous efforts were quietly made both by his friends and by his opponents, but a few days before the ballot he wrote withdrawing his name. It was tolerably certain that he would have been pulled through, but not without a hard struggle.

A "Westminster Boy" writes to complain of the new master of the school having announced that durin the forthcoming summer the boys are only to be taken in wagonettes to Putney to row on the river on the Saturday and Wednesday half holidays, instead of every evening, as has been the habit up to now. But, I hardly think that the new Master is to be blamed. To take the boys twice a week in carriages in order to enable them to row on the river is often enough. The real mistake consists in the school being in London, if its character as a public school where boys reside is to be maintained.

For Breakfast, Epps's Cocoa is grateful and comforting. Boiling water or milk only. James Epps & Co., Homœopathic Chemists.

The head-mastership of Durham School, which was vacated by Mr. Fearon's appointment to Winchester, has been given to Dr. J. M. Marshall. Mr. Marshall has for many years been second master of Dulwich School, where he led the opposition to Dr. Carver. He had previously been one of Dr. Perceval's most useful assistant-masters at Clifton, so that he has had plenty of experience, and is likely to make a capital successor to Mr. Fearon.

Oxford dons should take a furtive look at the Latin primer now and then. Before the Master of Balliol's "nomen approbandus" had been forgotten, Sir William Anson capped it last Thursday with a still more amusing slip. He addressed the Archbishop of Canterbury (who was receiving an honorary D.C.L.) as *hoc*, instead of *hunc*. Some people thought it an allusion to Dr. Benson's invertebrate and generally neutral disposition.

The Archbishop afterwards proceeded to Keble, which was *en fête*, in its own ecclesiastical way, to receive its visitor. There were more Latin speeches—happily inaudible—and a dinner in the evening, at which it is reported that allusions were made, not merely to the inevitable Laud, but to the questionable Dunstan. Some people have a curious idea of compliments.

When a man of Dean Burgon's standing can talk as he has about the education of women, it is easy to see the value of the opinions of country parsons on this or any similar question. The truth is, the system which puts the government of the University at the mercy of the non-resident M.A.'s is incompatible with the existence of Oxford as a centre of education and intelligence.

Apropos of Oxford Liberalism, I am pleased to see that Dr. Jowett has consented to open a bazaar for a Congregational Chapel in Oxford. The Vice-Chancellor openly countenancing Dissent is a spectacle as novel as it is welcome in University annals, besides being a very salutary example, if they only had the grace to profit by it, to the more or less reverend gentlemen who have been swarming up for Tuesday's Convocation.

The *World* announced last week that on the previous Sunday afternoon Dr. Stubbs had occupied his stall in the Cathedral for the last time. As a matter of fact, Dr. Stubbs was not present at the service, and his stall was filled by Prebendary Whittington.

Edmund is still more unfortunate in his information about Westminster Abbey, for he states that the special evening services are being held in the choir, "in consequence of the cold weather." This is nonsense, for the weather has no more to do with the arrangement than the earthquake. The fact is, that there cannot be services in the nave until the great organ is again in use, as the temporary instrument which has been used for the last fourteen months is placed at the upper end of the choir, and is only available for services in that portion of the Abbey.

Roper Frères' 1st Quality extra dry Champagne. Roper Frères' 1st Quality medium dry. Of all Wine Merchants.

The enthronement of Dr. Ridding in Southwell Minster is to take place with much ceremony on Wednesday, May 28. The Lord Chancellor, the Primate, and many other distinguished personages are to be present.

Dr. Wilberforce, the Bishop of Newcastle, will be the special preacher at Westminster Abbey next Sunday evening.

The Dean of York was elected Prolocutor of the Northern Convocation, but by a smaller majority than had been expected. The whip from Bishopthorpe and from Chester Deanery had been very vigorous. Archdeacon Hamilton voted against himself for the Dean, and explained how unwilling he had been to allow himself to be nominated. The Session did not terminate without a row as on Thursday there was a very serious passage of arms between the President (the Archbishop) and the new Prolocutor, in which the latter was strongly supported by his colleagues in the Lower House. Dr. Thomson seems to get even more arrogant and truculent than of old with advancing years; but he shows a singular lack of common sense in attempting to bully the Deans of York and Durham and their party.

An interesting case has been decided at Manchester. The financial affairs of the Manchester Chapter were settled by the Manchester Parish Division Act of 1850. By it, the Dean and Canons were to receive certain stipends "and no more," and income in excess was to be employed in supplementing the stipends of all incumbents within the ancient parish of Manchester. But the excess has been otherwise expended, and the incumbents have brought an action which has been decided in their favour. The remarkable part of the case is that the Ecclesiastical Commissioners took no steps in the matter. So far as they were concerned, these illegalities might have gone on for ever.

It is now asserted that although an Act of Parliament regulates the salaries of the Dean and of the Canons, and specifically says that they are to receive "no more," this is evaded by the Dean and certain of the Canons letting their official houses at a high price, and taking houses at a lower price. Thus, it is said that the Dean, instead of his legal salary of £1,000 per annum, manages to get hold of £2,800 per annum; and one of the Canons, in the same manner, converts his legal stipend of £600 into £1,700. Perhaps the Ecclesiastical Commissioners will be good enough to look into these allegations.

Hook, Atlay, Goodford, Golt, Edmund tells us, were Vicars of Leeds. For "Goodford, Golt," read "Woodford, Gott."

Amongst many little clerical weaknesses, the following seems to me to be exceptionally contemptible:—Honorary Canons, Prebendaries, and such like, invariably dub themselves and let themselves be dubbed "Canon," when, in fact, they are no such thing. There was a glaring instance of this when, in the "Court Circular" of April 11

The Kaps Pianofortes, grand and upright. These celebrated instruments can be obtained at C. E. Flavell's, 26, North Audley-street, W.

Dr. Gee, Vicar of Windsor, was called, "the Rev. Canon Gee, D.D., Canon of St. Albans," &c. Now, he is, I believe, no more a Canon proper than I am. He is simply an *Honorary* Canon of St. Albans.

It is much to be regretted that the Bishop of Salisbury does not avail himself of an existing Act of Parliament and tender his resignation. He is nearly eighty-one years of age, and is no longer able to perform even the ordinary routine duties of a Bishop. Only last week, during a sitting of the Diocesan Synod at Salisbury, he had to be led from his place as President to prevent a threatened collapse.

An inhabitant of St. Lawrence Jewry, "out of veneration for his Vicar," feels that he must "deliver his soul" in regard to a paragraph which appeared in Truth last week, anent the Vicar and a pew-opener. He thus delivers it :—

The Vicar was *not* "unable to attend from illness." He is in his usual good health, and was only away on very important business, as he stated.

The "proposition" did not strike the Vestry as "cool," for it was well understood that the Vicar alleged the kindest excuse. It was a true one, but much more valid reasons might have been given, and it was given in that form with floating ideas of something in the way of a pension.

In the long procession of Bishops, eighteen in number, who officiated at the opening of the new Oratory at Brompton last Friday, only two were not born Catholics. These were Cardinal Manning and Bishop Patterson. On the other hand, no inconsiderable number of the numerous priests and monks present had been Anglican clergymen or Oxford or Cambridge men.

The Right Rev. Dr. Bagshawe, who officiated at the altar, was, for a long period, a member of the Oratory. He is brother of Mr. Bagshawe, Q.C. Mr. Justice Mathew was present at the ceremony, but his judicial duties prevented Mr. Justice Day from putting in an appearance. The Duke of Norfolk, Lord Arundel of Wardour, Lord Denbigh, Lord Bury, and many other Catholics of name and note attended, as well as many non-Catholics who were attracted by the novelty of the ceremonial.

In organising a special thanksgiving service last Sunday, "for the recent victories of the British troops in the Soudan," the Dean of Canterbury proceeded, I suppose, on the principle that Providence is always on the side of the winning battalions. But I should have thought that the slaughter of 6,000 Arabs in a perfectly useless war was not exactly the occasion for Christian rejoicing.

Major Kitchener, R.E., an Engineer officer in the Egyptian army, and now on a mission in the Soudan, was engaged last November in an expedition sent by the Palestine Exploration Fund to make a survey of the Arabah, and as the result of a careful examination of Mr. Baker Greene's views, and from his own personal observations, he now expresses his conviction that the route indicated by Mr. Greene was that actually taken by the Israelites, and that Mount Hor and Mount Sinai are one. This blotting-out of the so-called Sinaitic peninsula, with its three or four distinct mountains, each severally claiming to be the real Mount of God, will not be accepted without a protest, though its associations with the Israelites cannot be traced back beyond the fourth century, when the Coptic monks who settled there gave it the reputation it has since enjoyed.

It is noteworthy that neither Eusebius nor Jerome, though a long time resident in Palestine, ever heard of it, and they do not refer to it in their catalogues of the Holy Places. The English Government, a few years since, had an Ordnance survey made of the supposed Mount Sinai and the surrounding country. It would have been well if that had been the only British money thrown away in the neighbourhood of the Red Sea.

In the Army Estimates for this year, £57,000 is the sum provided for defraying the charge for Divine service for the troops. This amount is altogether disproportionate to the results accruing from the outlay. There is no real spiritual life in the army. With a few notable exceptions the chaplains are not hard-working men. Compared with the weekly labours of a parish priest, their work is child's play. It begins with one or two routine services on Sunday, and ends with, perhaps, a visit to the cells or a Bible-class on Saturday. Occasionally a funeral intervenes to break the monotony of the week. For performing such purely formal duties as these the chaplains receive higher rates of pay than officers of corresponding rank and service in the army. There can hardly be any doubt that the country could get the work done for half the money now paid.

I am not advocating the withdrawal of spiritual aid from our soldiers, I am protesting against the system which affords that aid in so inadequate a manner. I say, as a tax-payer, that public money ought not to be voted without a corresponding return. The country does not get a proper return for the £57,000 provided in Vote 2 of the Army Estimates for Divine Service. In these days of religious activity the condition of the Chaplains' Department of the Army is a reproach. Its management is marked by apathy and indifference. It would be better, and certainly cheaper, to leave the religious wants of the Army to voluntary efforts rather than to allow the present system to continue.

Colonel Burnaby's outspoken remarks at Birmingham have again attracted attention to the enormous cost of our present military administration. The estimate for the War Office this year has risen to £245,200. These figures require no comment. They constitute in themselves a public scandal. It is inconceivable that such an amount, paid away almost exclusively in salaries, could not with ordinary economy be largely reduced. When the Army Estimates come on for discussion, every item of Vote 16 should be submitted to a rigid scrutiny. No salary should be voted till the fullest explanation has been given. It is only by the House of Commons performing its duty fearlessly and conscientiously that the gross extravagance which now exists at the War Office can ever be checked.

The department of the Officer-Commanding-in-Chief is the most expensive of all. The estimate for salaries

Army and Navy Hotel, Victoria-st., S.W., is probably now the best Hotel in London. Table d'hote 6 to 8. Cookery excellent.

(exclusive of clerks) is £44,369. The head of the department, with his private secretary and personal staff, costs £9,389. The Secretary of State for War, with his private secretaries, only costs £5,450. It is an anomaly that the Commander-in-Chief should receive a salary of £6,632, while his superior, the Secretary of State, only receives £5,000. The Commander-in-Chief has not a tithe of the work and responsibility of the Secretary of State; yet he has twice as many people to assist him in his duties. Two of his aides-de-camp could be well spared, and this economy (£1,200) should be effected forthwith. It may be necessary to preserve the vested interests of the present Commander-in-Chief, but the salary of his successor should be fixed at no higher a figure than £4,000. This would be quite sufficient. The Adjutant-General, who ranks next in the military department after the Commander-in-Chief, and who is a very distinguished general officer, is considered to be well paid with a salary of £2,700.

Here is another military anomaly :—Under Article 640, paragraph 2, Royal Warrant, 1882, a sergeant of cavalry performing the duties of an orderly-room clerk receives 6d. per diem "extra-duty pay," which, together with the pay, of his rank (2s. 8d.), makes a total daily pay of 3s. 2d. Should, however, he be confirmed in the appointment, he receives only 2s. 8d. a day.

It is high time that the Martini-Henry were issued to the Volunteers. When these rifles were introduced into the regular Army, the Snider, which they replaced, were given to the Volunteers. The latter are now old-fashioned, and can in no way be compared with the Martini-Henrys. A new rifle is shortly to be issued to the regular Forces, and it would appear that Lord Hartington is determined to make the Volunteers wait until the Martini-Henry is replaced by the new arm; but surely there is no need for this delay, when there is a reserve store of a quarter of a million of these rifles?

Admiral Whyte has, presumably, been selected for the post of second in command of the Channel Squadron with the object of obliging the Duke of Edinburgh. Admiral Whyte was the captain appointed to assist the Duke when he held the post of Admiral-Superintendent of Naval Reserves. The appointment is not satisfactory, because it happens that there are no fewer than eight Rear-Admirals who are senior to Admiral Whyte, and, of course, properly, one of them ought to have been selected in preference to their junior.

It would be interesting to know what sum the Government save by the stoppage of what is known in the Navy as optional cocoa—*i.e.*, an extra allowance for the men coming on deck during the middle and morning watches. Those only who have served at sea in all climates are aware what a boon this is to the men, how conducive to their health, and how small the cost. I should really have thought that the country could have stood this strain without damage; but it seems not.

Old Point Lace.—Hayward's, Experts, Dealers and Purchasers of Old Lace, 166 and 168, Oxford-street, W.

The yacht *Imogene* is to be altered and refitted, with the object of adapting her for the use of our Ambassador at Constantinople. The outlay will be about £4,000; a very useless expenditure, as it is not so very long ago that there was a large payment for another vessel for the same service.

It is really high time that serious steps were taken by the Admiralty to reduce the cost of the maintenance of the training ship *Britannia*, at Dartmouth. The estimated outlay on this vessel during the new financial year is no less than £33,968, and as the average number of cadets is only 128, it follows that each "sucking Nelson" costs the country annually £205, after deducting the amount repaid by his parents. This establishment seems to me to be conducted on a scandalously extravagant scale.

The Channel Squadron and the Reserve Squadron will probably go about the middle of June on a cruise to the Baltic, under the command of the Duke of Edinburgh.

A letter appears in the *Army and Navy Gazette* from Mr. Francis Lean, suggesting that ships should carry on their flags the names of the battles in which they, or ships of the same name, have been engaged. I hardly think that our relations with foreign Powers are so peaceful that we can afford to indulge in such "cheap swagger" at their expense. The comparison of ships with regiments is not applicable to the point in question. Our regiments do not visit foreign countries unless on hostile views intent—our ships do.

That palladium of the British Constitution, trial by jury, is at a discount just now in the Law Courts. Since the new rules came into force, the proportion of cases set down for trial before a Judge alone has been rapidly growing, and now, in the Queen's Bench Division, out of a grand total of 1,024 cases, no less than 444 are down for trial without a jury. Last year there were only 67 such cases in the list.

The grand total of cases in the Cause Lists for the present sittings is 2,706; yet the Common Law Judges are now mostly occupied in wandering about the country, accepting the hospitality of Sheriffs, and trying boys for burning gorse or stealing geese, instead of endeavouring to keep down the growing arrears in the legal business of the country. How long is this absurdity going to last?

That is an excellent move on the part of the Treasury, as to the allowing of the expenses of judges on circuit. The arrangement is that they shall be allowed £7. 10s. per day each while engaged on assize. But out of this they are to pay the travelling expenses of their marshals, clerks, and staffs, upon learning which the *Daily News* naïvely "understands" that "the office of judge's marshal will very shortly be abolished."

Dr. Thomas B. Diplock, coroner for the western district of Middlesex, has curious notions of law and justice. A gentleman was summoned to serve on a jury before him on Monday week, who claimed the right to affirm, instead of being sworn, on the ground that he was

an atheist. The coroner not only refused to let him affirm, but also, when he expressed his readiness to be sworn if an affirmation was not legal, refused to let him be sworn, and then proceeded to add injury to insult by telling him that if he dared to leave the court during the proceedings he would fine him heavily for non-attendance. Such a proceeding, besides being unjust, is wholly illegal. It is doubtful whether an atheist juror might not affirm under the Act of 1868, as the words of the Act enable an affirmation to be made on "conscientious objections to be sworn." But there is not the smallest doubt that the zealot doctor committed a gross breach of the law in threatening to fine a man for not doing what he would not allow him to do.

At Retford Police-court, last week, Robert Chester was summoned for assaulting John Harrison, a pauper child, who had been boarded out under his charge. The boy had received an unmerciful flogging with a rope, his body being black and blue from head to foot, and had then been tied up by the thumbs for an hour, with his feet just touching the floor. The magistrate, however, appeared to think that assaulting a pauper child was a comparatively venial offence, for he only fined Chester £2. It may be an excellent thing to board out pauper children under certain restrictions, but so scandalously lenient a sentence will scarcely tend to increase public confidence in the system. Considering that these unfortunate little waifs are almost entirely at the mercy of their so-called foster-parents, brutality like that of Chester's ought most certainly to be visited with condign punishment.

I am surprised that the Recorder at Folkestone has admitted Annie Johnson to bail. She is described as a "lodging-house keeper" and a "dressmaker." In the face of the fact that a young girl, who was living at her house, has disappeared from all ken since last May, the woman ought not to have been admitted to bail until she gave some satisfactory explanation. So strong is popular feeling at Folkestone in regard to the matter, that the venue of the trial has been transferred to London.

Contempt of court is an offence which I have always failed to understand. It seems to me that, to use a homely illustration with regard to that mysterious crime, one may abuse a judge, while another may not look at the bench on which he is sitting. In the Divorce Court, for instance, Captain Pole informed Mr. Justice Butt that "he did not care two straws for him," accused him of partiality, and said that he was "not fit to try the case at all." He was ejected from the Court, and there the matter ended. But had Captain Pole been an amorous young gentleman who had married a ward of Court, or an impecunious debtor who had failed to comply with an order for payment, I tremble to think of what would have happened to him.

At Winchester Assizes last week Mr. Justice Manisty commented very strongly upon the fact that the Public Prosecutor had not thought fit to take up a certain case, and said that "if the office of Public Prosecutor had been a reality instead of a sham, the case would have been presented by that officer, who was nothing but a name. It was a sham, a mere name." The judge's criticism is no doubt perfectly correct, but we never seem to get any nearer towards a proper reconstitution of the office in question. It is really extraordinary that justice should continue to be administered in the present slipshod fashion for want of a few simple reforms which everybody agrees are absolutely necessary.

It seems to be an understood thing at race meetings between the police and the public that the latter are at liberty to inflict whatever ill-usage they like upon a "Welsher." A case at Epsom Petty Sessions goes far to prove that this system of lynch-law is apt to lead to most undesirable results, and to benefit the very class whom it is intended to keep in awe. During the hearing of this case a detective proved that he saw the prisoner and a gang of his companions surround a betting-man on the racecourse. Two of the fraternity presented betting tickets, and demanded £6. The man naturally refused to pay, as he had made no bets with them. Thereupon they raised a cry of "Welsher," and set upon the unfortunate betting man, aided by a sympathising crowd. Their victim was knocked down, beaten, and kicked, his clothes were torn off his back, and forty sovereigns were stolen from him. I have no doubt that this frequently happens, and I cannot help thinking that the police might with advantage be a little more prompt in putting a stop to such scenes.

I should not like to be a pupil at Framlingham College if the boys are subjected to the same discipline by one of the masters as he seems to regard desirable for donkeys. Randolph Dyer, master at Framlingham College, was charged with cruelty to an ass. A police-constable deposed that Dyer was thrusting into a donkey a stick with a nail at the end of it, and causing blood freely to flow. Witness took the stick away, when Dyer said that he was a "gentleman," and that it was a "case of emergency." He was fined 10s.! But ought he not to have been imprisoned without the option of a fine?

A French juryman was fined the other day 2,000 francs for having written to a newspaper to say that he did not agree to a verdict returned by the majority of his colleagues. It appears that secrecy is enjoined upon French jurymen by the Code, and I cannot help thinking that, after the newspaper controversy regarding the Belt *v.* Lawes case and other celebrated trials, it would be highly desirable if English jurymen were also prevented from revealing the secrets of their office, and detailing the arguments by which they were influenced in returning their verdicts.

I notice that *Le Soleil* gives a daily list of articles left in cabs and omnibuses and dropped in the streets. I should like to know how many of the following articles, if dropped

Libertys' Arabian, Chinese, and Indian Furniture and Decoration. A new Sketch-book post-free. Chesham House. Regent-street, W.

Woods' Hotel (within Furnival's Inn, Holborn, E.C.) has been considerably modernised and improved. Families and Gentlemen will find in this Hotel *home comforts.*

in the London streets, would ever be found at Scotland-yard or any other police-station :—Three Bank of England notes, gold watch, gold button, cat's-eye stone, ear-rings, gold and turquoise, &c., all found in the streets between April 5th and 7th ; and fifteen umbrellas, two overcoats, silk dresses, opera-glass, &c., all left in cabs on April 5th. I have no doubt that this system of advertisement considerably stimulates the honesty of finders, and often leads to the discovery of the owners.

The legal functionaries of Greece are certainly not overpaid. According to a recent official return, the President of the Supreme Court of Appeal (the Areogus) receives a yearly salary of £256. The Vice-President gets £216, and the thirteen inferior judges are paid £194 each. There are 245 magistrates in the country (corresponding to our stipendiaries and county-court judges), who receive £50 a year each.

"De minimis non curat lex" is an excellent maxim, but it is one which appears to be honoured by the Local Government Board rather in the breach than in the observance. At the meeting of the Liverpool Select Vestry, last week, the important question was discussed between the vestry and the Poor-law Inspector whether the aged and infirm paupers were to be allowed the luxury of occasional tobacco and snuff. The Local Government Board had sternly refused to countenance such extravagance, and it was sought to discover some means of gratifying the depraved taste of the paupers without incurring the wrath of the authorities. After much argument, a way out of the difficulty was found, and the vestry will again approach the Local Government Board on the subject. As a taxpayer, I am, of course, deeply grateful to the Board for their enthusiastic economy, but, at the same time, I should like to know the expense of these investigations and applications, as compared with the estimated cost of the tobacco and snuff.

It is high time that the counties received a share of the attention of our legislators in the direction of removing the anomalous system of plurality voting for Local Boards, Boards of Guardians, and other elected bodies where the qualification for voting seems to be based on the principle of giving as much power as possible to the landowning classes. The "one man one vote" principle is badly wanted in the counties, and, above all, the ballot is needful for *every* election, no matter for what office. This is how elections are managed in the parish of Quorndon, the home of the celebrated Quorn hounds. In a contest for the office of Parishioners' Churchwarden, "the Squire," a young gentleman who has not long reached manhood, who is the largest landowner in the parish—in fact, a veritable "lord of the soil"—who was made a J.P. immediately on his attaining his majority, who is president of the local Conservative Association, and who is an acting trustee of the local charities, assembled the retainers, labourers, and tenantry of his estate, and marched with them in procession down the village street to the church, where, after having recorded his own vote at the table, he waited until his dependants had recorded theirs.

The old scandal of the administration of justice at the Old Bailey being delayed through the non-attendance of the Aldermen was repeated last Friday, when Mr. Justice Stephen very sensibly remarked that the Aldermen's presence, although essential in point of law, was in point of fact quite unimportant. Seeing, however, that the Aldermen have been loudly protesting against Sir W. Harcourt's proposal to abolish them and their judicial functions, I am certainly surprised that none of their body took the trouble to make a court in time at the Old Bailey on the occasion referred to.

A short time ago Mr. Firth grievously outraged the feelings of London Aldermen by stating that they were not unanimous in opposing the Municipal Reform Bill. "Monckton" was deputed to ascertain their views by means of a circular letter, and there was great rejoicing over the apparent refutation of the calumny. I am glad, therefore, to see that at least one Alderman has shown a marked disposition to abjure the errors of his colleagues. I allude to Alderman Whitehead, who wrote a letter to a meeting of his Ward of Cheap last week, informing his constituents that, "it would be wise for the Corporation to endeavour to come to terms with the Government rather than offer an uncompromising and unreasoning resistance." These are words of wisdom which Mr. Whitehead's brother Aldermen would do well to act upon.

Although terribly indignant with Mr. Corrie Grant for daring to insinuate that they occasionally drink more than is good for them at City banquets, the Aldermen do not seem to have such implicit confidence in the powers of self-restraint possessed by themselves and the other members of the Common Council as their virtuous wrath might lead one to suppose. At the last meeting of the Common Council, Mr. Harris proposed that the Guildhall Improvement Committee be instructed to provide suitable refreshment accommodation for the members. The proposal met with some support ; but it was urged by the senior members that to establish a drinking-bar was unwise as, if any gentleman were to misconduct himself, the disgrace would fall upon the whole Corporation. Finally, the suggestion was left for the consideration of the Committee. I have no doubt that they exercised a wise discretion in not insisting upon the establishment of a buffet. Accidents, of course, we all know, will happen in the best-regulated Common Councils.

The Twickenham Local Board is engaged in a curious discussion with the Southwark Waterworks Company. The Board has bought a steam-roller. The Company has notified it that, if owing to its weight, the Company's mains are damaged, it will hold the Board liable. But, surely a Water Company ought to lay its mains at such a depth that they will not be staved in by a steam-roller being used to repair the roads above them ?

Minton's China.—A visit to Messrs. Goode's Depôt in South Audley-street will at once show the immense superiority of their collection, both as regards taste, extent, and lowness of price.

Vanity Fair says :—"Mr. Benjamin is still the Prince of Ulster and Stalking-Coat Makers." Ulster House, Conduit-street, W.

The medical electricians are in high dudgeon, and justly so, it would seem, because they are to be kept out of the Health Exhibition. Two classification papers were sent to applicants for space, in the first of which appliances for the cure of disease were apparently given a department, but in that issued later they were entirely shut out. On demanding an explanation, the electricians were told that the sub-committee (composed chiefly of medical men, be it remarked) had decided to exclude everything which was curative from the exhibition! The medical electricians put a very natural construction of their own upon this singular conduct, and are asking if professional jealousy is to be allowed to keep them out of an exhibition in which they consider themselves particularly entitled to a place. Surely a Health Exhibition ought to give exhibits of how health is to be retained!

A friend of mine had recently forwarded to him in the country a large official-looking envelope with "The International Health Exhibition, London, 1884," printed on it, which had been sent by post to his town house. On opening it, he found that it was a communication from F. T. Denyer & Co., 27, Regent-street, Piccadilly-circus, recommending the purchase of certain wines which this firm is prepared to sell under Royal and distinguished patronage. It may be that the quality of champagne at 42s. per dozen is "exquisite, and leaves nothing to be desired." This is not the question. The objection is that the words "International Health Exhibition" are printed on the envelope, on the ground, I suppose, that a tasting-order for the "pure wines of Saulucar, Manzanilla, Solera, and Amontillado," which wines will be found in the Exhibition, is enclosed. Let us clearly understand: is the Exhibition intended to be a quasi-national one, or one for the benefit of speculators? and is its name to be used by the latter on their circular envelopes, in order to ensure these missives following about those to whom they are addressed, instead of being at once consigned to the waste-paper basket?

Consumers of American butter and cheese will be interested in the report which a committee of the New York Senate has presented on the composition of those products. It appears that of the thirty samples of butter examined, two-thirds were only most remotely traceable to milk, the staple ingredient being the refuse fat of pigs and bullocks, whilst spoiled greases, deodorised by nitric and sulphuric acids, are also often used. Our Local Government Board, in their last report, lamented that adulteration was not fined as heavily here as it is in America, but these revelations seem to show that the business is too profitable to be stopped by any mere money penalties.

I continually see in the newspapers allusions to the excellence of Australian mutton. It is cheap, and it is four years old. But where is it to be bought? Is it all absorbed by the West-end butchers and sold as English mutton at English prices?

There is an amusing little item in last Monday's budget of news from the *Times* correspondent at Calcutta. He remarks that "their spirit of carping criticism and their persistent determination to find fault with everything done by the Government" is "the besetting sin of Indian native journalists." But who is it that sets them the example? Considering the persistent way in which the *Times* correspondent has carped at Lord Ripon and all his doings, it is a pity that he did not first remove the beam from his own eye.

Baboo English, as everybody knows, is characterised by Johnsonian dignity rather than by idiomatic accuracy. During the recent Calcutta Exhibition a lady from the "Mofussil," who had purchased some articles on exhibition, asked the Baboo in charge when she could take them away. She was rather startled at being informed that she could have them "on the day of judgment." The Baboo meant, of course, as soon as the award had been made.

An American editor thus explained to a young lady the difference between printing a book and publishing one for her:—

> If I should print a kiss on a beautiful young lady's cheek it would be printing, but if I were to tell the whole world about it, that would be publishing.

It is a curious statistical fact that 173 marriages were advertised in the *Times* in the seven days preceding April 21, and that out of this number 80 brides were fatherless. This, I presume, means that bridegrooms are looking more and more to the main chance, and only marry girls who have cash in hand. Prospects, nowadays, are not considered good enough. Mothers-in-law have long been at a discount, but it would seem that young men have now come to the conclusion that ready cash is a better asset than a father-in-law.

I referred lately to a case of triplets in Scotland. But this is nothing in comparison with the prolificness of a Russian, according to the following extract from the *Scots Magazine*, March, 1755:—

> There was lately presented to the Empress of Russia a labouring man who has had two wives, the first of whom brought him four times four children at a birth, seven times three, and ten times two. The second wife has lain-in seven times; the first time she brought forth three children, and the other six times two. The whole number of children by the two wives amount to 72.

The following letter will be read with interest by many who suffer from asthma and other such maladies of the respiratory organs:—

> Sir,—The peculiar affection which you describe as causing so much annoyance to the Duchess of Argyll and Lord Salisbury's youngest son, namely, the production of "a species of asthma" by "the smell of a horse," is a nerve trouble which, under one or other of several forms, is by no means uncommon. I have known precisely the same effects to follow exposure to the impalpable emanation from a cat, or, less remarkably, from linseed-meal, although these sources of irritation have not, perhaps, been recognised by the olfactory sense. The affection is, *essentially*, identical with that which in some cases follows the eating of strawberries or shell-fish,

Antique and Decorative French, Italian, and English Furniture, and Old Tapestries, &c.—J. J. Duveen 181, Oxford-street.

Rowland's Odonto whitens the teeth and prevents decay. Is quite free from acid and mineral ingredients. Sold by Chemists.

e.g., mussels, and with the production of what is known as "factitious urticaria," or nettle-rash, by simple irritation of the nerves of the skin.

Let me make sufferers from this malady—for such it is—a present of a prescription, which, if they have the courage to carry out, will not fail to cure them; sometimes after one, but certainly by two or three administrations. It is briefly this: expose the nerves *intentionally* to the excitant in a full dose and bear the consequences. In the case of the horse troubles, pass a night in a room over a stable. The immediate result will be an attack of "asthma," so called, which will be caused by irritation of the "respiratory nerve-centre" reflexly. When this occurs, do not resort to any remedy, either curative or palliative, and, above all things, do not remove the excitant or fly from it; if you do, nothing will be gained. Persist in the endurance, with what patience you may, until the paroxysm ends of itself, which it will probably do, in exhaustion, profuse perspiration, and sleep, profound and long. On awaking, there will be a cure, and in future immunity from the irritant, because the specific irritability of the particular nerve-centre affected will be extinguished. If I may venture to use technical language, I will say the inhibitory or controlling centre will be placed in harmonious relation with the automatic centre, and henceforward their balance of power will not be disturbed by the same irritant. There is not the slightest danger of more than temporary inconvenience to be feared from the recourse to this expedient of "cure," and the victory gained will be permanent. People go on suffering all their lives from this trouble, when they might get rid of it in two days. I have recently seen several cases of the class, which have been not congenital, but induced, the factor being malarial poisoning in the tea districts of Assam. They have been rapidly cured by direct mechanical treatment addressed to the irritable nerve-centre.—Yours truly,

J. Mortimer Granville.

A week or two ago four well-dressed men entered a London tavern and had dinner. When the moment came to pay, they said that they had no money with them, but would leave a valuable diamond ring. A few days later they called, settled the previous account, had another dinner, talked to the proprietor, and finally sold him the ring for £55. He considered that he had made a good bargain, because whilst it had been in his possession, he had taken it to a jeweller, who pronounced it to be worth £100. The guests, however, had on their second visit substituted an imitation facsimile for the genuine ring.

Imitation diamonds are now made which are almost impossible to distinguish from genuine ones. No one, therefore, ought to buy a diamond of any value nowadays without submitting it to an expert. There are "stones" to be seen at Thornhill's which are called "diamantés brilliants," which might pass anywhere as diamonds.

There have been two really serious earthquakes in this country before the one of last week. There was one in September, 1692, which is described in the Diary of John Evelyn, who was dining with a great company at Wotton, "when the earth trembled and shook." In March, 1750, there was a severe shake in London. Horace Walpole writes:—

On Wednesday night, the earth had a shivering fit between one and two. . . . On a sudden, I felt my bolster lift up my head. I thought somebody was getting from under my bed, but soon found it was a strong earthquake, that lasted near half-a-minute, with a violent vibration and great roaring. . . . In an instant we heard all the windows in the neighbourhood flung up. I got up, and found people running into the streets, but saw no mischief done. Dick Leverson and Mr. Rigby, who had supped and stayed late at Bedford House, knocked at several doors, and, in a watchman's voice, cried, "Past four o'clock, and a dreadful earthquake." There has been a shower of sermons and exhortations, and the Bishop of London has issued a pastoral letter, of which 10,000 were sold in two days, and 50,000 have been subscribed for since.

A Lament.

"Lillycups and roses! oh, the pretty flowers!
Coming in the spring-time to soothe defeat's sad hours."

Old Ditty.

"They're but some little faded flow'rs,
But, oh! they cost me dear,
And bring me back the 'golden' hours
Of that ill-fated year.
'Tis true, with jest I did impart
How once they decked my Oxford bowers,
But hated in my inmost heart
Are these same faded flowers.
They're but some little faded flow'rs,
But four-fifteen's too dear;
And this still more my temper sours,
Than Denzil Onslow's sneer.

"Where is the heart that doth not keep
Within its inmost core,
Some fond remembrance hidden deep,
Of seats, sat for no more?
But midst the things I do *not* prize,
Which most my memory fill,
A 'C.-C. summons' meets my eyes,
And that rude florist's bill,
Which, though for little faded flow'rs,
Has cost me, oh! so dear,
And brings me back the hopeful hours
Of my most hapless year!"

Mr. R. B. Turton, of Kildale, son of Captain Turton, of Upsall Castle, has consented to contest Thirsk for the Liberals at the general election, against Colonel Dawnay, the present Tory member.

The divisions on going into Committee on the Reform Bill on Monday were thin on both sides, owing to a misunderstanding. Mr. Winn, the Conservative Whip, had stated that at least twenty-five members on the Tory side intended to speak, and that, consequently, no division was likely before Thursday. But, when the Liberals declined to take part in the debate, the Tories found it difficult to knock their heads for hours against a stone wall, and, therefore, at about 12.30 gave up the task, when the division took place. Many Liberals, however, understanding that there was to be no division, had left.

I confess that I do not quite see how the proposed debasement of the half-sovereign will work. What is a pound? asked Sir Robert Peel, and he answered that it was a certain specific amount of the metal called gold. If this be admitted, half a pound ought to be half the specific amount of gold in a whole pound. A five-pound note is an engagement to pay at sight five times the specific amount of gold which is contained in one pound. To talk about pounds not being tokens and half-pounds being tokens, seems to me entirely to ignore the difference that now exists between standard coinage and token coinage. Token coinage and standard coinage should never be of the same metal. Of course, there is nothing more easy than to make an apparent gain of a million or two by converting standard coinage into token coinage. That two gold coins intrinsically worth 9s. each will be regarded

The Granville, Ramsgate.—The Redecoration of this Hotel is now complete, and under entirely new Proprietorship. Present terms, 10s. 6d. per day, including attendance, bedroom, and full board. Tariff on application. The Band plays during Table d'Hôte.

The Beach House Hotel (in connection with the Granville, Ramsgate), Westgate-on-Sea, Thanet. This Hotel is now open for the Season. Tariff on application to the Manager.

as equivalents for one gold coin intrinsically worth 20s. is hardly likely. Moreover, if any one can, by exchanging two half sovereigns for one sovereign, make a profit of ten per cent., what is to prevent many engaging in this operation? They would buy gold, stamp it abroad, then exchange it for our sovereigns, melt them down, and pocket the difference of weight. Mr. Childers's reply to this is, that any one might make money by coining half-crowns, and yet that no one does so. But is the latter statement correct? I have heard that there are many half-crowns in circulation which were never coined at the Mint.

Mr. Childers' new half-sovereigns have, by anticipation, been dubbed the illegitimate childers of the Mint.

Sir Edward Watkin is certainly a very clever man. He is perpetually explaining that he is actuated in all that he does by the purest philanthropy. He has become chairman and director of many railroad companies in order to benefit all mankind, except himself. Gordon having suggested that millionaires should subscribe a fund to buy Turkish troops, who are to be employed in carrying the blessings of civilisation to the Soudan, Sir Edward, without one moment's hesitation, wrote to the *Times* to offer to subscribe £1,000 to this fund. Of course, in doing so, he was unaware of the fact that our Government would not permit Turkish troops to be hired for any such purpose, and that, consequently, there was not the remotest probability of the generous outburst ever costing him one farthing. The next day various other millionaires also wrote to the *Times*, offering sums of money. They must have been sadly disappointed when they found that their names were not published.

"*Surtout, point de zèle,*" said Talleyrand to his *employés*, and I am convinced that neither Talleyrand nor Lord Beaconsfield would have despatched Gordon to the Soudan. Why did not the three members of the Cabinet who, one afternoon, decided that he should go, ask something about him at the Colonial Office? They would have learnt that he entirely threw over the Cape Government when in its employ, and sent to inform the chiefs whom he was ordered to attack, that they were entirely in the right.

On his way to the Cape he landed at the Seychelles Islands. There is a curious grove of palms there, which grow in pairs, side by side. If one is cut down, the other dies. Gordon at once indited an official dispatch to say that he had discovered the original Garden of Eden, and that trees of good and evil were still flourishing in it.

One of the pleas for sending an expedition to the Soudan is that we ought to maintain the connection of that country with Egypt on account of our commerce. I wonder that those who urge this do not perceive that the Soudanese would sell their products and buy our merchandise as they do now, even though they were separated from Egypt. Instead of keeping them out of Suakin, we ought to surrender that port to them. We are certain, sooner or later, to enter into commercial relations with every African country that has a port. Abyssinia is isolated because it is without one.

If Mr. Woodall's amendment in regard to Women's Suffrage is left an open question by Government, it is difficult to see how any one proposing an amendment to the Reform Bill can be charged with obstruction. There are many persons who, if the Bill passes, will still be unenfranchised. Amongst them are women. The Bill does not profess to settle the question for ever. It has a specific object—viz., to enfranchise certain persons. Those who vote for it, in no sort of way assert that others ought not to be enfranchised. In view of the Tory obstruction, the Liberal programme should be "the Bill, the whole Bill, and nothing but the Bill."

I publish the following letter from Lady Violet Greville with pleasure. Here is, indeed, a question on which the genuine women of England have a right to be heard. These are the sort of "Women's Rights" I like to see advocated by women:—

Dear Truth,—Seeing that you have kindly mentioned my appeal in your paper, may I ask you to be good enough to say that I shall be happy to receive subscriptions for the small lying-in hospital I am endeavouring to start at Shadwell? That it is greatly needed is the opinion of all workers, clergy, nurses, &c., in the neighbourhood. A midwife working among the poor, writes to me:—"There have been times when, from very shame's sake, I have performed my duties in the dark. The only alternative for the poor in the East-end in the hour of woman's direst need is the workhouse, and to that there is a great antipathy. In such an hour there can be no privacy, and the poverty and want are something terrible to behold." Seeing how liberally your readers have responded to the many excellent appeals you have from time to time laid before them, I am quite sure they will not turn a deaf ear to that now made by, yours faithfully, Violet Greville.

7, Chesterfield-gardens, W.

P.S.—Mrs. Kendal has kindly promised to give a recitation on behalf of the proposed hospital.

Mr. Allen sends me the following letter with reference to the fund for "Feeding the Robins":—

Dear Sir,—As the treasurer of the Board School Children's Free Dinner Fund, I have the pleasure of acknowledging the receipt of yours of yesterday's date, enclosing cheque for £50. 19s., being the amount received by you up to date in response to your appeal in Truth for funds in aid of this work. Allow me, in the name of the committee, to tender you our sincere thanks for your kind and powerful advocacy of this movement, the result of which I apprehend will be that, at a meeting to be held this week, we shall now see our way to accede to a pending application to assist in establishing another branch in a new district.—Yours faithfully,

44, Marlborough Hill, N.W. Henry E. Allen.

April 23, 1884.

I have received the following additional sums for the above fund:—

Henry Spicer, £1; Mrs. William Waring, £1; Mrs. Ogle, £1; G. S. Rd. C.m. £1. 2s. 6d.; A. K., 10s.; K., £1; M. Seymour, £1; C. J. B., 10s.; C. A., 10s.; R. D'Oyly Carte, £2. 2s.; the Yewhurst Robins, £1. 1s.; Oxonian, £1. 1s.; J. M. B., 2s.; J. H. Hiley, £1. 1s.; E. B. Malta, £2; Cantabit, £1. 1s.; Mrs. E. Knowles Binns, £2. 2s. In a portion of last week's edition X.'s subscription to this fund was acknowledged as £1; it should have been £2.

Miss English wishes me to acknowledge the following amounts, which have been sent direct to her for her fund for giving London children an outing:—

Mr. Samuel, £2. 2s.; Mr. Rimmel, £1. 1s.; Mr. W. Ramsey, £1. 2s.; Mr. D'Oyly Carte, £2. 2s.

Spectacles scientifically adapted to assist & strengthen the weakest sights by Mr. Laurance, F.S.S., Oculist Optician, 1a, Old Bond-st.

Beauté. Vérité. Éternité.—Miniatures photographiques inaltérables sur émail vitrifiées au feu (patent). Walery, 5, Conduit-st., W.

SCRUTATOR.

PLAYS AND PLAYERS.

As we do not live in an age of miracles, we cannot be far off a great crash in the theatrical market. The hungry mania for building theatres must eventually end in collapse. If we had authors to write for the new theatres, and artists to act in them, well and good—go on building. London is vast, and no one refuses to spend good money over an honest entertainment. But the novelty of looking at marble staircases, ferneries, fountains, iron curtains, and terra-cotta hangings soon wears off. We cannot easily replace practised and skilled writers for the stage like Charles Reade and Henry J. Byron. It is only an astute manager like Mr. Bancroft who can conceal the deformity and nakedness of art behind *bric-à-brac* and upholstery. It requires the very smallest expenditure of common sense to see that some of these marble palaces that advertise such wretched entertainments must eventually put up their shutters. A show that costs a nightly expenditure of £250 means prospective bankruptcy. Managers like Mr. Henry Irving and Mr. Wilson Barrett, with enormous salary-lists and a crowded stage, sail as near the wind as they possibly can with safety. A week or so of bad business, a national sorrow, or an epidemic, would take the gilt off their gingerbread cakes pretty considerably. How, then, can the theatres possibly pay that fling money broadcast over the ballets, the glitter, the tinsel, the fleshings, and the electric light, which help to hide the literary trash and voiceless art that is supposed to attract an educated public? If some of the money flung away on new West-end theatres—which are not wanted—were only transferred to Eastern and suburban districts, where the people are pining for amusement, it would be a very different matter.

If the truth were told, the treasury at the most popular theatres is in anything but a healthy state. There is depression everywhere, things are unsettled, and the season now dawning upon us is likely to be deplorably dull. The Lyceum must be looking forward to the return of Mr. Irving very anxiously, and to the few short weeks of welcome that anticipate his second farewell; for he finds, as so many men have found, that the "dollars" come in faster in America than they do here, and that, given the same amount of hard work, his remuneration for it is far higher by starring over there than by dawdling at home. Mr. Irving's return visits in the States have hitherto been far more remunerative than the first ones. He has not nearly exhausted Canada or the huge American continent, and he is certainly wise in his generation to strike whilst the iron is hot. If he be judicious, he will produce a new play whilst he is with us—say, for instance, "Faust and Marguerite," the scenery for which is all ready for him, and then, having made another success, he can star America with a novelty and a new part for Ellen Terry, who is exceedingly popular in America.

The depression in the theatrical market, artistically and otherwise, may be guessed from the tactics of Mr. Bancroft. He produces "The Rivals" absolutely in despair. He has found out that modern revivals soon exhaust public attention; that he cannot put his finger on any one individual author he could safely commission to write an original play for the Haymarket Theatre, and that all he can do is to drag through the dreary season with a gorgeous reproduction of last-century manners as contained in "The Rivals," one of the most tiresome plays ever written, and one that can only be made interesting by acting of the first class. To expect that Mr. A. W. Pinero ever would or ever could play Sir Anthony Absolute, to hope that Mr. Bancroft himself or Mrs. Bernard Beere could possibly galvanise to life those wretched lay-figures, Faulkland and Julia; to believe that Mr. Lionel Brough would be anything more than a farcical Bob Acres, and to expect an artistic success with only Mrs. Stirling to support it with her Mrs. Malaprop, is to hope against hope. But it will be mounted as it has never been mounted before, and the realistic street and pump-room in Bath, the gavottes and the smart dresses, may, as they often do now, save the play. "The acting was wretched, but then how magnificently the piece is placed on the stage!" This is the constant comment of to-day on modern work. It was otherwise in the days of Sheridan. So long as the characters were personated, no one cared what the chairs and sofas were. I sincerely trust that "The Rivals" may prove a financial success, and I make no doubt that Mr. Bancroft would be delighted to produce a new play, if only he could get a promising one. His company is a good one, his theatre is a comfortable one, and no expense is spared. Wanted, an author!

"The Ironmaster" at the St. James's has been pooh-poohed by the critics, but for all that it is one of the few plays worth seeing in London at the present moment. The public know good acting when they see it, and they recognise here a performance by Mrs. Kendal which places her in the very first rank of the actresses of her time. The critics talk a great deal of rubbish about want of sympathy and motives untrue to nature, and require every character on the stage, male or female, to do exactly the things that are done in everyday life. But where have they ever seen better acting of an emotional nature than Mrs. Kendal's, when she hardens her heart and stiffens her nature against the man she has hoodwinked into marriage, or, when, subdued and conquered by passion, she turns round and lashes her rival with the gall and bitterness of a jealous tongue? Here are the two situations. Mrs. Kendal, in a cold heat of anger at being jilted by the man she loves, sets her teeth with rage and despair, and marries off-hand the first man who proposes to her. This, we are told, is untrue to life. I deny it. It is done every day in the week by women. It is not a pretty thing to do; it is not kind to the wretched victim; it is not civil when a husband comes to kiss his wife that she should behave to him like a vixen. But women are strange, odd, contradictory creatures, and the wildest imagination of the dramatist cannot compass their wiles and eccentricities. The great fact is that Mrs. Kendal feels and realizes the situation. She puts herself into the position of a woman who has married a man she does not care for, and is determined to be free from his embraces, and her acting is so good that the audience does not feel the improbability of the position so

Minton's China.—Thomas Goode & Co., Artists and Designers in Porcelain, South Audley-street Grosvenor-square.

much as the critics, who are so "dead cocksure." Again, Mrs. Kendal is represented as gradually softening towards this loathed reptile, her husband, and as finding that the great obstacle to her regaining his love is a shallow, heartless, designing woman, who is flattering and cajoling the obstinate Ironmaster. The critics—who know everything—assure me that a woman in such a plight would never demean herself by showing any jealousy towards her rival, and would die sooner than humiliate herself before a sneering woman, who has married her lover, and is making a fool of her husband. A sensible woman would not do so, but women are not always sensible, and plays are not written to illustrate the ordinary but the extraordinary circumstances of life. Mrs. Kendal's jealous scene is as powerful, as true, and as womanlike as such a scene well can be, and granted that the story be disagreeable, or the tone of it occasionally dull, it is the kind of acting that is very rare on the stage, and is honestly worth more than a critical sneer. The St. James's Theatre has always been liberally patronised by artists and Academicians. Mr. Kendal appreciates the compliment, and makes up the "Ironmaster" after his patron, Sir Frederick Leighton. For my own part, I don't care very much for Mr. Kendal's serious acting. His voice has the ring of the young curate in it. When he is pathetic he sermonises. He is a comedian, and an excellent one—not a sentimental actor. But then it is decreed that he should always make love to his wife, which is a very proper and respectable thing to do; and when all is said and done, it would be difficult to quote any actor of the period who would on the whole play the Ironmaster better than Mr. Kendal. I was very much struck, as was the audience, with the acting of a Miss Vane as the cold, calculating, unaristocratic and sarcastic daughter of the vulgar chocolate maker. It was a most difficult character to treat, but this young lady, hitherto unknown, was an admirable contrast to Mrs. Kendal. She fathoms a woman almost as well as Mrs. Kendal does, and that is saying a great deal. Mr. Hare should have played the chocolate maker, for he understands character in all its delicate shades. We don't want the butterman from "Our Boys" in modern French Society. Mr. Henley, who made a reputation by imitating Mr. Irving in a burlesque, takes to imitating Mr. Willard in a drama. It is not a very distinguished form of art, but it is popular on the stage. Mr. Brookfield at the Haymarket imitates his friend Mr. Kemble, and the friends of both think it very funny. Whether it is or not is a matter of opinion. The stage arrangement at the St. James's Theatre is usually excellent, but surely in the sensation duel scene the introduction of Mrs. Kendal in the front of the stage a few seconds before the pistols are fired results in a wholly false effect. The situation is one of surprise, and of suprise wholly. One of the duellists, in firing at his rival, accidentally hits the wife, who has flung herself in front of the combatants. Now, the effect of this surprise is wholly lost if the woman is seen before the signal is given. The situation was far better rendered at this point in Buchanan's play, founded on the same story without any permission from its author.

I certainly recommend Mr. & Mrs. Hart, 15, Stockbridge-terrace, Pimlico, S.W., as the most just and liberal purchasers of Cast-off Clothes, Jewellery, and every description of property. They punctually keep appointments, and remit P.O.O. for articles per return.

I cannot help thinking that the production of "The Beggar Student" on the huge stage and in front of the vast area of the Alhambra was a managerial mistake. It is thrown away. This theatre should be reserved for spectacular pieces, in which there is plenty of singing and as little dialogue as possible. Both this house and the new Empire should revise their programmes, and discard words altogether. Ballet, pantomime, and variety performers should constitute the main attraction, and smoking should be permitted, as it is at the Eden Theatre, in Paris, in certain defined portions of the house where visitors promenade. As matters stand, the Lord Chamberlain's hard-and-fast rules are disobeyed, because the smoking *foyer* communicates immediately with the theatre proper. Why, it may be asked a thousand times, should music-halls be denied the privilege of intelligibility in their performances and liable to prosecution for acting stage-plays when the majority of our popular theatres are merely music-halls in disguise? It is a distinction without a difference. Where, indeed, is the line to be drawn between the Canterbury Hall, licensed by magistrates because it allows smoking, and for that reason forbidden the use of the acting drama, and the Alhambra or Empire, where the drinking-bars and smoking-rooms are an integral part of the theatre proper, notwithstanding the fact that the Lord Chamberlain is not supposed to license public-houses? At both these theatres the Lord Chamberlain, alarmed at the music-hall proclivities of these popular and useful places of entertainment, has recently put up a screen between the drink and the drama. But it is a miserable subterfuge. These are not theatres as properly recognised by the existing Acts of Parliament; and the sooner all theatres are licensed as public-houses, which they are, or are all forbidden to sell liquors and refreshment of any kind, as in America, the better it will be for consistency. Fair play and free trade should be extended to every place of amusement in the metropolis. The drama and drink cannot be divorced, and sensation is intimately connected with smoke.

HER MAJESTY'S.

Mr. J. R. Taylor has done well to open this theatre with cheap prices, and the public will do well to patronise the venture. Not only will they find that they get their money's worth, as the performance has not been cheapened with the price of admission, but they will show other managers that, whereas they gladly give twelve pence for a shilling, they object to paying fifteen, and this is really what it amounts to with the present high charges. I am certain that the manager who would have the courage and judgment to reduce his stalls to the old price of seven shillings would in the long run have no reason to regret the change; or he might at least make a reduction, as I suggested last week, when more than one stall is taken, provided the seats are booked at the theatre in advance, without, of course, any charge for the booking.

Mr. Taylor has commenced his bill with "The Waterman'—Wilfrid Morgan being Tom Tug. The choice is a popular one, as the pit and gallery love a little music. But he relies mainly on the reproduction of "The Ticket-of-Leave Man;" and very well indeed it is reproduced. Certain of

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the characters are not so good, perhaps, as in the original cast; but the piece is admirably put upon the stage, and the many strong situations are well brought out. Whether Mr. Taylor commands success, time alone can show; but he certainly deserves it by his plucky venture.

THE EGYPTIAN HALL.

Messrs. Maskelyne & Cooke have altered and re-decorated their little home of mystery; but, regardless of the vast additions and improvements that have been made, it remains as mysterious as ever. In fact, it is more so, for the redoubtable Psycho has added the smoking of a cigarette to his other marvellous accomplishments; and Zoe, in the midst of her sketching, finds time to score the tricks that are made at the friendly rubber that her fellow automaton indulges in.

When a critic goes to a theatre, he is able to describe what he has seen and to give the reader a vivid picture of the performance. It is, however, useless to attempt to describe Mr. Maskelyne's automata. They do everything but talk, and I believe the only reason they do not do this is because their inventor has not had time to "teach" them. They are really wonderful. I would advise any believers in thought-reading—if there be such—to visit the Egyptian Hall and see Mr. Maskelyne's mental telegraphy. They will then be convinced, as he remarks, that any one who professes to actually read the thoughts of others is an impostor. The old box trick remains as impossible of explanation as ever, and the light and dark séances have lost none of their mystery. Mr. Maskelyne is indeed the successful enemy to all humbug, such as thought-reading and spiritualism.

MUSICAL NOTES.

Any one who at this moment chose to make a bare list of concerts and operas going on or about to be commenced might easily fill half a column. Were I to do so by way of information, I should be treading on the toes of official advertisements. The critic must select and direct, not merely advertise. That spoilt child of the public, Sarasate, the fascinating Spanish violinist, gives his first concert to-night (Wednesday). He provides himself with a handsome orchestral background in the shape of Mozart's "Jupiter Symphony," and will himself play Mendelssohn's "Violin Concerto," with its truly symphonic orchestral accompaniment. Richter's splendid concert on Monday had not quite the attractiveness of the first one last week, no great novelties being produced. The "Meistersinger Vorspiel," Act 3, is now tolerably familiar, and Mendelssohn's "Scotch Symphony," not to say Mozart's "Zauberflöte"—are more than familiar. The opening prelude to "Parsifal" at the first concert last week, and Wagner's early "Faust" overture were both listened to with intense interest. The latest and the earliest efforts of the master have at first sight little in common, although an attentive ear will detect the tendency towards emancipation in "Faust," which reached its climax in "Parsifal"—and yet both works share a certain distinct and melodic simplicity in parts, which contrasts strangely with the complex use made of those same melodies as they are worked up and woven together. "Mélodie à plusieurs étages," is a happy phrase of Liszt's which I am often reminded of in listening to passages of Wagner which were at first supposed to be quite formless and without "tune," but which are now seen to be full of many-sided melody. I should like to know whether it is absolutely necessary to put the stalls at the Richter Concerts up to 15s. The consequence is obvious—a few rich enthusiasts alone can pay the price, and the others go in labelled 15s. and pay nothing. This is rather rough on the poor people who pay 5s. and 2s. 6d. for "unreserved seats," and see a number of people who have been admitted by favour lounging in the stalls. I note that Richter is starring it at Manchester and Liverpool. I hope the enterprise will be more of a commercial success than some of his previous efforts in London, which were so heavily and unwisely run into by rival schemes. His conducting is as magnificent as ever.

Madame Liebhart gave a large mixed concert last week at St. James's Hall, at which Pachmann played. Madame Essipoff played at the Philharmonic, and Von Bülow gave his first Recital on Tuesday; Essipoff's Recital is announced for May 9, three days after Von Bülow's second Recital. I wonder whether Madame Szarvady Clauss will visit us this season. I fancy there would be room for her. I have not heard her for years, but she always fascinated me, though some people thought her cold. That was the impression she made upon so great an authority as Professor Ella—one of the few points in which I am unable to agree with him. Apropos of Madame Liebhart's concert, there were too many singers and there was too much singing. Several songs had to be left out, and I could have spared several more. I could have done without Miss Lynn, Mr. Henderson, Mr. Clifford—in fact, without the mediocrities—but these monster concerts are really occasions for advertising all sorts of dubious talent. The difficulty of getting an appearance at all in London is so great that every one with a name—and Liebhart has a name—is beset by a host of friends and friends' friends, and the result is that these benefit programmes are swollen with indifferent stuffing till they burst, as this one did last week.

The "cantata" form seems to be on the increase. Any thing is a cantata and a cantata is any thing—so that it can be sung by several voices, and is interspersed with songs having some thread of connection—but I never expected to hear Gray's "Elegy" sung. They will be singing "Locksley Hall," or "Paracelsus" next. Still, I have to record that Mr. Cellier upon Gray was produced by Mr. Willing and his choir, at St. James's Hall, last week. It contains some very smooth and effective part-writing, but the solos are a little tame, the orchestral portion is a little mild, and the whole sweet rather than strong, scholarly and correct rather than inspired. Mr. Bendall's "Parizadeh," a Peri story, followed next, and I might apply a very similar general criticism to it. Of course, various beauties in each could be pointed out in detail, were this the place, and were I sufficiently excited about either composition; but I am not. Both works

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are agreeably written. In the first, the poetry is superior to the music, which is no disparagement to the music; in the second, I may say that the music is superior to the poetry, which is no excessive praise to either. Mr. Cellier had the advantage of Miss Marian McKenzie and Edward Lloyd. Miss McKenzie and Miss Mary Davies, with the addition of Mr. King, sang for Mr. Wilfred Bendall.

Mr. Villiers Stanford's "Canterbury Pilgrims" was produced at Drury Lane on Monday, but the work in question, which has been so amply heralded by the press, is too important to dismiss with a brief notice, and so I must reserve my remarks until next week.

THE ROYAL INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.

If the wonderful ball of which we have heard so much does take place next year, it is to be hoped that the worthy President of the Council—Mr. J. D. Linton—will be more sparing in his invitations than he was on the Private View-day this year. A considerate host does not overcrowd his rooms; but last Saturday, in Piccadilly, there was such a "getting up-stairs" as "never was seen." The marble hall was strewn with the fragments of discarded vouchers. An Irish commissionaire was endeavouring to appease thousands of clamouring applicants outside the show-rooms, for the illustrated catalogue—borrowed from the happy idea of Mr. Henry Blackburn—had run out, and there was very nearly a mutiny before the dull afternoon stole into the gloomy evening. It is quite clear that people do not come to see the pictures on these occasions. They come to chatter, they block up the doorways, they crowd in front of the pictures and darken them from the eyes of the curious, they sprawl about the lounges, and they fill the air with desultory scraps of uninteresting conversation. It is much to the credit of this Society that the space on the walls is not wholly reserved for members. But hospitable and admirable as are the intentions of the Society, no system prevails by which daubs executed by the privileged are excluded. Mr. John Absolon holds the honourable post of treasurer to the Institute. He should leave off painting pictures, unless he can do something better than "The Judgment of Paris." Poor Solomon Hart, in his wildest days, never sent in anything funnier to the Academy than this representation of a wooden soldier, reclining on a sea-bank smoking a cigarette, whilst he hesitates to award the apple of discord to three smirking fisher-girls. The colouring and composition of the picture remind one of the work of the threadbare artist who has only coloured chalks for a medium and the pavement as a drawing-board. Even more wonderful still is a pictorial nightmare by Mr. R. Spencer Stanhope, which he calls "Love's Peril." A thin and wizened angel, who has been playing blind-man's buff with a lot of fantastic devils in the background, is approaching the window of his angular lady-love across a drawbridge out of all perspective. Cupid's bow and arrow have tumbled down a wide hole in the platform, and Cupid, with his eyes bandaged, looks as though he would probably topple down also, to the utter unconcern of the young lady at the door of a rabbit-hutch on the roof. Probably this mysterious design is an allegory not to be understood by the people. It makes them laugh, and its author has actually been bold enough to give a sketch of it in the illustrated catalogue. Belonging to the same school of art are the religious eccentricities to which the names of Louis Haghe, "Ave Maria," and Henry J. Stock, "He giveth his beloved sleep," are appended. Mr. Walter Crane is far more satisfactory this year. He gives us a picture of a diver, a well-shaped, perfectly nude bather, who is taking a splendid header into what looks like an aquarium tank. The fishes are dreadfully frightened, and scuttle away. The water bubbles and sparkles at the contact of this tremendous athlete. The man's figure is admirably drawn, and the picture would make a splendid advertisement for a swimming professor. It reminds me very forcibly of familiar illustrations in the "Boy's Own Book."

By far the best figure picture of the year for colour, composition, and dramatic vigour, is the scene in the Cornish fishing-village, called "Among the missing," by Walter Langley. It is an old story enough of pathetic despair, but it is admirably told. Comedy is well contrasted with tragedy. The grief depicted is silent, but eloquent, and the pose of the grief-stricken wife led home affectionately by an old grandmother is admirable. This is a far more pleasant picture to hang in a gallery than Mr. Nash's "Satisfaction"—a dreadfully dead man left shot to the heart on the Calais sandhills, whilst the seagulls are crossing over him, on their way from the distant ocean. Though painful enough, the picture is decidedly clever, and the accusation that it reminds the spectator of Gérôme is no bad recommendation. How charming an artist is Mr. E. J. Gregory, but what a pity he wastes so much talent on such trivial subjects! Better painting or drawing is not to be found in all the galleries than in "A morning gallop," but who cares very much for a healthy schoolgirl wheeling along in excellent health and spirits on her tricycle, followed by a barking dog? There are vigour and force in the picture, but a child on a tricycle belongs to the prose, if not to the bathos, of art. Again, Mr. Frank Dadds' "Pigtails and Powder," four soldiers of the last century sitting on a bench and mutually assisting one another, is, in a certain sense, funny, and it is admirably drawn. But what a wearisome subject to gaze on for the rest of one's days! How far more pleasant to feast the eyes and the imagination with the landscapes of Orrock and Hine—his Sussex downs are a little woolly this time, however; to gaze upon such a charming picture as the "Haunt of the Fallow Deer," by Edmund Warren; or "Yeldham Hall, Essex," by Charles Earle; or the charming views at home and abroad, notably the "Temple of Minerva at Sunium," by Harry Johnson; or the home scenes in England, by Keeley Halswelle and clever C. J. Lewis; or the work of Mogford, and of breezy, fresh, and salty Walter May; and notably

Almond's Hotel, situated in the best position of the West-end and close to the theatres, parks, &c., is now re-opened. A spacious Salle à Manger and Ladies' Drawing-room have also been added, hot and cold baths and many single bedrooms. Special attention directed to sanitary arrangements. Clifford-street, Bond-street, W.
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Minton's (Limited). — Minton's China. A visit to Messrs. Mortlock's extensive collection in Oxford-st. and Orchard-st. will conclusively prove the superiority of taste and lowness of price for which this house has been so celebrated during the last century and a half.

with that tender and poetical landscape, "Evening Glow," by Joseph Knight.

Amongst the curious efforts in water-colours may be cited "An International Congress," by B. W. Spiers—a marvellous study of still life, old books, miniatures, engravings, and curios, microscopic in accuracy; and the treasures of the Society will be enriched by Mr. Walter Wilson's excellent portrait of the President, taken characteristically in his studio, and in the easiest of easy attitudes.

A PARIS BULL FIGHT.

Sooner or later they will have bull fights in Paris. I am only surprised that the Parisiennes have not already imported that entertainment. The shedding of the blood of bulls would be a kind of seasonable diversion, and the populace, as in the old Roman days, if kept sufficiently amused, might remain content without one of those bloody outbreaks which we usually expect to hear of in Paris when a Government of any sort has lasted six months without giving general satisfaction. The present *régime*, which began with such a flourish of trumpets, has certainly outlived its popularity. People complain of the dulness and sultriness of Paris—of the rudeness to foreigners, of the cynical indifference to religion, and of the general laxness of manners. This is the very atmosphere for Frascuelo. The people want rousing and amusing. Frascuelo is the greatest living toreador, and on being invited to try his cunning hand for the edification of the great pleasure city, like a true artist, declined to accept the invitation unless he was to be allowed to kill his bull. Well, is he to kill his bull, are horses to be ripped up, is the Hippodrome to reek like a knacker's-yard, and is Paris to shudder and be happy? If it is to be so, I shall regret it. It has often been said that nations meet to exchange their vices not their virtues. But Paris has had plenty of the first belonging to her, and Spain has few enough of the latter for home consumption, and none to lend out; still she had at least an apology for her national pastime. The bull-fight remained national, and it was, moreover, the last barbarous remnant of a time when Spaniards were brave and enterprising. Killing a bull in the Paris Hippodrome is about as national as a set pugilistic encounter between the Bayswater Pet and the Tipton Slasher in the great square of St. Mark, at Venice. When the inevitable suggestion is made for a real bull-fight, with the accomplished Frascuelo, at the Agricultural Hall, I hope some people will feel that we have quite enough of animal suffering in our streets and cattle markets, without making a special pastime out of their pains. Frascuelo is, no doubt, a fine fellow—a brave and skilful fellow, and withal dressed, they say, like an Indian Prince. He is also a mighty subduer of hearts as well as a slayer of bulls. Still, I can do without him, and I hope English ladies will be of the same opinion. Many people will witness a bull-fight in Spain as a natural curiosity who would no more tolerate one in London than a Chinese execution. Still, in these days of international civilities and social levelling down, who can tell? What a grand field-day it will be for the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals when Frascuelo lands on our shores—should he land!

THE BARREL ORGAN.

Tune.—May-Meeting Monomaniacs.

[During the course of what are known as the "May Meetings," upwards of a dozen Missionary Societies hold their anniversary gatherings, at which the receipt of funds, amounting in the aggregate to upwards of half a million of pounds sterling, is announced. It would be interesting to learn how much of this large total is expended on "Mission House" expenses in London, and what are the actual results upon the untutored savage's mind of the presence of so many antagonistic missionaries in the field.—Weekly Paper.] An answer to the latter part of the question will be found below.—Ed. Truth.

BEFORE his wigwam fire, upon a mat,
Lost in deep musings, Shon-shuh-shuh-gah sat,
Wise Shon-shuh-shuh-gah, of the Choctaws chief,
An aged brave, whose years were growing brief;
And as he still was staring at the flame,
He heard a voice outside pronounce his name—
An unctuous voice, which wreathed his face in frowns—
He knew it was the Reverend Silas Brown's.

Still, like a nature's gentleman, he drew
The curtain back, and o'er an oak-log threw
A 'possum skin, on which he then entreated
The Reverend Silas to be kindly seated;
But that smug man, by way of answer, turned
Skywards his eyes, as with his stick he spurned
The Choctaw's welcome, whilst he shrilly cried:
"Nay, in this house of sin I won't abide!

"O vessel full of wrath! O sinful worm!"
(Brown added) "I your danger re-affirm.
If you don't put the old man off, I dread
To think what horrors cluster round your head."
With puzzled face the Choctaw brave arose,
And cried, "'Tis doubtless right what you propose;
Your words are wisdom, Shon-shuh-shuh-gah grants,
Yet for an explanation still he pants."

"You may address me" (thus the Reverend Brown,
Who'd been a barber's boy in Kentish Town).
"Speak, sinful red man! I'll vouchsafe to hear;"
On which the Chief said this, in accents clear:

"Long years ago, when I was hale and young,
And no white teachers came my tribe among,
One mighty God I had been taught to know,
My fathers' God, dread Gitche Manito!

"In him I trusted with a faith supreme,
And heard his message in the wind and stream.
I feared his thunder, loved his fertile rain,
And thanked him for Earth's fruit and golden grain.
My creed was simple, but it was sincere;
My heart was happy and my mind was clear;
When one spring day a pale-face Bishop came
Me and my tribe from darkness to reclaim.

"He told us wondrous things, and when we fain
Would ask their meaning, said it was profane
To question sacred mysteries like those
That he had come from England to disclose.
Moved by his awful threats, I soon agreed
To change for his new faith my simple creed,
And tried most earnestly to understand
The strange new gospel given to our land.

"But, woe is me! whilst still on this intent,
One mournful morning that good Bishop went,
And from your Christian land across the sea
Another pale-faced teacher came to me.
I told him gladly all that I had learned,
And how our hearts for our last Bishop yearned;
When the new-comer, with an anger dire,
Cried, 'Wretched man! you 'll scarce escape hell-fire,

"Advice to Dyspeptics."—Symptoms of Dyspepsia, and Indigestion with special advice as to diet.—"This little pamphlet appeals *forcibly* to those who have allowed the palate to decide everything for them, and have paid the inevitable penalty of their folly."—Sent for one stamp. J. M. Richards, Publisher, 92, Great Russell-street, London.

" 'Unless you spurn at once th' accursed thing
That wicked Bishop dared to you to bring;
Tear down that cross I see above your door,
And to a priest confess your sins no more!
'Tis well I've come; for now, perchance, there's time
To purge your soul and save you from more crime;
Put faith in me, and burn those beads, I say,
And I will put you in the heavenward way.'

" Shall I go on, and tell you how, ere long,
Whilst yet my twice-changed faith was far from strong,
Two more white teachers from your England came,
Two other roads to Paradise proclaim?
It grieves me sore to think on what ensued;
How, with a fervour I could not elude,
Each of these teachers laboured day by day
To make me think *his* was the one true way,

" My brain was whirling. Could they all be right?
Then why such bitterness, such ceaseless spite?
They said their 'God was love,' and yet black hate
In my poor heart they laboured to create.
One—he was dressed, and had a face, like you—
Urged me my Pawnee neighbours to pursue,
And scalp them all because they did not care
To hear the words which he had to declare.

" 'Tis true, the Pawnees' gods are not like mine,
Nor do the Blackfeet to my creed incline;
Whilst the Ojibways, with a different rite,
Paint the god yellow that our tribe paints white.
But yet we Choctaws never yearned to make
These neighbouring tribes their fathers' gods forsake,
And cleave to ours; nor strove to make them change
Their old belief, for what to them was strange.

" But you in Christian England seem to plan
To set each mortal 'gainst that fellow man
Who dares to hold a varying creed. So you
Our former teachers with abuse pursue.
They sprinkled me, and said that I was clean;
But you assert that sprinkling naught can mean;
And tell me I am evermore accursed
Unless by you I straightway am immersed.

" Then know, O pale-face, I with doubts am torn;
My burden grows too grievous to be borne!
My mind's a maze, I know not what to do,
Nor can I settle what is false, what true!
But this I know, I'd yield my life, my all,
Could I the happy pagan past recall,
When with my tribe I led a simple life,
Unmoved by fears, unmarred by bitter strife.

" For since you Christians did my faith attack,
Woes without end have followed in your track
My braves, laid low with new and foul disease,
Try with fire-water to their pains appease;
Brother hates brother with an anger dire,
Your secret counsels nourish and inspire;
Ruin and death are hovering in the air,
And I am well-nigh driven to despair.

" Look through my camp, and you will wonder not
Why I so mourn my hapless people's lot.
'Tis vain to bid you go and come no more,
For that, alas! would not the past restore.
'Tis gone for ever, and I long in vain
For my glad heart and simple faith again.
But leave me now, for I would brood alone
Upon the evils which my people moan."

The Reverend Brown, though vexed at this display,
Yet thought it well to say he'd call next day;
And hurrying to his house, proceeded there
Some lines for home perusal to prepare,
In which in glowing language he detailed
How he had 'mongst the Choctaw tribe prevailed,
And closed his long epistle by entreating
For big collections at the next May Meeting.

But some, we hope, will, spite of this, decide
That funds thus raised are often misapplied;
And that the money, now so freely spent,
To fill the heathen with sore discontent;
To spread disease and rancour through their land,
And preach them dogmas they can't understand,
Shall not be sent across the ocean foam,
Whilst we have heathen starving here at home!

NOTES FROM PARIS.

AMERICAN AND SOUTH AFRICAN REPUBLICANS.

THE "At Home" of Mrs. Levi Morton last Thursday had many pleasant characteristics. I prefer dwelling on them to throwing into relief merely brilliant features. Any one who chooses to spend money can bring together rank, fashion, and any amount of artists, to say nothing of literary sybarites, flatterers, and successful humbugs. But it is another thing to have the *tout Paris* of the private view day at the Salon, to shuffle them up well, and to keep them in circulation. This feat was achieved at the American Legation, where *poseurs* forgot to posture. Young folks might have danced, were they so disposed. A very fine band—Sellenick's—was in attendance, and performed the whole evening; but youths and maidens concluded that as the spacious drawing-rooms were crowded, it would be better to chat and have "a good time," in a quiet sort of way. Mrs. Morton let them do just as they pleased. Terpsichore was wholly neglected. But if there is a Muse of easy-going, decorous flirtation, she ought to have been in the seventh heaven of delight. It is worthy of remark that Americans are loath to dance with any except rosebud beauties; but they are enchanted to chat with and devote themselves to mothers and grandmothers. A genial old American lady never finds herself abandoned. On the whole, our transatlantic cousins are more negotiable in a crush than Europeans. Notwithstanding the accentuated personality of each nephew of Uncle Sam, he is free in society from egotism and conceit. The Americans are unaffectedly civil, and under all circumstances the attentive and obedient servants of ladies. They do not aim at showing themselves off in a social gathering, but at making themselves useful. Two rooms at the opposite ends of the suite in which the Minister and Mrs. Morton received were given up to buffets. This prevented congestion. I shall not attempt to give a list of the celebrities who came. Beau Nash's mot: "A great crowd and nobody there," would not apply to the *soirée* at La Place des États Unis. Meissonier was among the absents, *et les absents ont toujours tort.* Had he come, he would have fallen in with Mrs. Mackay, who looked as nice as nice could be, in a very simple pale rose dress, with a dog-collar of small black pearls round her neck. She spoke in really kind terms of the illustrious old painter, and was only annoyed that a man of his genius should be so stupid as to take offence because her relative, Count Telfner, did not mete out

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to him the exact measure of verbal respect which he certainly would have meted out were he as learned in French as in two or three other languages. Nor could Mrs. Mackay, with her American education, have ventured playfully to impose her behests on a painter of Meissonier's world-wide reputation and venerable age—unless she had been informed by a third person that he wished her to do so. She urged this plea with a simple *bonne grâce* that would, proud as he is, have brought him on his knees to her, had he been within hearing distance. You must have heard, in connection with the affair of the Meissonier portrait, a good deal about this lady, and, I dare say, would like to hear more. Mrs. Mackay had a French grandmother of aristocratic family (most American ladies have), who emigrated to New York in 1790; she is not, therefore, an utter foreigner in Paris. She has a face and a figure which Dickens would have liked to have sketched in one of his genial and half sentimental moods. It would be outrageously false to say she had classic beauty, or anything statuesque beyond good proportions. She is not tall, she is not imposing, but she has a prettily-rounded figure, that looks well in plain dress or in fine clothes, freshness, piquancy, transparency of disposition, and nothing that shows egotistical self-assertion or self-worship. She left the reception early, to go home, I was told, and see that Russell Young's child, whom she adopted when its mother died, had been properly bathed and put to bed. Her features are well-shaped and regular, though not classical, and her eyes are full bluish-grey, and candid. Miss Nevada, her god-daughter (who was in bright pink tulle and dark pearls) was with her. Cabanel has just done a portrait of Mrs. Mackay, which satisfies all her friends. He was at the reception. He is white-haired, has white moustachios, and bushy white eye-brows; yet he does not look old. I was glad to see that time does not tell on Doctor Evans. He has just come back from Berlin, and might have given M. Jules Ferry "a tip" which would have been of use to him or to his representative at the Conference which is to meet shortly, but where we do not yet know.

Before I went to the American Legation I dined with the Boërs (*boors* is the true pronunciation) at the Grand Hôtel. Six ladies graced the banquet; five were Dutch, *et, ma foi, bien gentilles!* In the way of a neat figure, I never saw anything prettier than Madame Van Hamels. It was supple as a bit of thin whalebone, erect, bounded by gently-curved lines of beauty of Nature's own design, and fitted magnificently with a crimson velvet jacket, made with a Valois collar, which, I suppose, was originally intended to protect the back of the neck from draughts of cold air. The Boërs have a primitive and Puritanical dislike to low-bodied dresses. All the Dutch ladies, knowing this, were covered up to the throat. The single lady who was not aware to what extent they carried their notions on the score of feminine modesty, was *décolletée*, but not so outrageously so as if she were going to attend a Drawing-room at Buckingham Palace. On entering the drawing-room where the company gathered before proceeding to the banquet, she perceived a stir among the Dutch ladies. The reason was explained, and it was hinted that perhaps she had better throw a lace wrap about her shoulders. President Kruger, it was then added, had abruptly quitted the room where the Queen of Holland was, because her Majesty was not *en robe montante.* The fair one refused point-blank to modify her dress in any way, and all the more so because the President had been two days in Paris, and had already been to see "Sapho" at the Opera House. If he could stand the ballet there, and the robe *très légèrement attachée* of the Lesbian poetess, he might very well put up with the sight of bare shoulders at a dinner. M. de Lesseps, who was chairman, took this view, and, to accustom the President to the laws of French fashions, placed the wearer of the cut-down body so nearly opposite to him that he could not look across the table without having a good view of her. "Il faut," said the experienced chairman, "qu'il s'accoutume à la vue des jolies épaules. Celles de Madame sont si bien faites que le Président ne s'apercevra pas qu'elles sont découvertes." Kruger was presented to her, shook hands with her very cordially, but while doing so looked—not at her—but over her shoulder at vacancy. At dinner, when not looking either to the right or left, he kept his eyes fixed on his plate. He is half a Moravian, and is esteemed for his gentle manners and severe morals in the Transvaal. The President of the "South African Republic" (this is its official title) is phlegmatic, placid, and taciturn as if he had been reared among the polders of Holland. Nobody belonging to him was, it appears, ever in the Netherlands for upwards of two hundred years. The Dutch type has persisted all that time, in spite of a dry, hot climate, dusty plains, unnavigable water-courses, and a sort of life in which wild and exciting adventures are mixed up with the daily round of farm labour. The old dialect of the Dutch common people, which the advance of public instruction has swept away in Holland, also persists among the Boers, but in a curiously-modified form. Words with long, vaguely-pronounced terminals have been docked. As a consequence, the Boers' tongue has gained in distinctness. I never heard more clearly-accentuated speech than theirs, or more sonorous voices. In speaking, "ils ont l'air de ne se douter de rien." There was no stammering hesitancy, no stopping to take breath, no looking round to see what effect they might be producing; but a strong, emphatic, and by no means unmusical, lingual march forward. I fancied that spondees abounded in what they said, and M. Van Hamel and Count Van Blokland who, alone, of the Dutch present, understood them, told me that they did. The first time the late Mr. John O'Connell delivered a speech in the House of Commons, Dan, the Liberator, who stood near him, said to him in an encouraging tone, "Speak up, John, like a man, and don't be afraid of anybody here." The Boers would not under any circumstances need this advice. They are in the habit of speaking up, of thinking and acting for themselves, and have never yet called any man master. Africa is a better country for the development of animal

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strength than either Europe or America. Very able-bodied manhood—and, indeed, womanhood too—is, I am told, the rule in the Transvaal. Smit has the eye of a humourist and of a marksman. I was told that his physique, which in our part of the world would be singularly powerful, was an average one in his own country. On hearing this, it occurred to me that our Colonial Department officials and the Cape Governor who provoked the Boers to try their strength with ours must be born idiots. What business could unripe soldiers who took the Queen's shilling to escape from the slums that send up "the bitter cry," and from dirty hovels in the country, have in facing men brought up in the midst of rude plenty, inured to healthy hardships, vitalised by hot, dry sunshine, resolute, independent, and attached to their free customs and their own ways? None of the delegates set up to be gentlemen, but they think themselves as good as any potentate in Europe. They make no attempt to conform to the unwritten law, which imposes swallow-tailed coats, black trousers and waistcoats, a wide expanse of shirt-front, and white cravats at great dinners. In evening suits I dare say they would have been ill at ease, and therefore appeared clownish, which they certainly were not at the Grand Hôtel banquet. They were more sturdy than rough. There was kindness and cordiality in their hand-shake; but my hand in theirs felt as if in a vice, and ached in the grasp of each. Kruger wears only a little beard under his chin. The other two are fully bearded. Dutoit has, from the ear up, one of the highest heads I ever saw, and it is very full everywhere in the frontal region. He shows his French blood in his eagerness to make the name of the South African Republic no vain title, and to push it east and west to the sea-coast. As the Transvaal has not any navigable river, and as the Portuguese have not the moral energy of the Boers, or as healthy a climate, the latter will, in the nature of things, extend their territory to Delagoa Bay. *C'est fatal.*

Should a poet be regarded as a good witness when probability is in conflict with his statements? My feeling is that he should not; he is too prone to idealise to always stick to hard, ugly facts. I therefore apply the *cum grano salis* maxim to a statement I heard a few days back from the poetic owner of the Villa des Violettes, at Cannes, M. Liégard, who is one of the most amiable and best fellows in existence. He alleged that the Duke of Albany had supernatural warnings of his approaching end two days before he died. At the last ball at which he danced, he told his astonished partner that he had come to the end of his lease of life. The Duke said that between sleeping and waking, on the morning of Tuesday (his decease took place on the morning of the Friday following) his sister Alice came into his room to tell him she watched over him, and that he was soon to be with her and other kindred spirits in a sphere where all was peaceful happiness. The owner of the Villa des Violettes spoke of other signs and wonders which to the Duke of Albany seemed like the handwriting on the wall. I can believe that, in the reaction which followed pleasurable excitement, he fancied he saw and heard the Princess Alice come to beckon him to another world. As to the other prodigies, it is safer to think like Hotspur than like Glendower.

SPORTING NOTES.

It may be hoped that the Stewards of the Jockey Club will recognise the propriety of revising their penal rules. There is something very absurd in "warning off" an offender for life, and then remitting the sentence at the end of one year. I have often pointed out that a sentence of perpetual "warning off" is nonsensical, except in very aggravated cases, and there was nothing of special enormity in the Brilliancy affair. The owner of the horse was either very stupid or else very confident to carry out so indecent a "ramp," but many other owners are doing just precisely the same thing every week of the season, only their arrangements are not so barefaced and clumsy. The fact is, however, that the business was a real stroke of luck for Radmall, as he had a large stud of horses, which he was obliged to get rid of forthwith, and they sold for enormous prices, and hardly one of them has since won even a selling plate. There can be no question, however, that the pardon which has been vouchsafed to Radmall ought also to have been extended to Wyatt, his jockey, who certainly would not have "pulled" Brilliancy without instructions from his employer, and who was really only a tool in the business, but who, as is frequently the case under such circumstances, has been the more heavily punished, as, of course, he has been prohibited from either riding or training. If the Stewards draw the line at pardoning Radmall, their procedure will be rightly denounced as scandalously unfair, and it is impossible to conjecture how they could reconcile their proceedings with the most elementary principles of justice.

Sir George Chetwynd is going to ask the Stewards whether they are aware that it is openly stated that a conspiracy exists between certain jockeys and some so-called professional backers, and, if they believe such a thing to be possible, "what steps they propose taking in the matter at once." If the Stewards have not heard the report, they must be curiously somnolent persons, but I should like to know how satisfactory proof is to be obtained of the flagitious transactions which are universally believed to have taken place. The *Field* states that some hundreds of thousands were won last year by half-a-dozen people, principally in connection with platers, and adds, very justly, that owners of horses wish to know the sources from whence these lucky bettors derived their information. Sir George's question might advantageously have been made more comprehensive in its terms. I referred several weeks ago to the astounding stories about the dishonesty of many of our most successful jockeys which have been published in the principal sporting paper of New York, and whether they have or have not been guilty of the charges which are brought against them in the plainest possible terms, the matter seems well worthy of investigation. How some jockeys have acquired the large fortunes which they now possess is a problem which, under the circumstances, may be commended to the immediate and careful attention of the

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Stewards. In the New York *Spirit of the Times*, I read the other day what purported to be a circumstantial account of the secret history of one of the most sensational handicaps of last season. It is alleged that every jockey who rode in the race was "going for" the horse which won, except two, who could not be squared; one of them finished second, and the other was riding an animal which had no chance. Now, if this is a malignant fiction, the jockeys implicated would really do well to take advantage of the opportunity afforded by Sir George Chetwynd's question, and request the Stewards to order a rigorous investigation. The sinister rumours which have been current for nearly three years ought, long ago, to have been cleared up; but now that the matter is coming officially before the Club, it will be well if adequate proceedings are taken without further delay, for the present state of affairs is eminently unsatisfactory, and by no means creditable to the Jockey Club.

If Quicklime had gone on well throughout his preparation, he would have started second favourite for the City and Suburban. I pointed out, over and over again, that Lord Bradford's horse was the pick of the handicap—a fact which, indeed, must have been manifest to the merest tiro, for he was literally "thrown in" on his three-year-old form. Quicklime went wrong shortly before Dutch Oven's Leger. Ever since he has been a most difficult horse to train, and has often been well one day and lame the next. He ran untried last week, and the little money for which he was backed only went on him because he looked and went so well. He has never been backed by the stable, except for a mere trifle, since he ran at Ascot as a three-year-old. After Quicklime was "knocked out" several weeks ago, in consequence of his going temporarily amiss, I regarded him as practically out of the race and therefore was not delighted by his success; but Lord Bradford certainly deserved to win, for his popular colours have been most unlucky since Quicklime's original collapse, and I am sure that everybody was glad that Wadlow should have a turn. In going through the list of probable runners I selected Thebais, St. Blaise, and Royal Stag as the cream of the field; and I certainly have no reason to be ashamed of my opinion, for if Lord Alington's horse had been ridden out, it would have been a close thing between him and Royal Stag for third place. I never anticipated that St. Blaise would win, for it did not seem possible that he could give away so much weight to such candidates as Quicklime and Royal Stag, and there is no reason to look upon him as a "real flyer." The exuberant confidence of the Kingsclere party, about which there was so much elaborate noise, was really founded on nothing except their own hopes, for the horse had not been tried, but he certainly looked remarkably well, and he has considerably improved since last year. The statement that St. Blaise failed to stay is manifestly nonsense, for, having stayed the Derby and the Grand Prix distances, he could not possibly have been stopped here. I suppose his next appearance will be in the Epsom Cup on the Oaks day, in which, however, Thebais should beat him on last week's running, to say nothing of St. Simon, Duke of Richmond, and Tristan. Of course, "Mr. Manton's" beautiful mare carried off the honours of the race, and her party must regret that they did not run her at Lincoln, instead of foolishly depending on a proved non-stayer like Energy. The Malton people blundered somehow with Royal Stag, who it was protested would win by many lengths, and yet Thebais gave this certainty 39 lb. and a 7-lb. beating. I always derided the chances of Florence, Sachem, and Lowland Chief, all of which were backed for tons of money. As to the first, she is merely a smart plater, and it really seems incredible that people could be found to believe in Sachem after last year's tragedy. If Lowland Chief could not win Roysterer's race, he clearly could not win now, with more weight and a very much better field. Richmond was a good deal knocked about, and there can be no doubt that he will win an important race during the season, although I do not believe that he will blossom into a Derby horse. The people who backed Despair richly deserved to lose their money, for this horse has shown, over and over again, that he is no use beyond six furlongs. Lambkin, who was a great tip towards the last, and who was very well in on his last year's running, was never seen in front, but he compensated his friends by winning the Esher Handicap at Sandown, on Saturday, in which he beat a great "pot" in Acrostic. Lambkin's rapid improvement in form was, no doubt, due to his being ridden by Archer, for a boy cannot do justice to him.

The defeat of Loch Ranza in the Metropolitan was a hard blow to the followers of that misleading phantom—public form. The race was not altogether satisfactory, for the favourite never seemed to be in it until quite the last; and whether Luke lay off too long (under the circumstances I should say he ought to have made hard running all the way), or whether he could not make his horse go, there can be no doubt that Loch Ranza would have won easily in another hundred yards. Faugh-a-Ballagh ought to win some good races this season. He ran very creditably, although he is not yet fit. According to recent running, Zadig could have no possible chance—he is said to be a rogue.

It is lucky for the English horses that Archiduc is disqualified for the Two Thousand and Derby, as he seems to have literally walked in for the French Two Thousand on Sunday, and Little Duck was never in it with him. They will meet again in the Derby, at Chantilly, on May 25, when Fra Diavolo may also be included in the field, but I shall expect Mr. Lefevre's horse to beat all comers. He was always a great favourite of mine, and I gave a plumper for him for last year's Criterion, when everybody was crazy about Royal Fern. Archiduc's nomination for the Grand Prix is void, so that Fra Diavolo and Little Duck will be the best of the French lot, while the English may be represented by St. Médard, Lambkin, and Queen Adelaide.

NEWMARKET.

Last week, in writing of the Two Thousand, I gave a plumper for St. Médard. Mr. Gerard's horse is now at less than half the price that was then offered against him, and his market progress has been almost exactly the

Riding Habits.—Specialty of John Redfern & Sons. Ladies' Tailors by Appointment to H.R.H. the Princess of Wales, 26, Conduit-street, London, W. Also at Cowes and Paris.

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same as was that of Peregrine, when I plumped for him for this race three years ago. I hope the result may be equally satisfactory. Harvester will run well.

The One Thousand would be a most exciting race if Superba, Queen Adelaide, and Busybody all came to the post fit and well, as they were unquestionably the three best two-year-olds of last season, and Cherry, Wild Thyme, Spring Morn, Sandiway, and Whitelock were among the best performers of the year next to these cracks. There seems every prospect of a comparatively large field, but what with the sale of Busybody, and the changes which may be brought about by the Two Thousand and by reputed trials, it is not at present easy to offer an opinion on the probable result. I shall, however, throw over the "cracks," and leave the issue to Wild Thyme and Sandiway, of which I prefer the former.

MAMMON.

STOCK EXCHANGE RUBBISH.

It has often been said that the Dutch grow rich by investing their savings in rubbish. The meaning of this is that they buy depreciated securities when they have fallen to rubbish price, lock them up in a box, and only sell them when some speculative movement has given them a fictitious value. Our losses during the last few years have arisen from our not having bought rubbish at rubbish price. In "Fenn on the Funds," it is pointed out that in the space of twenty years the Government Debts of the world have grown from £2,600,000,000 to £5,400,000,000. Probably it would be an exaggerated estimate to say that one-tenth portion of this increase is represented by assets. The money has been either squandered in wars, or has been borrowed to pay interest on former borrowings. And what has the public lost by these loans? In the last ten years it has surrendered to States by way of reduction of debts effected by composition, £285,200,000. With these hard statistical facts before us, am I wrong in frequently pointing out that so long as the Great States of Europe maintain enormous armies, they can only make two ends meet by periodical borrowing, and that their power to pay interest on their debts depends upon their power to borrow it? When they find themselves unable to do the latter, they will be unable to do the former.

Still more curious are some statistics quoted last week by Mr. W. H. Smith in Parliament, and which were furnished him by the Secretary of the Share and Loan Department of the Stock Exchange. On March 1, 1883, the nominal value of securities quoted on the Stock Exchange was £5,056,000,000; and on March 1, 1884, it was £5,211,000,000, showing an additional capital invested of £155,000,000. But, whereas on March 1, 1883, the market value of the securities was £4,907,000,000, on March 1, 1884, their market value, inclusive of the added £155,000,000, was only £4,901,000,000; showing a loss in the year of £161,000,000. The public are somewhat wiser now than they were a few years ago. The loss of the past year has mainly fallen upon speculators. They have bought and issued securities, they have put up their price, and they have been left with them until in despair they have given up the attempt to sell them at a fictitious price to the public. In reality, the loss is no loss. Dead Sea fruit was converted for a moment into apples, and it has become again Dead Sea fruit. When we are told that investment in all except first-class securities is not taking place, this does not mean that the money to invest does not exist, but that the public are waiting until second and third class securities have fallen to their intrinsic value; or, in other words, until the professional speculators have ceased to interfere with this intrinsic value. A shrinkage in price is not necessarily a shrinkage in value.

ELECTRIC POWER STORAGE COMPANY.

The reports and balance-sheets of Electric Companies must be sad reading to their shareholders. We have now that of the Electrical Power Storage Company. If I remember rightly, this Company first bought a patent of the Faure Accumulator of M. Faure, and then an improvement on it from Mr. Sellon.

These patents cost £535,084. But £70,200 worth of the shares which formed a portion of this payment seem to have been cancelled, and the share capital of the Company is at the present moment £529,800. The assets consist of £8,801 (less £6,375 owing) in cash; plant, stock, &c., set down as worth £37,040; and certain shares in subsidiary Companies, which may be put at zero. The profit and loss account on the year 1883 shows a loss of £19,755. In reality, it is much more. The result of sales during the year amounted to £18,463; the ordinary expenditure was £57,898, and the "proportion of cost of installations, keeping up foreign patents, general expenses and depreciation carried to patent sales account," was £18,512. Therefore, the actual loss was £57,947. There are curious items which go to swell up this amount. The Directors receive £1,500 for managing to bring about this financial result. Commissions, cash and shares (to whom is not stated) stand at £2,349. "Mr. Courtenay" (one of the Directors) says the Report, "has been in America in charge of the Company's interests," and "expenses incurred in America" figure for £10,236. The lawyers have had £1,723, and "whilst sales, less trade discount, are set down at £18,463, there is a *per contra* item of £6,146 for abatements, allowances, and bad debts." Under these circumstances, for which the Directors are good enough to express their regret, they recommend that the capital of £529,800 be reduced to £132,450, ingenuously observing that it is more easy to make a profit on a small capital than on a large one. The amount of profit, however, does not seem to be exactly the pressing question, but rather the amount of loss. With a loss last year of above £50,000, the shareholders are very silly not to liquidate at once, and divide whatever cash there may be,

Options.—Explanatory Pamphlet on Stock Exchange Options, post-free. John Abbott & Co., Stock and Share Brokers, 21 and 22, Palmerston Buildings, London, E.C.

Pistols for Egypt.—Charles Lancaster's Patent Four-barrel L Hammerless Pistols having met with universal praise from Officers in the last Campaign, he begs to ask the favour of an inspection of same,—455 bore, price, blued, £8. Nickel plated, £8. 11s. net. Holster, pouch, and belt, 15s. extra. Illustrated price-lists free on application to 151, New Bond-street, London, W.

instead of paying the Directors a further sum of £1,500 for losing it, as seems probable, in the course of the current year. Three of the Directors were also, if I am not mistaken, Directors of Father Brush Company.

THE RAILWAY ELECTRIC AND POWER COMPANY.

This Company does not seem much better off than the Electric Power Storage Company. At the recent meeting the capital was reduced from £170,232 to £135,322, and the Chairman announced a loss of £14,000 during the eighteen months ending last December. "But what of that? Have not other Companies lost more?" he cheerily observed. "One Company shows a loss of £29,180 during the past year. One Lancashire offspring of the Maxim-Weston Company has passed resolutions to go into liquidation, on account of the badness of the times." This, of course, must have been consolatory to the shareholders; for, bad as one's case may be, it is always pleasant to know that one's neighbour is in a worse plight. But what a change! Not long ago the shares of all these Electric Companies were at a premium; now each one seeks to drown sorrow by gloating over the misfortunes of the others. I don't know what the exact position of this Company may be—but if it is anything like what this extract from an outpouring of a shareholder makes it, the reduction in its capital is not likely to secure a very speedy dividend:—

The manufacturing account shows a nominal loss of £9,030. 16s. 6d. on a turnover of £15,185, or 60 per cent. of loss. But there is a further loss admitted of £5,680, which is debited to profit and loss account; so that the Company, having a turn-over of £15,185, admits a total loss amounting to £14,710. 16s. 6d. The amount paid away in salaries for the management of such a business is appalling. It consists of £2,920 for salaries in Glasgow; £2,484 for salaries and head office in London; and £3,166 for directors' fees; or a total of £8,571.

GRAND TRUNK.

At the meeting of this Company, Sir Charles Young proposed the re-election of Sir Henry Tyler, because "we must not forget how much we owe to Sir Henry." This having been carried, Sir Henry reciprocated the compliment by proposing the re-election of Sir Charles Young, because "he knows a great deal about Canada, and co-operates with us in all we do." If all elections were carried on upon this simple "You scratch me, I'll scratch you" system, what a vast amount of worry and trouble would be spared to candidates! The meeting, to judge by the reports, must have lasted hours. When any one desired to vote against any official resolution, the Chairman asked, "What is your name, and what is your holding in the Company?" If the opponent replied, stating his holding, the Chairman playfully implied that he was a liar by observing, "We will have this verified." This went on until a shareholder, in answer to the question, "Will you give me your name and holding?" answered, "No, sir, I will not." This was the proper reply. A Chairman has no more right to ask for the name and holding of a person voting against a board than that person has to insist upon the names and holdings of all who vote with a board.

Owing to the great pressure on our space, the Queer Story *is unavoidably held over.*

John Shaw, Share Broker, Wardrobe-chambers, Queen Victoria-st. deals at tape prices t an inclusive commission of one-sixteenth.

GIRLS' GOSSIP.

Dearest Amy,—Though the weather was so cold, there were some pretty frocks, spring-like in character, to be seen at Sandown. The really sensible people wore warm mantles and thick-soled boots, and sat in the stand, where there was shelter for their heads and protection for their feet. But I need scarcely tell you that the large majority, in such cases, is composed of persons who are *not* remarkable for common sense. There were the daintiest shoes to be seen, with thin soles, and showing equally thin stockings. Though the attendance was not large, and the costumes were, on the whole, sombre and quiet, yet a certain contingent of young and lovely beings, and many who were neither young nor lovely, sat out on the Lawn, or walked up and down, in order to display the elaboration of their toilettes to the best advantage.

On Thursday a new "face" was seen, in conjunction with a rather effective costume of grey plush.

On Saturday—a morning of mist and threatened rain—some one appeared in an appropriate costume of white broché velvet. This formed the material of her coat, which somewhat resembled the defunct Newmarket. Just try to fancy the forbiddingly chilly aspect of white velvet, even though trimmed with fur, under a leaden sky and in a bitterly cold wind! The companion of the white-velvet lady wore a coat of white vicugna, equally chilly in appearance. Notwithstanding the absence of the sun, some ladies persisted in keeping up their sunshades. I suppose they said to themselves, "What is the good of having a new parasol, if you can't display its newness and its beauties?"

It was dreadful to hear the teeth chattering in the heads of those who went without jackets or coats. It reminded one of Maskelyne and Cooke's skeleton. Their poor eyes watered with cold, their cheeks were blue, their noses red, and altogether you would have pitied these poor victims of vanity.

One lady's dress was strewn over with a design of horseshoes—not quite life-size, but about donkey-size. A perfectly delicious coat was of darkest ruby plush, trimmed with beaver. Hardly any hats were to be seen. It is now *chic* or *chien*, whichever word you like the better, to wear a bonnet, except when travelling in the country.

The new colour is gipsy red, a peculiarly vivid, yet soft shade. It will gladden the hearts of pretty brunettes, and indeed I never have seen a lovelier picture than was made by a girl the other day, who carried one of the new parasols. Her dark hair, dark eyes, and clear skin, with its warm flesh-tint, were touched with a glow of colour from the sunshade, which was made of gipsy-red batiste, edged all round with a pleated frill of the same material, and dotted all over with knots of narrow red velvet. You can't imagine how wonderfully it brightened up her beauty

I have not seen a blonde as yet with one of these parasols, and cannot, therefore, tell you whether the glow of red would in such a case be becoming or otherwise, but I fancy that if the complexion were quite perfect, it would be idealized by the proximity.

Here is a charming description of Punchestown that I have just received from Clare:—

Dearest Madge,—Last year, as you know, Punchestown was an experiment on my part, but it proved such a successful one that I had mentally resolved before the end of the second day on repeating it at the first opportunity. The repetition has fully justified my expectations. Another Punchestown has come and gone for me! Everything was delightful, beginning with the weather. Perhaps the shorn lamb may have found the east wind too little tempered—remember, the quotation is not biblical; but I, in a comfortable wrap, was able to defy its bitterness and gracefully enjoy the good gift of sunshine all around.

To picture to yourself any English race meeting will not bring Punchestown before your mind; the idiosyncrasies of this sporting festival are distinctly Celtic. The drive from the station, the "gap," the rough cart-track across the fields which leads to the enclosure, are all unique. Such a sense of perils past, and hair-breadth 'scapes on alighting from the car! One feels quite heroic at

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having evaded the fate of Witherington in the ancient ballad. Do not ask why such things need be. It is useless, for there is no answer. Our Girton "law of sufficient reason," as named by Leibnitz, seems to have no application here, viz.: "Nothing happens without a reason why it should be so rather than otherwise."

The crowd was far greater than last year, society, both Saxon and Celtic, being most fully and fashionably represented in the ladies' stand and in the enclosure in front of it. There was a reality of fair faces that might have rivalled any poet's dream, and millinery worthy of the forms on which it was moulded. Black silk predominated in the toilets, with grey in many shades; but here and there through the crowd many a costume afforded a bright "note" of colour to relieve the sombre effect. Lady Castletown wore a wonderful bodice of variegated beads over black silk. Lady Kildare looked charming in grey plush, trimmed with feathers, a short cape to match, and a small grey bonnet. The Duchesses of Hamilton and Montrose were in black. Lady Isabella Clayton's black lace dress had a decidedly airy, if pretty, effect, and suggested a hardy defiance of climate and weather. Mrs. Cornwallis West's hat with a straight brim and fluffy feathers was especially becoming. Toques in every variety were much worn; the fashion is too becoming and convenient to be readily given up. Neither Lord nor Lady Spencer was present, though there was a large party from the Viceregal Lodge each day. How Lord Spencer must have regretted missing the meeting!

There *were* races, though I have not mentioned them, for I saw jockeys and horses, and heard bells rung at occasional intervals throughout the day. Also there was a "ring," a fact which I know best through Fred, and which he knew, I fancy, to his cost. I should hardly like to mention all the luncheons and teas that we partook of. The military did all the entertaining, and their hospitality was boundless. Such feasting! One might live on the memory of it for some time to come. I forgot to mention the "double." It is the correct thing to walk across country to view it. This is a very long operation, apparently, to judge by the time that elapses before those who set out for it return. I was amused by the face of a pretty little girl I saw coming back from the "double," and not alone. Celtic faces, you know, are more expressive than the less mobile Saxon.—Yours ever, CLARE.

Dear old St. George's has seldom contained such a crowd as assembled on Thursday afternoon to see Mrs. Edwards married to Sir Greville Smyth, Bart. No one would have imagined, from the bride's dress, that she was a widow. It was made of cream-coloured satin and a new sort of brocaded velvet, called by the modistes *velours frisé*. The lace on the petticoat was quite lovely, being a mixture of point de gaze and point de Venise. The bonnet was a little gem, and I have no doubt that half the women in the church made up their minds to have one as nearly like it as their circumstances would permit. The crown was covered with brocaded velvet, like that in the dress; the brim was edged with pearls, the strings were made of lace, and the trimming consisted of the softest possible white ostrich-feather tips.

We saw the trousseau at Madame Swaebe's, and admired some of the dresses very much. A quite delicious tea-gown was made of pale canary-coloured satin, covered with gracefully-draped white lace, of the kind that is sold in the piece, like dress-fabrics. The design was really lovely, consisting of bunches of grapes and vine-leaves. Frills of lace rippled down the front and round the edges of the dress, which was confined round the waist by means of a large sash of canary-coloured satin. Another tea-gown was of soft brown cashmere, opening over pink satin.

Two dinner-dresses, one of pale blue satin, with bodice and train of brocaded velvet, and trimmed with groups of pale blue ostrich feathers, and the other of pale mauve satin and velvet, were very handsome. We fell in love with an evening dress of pale blue satin, trimmed with Mauresque lace of a deep coffee-colour, in which the design was picked out in gold thread. The harmony of tints in this dress was perfect.

Have I forgotten to tell you what the bride's going-away dress was? Dark green velvet, very gracefully made, with a few pleats down the front, and on either side of them a thick fringe of green chenille, tipped with gold. A cape to match was lined with gold-coloured satin. The bonnet was of dark green straw, dotted with stars made of gold beads. The strings were of tulle, spotted with chenille and gold.

We went to see another wedding, but I shall not tell you whose it was, because I wish to be free to make some remarks. I never saw such dowdy gowns in my life as were worn by most of the guests. When I am married (if I ever am) I hope my friends will kindly absent themselves, unless they can contrive to come in clean frocks. I think it is really horrid of people to come to church in some old wisp of a gown that appears to have been lying by in the wardrobe since the last wedding in the family. Now that an ordinary walking dress, of handsome material and fashionable make, is the correct thing at a wedding, instead of the light colours that obtained some years ago, there is no excuse for this kind of thing. It is almost as though they said, "I've had to give you a wedding present, so I can't afford a new dress."

At this wedding there was one handsome dress, quite new, and one pretty dress, also new. The rest were either trained (fancy, *trained!*) or else they jerked up at the back, as a last year's gown *will* jerk up, over a new dress-improver. There are really women who think that a new dress-improver (cost 7s. 6d.) makes up for every deficiency.

I have been to many weddings in the course of the last few years, and I am much puzzled to account for one circumstance. How is it that the best man is almost invariably ever so much nicer than the bridegroom? Maud and I always amuse ourselves, on such occasions, by choosing from among the gentlemen assembled the one we should ourselves select were we commanded to marry one of them on the spot. As a matter of fact, neither of us has ever chosen the bridegroom, but we nearly always both of us fix on the best man. Now, is it not odd?

Is it to be accounted for on the grounds that the nicest men do not marry; partly because they are nearly always the poor ones, and partly because they receive so much adoration that they simply dare not marry, for fear of breaking hearts wholesale? Or can you suggest any other theory? Do you think it can be because the natural emotion of the bridegroom deprives him of his good-looks? Or do his new clothes exercise a similar influence? Only the most gentlemanly-looking of men can stand the test of new clothes.

Charlie has just bought Maud a present, an artist's proof of Mr. C. Waltner's etching on vellum of Mr. Marcus Stone's picture, "The Lost Bird," just published by the Fine Art Society. You remember it represents a little girl with an empty cage in her hand, looking out sorrowfully into space for her little bird. The etching is, in our humble opinion, more beautiful than the picture, so exquisitely soft is it. The wistfulness in the child's lovely little sad face is really touching. You can see that she has almost given up hope of the bird coming back, notwithstanding the immense lump of sugar she has put between the bars of the cage, as a temptation. Maud is delighted with it.

Have you seen that Gladys Lady Lonsdale is now engaged to Mr. Vincent, financial adviser to the Egyptian Government? It is to be hoped that he will be more successful with bonds matrimonial than he seems to be with Egyptian bonds. The date of the wedding is not yet announced.

Another packet of music to sift for you. Do you know, dear, that some of the songs make me quite cross, the words are so silly. For instance, there is one called "Primrose Lane," in which a "cavalier bold" is described as meeting a "maiden simple." He asks her the way to Primrose Lane, and 'ere twilight's shade crept o'er the meadows wide, she was his promised bride. Maud Müller, you see, dear, drained of all its grace and pathos, and rendered more than absurd. Then there is another called "Snowflakes," describing how they came with winter to steal a child away. Fancy snowflakes stealing a child! The music is pretty, but one does not care to sing a song with such senseless words. Again, in "Home Recollections," the murmuring waves "in vain offer solace" to somebody, and, further on, a "thrill of delight every thought doth *unseat*," a word dragged in for no better reason than because it

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rhymes with sweet. Here are the first two lines of another :—

"'Love is a wicked boy,'
Said my mother to me."

Now, what kind of mother would say anything of the sort? Only Venus, I fancy. The music of this song is very pretty. The composer is J. J. Monk. "There is a Maiden," by the same, is pretty, too. We also like "The Evening Rest," by Mr. Monk. There is a harmonium accompaniment for it. These three are published by Cramer, of Regent-street. Musicians are apt to regard as quite unimportant the words of a song, so long as they are singable. "The Old Sea-dog" is a good, stirring man's song, by Arthur Thompson McEvoy, published by Willcocks, Berners-street. "Just for the Old Love's Sake" is a pretty little ditty, quiet and tender. "Nancy," an idyll of the kitchen, is "taking" in another direction. It describes a flirtation over the kneading of the dough, and is brightly written. The composer is John A. Fraser Jun., and Willcocks is the publisher.

"Toute à la Gloire" (why the *e* at the end of the first word?) is a brilliant "Marche de Concert" for the piano, by Arthur Thompson McEvoy. "Germania," an elaborate "Concertstück" on two German airs, by the same composer, is in the Thalberg style of composition. The sweet old "Mill Wheel" is one of the airs. Of the other, though quite familiar to me, I cannot remember the name. It is quite the sort of piece to display brilliant execution. "Kassassin" is the name of a galop, also by Mr. McEvoy. "An Unforgotten Song" is a dreamy little composition by Henry W. Pohlmann. You will like "An Orchestral March," by the same, who has also composed four pleasing "Pictures of Village Life." "The Village Forge" and "Love's Pleading" are my favourites. "Pretty Players' Easy Pieces," by Henry White, form a useful series for children; and so do "Etudes des Enfans," an excellent set of studies, by Henry W. Pohlmann. All this instrumental music is published by Willcocks, Berners-street.

We went on Saturday night to hear the recital of Samuel Taylor Coleridge's tragedy of "Remorse," by Mr. Philip Beck. It has been adapted by Mr. Frank E. Thicke, who has done his work well. Mr. Beck has a wonderful memory, and recited the whole of the five acts, not only without forgetting a single word, but with the appropriate change of voice and gesture for the seven *dramatis personæ*. He has a pleasant, cultivated voice, which he managed extremely well, and the tragedy went off very successfully. I hope I may never be a sufferer from the same malady, remorse. The first symptom on Don Ordonio's part was a desire to dwell in a hollow tomb and feed on weeds. Not even Jackson & Graham could make a hollow tomb a pleasant residence, and Mrs. Marshall herself could scarcely make a nice *entrée* out of weeds. There is a great deal about corpses in the tragedy, and many of the similes are of the ghastliest order. Charlie said they "gave him the jumps," to use his own graphic phrase. The Lord Chief Justice was present.

Here is a new way of grilling beef, whether fresh or already cooked. If fresh, cut a number of thin slices, and beat them to make them as tender as possible; moisten them well with melted butter or oil; season them with parsley, mace, and thyme shred as fine as possible, pepper, salt, and grated nutmeg. When the slices of beef are thoroughly moistened, cover them with bread-crumbs and scraped Gruyère cheese; grill them on a brisk fire till they are well browned on both sides; then serve them either dry or with a *sauce piquante*. If the beef is already cooked and tender, cut the slices thicker.

Have you ever heard of a most agreeable dish, called a "pullet in half-mourning"? This is it :—

Take a fat capon, or very fine chicken, place it in a saucepan with rich broth on a brisk fire till more than half-cooked, having previously covered the breast with slices of bacon. Then take the pullet off the fire, and lard the entire breast with symmetrically-cut pieces of truffle. Put it again on to the fire, and when done serve it with the stock, to which you may add some good gravy and minced truffles.

And I am now able to send you as promised the receipt for "Filets de sole à la Nevada:"—

Fillet two fine soles; flatten them well with the back of a knife; lay them in the juice of a whole lemon, and add seasoning; then cook them in butter. A few hours beforehand prepare a glass of good Chablis, in which soak some Spanish pimentos with saffron. Moisten the fillets with this. Then pour a sauce hollandaise over them, and dish up. Serve at the same time some boiled rice.

Ever, dear, your loving cousin, MADGE.

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LETTERS ON BOOKS.

My dear Mr. Wyndham,—I'm afraid you credit reviewers with more influence than they either have or deserve to have. It was but yesterday I heard one of the most justly popular of our novelists remarking upon the influence of reviews on the sale of a book. It was, he said, in many cases absolutely inappreciable, and in no case did it make or mar the fortunes of a book. Twenty years' experience as a reviewer has convinced me of the soundness of Bentley's manly maxim, "No author was ever written down but by himself." The reading public seems to have discovered not only that a good deal of writing down is due to jealousy and a good deal of writing up is due to favour, but also that, as Martial happily puts it, a cook and a guest may have very different opinions of the same dish :—

Cœnæ fercula nostræ
Mallem convivis quam placuisse coquis——

A book, which is to the taste of an expert, will not necessarily please an amateur. To take a current example—here is Rein's "Japan." (1) It has been universally and excessively praised, and (from an expert's point of view) justly; for it is, no doubt, the most accurate and exhaustive account of Japan as yet given to the West. Still it is Japan under the dissecting knife, every sinew, vein, muscle, and organ minutely demonstrated—but dead and disfigured out of all recognition for those who knew this fascinating country through the living, breathing pictures of it in such books as Miss Bird's. "'Tis Greece, but living Greece no more." On the other hand, I think such books of travel as "Camping Among Cannibals," (2) and "The High Alps of New Zealand," (3) are more likely to please the guests than the cooks. "Camping among Cannibals" is written in the reverse of the *caput mortuum* style of which I have been complaining. It would be delightful if only through the infection of the writer's boyish animal spirits. He seems almost as unsophisticated as the gentle savages he describes with such sympathy in every page but the title-page. Surely it is ungracious and ungrateful, not to say untrue, to entitle his account of a visit to the kindliest race under the sun, and (so far as the ladies are concerned) the loveliest, "Dusky like night, but night with all her stars;" surely, I say, it is unhandsome in him to entitle this account "Camping among Cannibals." There are certainly no cannibals in two out of the three islands he visited, and probably few or none in the third. Is the jingling alliteration of the title worth this aspersion on your gentle and generous hosts of Tonga and Samoa, Mr. St. Johnston? But this is the sole fault to be found with a truly delightful book.

(1) "Japan; Travels and Researches." By J. J. Rein. Translated from the German. (London: Hodder & Stoughton.) 1884.
(2) "Camping Among Cannibals." By Alfred St. Johnston. (London: Macmillan & Co.)
(3) "The High Alps of New Zealand." By William Spotswood Green, M.A. (London: Macmillan & Co.)
(4) "The Never Never Land, A Ride in North Queensland." By A. W. Stirling, B.C.L., F.R.G.S. (London: Sampson Low & Co.) 1884.
(5) "Town Life in Australia." By R E. N. Twopenny. (London: Elliot Stock.) 1883.
(6) "Temples and Elephants." The Narrative of a Journey of Exploration through Upper Siam and Lao. By Carl Bock, author of "The Head Hunters of Borneo." (London: Sampson Low & Co.) 1884.
(7) "Voyages of Discovery in the Arctic and Antarctic Regions, and Round the World." By Deputy-Inspector-General R. McCormick. 2 vols. (London: Sampson Low & Co.
(8) "Personal Reminisceuces of General Skobeleff." By V. T. Nemirovitch-Dantchenko. Translated from the Russian by E. A. Brayley Hodgetts. (London: W. H. Allen & Co.) 1884.
(9) "Pericles Brum, or the Last of the De Veres." A Satirical Romance. By Austen Pember. (London: John and Robert Maxwell.)
(10) "The Unity of Nature." By the Duke of Argyll. Author of "The Reign of Law." (London: Alexander Strahan.) 1884.
(11) "Every Man's Own Lawyer." By a Barrister. (London: Crosby, Lockwood, & Co.) 1884.

If you are, or were, a mountaineer you would be charmed with "The High Alps of New Zealand." Indeed, you will be charmed with it in any case, for it's much more than a thrilling narrative of a plucky and successful attempt to ascend the Monarch of the Alps of New Zealand. The book gives you, as a mountaineer's book should, a bird's-eye view of the country, and it has, what is the first thing and the last thing in a mountaineer's narrative—plenty of "go" in it. Here's a story from it of "the sordid Switzer" that has an old-world, days-of-chivalry flavour. The party, consisting of Mr. Green and his two faithful Switzers, Boss and Kaufmann, when parched with thirst during the ascent, saw far below them a tantalising tarn. "The idea at once entered our minds, could we get down that way and take a drink *en passant?* Kaufmann thought not, and as we had no time to spare we kept to the ridge; Boss, however, saying he would go down and see and join us again farther on, darted down the *couloir* amid a whole avalanche of stones. Passing the tarn, he ran to the crags beyond, and peered over, then waved his hand to signify it was 'no go,' and immediately began to climb the rocks in the direction of our track. When he reached us I asked him (for he had been the thirstiest of the three), 'Why didn't you take a drink when you were down there?' He replied, with great nonchalance: 'As I had no means of fetching any up to you, I didn't care for it myself.'" Doesn't that smack of "the service of the antique world?"

From New Zealand to Australia seems to us but a step through the foreshortening of distance, and we naturally class together books about these countries. I took up, therefore, next "The Never Never Land" (4) and "Town Life in Australia" (5), the former being a fantastic name for North Queensland, unfortunately and affectedly chosen by the author for a title. Unfortunately, I say, because it seems to be written for intending emigrants to North Queensland, who are little likely to recognise it under this preposterous name. I must warn you, also, against another mistake in starting made by Mr. Stirling. He quotes in the first chapter, as of blinding brilliance, a witticism which one of the sons of the Prince of Wales perpetrated in Sydney. Every one in Sydney, it seems, asks every stranger "How he likes the harbour?" Wherefore Prince George, on being introduced to a new partner, hastened to say, "I have seen your harbour and I like it very much. Don't let us talk about it any more." Well, perhaps from a prince this is wit, for the wit of a prince comes under the category (in Barrow's exhaustive analysis of wit) of that "which procureth delight, as monsters do, not for their beauty, but their rarity." But Mr. Stirling's book is not as fatuous as his extravagant appreciation of this gallant speech to a young lady suggests. For "Town Life in Australia" you're not likely to care yourself, but if any of your neighbours or dependants meditate emigration to that colony you may safely recommend it to them. As it goes minutely into the differences not only between the old country and Australia, but between the different towns of the colony, they will find it exceedingly serviceable.

Probably Mr. Carl Bock's choice of a title so clumsy and incoherent as "Temples and Elephants" (6) is due to his residence in Lao, whose people, he tells us, give their children such grotesque names as that of "pig-dung" in order that the spirits may not take a fancy to it. Now we know from Mr. Payn and other ill-used authors, that a taking title is liable to be appropriated by the evil spirits of the craft—unprincipled publishers. Hence, perhaps, a title so little likely to be coveted or claimed as "Temples and Elephants." But what's in a name? The book is a thoroughly enjoyable and instructive account of Upper Siam and Lao, of the latter especially; and to any one interested in the most fascinating, ancient, and widespread of religions, Buddhism, it will be doubly attractive.

I open next a book in two vast volumes, and cease to wonder at their size when I find it full of such "trivial fond records" as these:—"June 1st, 1839—Called on Sir Astley Cooper and Professor Owen. June 26th—I attended the Queen's Levée, for which I had purchased a new sword, knot, belt, and cocked hat. It was a showery day; the Levée hour 2 p.m.; I was half an hour late, &c., &c." If any of the sacred books of the world had been written on this scale would there have been found faith on earth? But a little egotism and prolixity must be pardoned to the aged and ill-used hero of three Polar expeditions—that under Sir Edward Parry in 1827, that under Sir Joseph Hooker in 1839-43, and that in search of Sir John Franklin in 1852-3. You will see that if Dr. McCormick, in his "Voyages of Discovery," (7) is a little prolix, he is only taking compound interest for the time and attention due to him since 1827. And, after all, it's only the latter half of the second volume that can reasonably be charged with prolixity, for the rest of the book is full of matter of extreme interest. It is, besides, admirably and profusely illustrated. Yet it's heart-breaking reading. One pictures all the heroic lives that have been tortured to a slow and terrible death since Dr. McCormick's first expedition. For what?

> We go to gain a little patch of ground
> That hath in it no profit but the name—
> Two thousand souls and twenty thousand ducats
> Will not debate the question of this straw.

Dr. McCormick brought his life back and has little more to congratulate himself upon. He has been flung aside and neglected, after the good old fashion, and must console himself with Coleridge's fine philosophy—

> Goodness and greatness are not means, but ends.

While on the subject of heroes, let me strongly recommend to you "Personal Reminiscences of General Skobeleff" (8). It's so brilliant a book as to be worthy of its subject. What an irony of fate, that this man should die when and as he did—at the moment that Russia needed him most, and that he was most fitted to her needs, in the very prime at once of his mental powers and of his political influence! For Skobeleff was a statesman no less than a General, and a patriot before all. But it is, of course, chiefly as a General that this book has to do with him, and it gives you a vivid idea at once of the horrors and of the heroism of war. If ever a man realised in battle the ideal of the image that made Addison's fortune—of the angel that "rides in the whirlwind and directs the storm"—it was Skobeleff. Here is an incident from the thrillingly-described third battle of Plevna, which gives you an idea of the magnetic influence of the man. He came upon an officer who had lagged behind his men, and lain down in a ditch through sheer cowardice.

> "What, Lieutenant, had you lain down to rest?"
> "My boots—my feet," stuttered the Lieutenant.
> "Do you belong to that company?"
> "Yes."
> "Overtake them and tell your commanding officer that I order him to send you first with the Volunteers, you hear? I wish to hear that you were the first to enter the redoubt. Do you hear, the first?"
> The Lieutenant overtook his men, and so led them that they were the first of the Volunteers, and he the first of them, to enter the redoubt.

Perhaps I ought to say a word in passing of books I recommend you *not* to read. "Pericles Brum," (9) for instance, "a satirical romance," in which the tendencies of the age are ridiculed with the delicacy of a schoolboy's caricature of his master. I cannot find a better word to describe this daub, than "impudent." It really is nothing less than impudent in its audacious dulness.

I do not think, either, that you will care for another book I have just laid down. The Duke of Argyll's "Unity of Nature" (10). It is really little more than a sermon on original sin in the disguise of a scientific treatise. It's a weak book, and will probably do more harm than good to the cause in whose support the Duke wrote it. Science is too strong for Mrs. Partington's broom. *E pur si muove.*

"Give me the money that is spent in war, and I will house, feed, clothe, educate, and evangelize all the homeless, hungry, naked, ignorant, and heathen of the world," says somewhere the great apostle of peace. I wish the great apostle of peace could give me the money spent in the civil war called litigation, and I fancy I could carry out a good deal of his programme. Is there any more monstrous and odious waste of money, and of more than money—of temper, health, and happiness—than that involved in a senseless law-suit? The great thing, as divines tell us, is to resist the Evil One's first approaches, and then, and then only, are we secure. Never approach a lawyer professionally if you can possibly help it; and you can very well help it in most cases by the aid of a really ad-

mirable manual, now in its twenty-first edition, "Every Man's Own Lawyer" (11). It gives you clear and succinct advice apparently on every possible question, and seems to be what it professes to be, a complete epitome of the laws of England. One would never suppose, in consulting it, that the law was "the hocus-pocus science of glorious uncertainty" it is described to be in "Love à la Mode," and found to be when manipulated by its professors; for nothing could be more simple and definite than its decisions in all cases.

I find I have only time to catch the post, but I hope to write again soon and supplement this list.—Believe me, dear Mr. Wyndham, very truly yours,

BARRY O'BRIEN.

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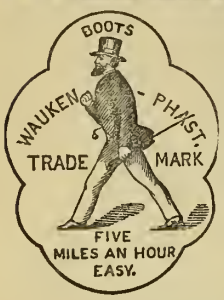

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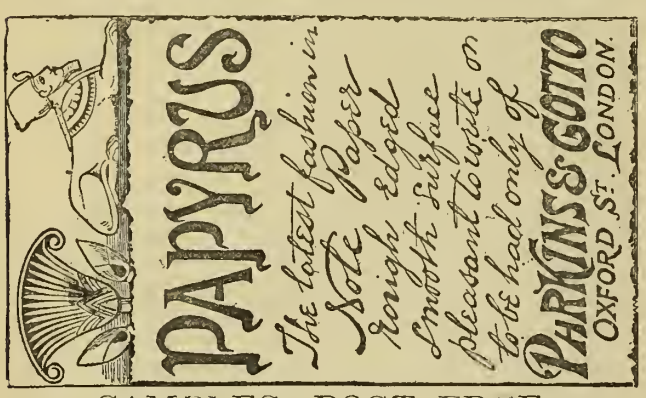

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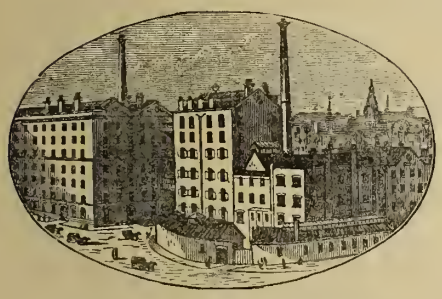

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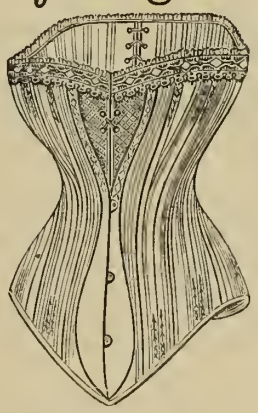

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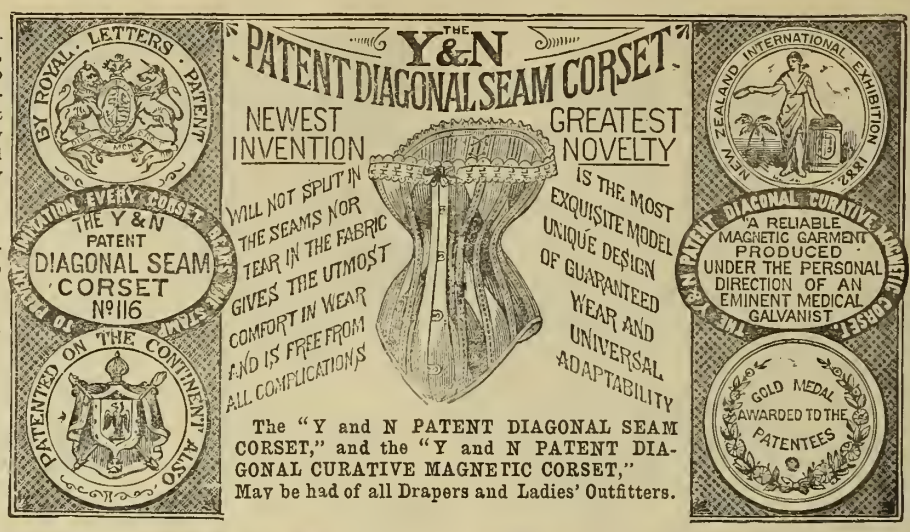

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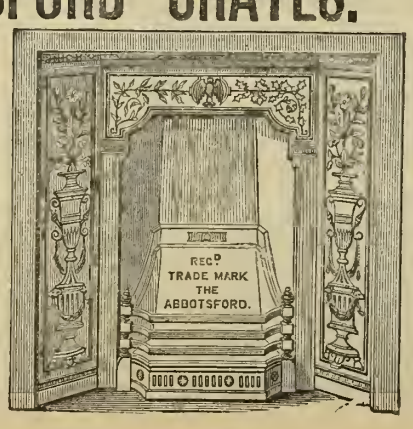

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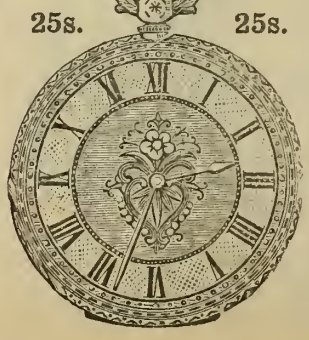

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Mr. Stanway has, without the aid of travellers, representatives, or agents, made the business one of the largest of the kind in the United Kingdom.
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The stock at the time the Company take over the business is to be taken at a valuation, to be made in the usual course.
The present issue of shares will suffice not only for the cash payments to be made for the business, but also for the provision of an ample working capital.
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The following contracts have been entered into, viz., a contract made the 17th April, 1884, between Richard Stanway of the one part, and T. D. C. Parker, on behalf of the Company, of the other part, and an agreement by letters dated respectively the 15th day of January, 21st day of February, and 16th day of April, 1884, between Richard Stanway and the Joint Stock Association, Limited. In addition there are many current contracts entered into by Mr. Stanway with Her Majesty's Government, railway companies, and other public bodies, for the supply of uniforms, materials, &c. Applicants for shares are to be deemed to have waived the publication of the particulars of these last-named contracts.
Copies of the memorandum and articles of association and of the two agreements above specified, can be seen at the offices of the solicitors of the Company.
In the event of no allotment being made the application money will be returned in full.
Prospectuses and forms of application for shares may be obtained from the National Provincial Bank of England, Limited, Bishopsgate-street, London, E.C., or any of its Branches, and at the Offices of the Company, 72, King William-street, London, E.C., and the Enderley Mills, Newcastle-under-Lyme, Staffordshire.
21st April, 1884.

Enclosures.
1. Supplementary details.
2. "Standard" article ("A Model Factory").
3. Form of application.

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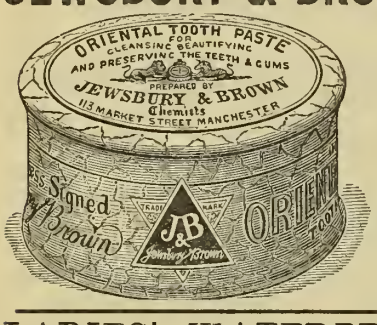

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OUR PUZZLES.

RULES.

1. The sum of £2. 2s. will be given every week for the best Epigram, Conundrum, Lipogram, Bouts-Rimés, or whatever the announced subject of the competition for the week may be.

2. The Puzzle Editor reserves the right, however, of dividing the above sum between two or more competitors, or of withholding the prize, should exceptional circumstances render such a course desirable.

3. The decision and award of the Puzzle Editor must be considered final and irrevocable, and, for obvious reasons, no appeal from his critical judgments can be entertained.

4. In every instance the Prize will be given in money, subject to no condition whatever, except the publication of the winner's real name and address in this journal.

5. Competitors will be allowed eight days for the composition and despatch of their efforts; but all such communications must, at the latest, be received at the Truth Office by the first post on Friday morning in the week succeeding the publication of the subject for competition.

6. Not more than one Prize will be given in a Quarter to the same competitor.

7. All New Contributors are Required to Forward with their First Answers their Real Names and Addresses for Registration; such names and addresses will not be published except in the case of Prize-winners.

8. The *nom-de-plume* chosen by competitors should not exceed 12, and must under no circumstances consist of more than 14 letters.

9. Competitors must on no account change the noms-de-plume they have once assumed.

10. On the announcement of the Prize-winner's *nom-de-plume*, the successful competitor must write and make formal application for the Prize, stating the address to which the cheque must be sent. Any competitor failing to do so within three months of winning the Prize will forfeit all claim to the same.

11. No communication can be received on post-cards, by telegraph, or by hand. They must all be sent by the time named above, all post letters addressed—

PUZZLE EDITOR OF "TRUTH," Carteret-street, Queen Anne's-gate, S.W.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 270.—BOUTS-RIMES.

Claymore (No application yet received. See Rule 10) £2 2 0

"TRUTH" PUZZLES, Nos. 270 and 272.

Before awarding the prizes in these two competitions, I will point out in what particulars the anagrams sent in answer to Puzzle No. 270 were defective. In many cases the competitors spoilt otherwise good anagrams by including in them words or parts of words to be found in the original sentence. Thus, whilst Sclanidge, A Caged Mary, Jacknaw, Scotia, and others reproduced the word "race," Rozel, Ne Quid Nimis, and several other competitors re-employed the word "boat." The reproduction of the little words, "the" and "and," was not so marked a fault, but even the reappearance of such unimportant words should be, if possible, avoided. Again, the word "Oxon" was used in many anagrams in a way which I have found it impossible to pass. A Cambridge University man is a Cantab, but I never heard an Oxford man speak of himself or any fellow student as an "Oxon." I was surprised to find how many, in answering Puzzle No. 272, placed Gautier first in their list. Not only did Gautier use the word "Oxon" in an impossible sense, but the word "hurra," as he spells it, lacks an "h." The popular vote was evidently secured by the fact that Gautier's anagram contained in effect an excellent tip for this year's Boat Race, but it was not any the better anagram for that. It was not to this year's race, in fact, but to the University Race as an annual institution, that the original phrase referred. The result of competition No. 272 is not very encouraging. The fact that so many competitors gave the first place to Gautier, in spite of the faults mentioned above, shows with tolerable clearness that it would not do to decide as to the awarding of prizes by the popular vote. It will be noticed that at least four of the names selected by the largest number of competitors, do not even appear in the following list, in which I have placed in order of merit the names of the authors of the anagrams I have selected. This is my arrangement:—1, H. S. Bugby; 2, Malignant; 3, Tarbox; 4, Ahastor; 5, Number III.; 6, Rhiw (2); 7, Old Log; 8, Ne Quid Nimis (1); 9, Roggee Shurt (2); 10, Moralist.

From this it follows that the prize for Competition No. 270, for the best Anagram goes to H. S. Bugby, whilst the prize for Competition No. 272, for placing the ten best in the order nearest to that published by me, must go to Monkennons, who places H. S. Bugby first and Malignant second, as I do, and also mentions Ahastor. Skriker puts H. S. Bugby and Malignant in a similar order, but refers to no other anagram mentioned in my list.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 275.

I am, as readers of these pages well know, always most ready to listen to suggestions, and to receive with anything but resentment criticism which I believe to be well meant. I accordingly print the following letter most willingly, though I am bound to add that its contents represent a view which has not hitherto been advanced by any other of my correspondents. I have received scores and scores of letters, in fact, whose writers have based their complaints on grounds directly opposite to those of P.; but of this more anon. Here, to begin with, is P.'s letter:—

"Dear Sir,—I am your great admirer, and feel sure that you will not condemn in me the exercise of a quality which you possess in so great a degree—I mean plain speaking. Therefore I would suggest that your puzzle department is susceptible of improvement. It is lamentable to think that competition is limited to the mere guessing of the total number of runs in a cricket-match. I really wonder you do not ask your puzzle-openers to guess how many times Mr. Gladstone will sneeze in the course of the next fortnight. I am not for making any proposal to take the place of yours, but I do think that something more profitable to the general reader could be produced by the exceedingly clever staff you employ than what has generally appeared as puzzles. Of course, you must cater for those who don't care for knowledge as well as for those who do, but I don't think the latter ought to be neglected. I have said that I am not for making any proposal myself, and that is so, but it has occurred to me that some such question as "Name the fewest number (six) of books, and their titles, which to know thoroughly would justify a person's claim to be deemed well read." Here one would get useful knowledge, which, however clever your puzzles as a rule may be, is not discoverable in that part of Truth which they occupy. I hope you will excuse the freedom I have taken in addressing you—indeed, I am sure you will.—Yours faithfully, "P."

"April 4, 1884.

Now, I think it is clear from this letter that "P." has not been an attentive reader of the "Puzzle Pages" he criticises, or he would have known that it is quite an exceptional thing to make a mere guess the subject of a competition; and that not one, but scores of Puzzles designed to attract the attention of those who "do care for knowledge" have been given during the past few years. It would take me too long to repeat the subjects I allude to, but I may refer generally to the repeated competitions which have been held with the view of testing the competitors' acquaintance with Shakespeare, Milton, Byron, Fielding, and other classic authors; to those designed to test their knowledge of French and Latin composition; and to numerous practical Puzzles dealing with culinary recipes, the selection of libraries, the tasteful furnishing of houses, the amusement of guests, &c. There have been, too, subjects in which success has depended on skill in versification, ear for rhythm, patience in searching books of reference, and general acquaintance with such varied topics as geography and politics, biography, and English Composition. But, even with this comprehensive series of competitions, "those who don't care for knowledge," to quote "P.'s" term, have often and persistently complained that they are never catered for, and it has been with a view of satisfying the most persistent, if not the most numerous, readers of these pages, that Puzzles requiring nothing more intelligent than the ability to make a guess are now and then given at long intervals. As to "P.'s" suggestion that we shall next be asking puzzle solvers to guess how many times Mr. Gladstone will sneeze in the course of a given fortnight, our reply is that we will with pleasure make this a subject for competition if "P" will kindly take it on himself to induce Mrs. Gladstone, or some other person competent to decide, to award the prize for the most correct answer. "P.'s" suggestion of a more serious subject for competition is not so happy. He seems to forget that no two men of intelligence would probably agree as to any one list of books. That "What is one man's meat is another man's poison," is a saying that holds especially good in the matter of literary food. A and B may both be well read men, and yet A may prize authors whom B regards as charlatans or impostors.

But enough. "P." has had his say, we have replied to him, and we think that he will thoroughly understand our contention; and we venture to believe that if he does not agree with it it will meet with the approval of the majority of the readers of our "Puzzle pages." Without wishing to make any reflection upon the originality of those who kindly compete each week, we cannot help adding that some little time ago we offered our weekly prize to the competitor who would give us the best idea for a puzzle; but the answers were so unsatisfactory that we could neither award the prize nor make use of any of the suggestions for future competitions. But, doubtless, as the general readers of Truth have so very largely increased in numbers since that date, the Puzzle competitors have increased in a similar proportion, and I have no objection to repeat the experiment I have referred to, and again offer a prize for the best suggestion for a puzzle. The Prize for this week will accordingly be given to the competitor who sends in

The Three Best Novel Suggestions for "Truth" Weekly Puzzles.

The suggestions need not be absolutely original, but it will, of course, be necessary that they shall be different from any of those which have been carried out in these pages. Competitors will please make their answers as brief as possible, and remember the conditions under which our weekly puzzles are given.

Answers to Correspondents.

Romantic Bar.—Yes. Two answers would be permissible under the circumstances you mention.

Winslow.—I noticed the misprint before you wrote.

Kratsca and Allebam.—Your names should have been included in the list.

Bon Ridley.—Yes; the *vox populi* was considerably out of it this time.

Ivor.—You need not have apologised; your writing, I am sure, was quite legible.

Observer.—The coincidence is indeed curious. Had there been a second prize for Puzzle No. 271, I may tell you you would have obtained it.

Browning, Jun.—I always look at the original MS. before finally deciding as to a prize, and so noticed in good time the misprint you allude to.

Per-se-Vere, Præcognisa, Alicujus.—Your lists of anagrams have been duly received.

THE PUZZLE EDITOR.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 273. ASSORTED SPECIMENS—GOOD AND OTHERWISE.

THE COMPLETION OF A SKELETON QUOTATION.

*** I will first give in full the actual quotation from which the words given a fortnight ago were taken. It is as follows:—

"THE FLEA.

"Not only is the flea an insect of much promise, bnt years ago it used to perform, and to this day I am at a less to nnderstand how they managed to harness the insects to the little coach. It has two feelers, but does not seem to have much feeling for its victims. Between the two feelers is its trunk, which contains its blood-sncking apparatos. When it comes to stay with yon, even if uninvited, it always brings this trnnk. Buffon says ita body 'appears to be curiously adorn'd with a suit of polished sable armour,' but Buffon is, as usual, wrong, as they are not so black as he paints them. I put it to any tortured subscriber whether sable is real y the tint. It has six legs, which it can fold up one within another, and when it leaps they all spring out at once. Thia spring is nsually followed by the 'winter of our discontent.' The flea can jump two hundred times in ita own diameter. This may be put down as being its greatest *feat*, or as a bad joke—just which yon please."

I have selected a nnmber of specimens for pnblication, almost at random, and next week, when I have gone through each answer carefully, I hope to be able to announce the name of the competitor whose version is olosest to the original.

THE FLEA.

Not only does this wonderful little insect make a promise, but it is qnite able to perform, and to this day I am at a loss to understaod how ita showman can harness it to its little coach. It has two feelers, and does not seem to have any feeling for its victims. Between two jointed guards is its trunk, which is a blood-sncking prohoscis. When it comes to stay with you, it comes uninvited. It always hrings ita trunk. Buffon says that it appears to be curiously encased in a snit of sable-jointed armour; but it is, as many of us often are, not so black as he paints it. It has six legs, which it can fold up, and when it leaps, they all spring ont with force. This spring is not followed bya winter as ours is. The flea can jump two or three feet in diameter. This may be put down, however, as only one feat—good, indifferent, or bad one, just as you please.—ZEPHYR.

THE FLY.

Not only does this familiar little insect presume to promise, but actnally does its best to perform, and to this day I have never been able to nnderstand how it could give its name to a little coach. It has two feelers, but does not seem to have any feeling for ita victims. Between its feelers it has a trunk, which serves for blood-sucking. When it comes to stay with you, no doubt uninvited, it always brings its trunk. Buffon says that it appears to be curiously covered with a suit of bright plate armour, but it is as softly clothed as you are now so far as he paints it. It has six legs, which it can fold up, and when it likes in the spring it unfolds them. This spring arrangement is followed by the winter folding np again. The eye can magnify two hnndred times its own diameter. This might be put down as a very great feat, and is not bad, but just as you please.—L. L.

THE FLEA.

Not only is this a little insect of great promise, but it can be taught to perform, and to this day, I really cannot be made to understand how it can possibly be harnessed to a little coach. It has two feelers, yet does not seem over and above feeling to its victims. Between these two feelers lies its trunk, which contains a bloodthirsty sucking apparatus. When it comes to stay with you, though it's uninvited, it always brings its trunk. Buffon saya its body appears to be curiously adorned with a snit of polished sable armonr; but this is, as some others of his are, not so fair as he paints them. It has six legs, which it can fold up, and when it leaps they all spring out at once. This spring, having quickly followed a mild winter, insects will abound. The flea can hop two hundred times ita own diameter. This must be put down as a most marvellous feat, and not a bad move just when they please.—LADYFERN.

THE FLEA.

Not only is this interesting little insect able to promise, but it is also able to perform, and to this day I am at a loss to understand how it can possibly be attached to a little coach. It has two feelers, but does not seem to have any feeling for its victims. Between these two feelers lies the trunk, which is a blood-sucking apparatus. When it comes to stay with you, even when uninvited, it always brings its trunk. Buffon says the body appears to be curiously adorned with a suit of polished sable armour, but this is, as most of his descriptions are, not so hlack as he paints them. It has six legs, which it can fold up, and when it leaps, they all spring out at once; this spring is invariably followed by the winter of our discontent. The body can rise two hundred times its own diameter. This may be put down as a perfectly marvellous feat, which is good, bad, or just as you please.—IKEY MO.

THE FLEA.

Not only is this tiresome little insect quick to promise, but it is also qnick to perform, and to this day I am at a loss to understand how a flea-tamer can harness it to its little coach. It has two feelers, which do not seem to have much feeling for its victims. Between these two feelers comes a trunk, which assists its blood-sucking propensities. When it comes to stay with you, even though uninvited, it always brings its trunk. Buffon says that it appears to be curiously clad in a suit of heavy copper armonr, but yet is as light as air. Fleas are not so black as he paints them. It has two hind legs, which it can fold up, and when it feels inclined to spring, it extends them. This spring is frequeotly followed by the winter of onr discontent. The flea can cover two feet or more in diameter. This may be put down as a very good feat, or a very bad one, just as you please.—BOB RIDLEY.

THE FLEA.

Not only does this lively little insect fulfil its promise, bnt it can also very cleverly perform; and, to this day, I am at a loss to understand how the insect can be attached to a little coach. It has several feelers, which do not seem to have any feeling by their victims. Between the feelers is the insect's trunk, which is always used in blood-sucking animals. When it wants to stay on you, and is uniovited, it always folds its trunk. Buffon says that it appears to be curiously clothed with a suit of armour; but it is as those little insects really are, for so truly as he paints them. It has several legs, which it can fold up; and, when the insect wants to spring, it does so. This spring is often followed in winter by a hop. The insect can spring two hundred times its own diameter. This performance can be pnt down as a very clever feat, or a very bad one, just as you please.—ENESSA.

THE FLEA.

Not only does this industrious little insect give great promise, but it can also be trained to perform, and to this day, I am at a loss to understand how it can possibly be harnessed to a little coach. It possesses many feelers, which do not seem to have any feeling for its victims. Between its eyes is situated a trunk, which is for blood-sncking purposes. When it comes to stay with you, though generally uninvited, it always brings its trunk. Buffon says the flea appears to be curiously encased in a suit of many-jointed armour; bnt it is as equally true that fleas are not so hlack as he paints them. It has several legs, which it can fold up, and when about to make a spring, always does so. This spring is not followed by the winter in this case. The flea can jump two hundred times its own diameter. This may be put down as an extraordinary jumping feat, either good or bad, or just as you please.—JAMRAC.

THE FLEA.

Not only is the flea an insect of much promise, but it is also able to perform; and, to this day, I am at a loss to nnderstand how it could ever be harnessed to a little coach. It has two feelers, bnt does not seem to have any feeling for its victims. Between these two feelers lies its truok, which is a blood-sucking one. When it comes to stay with you—of course, uoiovited—it always brings its trunk. Buffon says the body appears to he curiously adorned with a suit of polished sable armour, but brown is as near the colour. Fleas are not so black as he paints them. It has six legs, which it can fold up, and when it leaps, they all spring out at once. This spring is often followed by the wioter of our discontent. The flea can flee two hundred times its own diameter. This may be put down as a very surprising feat, or a very bad joke, just as you please.—ST. MICHAELS.

THE FLEA.

Not only can this pertinaciously persevering insect keep a promise, but it is well able to perform, and to this day I am not quite able to understand how it submita to be harnessed to a little coach. It has two feelers, but doea not seem to have any feeling for its victims. Between these two feelers lies its trunk, which is its hlood-suckiog instrument. When it comes to stay with you—a guest uniovited—it always brings its trunk. Buffon observes, "The flea appears to be curiously covered with a suit of polished black armour," but this is as near as most similitudes are, not so black as he paints it. It has six legs, which it can fold up, and when it leaps they all spring out at once. The spring is oftener followed by the winter than the summer. The flea can leap two hundred times its own diameter. This may be put down as a very good feat or a very bad one, just as you please.—J. MCGRIGOR ALLAN.

THE FLEA.

Not only is the flea an insect of great promise, bnt it can be made to perform, and to this day I have never been able to understand how it can possibly be harnessed to a little coach. It has ahort feelers, which do not seem to be long in feeling for its victims. Between the feelers there is a trunk, which contains its blood-sucking apparatus. When it comes to stay with yon, although quite uninvited, it always brings its trunk. Buffon says that it appears to be curiously adorned with a suit of polished sable armour, but it is as likely as not they are hardly so black as he paints them. It has six legs, which it can fold up, and when it leaps they all spring out at once. This spring is often followed in the winter by a swelling. The swelling can be two or three inches in diameter. This you may put down as a very smart feat or as a bad joke, just as you please.—NE QUIN NIMIS.

THE FLEA.

Not only is this torment an insect of freqnent promise, but it is also quick to perform, and to this day I am very much perplexed to understand how this minute insect is fastened to a little coach. It has two feelers, and does not seem to spare any feeling for its victims. Between its feelers it keeps ita trunk, which serves for blood-sucking. When it comes to stay with you — it comes uninvited — it always brings its trunk. Buffon, the writer, it appears, describes it curiously covered in a suit of black scaly armour, but it is as with the devil. they are neither so black as he paints them. It has long legs, which it can fold up, and when it is inclined to spring, it never fails. This spring is often followed by severe winter, but never summer. The flea can hop two hundred times its own diameter. This insect is put down as accomplishing a wonderful feat, in good or bad time; just itself to please.—LICHEN.

THE FLEA.

Not only does this promising little insect fulfil all promise, but it is actually able to perform, and to this day I have been quite unable to understand how steed so frisky is ever attached to a little coach. It uses its feelers, yet does not seem to have much feeling for its victims. Between the blankets it fills its trunk, which gratifies its blood-sucking propensities. When it comes to stay with you, a guest uninvited, it always brings this trunk. Buffon asserts that it appears to be curiously habited in a suit of sable plate-armour, but this is as regards habits false, which are not so black as he paints them. It wears hind legs, which it can fold up, aod when bent on taking a spring they are unbent. This spring may be followed, even in winter, by a summerset. This insect can skip two hundred times its longest diameter. This you can put down as a very good feat or a very bad feature, just as you please.—CHAUCER JUNIOR.

Answers have been received from Zephyr, Lady Lawes, Alicujus, Lady Fern, Ikey Mo, Bob Ridley, Orchis, Edêssa, Jamrac, St. Michael's, J. McGrigor Allan, Ne Quid Nimis, Provident, Lichen, Gip, Nil, Elma, Nellog, C. Mason, Chaucer Junior, P. P., Osman Digna, Philip Greene, Peewit, Lord Chancellor, Porteous IV., Observer, Nutshell, Maurice, H. F., Dinah, Willoughby, Chartadomus, Elk, Nell, Cendrillon, Repealer, Bospidnincks, Excalibur, Dolly Varden, Bisbop Bedell, C. L. B. Starkey, Aida, Little John, C. O. S., Maybug, Schnootoo, The Owl, Risk, Hilda, Bombadier, Werda, Theodora, R. M. E., Bung-bung, Anderida, Ivor, Prima Donna, Altiora Peto, Royal, Paddy, Giglio, Coaly Tyne, Manuscripts, The Bailey, Stamp, Rataplan, Bandbox, Micawber jun., Lemon, Bannerman, Janet, Lemonade Bottle, Miggles, Jackdaw, Friar Tuck, Ubique, Magellan, Poopoo, Tib, Miss Ponsomby de Tomkins, Sempervivum, Undine, Lacunary, E Y. N., Topsy, Cutus, Frico, Crystal Palace, Blobbs, Infelix, Knotty Ash, Sack, Ecila May, Guelder Rose, Katbleen, Jumbikoki, Skrewtator, E. W. B , Scotia, Polly-moon, Delta, Fairfax, Psycho, Chatterbox, Sufferer, Linoleum, Scrutator, Southeruers, Stag, Ada, Don Quixote, Spanks, Benins, Sunbeam, David, Sphinx, Faider, The Beggar Student, Esa, Golly, Tito, Edna Leake, Daleth, Tennis, Auricula, Old Boy, Allcbam, Leo, Fleetwood, Wild Thyme, Guinea Pig, Phileirenc, W. Val English, Effem Jay, Hopeful, R. S., Clive, Skedaddle, Eastbourne.

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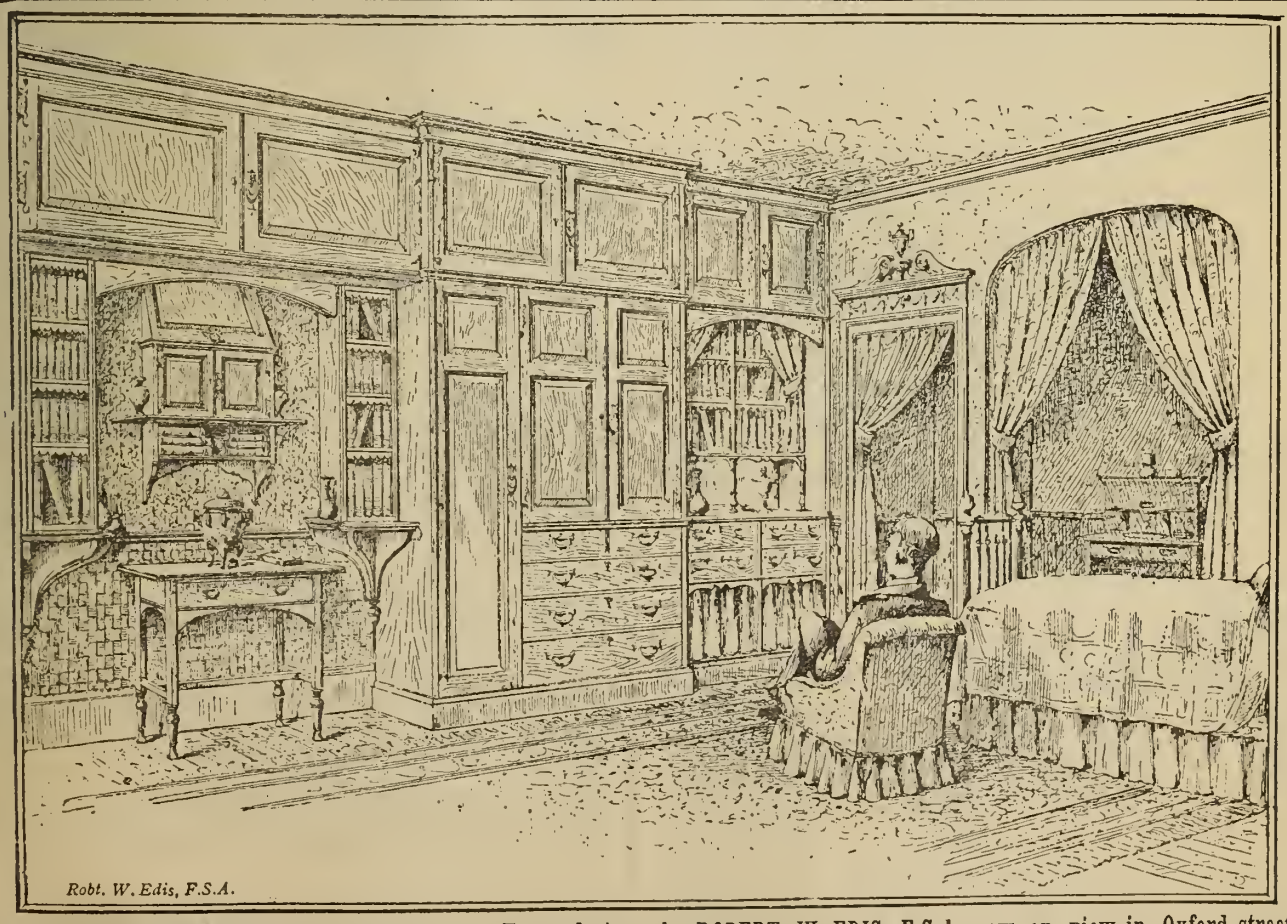

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• TRUTH •

"Cultores Veritatis Fraudis Inimici."—*Cicero.*

No. 384. Vol. XV. Thursday, May 8, 1884. Price Sixpence.

ENTRE NOUS.

THE Court will remove to Balmoral on the evening either of Thursday, the 22nd, or of Friday, the 23rd. The Queen will stay in Scotland till about June 20, and will then return to Windsor for three weeks, before going to Osborne for the summer.

It has been decided that there are to be none of the usual festivities in honour of the Queen's Birthday. The State Banquets will not take place, and there will be no trooping of the colours. Last week the Queen sent orders from Darmstadt that the Lord Steward, Lord Chamberlain, and Master of the Horse were not to give their dinners. Of course, her Majesty can issue such commands as she thinks fit in respect to the members of her Household, but with regard to Ministers, it was added that they were merely to be informed of this decision, whereupon they all signified that they would also abandon their respective banquets. No doubt they were glad of the excuse, for these entertainments are a horrible bore and a great expense.

The Queen has been well-advised in postponing her return home until the weather moderates. The passage from the Scheldt to the Thames is rarely a calm one, but if there is even the least touch of wind, it is unpleasantly rough. Her Majesty and Princess Beatrice both "suffered" on their outward voyage, and that fearful experience no doubt induced the Queen to change her plans rather than encounter a repetition of the infliction.

Her Majesty will decide definitely next week, before her departure for Balmoral, whether or not there will be any more Drawing-rooms or Levées this season, or any concerts. On this subject *Vanity Fair* thinks proper to denounce a statement which appeared in Truth as fictitious, adding that the Prince of Wales had not interfered in the matter. *Vanity Fair* apparently contradicts merely for the sake of having something to say. The Prince of Wales, who has to attend all these functions, is invariably consulted before arrangements are definitely made; and he has been in communication with the Queen on the subject since the death of the Duke of Albany. I may add that the Prince's own feelings would be in favour of having nothing; but then he does not forget the inconvenience and disappointment which would be caused if it were announced that no State functions were to take place this season.

At the Royal wedding last week the Queen entered the chapel just before the bridal procession, with the daughters of the Prince of Wales and the younger children of the Grand Duke of Hesse. The Prince of Wales walked with the Crown Princess of Germany, and the Princess with the Crown Prince. Prince William of Prussia attended Princess Beatrice, and Prince Albert Victor was with the Landgravine of Hesse, whose daughter, Princess Elizabeth, walked with the Hereditary Prince of Anhalt-Dessau, to whom she is to be married the week after next. He is one of the richest matches in Germany.

The Queen wore black silk, with a white coiffure of lace and diamonds, and several Orders, including the Garter. The Princess of Wales and Princess Beatrice were in white satin, with a profusion of diamonds. All the men were in uniform, and wore Orders and decorations.

A considerable sum has been settled by the Queen on Princess Victoria of Hesse as a marriage portion, and I hear that her Majesty has also paid a large proportion of the expenses of the wedding. Prince Alexander of Hesse has covenanted to allow his son £2,000 a year, and, on the death of his parents, Prince Louis will inherit about £3,000 a year.

The preparations at Sennicotts for the return of Prince Louis and his bride are being rapidly pushed forward, and it is expected that they will be completed by the middle of the week. Sennicotts is capitally situated, about two miles north of Chichester, and, although the house is not large, the accommodation is admirably arranged, and the gardens are most tastefully laid out.

It has often struck me as a most ludicrous custom that, in certain countries, whenever exalted personages marry, have children, adorn themselves with crowns, or go through other commonplace experiences or silly ceremonials, a number of prisoners should be released from durance vile. A man is imprisoned either rightly or wrongly; if the former, he ought to serve out his term; if the latter, he ought to be released in any case. The practice may, perhaps, work well in Russia, for in that delightful country nine-tenths of the prisoners have committed no crime at all; but I must say that I was considerably amused on reading that the Grand Duke of Hesse, in the plenitude of his power, had pardoned several prisoners in commemoration of the Darmstadt marriage. In order to give full effect to the sentiment which is at the bottom of the practice, all prisoners ought to be hanged on the occasion of a Royal death.

There is no truth in the statement of a contemporary that the Queen is going in August to stay at Claremont with the Duchess of Albany. Her Majesty has no intention of doing anything of the sort, and, therefore,

arrangements are being made "in anticipation of the visit." Princess Christian is to stay with the Duchess after the departure of the Princess of Waldeck.

A MEDICAL man writes with some truth :—

You are somewhat inconsistent. Apropos of Dr. Royle's nomination as C.B., you jeer at his receiving a decoration for Court services, and, at the same time, you allude without complaint to the probability of Lord Sydney receiving the Garter. Now, considering that Lord Sydney's services have been purely Court services, and that he has received the following rewards for them, 1, the Grand Cross of the Bath; 2, an earldom; 3, the Lord-Lieutenancy of Kent; 4, the Governorship of Deal Castle, it seems to me that this Garter might have excited your indignation as much as the C.B. of poor Dr. Royle.

THERE will shortly be a vacancy for a Maid of Honour in the Queen's household, in consequence of the marriage of the Hon. Victoria Baillie, who, in accordance with the usual custom, will receive a present of £1,000 from her Majesty. A list of candidates for these posts is always kept, but I hear that there are very few names on it just now. When the Queen and Prince Albert visited Taymouth in 1842, Lady Breadalbane's nieces went away for the period of the Royal sojourn, as neither of them was anxious to be offered a Court appointment, such offer, of course, being practically equivalent to a command, and refusal being resented as a piece of gross ingratitude, not to say an impertinence.

SOME trouble exists as to the appointment of Lord Torrington's successor as Lord-in-waiting. The Queen desires to appoint Lord Bridport, who has been about the Court all his life, but who is a rampant Tory, while the Ministers very naturally wish to nominate a peer of their own party. Lord Torrington's connection with the Court dated from the reign of William IV., and he has retained his post for twenty-five years, remaining in under all Ministries. It is desired to put an end to arrangements of this kind, which for many reasons are inconvenient. How, indeed, is the business of the country to be carried on, if Ministers are deprived of the right to nominate Peers to the salaries by which these dignified legislators are bribed?

THERE is a good deal of bother about the matter, and the precedents, from Sir Robert Peel (1839) downwards, are being examined, but it will probably end in Lord Granville and Lord Sydney inducing the Queen to select one name from a list of three which will be submitted to her. Practically it cannot matter to her Majesty, inasmuch as the Lords-in-waiting are only in attendance when she is residing at Windsor, and if there are any she does not like, it is easy to arrange so that their "waits" will come when the Court is at Osborne or Balmoral.

"VANITY FAIR" contains a long rigmarole about Lord Beaconsfield's Garter, which is intended to correct what are termed "the errors" of TRUTH on this subject. "Ruffler" should remember that "a little learning is a dangerous thing," and his information on the matter is decidedly what Lord Beaconsfield would himself have derided as "blundering and defective." To save trouble, I will give "Ruffler" the real history:—After Lord Beaconsfield's death the Queen announced that the vacant stall was not to be filled up for a year. When this period had elapsed, her Majesty decided to postpone a new appointment indefinitely. A few months later Lord Harrowby died, and his stall (as the Queen supposed) was given to the Duke of Grafton. Sir Albert Woods, however, declared that the stalls must be filled up in rotation, and accordingly the Duke succeeded Lord Beaconsfield, and Lord Harrowby's stall remained vacant until after the death of the Duke of Marlborough, when it was given to the Duke of Argyll. Now a second vacancy has been caused by the death of the Duke of Buccleuch, and the Duke of Marlborough's stall is to be filled by Lord Derby.

I MAINTAIN the correctness of my statement that the Queen leaves one Garter vacant as a mark of respect to the memory of Lord Beaconsfield. "Ruffler" must be strangely ignorant of the history of the Garter if he supposes that it has ever been the practice to leave stalls vacant for months and years together. Unless the Queen changes her mind, the Duke of Buccleuch's place will not be filled till another Garter falls in. I repeat that the Queen, so far from commanding that Lord Beaconsfield's stall was to be given to the Duke of Grafton (as is ignorantly asserted by "Ruffler") directed that it was not to be filled, and she was exceedingly angry on finding some months later that Sir Albert Woods had quietly placed the new Knight in it, thereby avoiding both confusion and the creation of what might have proved a most inconvenient precedent.

LORD DERBY'S claims for the Garter were so great that, of course, his was the first name that occurred to people, but it was expected that obstacles would be raised to his being selected, and as Mr. Gladstone has never exercised any sort of pressure on the Queen in these matters, but has always manifested the greatest possible consideration for her personal feelings, it was supposed that her Majesty's wish to give the Order to Lord Sydney would at length be gratified. It would have been a graceful act if the Queen had requested Mr. Gladstone to accept the Garter.

THIS "most noble and honourable Order" has been made very common of late, so far as the Extra Knights are concerned. When William IV. died there were only three of these, but now there are as many of them as of the Ordinary Knights for every Sovereign in Europe and a herd of obscure Princes have been honoured with the blue ribbon.

THE marriage of the Grand Duke Serge of Russia with Princess Elizabeth of Hesse will take place at St. Petersburg towards the end of June. The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh will attend to represent the English Court, and Prince and Princess Louis of Battenberg will accompany the Grand Duke of Hesse and the bride to Russia. It is expected that Prince William of Prussia will be present on the part of the Hohenzollern family, and that the Crown Prince of Denmark will also attend.

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The Prince of Wales is to go down to Shropshire on Monday, July 14, to visit Lord and Lady Bradford, at Weston Park. The Prince will go to Shrewsbury on the 15th and 16th in order to inspect the Annual Show of the Royal Agricultural Society, which, it may be hoped, will be as successful as was last year's exhibition at York, when the net profit was £5,100. The Prince will travel to and fro with the rest of Lord Bradford's guests, by special train from Shifnal.

H.R.H. will also visit Shrewsbury School, and it is expected that he will formally open a free library and museum in the interesting building formerly occupied by the old Grammar School.

Lord Spencer returned from London last week to the Viceregal Lodge, where he and Lady Spencer have taken up their residence for the summer season.

One more marriage has been added to the Castle list. The engagement is announced of the Hon. Luke White, Lord Annaly's eldest son, and the Hon. Lilah Agar-Ellis, sister of Lord Clifden. Miss Ellis spent the season at Dublin Castle with her aunt, Lady Spencer.

A marriage is arranged to take place early in June between Col. Arthur Campbell-Walker, of Her Majesty's Body-Guard, late of the 79th Highlanders, and Mrs. Mowbray, widow of General Mowbray, R.A. Colonel Campbell-Walker is the accepted Conservative candidate for the Borough of Westbury.

There are to be rejoicings during the second week in next month on Lord Ailesbury's extensive estates in Wiltshire and Yorkshire to celebrate the coming of age of his grandson and heir, Lord Savernake.

The Duke and Duchess of St. Albans are settled at 1, Cadogan-square till June 30, when they propose going to Ireland to pass the summer at Newtown Anner, her Grace's place in Tipperary. The house which they have taken for the season was till recently the residence of Colonel Farquharson, of Invercauld.

Lord and Lady Lonsdale will not be in town this season, but intend to pass the summer at Lowther Castle.

The Duke and Duchess of Norfolk are staying in Paris.

Lord and Lady Londesborough have been entertaining a small party, including Lord and Lady Lonsdale, at Netherwood, their charming place in the New Forest, near Lyndhurst.

The Duke of Sutherland has gone down to Dunrobin for a week or two. The Duchess is still staying at Torquay with Lady Alexandra Leveson-Gower.

Dr. Church leaves London this week on his annual visit to Italy. The Dean will remain abroad for about six weeks.

The Bishop of Peterborough, who has just returned to his diocese with his health thoroughly restored, writes to Mr. Loder, M.P.: "The fresh, clear sea air of Worthing, and its quiet restfulness, have done wonders for me. It seems quite a sanatorium for those who are not strong enough for a very bracing climate, and yet who are able to avail themselves of its mildness and abundant sunshine to keep out of doors as much as I have done."

Mr. Ross, M.P. for St. Ives, has been dangerously ill from peritonitis since Thursday last, at his residence near Penzance.

The late Henri Wikoff, who, after seven months of a severe illness from paralysis, was buried in the extramural cemetery of Brighton last Saturday, was a man of considerable social note. The Chevalier, as he was best known, from a title conferred on him by the King of the Belgians, was an American, and boasted of having crossed the Atlantic eighty times. Thirty years ago he was supposed to be about eighty, and what his age was when he died no one knew. He was engaged once to an English heiress, and his books, entitled "My Courtship and its Consequences," and "My Recollections," were the rage of a season.

Mr. William King, the wealthy curiosity dealer, who has just died, leaving £100,000 to St. George's Hospital, has not long survived his great friend and benefactor, the late Mr. John Jones. Mr. King began life as a penniless lad. It was through his instrumentality that the "Jones Bequest" in South Kensington Museum was brought together.

The matter of the Seafield succession is still exercising the minds of the "Clan Grant," and the clanmen, I see in the Scotch papers, propose to hold meetings. But what for? The late Earl had a legal right to leave his estates as he pleased, and it surely was nothing monstrous on his part to leave a life interest in them to his mother. No one asserts that he was not in full possession of his faculties when he executed his will. The present Earl is the head of the clan; the late Earl's mother is the owner of the estates. It is urged that the Dowager-Countess is a Tory, and that the clan is Whig; but with the ballot, tenants have only to will it, in order to be politically independent of their landlords. Surely the law of entail is not an Article in the political creed of a Scotch Whig.

It is proposed that the Warwickshire memorial to Lord Hertford should take the form of a Cottage Hospital, to include the twenty-two families of Alcester Union. Such an establishment would no doubt prove a valuable addition to the charitable institutions of the county, and would be a great boon to the poor people all round Ragley.

The statement that Lord Londesborough's collection of pictures and china are to be sold next month is incorrect. The articles which are to be put up belonged to the late Lady Otho Fitzgerald, having been bequeathed to her by her first husband, the late Lord Londesborough.

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Lord Coventry has sold two of his Hereford bulls from the Croome herd to a breeder from Buenos Ayres. Mr. Hill, of Felhampton, has sold nine valuable pedigree Herefords to go to Illinois.

The Duke of Northumberland has also sold a number of shorthorns from his choice herd at Alnwick to the owner of a large ranche in Texas.

Lord Falmouth was not down at Newmarket last week, but was staying at Mereworth. He will be rarely seen on racecourses for the future. His breeding stud will be sold on the afternoon of Monday in the July week, when there will doubtless be a large attendance of foreign and American commissioners.

The Duke of Westminster did not go down to Newmarket on Friday to see Sandiway run for the One Thousand, but remained in town, and went with the Duchess to the private view of the Academy.

Mr. Foy did not back Scot Free for a shilling until after the horses had gone down to the starting-post, when he put on £1,000 at a fraction over 3 to 1. Fordham had £5 on, this being his maximum. The Duchess of Montrose was very nearly buying Scot Free on Tuesday. The price asked was 10,000 guineas, and looking at the sums paid respectively for Prince, Harvester, and Busybody, it cannot be said that Mr. Foy's estimate was an excessive one.

Sir John Willoughby now stands 10,000—300 about Queen Adelaide for the Derby. After the Craven week he took this bet about the double event of Scot Free for the Two Thousand and his own mare for Epsom.

The most exciting racing event before the Derby will be the match between Tristan and St. Simon, at weight-for-age, which is to be run at Newmarket next week, over the last mile and a half of the Cesarewitch course.

Since Punchestown, the most successful and best-attended national meeting on record, with the exception of the memorable one visited by the Prince and Princess of Wales, the racing season in Ireland has progressed with great vigour. Society has been busily patronising race-meetings in all parts of the country, to the exclusion of all other forms of amusement. Last week the Royals held their races at Newbridge, and those of the 5th Lancers took place at Baldoyle. The weather, which was blustering and rainy, favoured neither meeting. Nevertheless, fair and muffled spectators mustered in great strength, military music was discoursed, and military luncheons were discussed very pleasantly.

A correspondent, who encloses his card, and who certainly is in a position to know what passes on French racecourses, sends me the following letter :—

In all the accounts I have seen in the English sporting papers of the French Two Thousand, run on Sunday last in the Bois de Boulogne, there has not been a word said concerning the reception Archer, the rider of Archiduc, met with as he passed the post many lengths in advance of the other horses. He was hissed, groaned, whistled, and yelled at, had tufts of grass thrown at him, and was followed by a mob, four or five of which shook large sticks at him, for no earthly reason, except, perhaps, because he was clever enough to get about twenty lengths start, and most wisely kept it. Many things connected with the race have been reported, but, somehow, this peculiar item has not.

Whilst on the subject of the Poule d'Essai, may I call your attention to the remarkable report of the betting on that race? Archiduc is returned at seven to four on. Such odds were never at any one time laid on the horse. Six to four was laid, and that price only in very few instances. When the betting on the race really commenced at about 1.15 on the day, 500 even was laid against him. The next biggest bet was 1,000 to 800 on, laid by a Mr. Goodson for the Hardaway & Topping Boulogne firm; and, as the horses were at the post, one of the most responsible bookmakers in France offered to take of M. Maurice Ephrussi 250 to 200 that Archiduc did not win. Yet, in the face of all this, the horse is returned at 7 to 4 on. I can only add that those who have not benefited by the quotation are those who backed Archer's mount at starting price.

"Equestrian" writes :—

I was very glad to see you had noticed one of the disgraceful scenes at Epsom. In the ring a set of roughs tried to steal my watch, but as I had no chain on they were unable to effect their object. In passing from the Grand Stand to reach a cab, I was surrounded by another set of roughs, who hustled and tried to rob me, but by striking out right and left I prevented myself being robbed, and eventually reached a cab and drove off. This week I have been to Newmarket, and from the excellent police arrangements I have seen neither robberies nor violence.

It is a scandal that at Epsom the same police arrangements are not adopted as at Newmarket—plenty of police in uniform on foot and on horseback, besides detectives from London, Birmingham, Nottingham, and Sheffield.

The entire stud of the Kildare Hunt is to be sold at Rugby, on Saturday next, by Messrs. Tattersall. From all I hear they are an exceptionally good lot.

Mr. Coupland, the late Master of the Quorn Hunt, has purchased Craven Lodge, Melton Mowbray, for £9,000. Craven Lodge, which has for many years been occupied by Mr. Younger, the well-known Edinburgh brewer, is one of the best and largest hunting boxes in Leicestershire.

The members of the Croome Hunt held a very harmonious meeting at Worcester last week, Lord Coventry being in the chair. The total subscriptions for last season amounted to £1,404, and after paying Mr. Greene the £1,300 which is guaranteed him, and several minor items, there was a balance of £36 to carry over. The road leading to the hunt stables and kennels at Croome has been repaired at the expense of the subscribers. Mr. Greene will continue to hunt the country. He has made himself very popular in Worcestershire, and is a most efficient master.

Lord Manners will hunt the Quorn country from Quenby Hall, a place between Leicester and Melton. The subscription is £2,500, and the covert fund £1,500. The kennels are to be rebuilt before next season at the cost of the hunt.

The season with the V. W. H., which has just concluded has been the most successful on record. The pack has killed 164 foxes, and has run thirty to ground. Mr. Hoare will continue to hunt the country.

There is a good deal of point in the following protest from an "Old Shikarri." I doubt, however, whether the gentlemen whose feats are celebrated are so much in fault as those who chronicle them in terms of ecstatic admiration. Considering that Englishmen are really a

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manly race, it is surprising that sport at home should have degenerated into shooting down birds not much more wild than barn-door hens, and gorging an aldermanic lunch. The shooting-made-easy style of sport, however, should not be introduced into India :—

The *World* of last week devotes a paragraph to a eulogium of Lord Mayo for the nerve and pluck he displayed in shooting a rhinoceros from a howdah on the back of an elephant. Perhaps, sir, you will allow me, as an old Indian big game "shikarri," to give a growl, not only with reference to the absurdity of this particular paragraph, but also with reference to the so-called sport indulged in in India by a number of noblemen and titular gentlemen of sorts, who go out to India for a few months every winter.

Now, sir, every real big-game shikarri in India would laugh at the "considerable peril" a man would be in who shoots a rhinoceros or tiger from the back of an elephant, and would be surprised to find that an editor of a large London paper would be so sycophantic as to deem the fact of a charging rhino being thus shot worth recording in the columns of a newspaper.

Perhaps it would be well that I should inform the carpet knights of England that there is almost no danger in shooting any game from elephants. If the quarry does make good its charge, the only injury done is to the elephant and the mahout. I have only known one instance of a bad accident in shooting from an elephant, and that was a case where an officer was killed in some inexplicable manner by a tiger getting on to the tail of the elephant.

I have only once killed a tiger from an elephant, and that was a wounded one which charged many times. I take to myself no credit for pluck in having done so. In the Madras and Bombay Presidencies, where the jungle is not so thick as in other parts of India, and where elephants are not easily obtainable, nearly all tigers are killed by sportsmen on foot, and sometimes by solitary sportsmen.

Last year, the Indian newspapers raised a cry at the manner in which the English cold-weather guests of a sporting Rajah, who preserves tigers and wild animals of different kinds, had indiscriminately slaughtered hundreds of different sorts of deer, buffaloes, &c., males and females, from the backs of elephants. These gentlemen had about 200 tame elephants and some thousands of beaters, with a camp containing every luxury, including a correspondent of an Indian paper, who daily telegraphed for publication the total of the bag of these tame creatures.

If gentlemen from England wish to shoot in India in the cold weather, by all means let them do so; but Indian sportsmen entreat that they will not kill the females of any animals except tigers, bears, panthers, and leopards, and that they will also spare pig, except in hills and "unridcable" countries. We should also take it kindly if they would not inspire newspaper paragraphs of the kind we have too often seen of late, anent their shooting.

Up to last Saturday, one hour and two minutes was the shortest time in which a game of 1,000 points at billiards had ever been played; but on that day, in a match with W. Mitchell, Peall knocked the record "into a cocked-hat" by scoring the thousand in forty-four minutes. This he did with breaks of 325, 289, 274, and 121. Mitchell, who owed 100 points, was left hopelessly in the rear, and suffered defeat by 1,026.

In all probability, a new departure in international sporting tours is to be undertaken next winter, when the Australians purpose sending over a football team to do battle in this country. If the colonists are as good at football as they have proved themselves at cricket, our home clubs will have all their work cut out for them.

The Royal Irish Military Tournament, for the benefit of the Irish military charities, is to be held at Ball's Bridge, Dublin, on the 15th and 16th inst. In addition to a great many liberal money prizes for the usual competitions, Major-General C. C. Fraser has presented a sword of honour, to be awarded to the man who displays the greatest proficiency in the use of weapons during the tournament.

To be Let, for three or four months, from the beginning of May, a Handsomely Furnished Flat in Victoria-street, consisting of three sitting-rooms, two double-bedded rooms, a single ditto, bath-room (with bed if required), kitchen, &c., and servants' room. Has private entrance direct into the street.—For particulars apply to Messrs. Lumley, 22, St. James's-street, S.W.

The speeches at the Academy Dinner were deplorably dull this year. A little variety might have been infused into the proceedings by letting the Duke of Cambridge return thanks for the Royal Family, and getting General Graham to speak for the Army, but the opportunity was missed. The gushing interrogatories administered by Archdeacon Farrar were a poor substitute for the sweetness and light which generally distinguish the representative of literature at the Academy. The Archbishop of Canterbury made the best point of the evening when he endorsed the plea of the working man who had written to him urging greater publicity to art. His Grace had better give effect to it by voting for Sunday opening of museums and picture-galleries.

I do not pretend to understand the slang of art, and I suspect that my taste is low and common; but the pictures which pleased me in the Royal Academy were No. 291, "Thames Roses," by G. D. Leslie, R.A. A girl is sitting on a couch at a window with a cat curled up at her feet. The cat looked alive, and the girl almost alive No. 235, "A New Light in the Harem," by T. Goodall, R.A. A baby is lying down on the floor, crowing to a black nurse, whilst the mother is looking fondly on; and No. 177, "Quite Ready," by Phil Morris, A. It is a little girl, dressed in her best frock and bonnet, with her pug. Very possibly there were many pictures of greater merit in the eyes of artists, but these three took my fancy. Every one was saying, "Go and look at Leighton's 'Cymon and Iphigenia,' and Orchardson's 'Mariage de Convenance.'" I did look at them, but I did not like them so well as the three which I have mentioned. I was thankful to observe that there were fewer portraits this year than last. This portrait business has been carried to far too great lengths of late. A *nouveau riche* eagerly asks, before ordering a portrait of himself, whether it is likely to be "exhibited." If it is probable that his ugly visage will be on the walls of the Academy, he will pay double the price that he otherwise would. The Royal Academicians know this, and, unless they are greatly maligned, they take very good care to secure for themselves the cash of ambitious snobs by carefully excluding the works of many who might compete with them.

Herbert, R.A., has a picture of "Ruth in the Field of Boaz." Those who assert that his hand has lost its cunning since he painted "Moses coming down from the Mount," on the wall of the Peers' Committee Room at Westminster, should inspect this picture. I have always thought that the Moses picture is one of the finest of the present century.

One of the principal features of the Royal Italian Opera season will be the early production of Mozart's opera, "Le Nozze di Figaro," with, perhaps, the most powerful cast that has ever been heard on the operatic stage. Madame Albani will impersonate La Contessa, Madame Lucca will appear in the favourite character of Cherubino, and Madame Sembrich will undertake the part of Susanna.

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Signor Cotogni and Signor De Reszké are also in the cast. This powerful combination of musical celebrities should afford a rendering of Mozart's work such as has never before been attempted either in England or elsewhere.

Mackenzie's opera, "Colomba," is in active preparation at Covent Garden. The production of a work by an English composer on the Italian operatic stage in London is of such rare occurrence that its performance is looked forward to with much interest. No pains or expense is being spared to ensure it a good representation. Madame Pauline Lucca is to sustain the *rôle* of the heroine, supported by Mdlle. Griswold and Signor Mierzwinski. Mr. Mackenzie is personally superintending the preparation of his work.

Madame Albani will make her *rentrée* at the Royal Italian Opera on Saturday night in "La Traviata."

The article by Mr. Myers, on Prince Leopold, in the *Fortnightly*, is sad twaddle, and wholly unworthy of a place in the pages of an intelligent periodical. It is a high-flown rhapsody, and if it was originally composed for the Duchess of Albany, it is a pity that it should ever have got beyond Claremont. Certainly such stuff should only have been printed for strictly private circulation.

This year's Rede Lecture at Cambridge is to be delivered on the 28th by Mr. Galton, who has chosen for his subject "The Measurement of the Human Faculty."

Mr. Ruskin, I understand, does not intend to lecture at Oxford this year.

It was generally expected that the ladies would win at Oxford last week, and that the vote of "Congregation" admitting them to some of the University "honours" examinations would be confirmed by "Convocation"; but neither side was prepared for so large a majority as was actually forthcoming. This was due to two or three causes. For one thing, Mr. Montagu Burrows and the other conservative wire-pullers were not on this occasion allowed to have it all their own way. There was a vigorous whip on the other side, and a special train full of the "ladies' men" was run from London. Another thing was that the clerical interest was divided. Canon Liddon's influence against the statute was probably neutralised by the fact that the Warden of Keble was equally warm in favour of it; and, besides that, country clergymen have every reason to be in favour of the higher education of women, for it gives their daughters a chance of earning their own livings. A large proportion of the students at the ladies' colleges of Oxford and Cambridge are, I believe, clergymen's daughters.

The incredibly foolish letters published on the other side should perhaps be added as a contributory cause to the victory of the ladies. One "Old Don" accused those of his colleagues who were in favour of the statute of being actuated by pecuniary motives. Dean Burgon repeated the same ridiculous and unmannerly mistake he made a few years ago in the matter of Oxford lodging-houses; and the Dean of Norwich over-stated the case with equal absurdity in another direction by talking of the statute as an attempt to defeat "Divine Providence and Holy Scripture." Dr. Goulbourn apparently failed to see that he was practically abolishing "the distinction of the sexes" argument by contending that the substitution of one set of examination papers for another would be enough to "unsex" a woman. That Oxford sometimes makes a man into an old woman I should not wish to deny; but no amount of Oxford movements will be able to make women into men.

The scene in Convocation was, to say the least, animated. The Proctors made an ill-advised attempt to exclude undergraduates from the gallery, which, however, was resented so lustily that Professor Jowett had to send round an order to admit them. The loud applause when the Vice Chancellor entered, and when the result was read out, showed that undergraduates were on this occasion not less liberal than were, for once, the country parsons.

One of the happiest sallies from the gallery came just before the numbers were announced. The Senior Proctor was not very quick about his arithmetic, and the audience was waiting in impatient silence. "Call in one of the ladies to help you, sir!" was the voice from the "gods."

The question has come up again, in an amusing form, "Shall ladies be admitted to the Union?"

There was a large muster of past and present Wykehamists in St. Paul's on Thursday, to witness Dr. Ridding's consecration as Bishop of Southwell, amongst those present being the Lord Chancellor, who is the new Bishop's father-in-law. The person who seemed to enjoy the ceremony least was Dr. Ridding himself, and the one who seemed to enjoy it most, the Archbishop of Canterbury, who appears at his best on ornamental occasions of this kind. Mr. Sergeant's sermon was too long, and not sufficiently topical.

It is expected that the great organ at Westminster Abbey will be used for the first time, since its reconstruction, on Trinity Sunday. It will be one of the largest and finest instruments in Europe. I was passing through the Abbey a few days ago, and I thought that some of the honoured corpses buried there were groaning, with such fearful noises was the air filled. On inquiry, however, I learnt that some new and strange stop was being tested.

There is to be a great function in Lichfield Cathedral on the 29th to celebrate the completion of the restoration of the west front and the re-opening of the organ. The Bishop of Lichfield is to preach in the morning, and the Archbishop of Canterbury in the afternoon. Dr. Bridge, of Westminster Abbey, is to preside at the organ.

In all probability, Dr. John Troutbeck, Minor Canon of Westminster, and Honorary Chaplain and Priest in Ordinary to the Queen, will be appointed Sub-Dean of the Chapels-Royal, in succession to the Rev. Francis Garden, who is expected to resign the office in consequence of his

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increasing infirmities. Dr. Troutbeck is indebted to the interest of his brother-in-law, Canon Duckworth, for his rapid promotion among the Court clergy.

Canon Scott-Holland preached at St. Paul's on Sunday afternoon, for the first time, in his official capacity as Canon-in-residence. There was a very large congregation, including many well-known persons, and an unusual number of clergymen. If any one had questioned Mr. Gladstone's wisdom in appointing so young a man to one of these coveted stalls, his doubts would have been removed by the Canon's very fine sermon, the quality of which proved his eminent fitness for such a post. He was not only picturesque, scholarly, and eloquent, but also very practical, and his style is admirably polished. Mr. Scott-Holland is a valuable acquisition to the list of the great London preachers.

As to the music it was disappointing, especially the anthem, a tedious commonplace composition by Dr. Stainer, which, moreover, was very badly rendered. There is a most objectionable preponderance of quite modern authors in the St. Paul's services, although the merest tiro knows that nine-tenths of these compositions are incomparably inferior to those of the good old-fashioned authors, whose names figure abundantly at Westminster Abbey, the Temple, and other churches renowned for the excellence of their musical services. It is a mistake, too, for the organist of a Cathedral to insist on performing his own compositions almost every Sunday.

The new Bishop of Chester is to commence work in his diocese next week. Dr. Stubbs has to find his own house during the life of Bishop Jacobson, who has been allowed to keep the Episcopal Palace, following the precedents of Bishop Blomfield at Fulham and of Bishop Sumner at Farnham.

Sir Perceval Heywood's *protégé*, the Rev. Harry Cowgill, writes to the *Church Times* in support of a brother zealot who is in favour of refusing the sacrament to would-be communicants who have not been confirmed. Mr. Cowgill goes on to point out that baptism should be refused to infants who are presented by non-communicant sponsors. Surely it is quite enough that the children should be visited with the sins of the fathers, without extending the scripture to the iniquities of the godfathers.

In his schoolboy days this same Rev. Harry Cowgill was distinguished as an actor of some ability. Unless I am mistaken—but it is fifteen years ago, or more—I once saw his Reverence give a spirited rendering of Mistress Quickly in "Henry IV." Truly one man in his time plays many parts. It is a far cry from the Boar's Head, Eastcheap, to St. John's, Miles Platting.

The Vicar of Folkestone is sending out a circular in which he appeals to everybody who has ever visited or passed through that town to contribute a mite to the restoration of the parish church, for pure love of the place. Mr. Woodward has evidently read and profited by the chapter in which Dickens declared himself unable to make up his mind whether he should leave Calais something handsome in his will, or merely his dying malediction. I am afraid, however, that the rev. gentleman will find that the majority of people who have passed through Folkestone will prefer to contribute the latter rather than the former.

According to the Bishop of Truro, churchwardens have existed from a very early date. Preaching at a confirmation last week at Launceston, he observed, in allusion to Ananias and Sapphira, that when they were struck dead, "churchwardens came up and carried their bodies out, and buried them."

Mrs. Henry Purton, a New York lady of fashion, is reported in the fashionable columns of the newspapers there—which, by the way, devote as much space to social events as any European newspaper—as having invented a "purple luncheon" for Monsignor Capel. A lace-edged table-cloth, purple coloured china and glass ware, wine that was metaphorically purple, guests whose dresses asserted a predominance of the purple hue, purple flowers, and purple curtains at the doors and windows, altogether made as fine a show of purple and linen as any Fifth-avenue Dives could have desired, or as any Five Points Lazarus could have envied. The Monsignor, of course, wore his thin purple cloak.

I note that the Monsignor is credited with having converted to the Church of Rome the wealthiest and youngest of New York widows, Mrs. Louis C. Hamersley, whose husband last year left her a fortune appraised for probate duty at about ten millions of dollars. Like ancient Helen, she came from Troy, and her recent charms of wealth have aroused over the will a war of litigation between herself and her husband's relations, which bids fair to outlast the Trojan siege. However, even if the will be declared void, she will take a dower which could be used to build several churches in her new faith.

According to a Vatican authority, here is how the Pope spends his day. He rises at six, and at seven celebrates Holy Mass. At eight, he looks over his voluminous correspondence. At eleven he holds his public receptions. At half-past twelve he takes a walk in the garden, chatting with his favourite Cardinal. At two, he dines; the repast consisting of one plate of meat and two plates of vegetables; he drinks Bordeaux wine by his doctor's orders. At half-past four he receives the secretaries of the various congregations, with whom he confers on Church affairs. At eight he reads the papers, home and foreign. At half-past nine he tells his beads. At ten he sups on an egg and soup, after which he retires to rest.

Henry Ward Beecher's popularity as a "star" preacher seems to be on the wane. At the annual pew auction, which was held the other day, there was such a large fall in the receipts that it was announced that the expenses of the choir are to be reduced forthwith from £600 to £300.

"Liberty" Art Fabrics.—For Curtains, Chintz, Upholstery, and Furniture Stuffs. Patterns post-free. Chesham House Regent-st., W.

I observe that international congratulations are being exchanged over another very fast trip between the harbours of Queenstown and New York by a Clyde-built steamship. But if one reads between the lines of these congratulations he will perceive that this boasted celerity is of more value for mail than for passenger service. To the passenger a trip begins when he goes on board, and only ends when he leaves the ship. So that to the "time of a run" as usually reported ought to be added the period taken in going from Liverpool to Queenstown, and from the New York harbour to the landing-pier. If a steamship arrives at the New York quarantine-station five minutes after sundown the passengers are detained there until sunrise; and a man may, even upon the fastest ocean-liner, consider himself fortunate if no more than nine days have elapsed between his quitting one dock and his arriving at the other.

As a consequence of the depressed state of the shipping trade, steamers representing over £120,000 of capital are now laid up at Leith. Over 120 ocean-going steamers are lying idle on the Tyne and on the Wear.

It may be remembered that at the time when Captain C. C. Rising was suspended from the command of H.M.S. *Eclipse*, in February, 1881, there was some doubt expressed as to whether the Admiralty had acted fairly in the matter. Every day is bringing this officer nearer and nearer to the top of his list, but as he has still five years' full-pay time to complete before being eligible for promotion to Rear-Admiral, it is very probable that unless he is given employment, at no distant date he will be compulsorily retired. This seems hard. If there was any doubt regarding the *Eclipse* affair, this officer should be given the benefit of it. Captain Rising is one of the youngest captains in the navy; he has seen much active service, and he has certainly been punished for his failings, or supposed failings, in the *Eclipse*. Under these circumstances, it would only be an act of justice on the part of the Whitehall autocrats to give him another command.

When the Channel Fleet was at Syracuse a week or two ago, the opportunity was taken for a little torpedo practice. Not unnaturally, the result was an extensive destruction of fish close to the harbour. Thereupon the captain of the port sent a protest to the British Consul, requesting him to inform the Admiral that this mode of destroying fish was contrary to Italian law. I wonder what we should say if a French fleet were to engage in torpedo practice on one of the North Sea fishing-grounds.

Considerable scandal has been occasioned in Plymouth by the remarkable behaviour of certain marine officers. These gentlemen seem to have gone to the local theatre during the visit of the "Adamless Eden" company, and to have paid rather marked attention to certain of the actresses. Their addresses not being favourably received, they became insolent, and were remonstrated with by the manager. Thereupon they hired a rough to beat this gentleman, who, however, escaped with the loss of his hat and some trifling damage to his clothes. The manager did not think it worth his while to prosecute, but I have not yet heard that any notice has been taken of the escapade by the authorities. Surely this sort of thing comes under the category of "conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman."

Stewards of ships, and persons of like rank are invariably punished by heavy fines when they are detected in smuggling tobacco or spirits, but it is to be feared that the same punishment but seldom overtakes officers who are guilty of such offences. At Portsmouth last week a steward of the *Jumna* was charged with smuggling, and the defending solicitor alleged that the customs-house officials allowed officers to smuggle considerable amounts of tobacco under the name of "chutney." The chief examiner of the customs, while demurring to this accusation, was bound to admit that he remembered a case in which cigars were described as "arrowroot," and no prosecution was instituted. Is it advisable or just that there should be one law for the lieutenant and another for the private or A.B.?

"Better late than never." Medals in recognition of their services in the last Afghan war have just been awarded to the native officers, non-commissioned officers, and men of the 30th Madras Native Infantry. Four years is a long time to wait for a medal. Lord Wolseley's Egyptian heroes had theirs in as many months.

One of the passengers on board the *Crocodile* troopship was the widow of a soldier who had died in India. The unfortunate woman was a lunatic, and, one would imagine, merited some small consideration at the hands of the powers that be. But, no sooner had she arrived in England than a letter was written from the Quartermaster-General's department to the Portsea Board of Guardians, demanding that the woman should be at once removed to the workhouse. The Guardians asked for time to consider the question, as the woman's real "settlement" was in Roscommon; but a reply was received, stating that if the woman was not removed at once, she would be turned adrift in the streets. Guardians are, of course, responsible to the ratepayers, and might be justified in hesitating to incur expenditure for which they might afterwards be surcharged; but I am at a loss to imagine any palliation for the heartless brutality of the military authorities.

Mr. Whitehead, it seems, is not the only Alderman who declines to oppose the Municipal Reform Bill. Alderman Sir W. McArthur wrote to the Lambeth Liberal Association last week, saying that he regarded the Bill as "upon the whole a good measure," that he intended to vote for its second reading, and that in his opinion "the idea of having a number of separate Municipalities would never work." This is tolerably plain-speaking, and "Monckton's" refutation of Mr. Firth's "calumny" begins to look rather foolish. Sir W. McArthur's fellow Aldermen will say, no doubt, that he only wrote the above letter with the fear of his constituents before his eyes, but that only makes his approval of the Bill the more significant.

Roper Frères & Company's 1st Quality extra dry Champagne. Roper Frères' 1st Quality medium dry. Of all Wine Merchants

Alderman Cotton has done a public service in writing to the newspapers to say that, in reference to the advertised sale of "the valuable contents of No. 43, Cromwell Houses," he occupied the house until last quarter-day, when he vacated it, leaving only a few fittings. I see in the advertisement referred to, Charles Williams & Co. "are instructed" to sell furniture of every sort and kind, including an organ, tapestry and lace curtains, pictures by Rembrandt, Paul Veronese, David Cox, Morland, and other artists, a collection of china and of miniatures, and a magnificent casket, formerly the property of Louis XVI. How do they explain what on the face of it appears a fraud? Were they deceived, or was it their object to deceive others? The trick, however, is not confined to this one case. It is of frequent occurrence, and those frequenting sales "on the premises" would do well to be on their guard against it.

At Foster's, last Saturday, there was a sale of ninety dozen of 1847 port, which has been in bottle for thirty-two years in the cellars of the late Mr. Hales, of Kingswalden, Herts. The wine was all sold at from 138s. to 143s. per dozen, although one or two well-known connoisseurs expressed an opinion that it was by no means a perfect specimen of the '47, being far too fruity.

Taking a purely selfish delight in the pleasure of children, I have always regretted the painful necessity of teaching them their letters. The least nauseous way of administering such doses of scholarship is undoubtedly by the Kindergarten biscuits. But their good service is entirely frustrated by a ridiculous blunder. All these eatable, and, no doubt nourishing, letters are capitals. Now, it is a stupid practice to teach children the capital letters first; because, by so doing, you oblige the poor little things to learn the alphabet twice over. There is, indeed, no positive reason why children should be taught capitals at all; for, as these are the exceptions in writing and printing, they would be acquired involuntarily and imperceptibly when the child, having learnt all the small letters, begins to read. Will the Kindergarten people take my hint, and bake "lower-case type?"

Will any one tell me where I can buy lump-sugar that is not in lumps, but is cut into lozenges or tablets of domino-shape? You get sugar cut this way all over the Continent of Europe. The advantage is obvious. You can break a flat, oblong cake of sugar to any requisite size; but you cannot reduce so easily the solid substance of a cube. I have gone all over London, begging for sugar cut in the convenient form I have just described. In vain! But why is this?

Here is a letter in reply to my question, where New Zealand mutton is to be bought. Another correspondent writes to say that it is to be obtained at Stephens, North Audley-street, the corner of Green-street:—

Dear Sir,—I see you ask in your number of Truth this week where New Zealand meat is to be obtained. If the information is of any service, I may mention that having a large family to bring up, I have to "provide accordingly." Every week I have a joint of New Zealand mutton delivered at my door in a London suburb, for which I pay 8½d. a lb. for shoulders, and 9d. a lb. for legs. Package 2d. (returned) and 4d. carriage. Messrs. Buckingham Brothers, of Upper Thames-street, send it me, and the meat is perfectly sweet and very tender.—Yours, &c.,

May 2, 1884. Paterfamilias.

Speaking of New Zealand mutton, a lady writing from Croydon says that having been recommended to try this mutton, she entered a depot lately opened, intending to purchase a joint. What was her astonishment to discover her own butcher in the shop purchasing a leg of mutton. Having paid for it, he borrowed a knife, with which he proceeded to trim the joint in a professional manner, and then drove away with it. After his departure, the lady remarked that the man was her butcher. "I dare say," was the quiet reply of the shopman. "We often supply the butchers in the town."

The grievance complained of in the following letter is one which we have all endured too long, and which ought to be taken in hand by Mr. Dobbs and the Water Consumers' League. My water company has "put me up," on some absurd plea or the other, since the Dobbs' decision:—

Dear Truth,—You are often "down on" the high-handedness of public officials. I wish you would say a word about the high-handedness of water companies. I am a new householder, and have been a good deal surprised to get a demand-note from the New River Company, requesting me to pay such and such a sum, but giving me no particulars of any kind as to how the said sum is made up. The possibility that I may like to know what I am paying for is indeed recognised in a foot-note, where I am informed that the collector can furnish particulars; but such a desire on my part is apparently regarded as a piece of impertinent curiosity, which can only be gratified by my waiting on the collector at a place and an hour equally inconvenient to me. It is a new principle of business to me, this throwing on the purchaser the onus of finding out what he has to pay for, and I fail to see the reason of it.

Mr. Dyer sends me the following letter. According to him the alleged cruelty to his donkey was a case of misplaced kindness. The donkey, indeed, was a pet. What looks to me odd is that he should have started on his journey armed with an "ordinary rowel spur set in a rod," in order to keep up the kindly feeling which existed between himself and his ass. When his tired fat donkey was urged to step out by being prodded with a spur at the end of a stick, the silly creature, of course, was not aware that this was merciful severity, as had she not been hurried on, she would have been left, a bashful, blushing stranger in the great metropolis without any one to look after her. I do not think that I should send a fat boy to the school where Mr. Dyer is an authority.

Albert College, Framlingham, May 2, 1884.

Sir,—As you profess to publish "Truth," perhaps you may not be unwilling to give publicity to the facts of the case which occurred in Ipswich on March 28, and was heard by the Magistrates 21st ult. I kept a donkey and carriage for my children for some time, but at last decided not to do so any longer. I sold her to a person nearly forty miles beyond London. To save expense I drove her to Ipswich, but owing to her being taken out so very early in the morning, she refused to eat her full feed of corn, and being fat and short of work, she was very tired indeed before she arrived at Ipswich station. I began to fear indeed that we should miss the train, and that the little animal would be left in London a night with nobody to attend to her and nothing to eat, and thought that a little severity would be more merciful to her in the end, so mounted and gave her a few sharp strokes with a goad, which had the effect of making her move much faster, else I should have desisted. There were five single drops of blood on her flank. When the summons was sent to me I confidently expected it would have been dismissed, as I have now a letter from the present owner of the donkey, who says:—"We were sorry and surprised to hear you had been summoned for using a spur. There were certainly no signs on the donkey of any rough treatment, and no one would have supposed a spur had been used at all. An outside porter brought her up here, and he said she stepped out well, and every one who has seen her remarks on her gentleness, and a neighbour said 'one could see she

Minton's China.—A visit to Messrs. Goode's Depôt in South Audley-street will at once show the immense superiority of their collection, both as regards taste, extent, and lowness of price.

had been well cared for.' Evidently she has been made a pet of by you, as she expects so many little attentions. She has never showed the slightest shrinking from being groomed from the moment she came."

I say I expected that the case would be dismissed, but having stupidly mistaken Monday, 21st, for Monday, 28th, I was not present when the case was heard, and it was decided in my absence. The evidence of P.C. Berry was false in almost every particular. The goad used was an ordinary rowel spur set in a rod, not a nail. Blood did not flow freely, and I did not say I was a gentleman and must not be stopped, neither did I offer him 40s. or any other sum. This affair has not the slightest effect on me, as no one here believes a word of the evidence; but I hope you will publish this letter, in consideration of the Head Master and Staff, on whom your paragraph may otherwise have a most damaging effect.—I am, sir, faithfully yours, J. R. Dyer, Music Master.

Here is another choice specimen of Baboo English. A petition was presented the other day by certain distressed weavers in Madras to the Governor of that province, addressed—"To Almighty God, care of his Excellency the Governor of Madras." It is a very difficult task to flatter Mr. Grant Duff, but I should think that even that august personage must feel proud of the estimation of his importance which seems to be entertained by these poor natives.

In days gone by it used to be the custom for counsel never to go into court without having their fee paid with the brief. Times must have considerably changed of late, judging from the fact that an equity counsel appeared as a creditor to the extent of £2,500 for fees due in the accounts furnished by a late firm of solicitors who had become bankrupt.

Last week another solicitor was struck off the rolls for stealing trust money. Is he not to be prosecuted? It concerns the honour of the Incorporated Law Society and of the Public Prosecutor that he should be. If no action be taken, the public will begin to think that there is some sort of legal etiquette which leads lawyers to cover the malpractices of all who belong to the profession.

At Westminster last week, William Johnson was charged with refusing to break stones in St. Luke's Workhouse. Mr. D'Eyncourt sentenced him to fourteen days' hard labour, whereupon the prisoner remarked that "it would not hurt him; it was better than being half starved in the workhouse," and that "he should be better off down at Wandsworth." It is greatly to be feared that lazy ruffians such as Johnson are a good deal better off in prison than many a deserving pauper is in the workhouse.

An interesting discussion is at present going on in the columns of a provincial contemporary between Lord Mount-Edgcumbe and a local solicitor as to the right of Peers to take part in electioneering meetings. Peers, of course, have no votes, and are prohibited from interfering in the election of Commoners. Lord Mount-Edgcumbe, it seems, has been assisting and speaking at the meetings of Mr. Atkinson, the Conservative candidate for East Cornwall, and the legality of his proceedings has been called in question. If Lord Mount-Edgcumbe's opponent succeeds in establishing his position, he will have rendered very valuable service to the Liberal party. The rule about the non-intervention of Peers is much more honoured in the breach than in the observance, Lord Salisbury himself being one of the worst offenders; for if orating at a Conservative meeting in support of a Conservative candidate for a metropolitan borough be not "interference," I rather fail to see what is.

There was a good deal of nonsense talked last week in the House of Commons about the expenditure upon the "Place" at Hyde Park Corner. Mr. Lefevre estimates that the Committee of Taste will raise about £20,000. To this he adds £6,000, in three yearly instalments. The Committee propose to cart the present statue of the Duke to Aldershot, and to expend the rest of the money in the adornment of the "Place," and in another statue of the Duke which is to replace the monster. The question, therefore, resolves itself into whether Mr. Lefevre has made a good or a bad bargain. I think it is a good one, because it is obvious that the "Place" must be finished; and as Parliament has received a contribution from the Metropolitan Board of Works of £20,000 as London's subscription, but otherwise treated the "Place" as an Imperial improvement, either Parliament or private subscriptions must finish it. If we give £6,000, and private persons £20,000, we are in a good position, for were there no private subscriptions, we should have to spend more than £6,000.

When it came to an alternative proposition, the opponents of Mr. Lefevre fell to pieces. A dozen different schemes were advocated. His was the only one which seemed feasible. Why the Army should wish for a ridiculous statue of a great English General at Aldershot is strange. But so it is. Then by all means let them have it. It would do no harm were Aldershot made a Gehenna where "bad statues go to." The Griffin, the Lord Byron, and others could be sent there; and, perhaps, as targets they might be found more useful than they have proved ornamental. If I had my way, I should either hand over the Duke's statue to Mr. Childers to convert into half-sovereigns, or I should put it on the top of the artificial mound in the Green Park. Already, I understand, the spurs of the warrior have been stolen; but, unfortunately, the statue is too large to hope that any admirer will surreptitiously carry it away.

By the way, if the great picture in the hall behind the House of Lords is correct, the Duke of Wellington wore Hessian boots at Waterloo. If so, the statue has not even the wax-work merit of correctness.

It is by no means certain that the Conservative party will unanimously support the Vote of Censure of which Sir Michael Hicks-Beach has given notice. A week or two ago the official leaders of the party were anxious to bring forward a similar resolution, and they did not do so because of differences of opinion amongst their followers in regard to it.

The reason why Mr. Chaplin did not move his amendment on the Reform Bill last Thursday was, not that the members on the Liberal benches dismayed him, but that the Conservative Whips had discovered that about twenty Conservatives would not vote for it.

For Breakfast, Epps's Cocoa is grateful and comforting. Boiling water or milk only. James Epps & Co., Homœopathic Chemists.

"Royal Charter" Champagne.—Wachter & Co., shippers to H.M. the Queen and H.R.H. the Prince of Wales by special appointment.

In view of the resignation by Lord Randolph Churchill of the Chairmanship of the Council of the National Union of Conservative Associations, some account of the Conservative organisations may be interesting.

What often goes by the vague name of the Carlton is a "Central Committee," consisting of Mr. E. Stanhope, Mr. R. Winn, Mr. A. Balfour, Mr. Whitley, Mr. Salt, Lord Henniker, and a Mr. Tinker. This Committee is practically nominated by Lord Salisbury and by Sir Stafford Northcote. Its mission is to look after the organisation of the party, and it has about £10,000 per annum, derived from subscriptions and gifts from Tory magnates and Tory *nouveaux riches* who want to be made baronets, &c. At the last General Election it expended about £70,000.

The National Union consists of delegates elected from local Tory associations. Each association of 100 members elects one delegate, and one in addition for each 50 members in excess of 100. These delegates meet once a year, when they choose a council of 42 members. This council elects an annual chairman, and meets when requisite for the transaction of business. Up to within a short time this council was a mere bogus sort of affair. It did nothing but circulate pamphlets and send lecturers about the country. The chairman of last year was Lord Percy. When his year of office was over, Mr. Chaplin was put forward as the candidate of the Conservative leaders. Lord Randolph Churchill was also proposed as a candidate. He was elected by a majority of two votes, eight of the ten members of the council, however, who were M.P.'s voting against him.

Lord Randolph determined to make the council and the Conservative Associations which it represented, a reality, and to gradually absorb the power which had been previously wielded by the hole-in-the-corner committee nominated by Lord Salisbury and Sir Stafford Northcote. It was, in reality, a struggle between the London wire-pullers and the Tory electors throughout the country. Lord Percy, as the representative of Lord Salisbury and Sir Stafford, proposed a resolution, which was not carried, and which would, if carried, have emasculated the council, and Lord Salisbury received a snub for communicating his views to the council through a member, and not through the chairman. On Saturday last a gentleman, under the influence of the central committee, brought forward a resolution conceived in the same sense. The real issue was whether the central committee or the council was to be master of the situation, to hold the funds of the party, and to direct elections. Five of the members who usually voted with Lord Randolph were away, and the resolution was carried by seventeen to thirteen. On this Lord Randolph resigned.

I hardly see how he could have done otherwise. He will, I presume, appeal to the Conservatives throughout the country, who will have to decide whether they are to be mere pawns, moved at will by a London self-elected central committee, or independent men, accepting the decisions of a council elected by their own delegates. How the stupid party will decide, I do not pretend to know, but were they Liberals they would most unquestionably stand by their own delegates.

The fact is that under Mr. Disraeli the Tory Party had degenerated into a gang of waiters on Providence. So long as that able partisan enabled them to acquire office and to retain it, they troubled themselves very little about political principles. He bought off Dukes and other grandees with places, ribbons, and Lord Lieutenancies; and the minor lights were given Peerages, Baronetcies, and suchlike social trash. Now that he is dead, the bubble has burst, and Lord Randolph is clear-headed enough to perceive that the country will decline to submit to the rule of a herd of landlords and sycophants, who make no pretence of doing anything but looking after their own interests. He falls back upon the latent Conservatism of many classes, instead of the fossil Toryism of the Peerage and the Squirearchy. That he will eventually force the hand of the official Tory leaders hardly admits of a doubt. Personally, I have no prejudice for either side in this family dispute. I trust that the fate of the country will never be entrusted to Tory Democrats or to Tory Aristocrats; but, as a looker-on, I take the liberty to express the opinion that if Conservatism is ever to become anything but an historical expression, its basis must be widened, not narrowed.

A Bill which will effect a considerable saving of public money, coupled with increased efficiency, has been brought in by the Attorney-General for the fusion of the Middlesex Registry with the office of Land Registry. At present, Mr. Farrer at the latter office has practically nothing to do, Lord Cairns' Registration Act having proved a dead failure, and there being nothing to register, but he gets £2,000 a year for his "hours of idleness," and the Deputy-Registrar gets £1,500 for helping him to spend them. At the Middlesex Registry every one is obliged to register all mortgages on land in Middlesex, for which fees are exacted largely in excess of the amounts authorised by Act of Parliament; and Lord Truro, the Registrar, pockets many thousands a year for doing absolutely nothing but draw cheques for the salaries of the officials.

This Registrarship of Lord Truro's is one of the most flagrant abuses and impositions upon the public that still remains unreformed. Originally there were four Registrars appointed by the Lord Chancellor and the three chiefs of the Common Law Courts. Lord Truro was appointed by his father, when Lord Chancellor, more than thirty years ago. At that time the profits of the office, which was performed by deputy, were divisible amongst the four Registrars, one of them being the Queen's Remembrancer, but, as he is now paid by salary, his share is at present received by the Treasury. When the other two Registrars died, their places were not filled up, and their shares ought to have gone to the Crown. But Lord Truro being master of the situation as the receiver of the four, calmly divided the profits into halves and paid over one to the Crown, pocketing the other himself. As owing to the growth of London

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Litchfields, 28 and 30, Hanway-street, Oxford-street, W. A Collection of 40 Old Fans, some of them of remarkable quality and of the best period—old French early 18th-Century work.

the business has enormously increased, he has enjoyed for years a salary larger than the Prime Minister's for doing nothing.

The Attorney-General's Bill, which reproduces one brought in by him and Lord Frederick Cavendish two years ago, proposes to relieve Lord Truro of the burden of his sinecure, and to buy him out with a pension equal to one-fourth of the average profits for the last five years. Why his Lordship should not be made to account for the surplus profits received since the first Registrar died does not appear, except that he is a Lord and the son of a dead Chancellor.

There has been a good deal of discussion in the newspapers about Mr. Childers's proposal to debase half-sovereigns, and the weight of argument has been against the scheme. The demarcation between standard coinage and token coinage should never be tampered with; and this would be the case were one and the same metal to do duty for both. It is more easy to coin a half-sovereign consisting of 90 per cent. of gold and 10 per cent. of alloy, than to make a bank-note of the nominal value of half-a-sovereign, because in the one case only a very simple die is required, whereas in the other a copper-plate, and paper which has to be manufactured in a special manner, are wanted. If, therefore, Mr. Childers's view is correct, that the domestic and minor requirements of the trade of the country would absorb a certain number of debased half-sovereigns, the 90 per cent. of gold which he puts into them is not required, and he ought in place of coins to issue bank-notes of the nominal value of ten shillings.

As a matter of fact, small token notes have always been more popular than token coins whenever the two have been in circulation together, because they are more portable.

Last week the House of Commons gave itself up to sentiment, and chose as the object of its sentiment, corpses. It was hardly contested that on sanitary grounds cremation is preferable to burial, nor was it denied that the difficulties in the way of tracing poisons where cremation is practised might easily be got over. Sentiment, and sentiment alone, was the argument of the anti-cremators, but whether out of consideration to the corpse or to the corpse's relatives did not appear. One would suppose that a decent corpse, if it could have an opinion on the matter, would not wish to be a pestiferous nuisance to those who remain on this planet, nor that it could derive any particular gratification from being consumed by worms. It is also difficult to understand why the corpse's relatives should object to its being resolved at once into the elements, with the exception of a little commemorative dust, which could be kept in an urn that might be made an ornament to a room or to a garden. But so it is. The living are to be poisoned because, according to Sir William Harcourt, only one of the Cornelian *gens* was burnt, and because burying replaced burning during the dark ages the Christian era.

One thing, at least, the cremation debate elicited. It is now fully admitted that cremation is legal. Any cemetery, therefore, which starts a crematory, and lets it be known that it will burn corpses on reasonable terms, is likely to have customers. If the Home Secretary wishes to regulate these burnings, and to impose conditions under which corpses may alone be burnt, he will have to bring in and to pass a Bill to that effect.

We appear to be in for another "little war" in Acheen, as an expedition has been ordered to hunt up the Rajah of Tenom in order to obtain the release of the crew of a Sunderland steamer, which has been captured by that potentate. The whole country has been shamefully ravaged by the Dutch, and the Rajah's proceedings are simply a sort of protest against the exactions and oppressions of his European neighbours. The natives are well disposed towards the English, but they hate the Dutch, and I do not understand why we should be sending armed expeditions up the country, which is simply doing the work of the Dutch, who reap all the profit. It would be more to the purpose to compel them to act justly towards the luckless Acheenese.

Mr. McCoan, M.P., is not, so far as I am aware, a particularly savage or bloodthirsty gentleman. Yet at the meeting of the Peace Association last week he strongly opposed the abolition of the bastinado in Egypt, on the truly remarkable ground that without it the fellaheen could not be induced to pay taxes! Mr. McCoan's views may possibly find favour among the bondholders, in which noble army of martyrs he has, doubtless, enrolled himself, but they are not likely to find acceptance with any one whom self-interest has not deprived alike of humanity and common sense.

Conservative orators are occasionally apt to get a little confused in their metaphors in denouncing the conduct of the Government towards General Gordon. A Conservative dinner was held last week at Boston in Lincolnshire, and the usual fervid speeches were delivered. One gentleman remarked that "General Gordon was the paschal lamb sent out to bear the sins of the Government." This "derangement" is almost worth of Mrs. Malaprop. The paschal lamb was not "sent out" at all, neither had it to bear any sins except its own. This duty fell to the lot of the scapegoat; the paschal lamb was comfortably killed and eaten at home.

According to the Chinese, cask-making has been known to them for many thousand years. They laboured, however, under this drawback. They did not know how to give the final touch by which the lid is fastened in; the only method that struck them as feasible being to place a boy inside whilst the cooper tightened the hoops and secured the lid in its position. But how was the boy to be got out? This remained an unsolved problem for three thousand years. Gordon must have heard this legend when in China. He reminds me of the boy. He jumped into the cask, and since then has been shouting through the bung-hole that he is going to "do for" all sorts of

Sir Hy. Knight, the late Lord Mayor saps: "The 'Tenacious' Rubber-Soled Shoes are very comfortable and wear exceedingly well, and are especially valuable for Boating, Tennis, &c., where a firm foothold and protection from damp are desired."—H. Randall, 40, Poultry, E.C.

people, and always abusing those who will not aid him, without considering that the really important question is how he himself is to be got out of his cask.

Mr. Gladstone has hardly made out his case, that his Government was bound to support the Khedive and to interfere in his behalf because his predecessor had entered into a covenant to this effect. The covenant turns out to be a sort of vague agreement, come to in the course of a conversation between M. Waddington and Lord Salisbury, to do this. There was, however, no pledge given to the Khedive, nor does it appear that this conversation was embodied in any official note. It was nothing more than mutual observations between the two diplomatists to the effect that a particular course would be desirable. France has backed out of all support of the Khedive; it can hardly, therefore, be seriously alleged by Mr. Gladstone that, owing to this conversation we were pledged towards France to support Tewfik. And against whom were we pledged to support him? Against his own subjects? If so, a Liberal Government holds itself bound to maintain the rule of a Sovereign against his subjects, because a Conservative statesman stated to a third party that such was the intention of England. The general opinion is that when Mr. Gladstone alluded to the covenant, he was under the impression that there was more evidence in regard to it than it seems was the case.

The *Times*, *Daily Telegraph*, *Morning Post*, and *Pall Mall Gazette* are, so they tell us, daily receiving cheques from persons anxious to contribute to a Gordon Relief-Fund. The *Pall Mall Gazette* suggests that they should not be sent back but retained, although as there is no immediate necessity of the money being paid at once, and there will in all probability be no opportunity to send the money to Khartoum, it may never be called up. Precisely. If, as the *Pall Mall Gazette* suggests, we are to apply the American "How many dollars do you believe" in an expedition to relieve Gordon, as a test of the feeling in the country in favour of such an expedition, the money must be paid up. Pecuniary promises, with the exceedingly strong probability of no one being called upon to fulfil them, amount to nothing. Let the money, if not used for Gordon, be devoted to the succour of the families of the persons who have suffered by the "disgraceful conduct" of England in not sending an impossible expedition on an impossible mission. Only on Tuesday the *Times* stated that a French working man had sent twenty francs from Lyons for a Gordon relief fund, and expressed the opinion that this donation proves that all Europe is shocked at our inaction. Assuming that the working man is not an English Conservative masquerading as a French citizen, I would point out that one swallow does not make a summer.

Distrust every single word that is telegraphed or written from Egypt. "Public opinion" means the opinion of the Europeans who congregate at Shepheard's Hotel. The atmosphere is so thoroughly corrupt that the most honest of Englishmen lose all independence of judgment within a month or two of their arrival at Alexandria or Cairo. All idea of the interests of either England or of Egypt disappear; every fact is either twisted or misstated in order to serve the purposes of the financing tag-rag who constitute the European element.

The latest Egyptian Blue-Books conclusively show that the Arab *battues* in the neighbourhood of Suakin were entirely due to our military and naval commanders in those parts.

On Feb. 11, Gordon telegraphed:—

> The force which defeated Baker will never leave their tribal limit. I would carry out what you say is doing, but I would accompany it with a Proclamation, signed by Baker or Wood, that no operation will be undertaken unless they refuse terms which I am authorised to offer.

On Feb. 12, Lord Granville telegraphs to Sir Evelyn Baring:—

> Request Admiral Hewett, if possible, to make an announcement to the Chiefs, recommending them to meet Gordon at an Assembly of Notables at Khartoum, where the decisions as to the independence of the Soudan will be made known.

On Feb. 18, Sir Evelyn Baring telegraphs:—

> Admiral thinks that it is at present undesirable to issue a Proclamation such as is contemplated in your Lordship's telegram of 16th. He says that rebels must be defeated first, and Proclamation issued directly afterwards.

On the same day, Gordon telegraphs:—

> Received information intention to relieve Tokar. Would advise Proclamation to rebels.

This telegram was sent to Admiral Hewett, who, on the 20th, replies:—

> He cannot ask the chiefs to leave their people and to meet Gordon at Khartoum, when he knows that English troops are about to be sent against the people in question.

On Feb. 23, Gordon telegraphs:—

> I think if Tokar has fallen, H.M. Government had better be quiet, as I see no advantage to be now gained by any action on their part.

On the same day General Stephenson telegraphs to Lord Hartington:—

> News just received that rebels are in force on Baker Pasha's late battle-field, eager to fight and confident of victory. Strongly recommend Graham should be ordered to advance towards Tokar.

And Admiral Hewett telegraphs:—

> Decisive victory will re-establish order amongst tribes around here.

What is the moral to be learnt from all this? That Mr. Gladstone, with the best of intentions, cannot look to everything, and that with a weak old woman like Lord Granville directing matters here, and an impulsive Admiral eager to fight where military operations are anticipated, it is always highly probable that purposeless massacres will take place. Thanks to one of our Admirals, Alexandria was bombarded and burnt; thanks to another, about 10,000 Arabs have been killed for daring to think that their country belonged to them. The plea for the latter iniquity, that in some mysterious way it would aid Gordon's mission of peace, is exploded, for it seems that Gordon again and again protested against our Suakin raids.

I have received the following additional sums towards the fund for Feeding the Robins:—O. S., 10s. 10d.; Olivia, £1; Miss Evans, £1. 1s.; Miss Johnson, £3; Fay Ellis, 10s.; Warnham, £2. 2s.

The following subscriptions have been received by Miss English towards her fund for giving poor children two or three weeks in the country:—Olivia, £1; Miss Johnson £1; Warnham, £2. 2s.; and C. B. (Malta), £2.

"International Health and House-Drainage Association." Reports made and work executed on all questions relating to sanitation on the co-operative principle. Broadway-chambers, Westminster, S.W.

SCRUTATOR.

"THE RIVALS."

I HAVE never myself felt the slightest gratitude to theatrical managers who strive, in the slang phrase to elevate the stage. A theatre is a great commercial undertaking, where if a fortune may be made, it is still more easy to lose one. Were I to open a store at the North Pole, I should sell train oil, and not truffles. My mission would not be to educate the palates of the Esquimaux, but to transfer their cash from whatever does duty with them for a pocket into mine. So, had I a theatre in London, I should endeavour to give my customers a good article, but what the article might be would depend upon their taste and not upon mine. Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft produced a comedy of Tom Robertson's at the Prince of Wales's Theatre. It required a particular style of acting and much care in details; indeed, it may be said that "detail" was as much an essential as it is in a Dutch picture. It took the public fancy, and so they produced several other plays treated in the same fashion. Ambition being the weakness of great minds, they migrated to the Haymarket. The same painstaking in regard to details was manifest, although the frame in which they were set was larger. There was no particular excellence in the plays which were produced; their actors and actresses, without possessing one spark of genius, were clever and capable; their scenery was excellent, and the furniture and *bric-à-brac* in their rooms were the sort of stuff which it is the dreams of their patrons to emulate in their London band-boxes or suburban villas. To call this a noble effort to elevate either public taste or the stage would be a misnomer. Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft are worthy of admiration because they conduct their business upon sound commercial lines. If people prefer a frame, to the picture inside a frame, why trouble about the latter? Something has, of course, to be painted on the canvas, as an excuse for having a frame, but what that something is signifies very little. Commercially speaking it is better to put the frame round an old and well-known picture than to essay a new one, because the risk is smaller, and because ill-natured critics are unable to damn the entire performance on account of the play.

A critic holds generally that "The Rivals" is a poor comedy. It has, however, stood the test of time, and we may therefore assume that it is better than most of the plays of the day, which live the life of the rose, and then vanish into limbo. There is much which strikes us as artificial in it, because it does not happen to be our artificiality, but that of a former generation. Julia and Lydia do not discourse as we are accustomed to expect young ladies to talk to each other; Faulkland does not make love after our approved fashion; and we find the ladies and the gentleman alike bores. So probably it will be with any of our plays which are performed before our posterity. Indeed, comedies like "London Assurance," which are but about thirty years old, have already a queer, old-fashioned ring about them.

In estimating the performance of last Saturday at the Haymarket, we must judge it, not upon the intrinsic merits of the piece itself, but upon the success with which Mr. Bancroft has used it as a vehicle for an elaborate spectacular reproduction of the dresses, the streets, the domestic adornments, and the life of those who were the fine ladies and gentlemen in the latter portion of the last century. Viewed from this standpoint it is successful. Bath was then the fashionable watering-place. We know pretty well, from the numerous contemporary memoirs, what sort of existence people led there. But our knowledge becomes more sharply defined when we see before our eyes this existence reproduced in its smallest details. In order to do this it was necessary to rearrange Sheridan's scenes. This has been done with considerable skill. The play, it is true, has suffered, but, as I have already said, the play is a mere episode in the evening's entertainment. For acting there is very little scope. Mrs. Stirling carried off the honours. I liked Miss Calhoun as Lydia, and Mr. Forbes Robertson as Captain Absolute, although the latter would perhaps have done better to have played the part with more reckless dash. Mr. Pinero was not a particularly good Sir Anthony. Mrs. Bernard Beere's part of Julia is little more than that of a walking lady. Mr. Brough, as usual, made the audience laugh, but I doubt whether Sheridan really intended Bob Acres to be a cross between Tony Lumpkin and Squire Western. Of the ladies' dresses, the second dress of Miss Calhoun and that of the maid Lucy were the prettiest. The cap which Lucy wears ought to be popularised by some milliner. The characters danced a gavotte. In those days dancing was a high art, and a good dancer was as much sought after as a great genius. In the Memoirs of the Duchesse d'Abrantès there is an amusing account of the rivalries of the two principal society dancers, and of Bonaparte's surprise at the existence of such beings (The name of the one was M. Lafitte, of the other M. de Trénis) :—

"'Not to know how to put on one's hat!' said M. de Trénis—'it is not difficult to explain how to do it. Stay! give me leave.'

"Then taking us both by the hand, he led us to my mother's room, where there were but few persons, and placing us before the glass in the pier hummed the close of the gavotte, and began the salute with the most perfect gravity, putting on his cocked hat with all the effect so important an affair demanded.

"Junot joined us, and the First Consul stepped gently behind M. de Trénis to share the amusement. He made a sign to Junot to engage him in conversation. 'How do you agree with M. Lafitte?' said Junot.

"'Why,' he replied, 'as well as two men of talent can be supposed to agree when so nearly upon an equality But he is an honest fellow, not at all envious of my success. It is true that his own may well render him indulgent. His dance is lively and powerful. He has the advantage over me in the first eight measures of Panurge's gavotte; but in the *jetés*—oh, there he has no chance. He has nerve, but I have grace.'"

The appreciation accorded by the highest circles during the last sixty years to Jewsbury & Brown's Original and only Genuine Oriental Tooth Paste proves the efficacy of this refined toilet luxury. It is compounded of rare and fragrant herbs in an especial manner known only to the sole proprietors and manufacturers, Jewsbury & Brown, Chemists, of Manchester. Its use keeps the teeth and gums in a state of preservation and soundness to old age, while its rare aromatic properties render the breath always exceedingly pleasant. It retains its invaluable properties in all climates, and can be obtained through all perfumers and chemists at home and abroad.

The First Consul opened his eyes and ears, altogether unaccustomed to such rant. "It is prodigious!" he said at length. "This man is much more unrational than many who are confined in madhouses. Is he a friend of yours?"

There are many persons nowadays to whom dancing is a more serious occupation than conquering an Empire. Why do not our modern cotillon leaders introduce at balls dances like the gavotte, which really require a great deal of grace to be danced well? Cotillon figures are generally remarkable for their inane stupidity and their entire absence of all grace.

During the performance of "The Rivals," the occupants of the gallery were somewhat uproarious, and they remained shouting half-an-hour after the curtain fell. It seems that they had got wet while waiting for the door to open. Mr. Bancroft writes to a contemporary to explain that he is not allowed to put up a permanent awning, and that when he put up a temporary one, an accident took place. But I should imagine that if really the authorities persist in their silly objection to a permanent structure, a light movable one might be devised, which would meet the requirements, and which would not be likely to endanger life or limb.

EXTRAVAGANZA REVIVED.

More pretty than funny is Mr. Horace Lennard's burlesque extravaganza at the Novelty Theatre. It reflects the fanciful grace of M. Planché rather than the robust wit of Mr. Burnand. The increasing disaffection of the patrons of the Gaiety augments the prospect of success for an entertainment composed chiefly of swinging music, gorgeous dresses, and a plentiful crop of comely choristers. There is a plot in "Lalla Rookh"—an unusual thing in this class of production—but the performance would be brisker if less time were devoted to working out the story. Lasting only an hour and a quarter, and commencing at 9·45 p.m., it has undoubted recommendations for the awfully-jolly-don't-yer-know class of audience; but except for Mr. Harry Nicholl's unblushing cockneyisms, it is devoid of any ingredient likely to provoke laughter. Miss Kate Vaughan's engagement may have been the reason for selecting Moore's romantic work as the subject for parody. It is quite sufficient. Although hampered by Eastern trouserloons, and encumbered with a huge screen of the "Argus pheasant's wings," she endows the character of the heroine with a singular elegance peculiar to herself. She could not be otherwise than graceful if she carried a steam-roller. As none of the company are conspicuous for vocal ability, some of the serious songs might have been advantageously replaced by comic ones. The entertainment appeals to the eyesight, not to the brains.

MUSICAL MATTERS.

We have lost poor Costa. He cannot be said to have retired, for he only retired to die. As long as he could move his arms he was ready and eager to wield the *bâton;* but I remember his last appearance at the Sacred Harmonic. Everything seemed to flag, and I could not help feeling that a certain change had already come over the great conductor. When his name was freely placarded about the Crystal Palace to direct the Handel Festival last year, I prophesied that he would not be there; and, indeed, soon afterwards it appeared that he had caught cold, was struck with paralysis, and had retired to Brighton, where he died last week.

It would not be easy to analyse Costa, but he possessed in a remarkable degree the sort of influence which comes from strong and consistent character. People did not always agree with him or always like him, but they respected him and bowed to him because he was Costa. He usually carried his point at once with a high hand; but he had great tact and readiness, and well knew how to employ artifice. On one occasion, Madame Rudersdorff, after singing her song at rehearsal, declared she must have it transposed a half note lower. "But, madame," said Costa, "consider the inconvenience, especially to the wind instruments. And all my men cannot be counted on to transpose at sight," &c, &c. But the lady was imperative, and so Costa shrugged his shoulders and bowed. "Very well, gentlemen," said he, turning to the bewildered band, and closing the score, "to-morrow you will play it a note lower." The next day, just before Madame Rudersdorff came on to sing, Costa gave the word *sotto voce,* "Gentlemen, *in the original key.* No change!" And so it was played, and so it was sung. At the close, the delighted singer turned rapturously to Costa and thanked him with effusion. "I am charmed," she said. "Madame," replied Costa, with that touch of pleasant irony which often played about his lips, "*We* are charmed; you sang it in the original key."

Costa was very jealous of the honour of his band. In the early days he had often to conduct the ballet for the famous Taglioni, who preceded him to the grave only by a few days. In one of her famous dances, "La Sylphide," she used to be accompanied by a certain Cavallini, who played the small military clarinet with great effect, and travelled everywhere with her for that purpose. The instrument was used nowhere at that time except in military bands, and was unknown at the opera—no one had it, no one could play it. "Gentlemen," said Costa, "I will not have it said that my band cannot do all that is required of any band. We don't want outsiders. One of you must play the clarinet and learn this part;" turning to Lazarus, then a very young man, he added, "Can you?" "I have not got the instrument." "Can you get one?" "I will try." "Good," and Lazarus got one, learnt his part—the famous danseuse giving him special private rehearsals, and played it for her triumphantly with immense effect.

Lazarus told me that Taglioni, then at her zenith, summoned him to her private room after the performance. He found her smothered with bouquets and garlands. She selected the finest that had been thrown to her, and presented it to young Lazarus with one of her sweet smiles and with her most winning words. That night, poor Cavallini was in the theatre, and heard Lazarus play. He felt from that moment that his occupation was gone—he disappeared, and was seen no more.

If Costa stood by his band, the band stood by Costa. When he quarrelled with Lumley, not only Grisi, Mario, Persiani, and Tamberlik left with him, but the principal

Army and Navy Hotel, Victoria-st., S.W., is probably now the best Hotel in London. Table d'hote 6 to 8. Cookery excellent.

players, Sainton, Oury, Lazarus, &c., also seceded. His breach with Lumley is notable because it brought over the famous Jenny Lind, who pulled up Lumley's fortunes; and his breach with the Philharmonic in '57 was also notable because it brought over Richard Wagner to conduct, for the first time in England. Signor Lablache suggested Jenny Lind, and M. Sainton urged the engagement of Wagner. How much more old world gossip crowds upon me as the bell tolls for poor Costa's funeral! But I must not forget the interests of the busy musical world around me, of which he was so bright an ornament.

Mr. Gye's enterprise shows unabated vigour. Pauline Lucca, as Valentine, in "The Huguenots," was received on Saturday with the old rapturous delight, and she was ably supported by Tremelli, Corsi, Cotogni, and others. There will be differences of opinion about Madame Durand in Gounod's "Faust." She succeeds better in "La Gioconda," which was produced last week before a very full house, and was repeated on Monday. Every one thinks her too screamy, and wanting in *sang-froid.* With Pauline Lucca on Tuesday, in the "Trovatore," Sembrich to-morrow, and Albani on Saturday next (May 10), Mr. Gye will probably hold his own in face of the heavy Carl Rosa competition, not to speak of the German Opera, which will cut into him later on. I confess that, whilst I admire the Italian method of singing, the modern Italian vice of excessive and tremulous quavering, which makes it impossible to tell exactly what note is being sung is to me quite distressing. It tears the music, the voice of the singer, the ears of the audience, and passion generally to tatters. When *all* is climax, nothing is climax.

Mr. Stanford's "Canterbury Pilgrims," of which the papers have been full, was repeated on Saturday by the Carl Rosa Company, with the same unmistakable results. The libretto, by Gilbert à-Beckett, is extremely well written and readable, quite apart from the music; the scenes are dramatic and distinct, and the interest of the narrative unflagging. Cicely, the pretty daughter of the crusty old mine-host of the Tabard Inn, was excellently impersonated by Clara Perry, and Hubert, the true lover, by Mr. B. Davies, who ultimately defeats the hoary old sinner, yclept Sir Christopher (Mr. Barrington Foote), who has designs on the fair Cicely, but is sadly hampered, and at last fairly confounded, by his wife, Dame Margery, who enters into relations with Cicely, and openly favours that young person's love affair with Hubert for obvious reasons.

Mr. Stanford's music is that of a man who knows all that has been written, and is strong enough to move in his own orbit without being perturbed by Wagnerian or any other potent attractions. His part writing is consummate and close, and his dialogue music spontaneous, without being, as is sometimes the case in the Wagner operas, realistic to the verge of ugliness. His choral effects are sustained and grand, and the busy operations of the orchestra, the ceaseless stir and eager noisy spirit of the whole piece, reminded me forcibly of the "Meistersinger" —a comparison, by the way, which seems to have struck almost every one, for I have noticed some allusion to it in every notice of the "Canterbury Pilgrims" that I have come across.

The Kaps Pianofortes, grand and upright. These celebrated instruments can be obtained at C. E. Flavell's, 26, North Audley-street, W.

The other current musical events of importance are Von Bülow's reappearance and Sarasate's concerts. Von Bülow has, of course, discovered that people cannot be recited to for ever. What with Pachmann, Schumann, Essipoff, and a host of others who "recite" on the piano to their own more select circles, it is impossible to relish so keenly as on his first appearance even so great an artist as Von Bülow. The hall, on his reappearance, was not overcrowded, but he was as fine as ever.

As for Sarasate, the well-beloved violinist—the latest idol of a rather *blasé* public—it is quite immaterial what he plays, or how he chooses to play it. Of course, he took Mendelssohn's Concerto too fast—no one could hear the notes, no orchestra could follow them, but it was quite splendid and electrifying. Every one applauded. In his own Spanish dances no one could criticise; they were absolutely perfect and bewitching. By the way, Sarasate's managers are shortsighted in not supplying the Press adequately with tickets. A player of Sarasate's exceptional artistic individuality—there are just half-a-dozen such in a century—has the privilege of an *enfant gâté.* He makes his own circumstances, creates the atmosphere in which he alone is able to operate, and sports fancifully like an inspired child, and all unrebuked, with his composer, his audience, and himself. He is the gorgeous Brazilian butterfly of his art.

The Royal Albert Hall seems the select arena for great benefits and charitable or church appeals. The Amateur Orchestral Society, so often assisted by the personal efforts of the Duke of Edinburgh at the first-violin desk, gave a grand concert for St. Michael and All Angels', North Kensington, on Saturday. Why for that? Because the worthy Incumbent of St. Michael's plays the cornet in the band. His patronage is correspondingly heavy—North Kensington goes, and pays. A Bishop's daughter sings. Between three and four hundred pounds is thus agreeably and promptly collected. Miss Ellicott, the Bishop of Gloucester's accomplished daughter, fully realised her friends' expectations. She has so often sung in public side by side with professional talent that I was not surprised at her success on Saturday at the Albert Hall in "With Verdure Clad." I need not say that her reception was enthusiastic. She inherits her mother's musical gifts—Mrs. Ellicott, though for obvious reasons, seldom heard beyond a very restricted and select circle, being one of the most accomplished amateur singers in England.

I see that Mr. Brereton, the new bass singer who is making such steady strides in popular favour, announces his morning concert for the 21st, at Princes' Hall, Piccadilly, and that Mr. E. Bending, the well-known and highly-esteemed organist of the Albert Hall, follows him in the same room at night with a galaxy of talent. It is to be hoped that the windows will be opened between the performances.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

Sir Frederick Leighton, in his capacity of President, has spoken at the dullest Academy Banquet that has taken place for many years. Time was when the speeches and addresses on this occasion were worth perusal. This year they are as feeble as the exhibition that occasions them.

Sir Frederick promises a new start for next year. New galleries are to be opened. More pictures are to be hung. Work will have to be begun sooner and sent in earlier. But, still, Sir Frederick is dissatisfied with the present condition of pictorial art. There are a great many young shoulders, but too few old heads. There are signs of "feverish haste," a "thirst to dazzle by dexterity," a "loss of dignity, both of matter and of manner," a "tendency to associate imagination with extravagance," and so on. The public will appreciate every word that fell from the lips of Sir Frederick Leighton — candid critics have said precisely the same thing for many years past— but they will scarcely think it fair to cast all the blame on the young men when the example set them is so lamentably poor. Art of all kinds is supposed to be the fashion of the day. Every provincial town of importance has its school of art. There never was such a teaching or a lecturing before. Our boys are taught to look up to giants like J. E. Millais, for instance, to note his advances, to remember what he did when a lad, to recall the fact that he was a pupil of the Royal Academy, and to remember that he lives in a fine house built from the proceeds of his talent, and is considered the most fashionable painter of his day. Let us suppose that some art-patron in the provinces has discovered a genius; he sends him up to London to study and to profit by his lessons. His first visit is to the Academy; he is eager and excited to see the work of the greatest of modern painters. And what does he see? In the best place on the line of the room of honour, his eyes are dazzled with a blaze of red, and he is dimly conscious of beholding what looks like a Lowther Arcade toy-soldier propped up against a tree by some silly country wenches. He is mistaken. This is an idyll, if you please, of the year 1745. This toy-soldier is a human being. It is not made of wood, as any one would have supposed, but it is really intended to represent a boy musician in the army piping to amuse some staring village maidens. An idyll, if you please, a picture to aid and delight the imagination, a poem on canvas, full of beautiful and poetical thoughts, and the work of, perhaps, the greatest painter of the age. The provincial genius gazes at the picture, puzzled and astonished. The drawing strikes him as careless, the composition slovenly, the colouring gaudy. The group of girls is the best feature in the picture; still the subject is as deplorably poor as any that could be selected by an artist of imagination. But the genius is told that this is the fame to which he must aspire. If he be lucky, and gets on, he will receive five thousand pounds in hard cash for a picture such as that. He must cultivate the imaginative faculty; he must study men and manners; he must read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest; he must go up to lovely Scotland and study Nature; he must dream and think, as all poet-painters should do; and then, when he has got rank, and fame, and patronage, he may hope to be handed down to posterity as the painter of some such composition as "An Idyll, 1745," signed John Everett Millais, R.A. Here is the old head, and the young are asked to try it on their shoulders. Here is a pupil in the old days of the Royal Academy, and a great master now, who does not thirst to "dazzle by dexterity," or to show any signs of "feverish haste;" here is one justly honoured for years, who has "suffered no loss of dignity," either of matter or of manner. Here is a picture that astonishes all who are accustomed to judge works of art, but which is praised, and praised highly, because it comes from a fashionable studio. And, as if this were not sufficient as a sign of indifference in the matter of imaginative work, close by it is hung an example of the portrait-painting of the great master who works with such rapidity and gets such enormous prices on the strength of a name justly venerated and a fame honourably made. It is called "Miss Scott," and is labelled 331. Perhaps it is intended for one of the Christmas illustrated numbers, to accompany or to rival the last baby of Mr. Phil R. Morris, the sweet and staring infant who is reported to be "Quite Ready" (177), and is dressed up to death and waiting at the foot of the staircase to be put into her perambulator. What a noble example of contemporary art! What a fecundity of wit and fertility of imagination to paint a baby dressed up for its outing, in the hope, no doubt, that it may serve as an advertisement for a liliputian warehouse, where they sell the best "bibs and tuckers"!

The President, to his honour be it said, does not condescend to these trivialities of art. He puts his whole heart and soul into his work. He does not paint canvases by the mile or dash off commissions at lightning speed. The "Cymon and Iphigenia" is the most imaginative work in the Academy; and the little portrait called "Letty" is as dainty a trifle as could be composed. Faults can doubtless be found with these compositions; still, they do honour to Sir Frederick Leighton's skill. It is a Cymon who "has had his look." It is not a Cymon, brute or boor; there is no contrast between him in his wild, rugged, and uncouth state with the lovely creature sleeping before him. He is as delicate in his way as she is in hers. The charm has worked; the transformation has taken place. Cymon has reverted to his original elegance; he is already chastened. Some say that the whole tone of the composition is too waxen; others insist that some portions of the body of Iphigenia are out of drawing; but the impression made by the picture is instantaneous and full of charm. It is not a picture that will live for ages; probably a hundred years hence it will only fetch a very limited number of pounds. Still, it is a contrast to the dull vulgarity of much of the work with which it is immediately associated. It tells a story, and the recital of it is delightful. Again and again those who walk through the galleries come back to look once more at the face, the head, the hair, the neck of this veritable "sleeping beauty." This is not a picture that passes away or is rejected scornfully by the mind. This is one of the compositions that fulfils Archdeacon Farrar's ideal of art, in that it makes the "happy happier and the sad less miserable."

But if Sir Frederick's picture that illustrates the old legend borrowed by Boccaccio from Theocritus is the most refined work in the Academy, Mr. Orchardson's "Mariage

Antique and Decorative French, Italian, and English Furniture, and Old Tapestries, &c.—J. J. Duveen 181, Oxford-street.

Minton's (Limited). — Minton's China. A visit to Messrs. Mortlock's extensive collection in Oxford-st. and Orchard-st. will conclusively prove the superiority of taste and lowness of price for which this house has been so celebrated during the last century and a half.

de Convenance" is by far the cleverest, and the one picture of which English art may be the most proud. It is a simple story enough, but what a life's tragedy is contained in the evident history of the dismal couple! This beautiful creature has been forced into a heartless alliance. She has married a man old enough to be her father—a perfect gentleman, faultlessly dressed, a man of irreproachable taste, an exquisite judge of claret, but as loveless as the white tablecloth between them, and as unsympathetic to his wife's poor soul as the discreet and noiseless butler who pours out his master's wine. She has had enough of it; she is sick and weary of the whole thing; her whole soul is warring and raging within her; she has half pushed herself from the table in disgust; there is contempt on her face and mutiny in her heart. Is it for this she has given up all that has most charm in the life of a woman; for this she has sacrificed love, and tenderness, and truth; for this she broke away from a faithful heart and a true lover—left him and jilted him in order to sit opposite this old wine-bibber till the end of her weary days? As for him, he cares for nothing of these thoughts. He has married her, and that is enough. She has carriages, horses, dresses, a well-set table, an old and honoured name. What does he care for sentiment? He has lived his life; let her try somehow or other—God knows how—to live hers. He is the personification of well-bred selfishness in man, and she is the picture of dumb and dead despair in woman. Rightly considered, there is more hidden agony contained in this story than in any other drama painted on the walls. It arouses the imagination and excites the fancy. It is only an old man of the world finishing his dinner—only a young woman allowing despair to gnaw at her heart; but there is something really terrible in its very simplicity. Balzac would have taken pages to analyse the human heart so closely. Orchardson has done it in his masterpiece. The painting is almost faultless—a little unfinished, perhaps, in the far background of the room, as contrasted with the brilliant detail of the dinner-table, but the effect of the lighting is masterly. The strong reflection of the oil-lamp gleams upon faultless shirt-front, fashionable dress, and diamonds, on claret and glass, on grapes and bananas, on fair white linen and well-kept silver; it illuminates all the modern signs of luxury, but it shines also on the wrinkled brow and grizzled moustache of a worldly and heartless old fellow, and it throws into relief the anxious face and troubled brow of the heart-broken woman. The audience applauds with both hands. Mr. Orchardson ought to be called before the curtain.

The Hanging Committee has certainly not distinguished itself this year. Some of the most valuable space on the line has been occupied by pictures that, if placed on the topmost roof, would have been seen a mile away, and better appreciated. There are, doubtless, many who admire Mr. Thomas Sidney Cooper's cattle, embodied in a picture called "Pushing off for Tilbury Fort, on the Thames;" but these magnificent beasts would have looked just as well, if not better, were they farther removed from the eye. They are assertive and unnecessarily prominent beasts, and destroy the whole effect of the gallery in which they appear. Again: Mr. Alma Tadema's "Hadrian in England" would have looked better on the floor, for it is as flat as a pancake, and is more suitable for a design in mosaic on a pavement than for decorative work. And again, if the figures in Mr. Goodall's "Flight into Egypt" were cut bodily out of the canvas they might well remain where they are; but it is a shame to sacrifice so much valuable space for acres of pyramids and blue Nile. This really fine picture would actually have been improved by being "skyed." It would then have commanded attention, whereas now it crushes and kills everything in the room in which it has been hung. The same fault may be found with Mr. Val Prinsep's "Saturday Dole in Worcester Chapter House," a huge, uninteresting study of quartern loaves that offends the eye and is destructive to the chances of all delicate work in juxtaposition. Why should such an ungainly, unimaginative, commonplace canvas as this stop the way when much valuable painting is rudely crowded out? And then comes the suggestion, Where do these extraordinary pictures go to? Where is the gallery or baker's shop large enough to contain this transcript of household bread? If Mr. Prinsep had only altered the shape of the loaves, this pretentious picture might have been used as an advertisement for Neville's home-made bread. Otherwise it is useless, and only serves as a type of the absurdly ill-chosen subjects that occupy the time and talent of brilliant men. How well we can remember when G. A. Storey, George Leslie, Marcus Stone, Val Prinsep, *cum multis aliis*, were the coming men of their day! Where are they now? Dignity and honours have paralysed their invention. Mr. Storey gets more careless every year; George Leslie has apparently lost the power of colour since he suffered severely from the nursery and schoolroom fever; Mr. Prinsep walks through life, and cannot find a dramatic, human, or graceful subject to treat; and Mr. Marcus Stone gives us decorative designs for French plum-boxes. This clever artist, who gave us the childless widow, and put dramatic fervour into that picture of the return of a young French soldier, takes one of the sweetest idyllic pictures ever given us by Tennyson, and shows how he can cleanse it from all sentiment in a beautifully-painted couple of panels that represent nothing.

A NEW STONE ART.

"Endoliths?" I dare say that some people who know Greek never heard of such things. An endolith is not a picture *on* stone, but *in* stone, and any one presenting his private card at Piccadilly Hall can see some very remarkable examples of a perfectly new art, of which there are at present no other existing specimens. Dr. Hand-Smith, well-known to analytical chemists as an indefatigable worker and ingenious experimentalist, declined to submit his results to public inspection until he had not only convinced such men as Norman Lockyer of their scientific reality, but also taken the opinion of authorities like Sir Frederick Leighton, Mr. Poynter, and Mr. Armitage as to the artistic merits of the endolithic process.

The problem which has hitherto baffled chemical science is how to make a line of colour eat its way down, sharp and vertical, into a substance like ivory or marble, so that, on the removal of flake after flake, the coloured line might still appear unaltered to the depth of an inch or more, and quite as sharp *in loco* as on the surface. Dr.

Hand-Smith began his experiments on ivory about five years ago, and for a long time without success. But at last he hit upon a combination of metallic oxides which, under certain given conditions, worked colour straight down into the ivory, without blurring or spreading beneath the surface. Ivory being more dense than marble, he felt he had broken the neck of the difficulty, and proceeded to treat stone with equal success. He told me that for three years he experimented before he could hit upon *green;* after that the colours seemed to come with a rush, and certainly the stained marbles at Piccadilly Hall are very varied and lovely in hue and tone. Of course, what could be done with a line could be done with any number of lines. So Dr. Hand-Smith got a picture painted with these chemicals, and all the varied hues sank through the marble as he predicted. He then sliced off a quarter of an inch; the picture was still there; he ground down another half inch; the figure was quite indestructible, as far as ever the colour had sunk in; and there seems to be hardly any limit to the depth of indelibility. You have only to continue treating the surface and you deepen the picture. A fine head, on marble, by Mr. Poynter is exhibited, as well as decorative subjects by Miss F. Butterworth, Boehm's marble bust of Carlyle, and several large pictures. When Dr. Hand-Smith has read the paper he is now preparing for the Royal Society, the world will know more about what he claims—and I believe the claim has not been disputed—as a new development in chemical physics. This transmission of a coloured line unaltered through marble or ivory is no common staining process; the colour is metallic, and not oxydisable. The coloured substance produced is true marble, the molecules of colour uniting chemically with the molecules of stone. The conditions under which, to use the doctor's words, the "colour suddenly becomes alive" and travels down are so strange, and at present so inexplicable, as to open up fresh fields of inquiry into the nature of molecular action. His treatment in marble will doubtless be largely adopted in place of mosaic—as the artist himself will be able to paint as easily with it pictures on stone far more permanent than any mosaic.

But what will probably fascinate the casual observer still more than the specimen paintings are the various slabs of coloured marble, tinted to various depths, showing the absolute certainty of the process, and perhaps the most beautiful effect is still to be told. Marble thus transfused with colour and held up to the light is seen to be *translucent*, like alabaster or agate, to the depth of the colour. Some exquisite slabs of dull ruby and clouded emerald were set up against the window. All the veinings in the marble stood out like delicate filiagree net-work, the greater density of the veins being emphasized by the process. The light falling through these translucent slabs reminded me of the green and yellow agate windows in Alma Tadema's wonderful house in Regent's Park. I should think that many persons would prefer such flakes of crystalline marble to any ordinary stained glass for windows. The whole thing is, of course, as yet only in the scientific stage, but I believe when it passes into the mercantile stage, these coloured marbles will be very inexpensive, and will probably form a new departure—much wanted—in ecclesiastical and house decoration.

Pistols for Egypt.—Charles Lancaster's Patent Four-barrel BL Hammerless Pistols having met with universal praise from Officers in the last Campaign, he begs to ask the favour of an inspection of same,—455 bore, price, blued, £8. Nickel plated, £8. 11s. net. Holster, pouch, and belt, 15s. extra. Illustrated price-lists free on application to 151, New Bond-street, London, W.

THE HEALTH OF PARIS.

It is well known that London has a cleaner bill of health than Paris. And why? That is just the question which has lately been agitating the Municipal Council of Paris. And how was it resolved? Characteristically enough. The council started at once a *theory*, and then began their inquiry. We should have based our theory upon the results of an inquiry. Not so the French. The reason why Paris is unhealthier than London—this is the Town Council's theory—is simply because the Paris drainage works *must* be defective. "*Le chameau, le voilà!*" Now, any one who has studied that wonderful system known as "les Égouts," will probably come to the conclusion that the Paris drains are rather cleaner, better kept, and more regularly flushed than those of London, or Brussels, both of which stand high in the drain scale. Still the health of London is far superior to the health of Paris.

At this juncture an independent and enterprising journalist, who started with no preconceived theory, but merely faced the admitted fact of the insalubrity of his capital, happily came to the rescue. "There's nothing the matter with the drains," he says boldly; "it's the *houses* and the slovenly habits of my beloved countrymen that make Paris unhealthy. Look," he continues, "inside the houses, not only of the very poor, but even of the small tradespeople; see what they allow to accumulate and stagnate in their backyards and premises. Depend upon it, there is quite enough poison in the backyards before you get to the drains to account for typhoid and diphtheria." But this journalist brings a graver, an almost inconceivable charge against the great architects of Paris, ay, and against the Municipal Council itself. "Your sanitarians," he urges, "are all agreed that health in the house means health in the city, and they have further pointed out to your worshipful Chamber, by a formally appointed committee of representation, the grave defects in the construction of vast blocks of Paris dwellings, especially those intended for the poor; but you are earwigged by what you call 'one of the greatest *constructeurs*" in Paris, who has declared that it is entirely impossible to remove from such blocks that fatal blot, the 'cabinet commun'—or to construct such blocks of houses with what the sanitarians are all agreed is indispensable, 'Un cabinet pour chaque logement,' similar to what is to be found in England." The journalist then proceeds to taunt the municipality with the fact that "a *constructeur*—probably not one of the greatest"—has actually succeeded in building several blocks of houses in the neighbourhood of Paris, with the improvements advocated—model artisan dwellings *à l'anglaise*, with airy passages, well ordered suites, and with the separate "cabinet" system, including a good water-supply. Upon this last point he lays special stress. Paris is shockingly indifferent to water everywhere—out of the

Spectacles scientifically adapted to assist & strengthen the weakest sights by Mr. Laurance, F.S.S., Oculist Optician, 1a, Old Bond-st.

water-bottle. I can recollect the time when my wash-hand-basin at Boulogne was little larger than my breakfast-cup, and when a fragile jug and a minute caraffe represented the water supply in my *appartement meublé*. The Briton, with his "portable bath," has indeed put an end to all this in the hotels and respectable lodging-houses, and his protests have at last called attention to other sanitary arrangements and regulations which even in respectable hotels used to be more honoured in the breach than in the observance; but where he, as a rule, penetrates not, the old unmentionable horrors remain in full swing. Will it be believed that an urgent appeal for the better regulation of such details—especially adequate water flushing—for the new houses to be erected under Government supervision, was put aside by M. le Directeur as impracticable, on the advice of "one of the greatest *constructeurs* in Paris"? The *constructeur* had no doubt been building and contracting for the other sort of dwellings all his life, and was not anxious either to change his system or see it discredited by a better one. I am afraid there is a good deal of jobbery abroad—as, indeed, there is at home—whenever bricks and mortar come on the *tapis*. Practically, no architect will build in any way but his own, and the greater the *constructeur*, the more obstinate is he sure to prove. Still, the Paris Municipality should not allow itself to be gagged on so important a point as the health of the city, and I strongly advise the *constructeur*, with at least one municipal delegate at his elbow, to come over and inspect our Health Exhibition, where he will find the "cabinet" and other burning questions happily solved.

THE BARREL ORGAN.

Tune.—One for Gordon, Two for Themselves!

[The *Times*, in acknowledging the receipt of various moneys promised in aid of an expedition to rescue General Gordon, contented itself with stating that the amounts had been returned, and made no mention of the names of the donors.]

In his woebegone face, sorrow mixed with disgust,
And the tone of his voice told of strong reprobation,
As a *Times* for last week in our fingers he thrust,
And thus shaped in words his extreme indignation:—
"Look at that!" he exclaimed, "My donation's declined!
All the cheques they've received are returned to their owners,
Though that's not the part of the business I mind;
But see! they identify none of the donors!
From even suggesting my name, they refrain;—
Catch me promising cheques for a thousand again!

"The *Times* might, at least, with more kindness have used
These senders of sums, who were also its readers,
And whilst it, perforce, their subscriptions refused,
Have at least put their names in just after the 'leaders.'
If this is the way it intends to proceed,
'Twill find it has blundered, and that very quickly;
For when we by chance in its columns next read
Appeals for the poor, or the blind, or the sickly,
We shan't be so prone to consider the claims
Of a journal which won't even publish our names!

"I certainly thought when I saw the cheap way
Sir E. Watkin had managed to gain public mention,
That I might a similar method essay
For securing a share of my country's attention;
But I have, too late, found my utter mistake,
Not a hint at my name by the *Times* is accorded—
I'm sorry, I say, for poor Charity's sake,
If public beneficence thus is rewarded,
For who, pray, in future will risk a donation,
Unless he's assured of due glorification?"

* * * * * *

Well, we, for our part, far from joining to blame
The *Times*, much esteem what it's done for society,
And fervently hope 'twill treat others the same,
Who morbidly crave for a cheap notoriety.
We have had quite enough of this greed for renown,
Of these patriots sham, these philanthropists shady,
Who, if they could be but the talk of the town,
Soon would Gordon desert, and go in for the Mahdi.
Too long have they had their own self-seeking way;
'Tis time they were squelched without further delay.

For instance, we saw with regret most sincere
The way the Court Newsman made public but lately
The names of all those who sent wreaths to the bier
Of the Prince whom the nation lamented so greatly.
For now, should we lose yet another loved Prince,
Every snob in the land would be eager at proffering
A wreath or a cross—not to sorrow evince
So much as to gain, for his insincere offering
And name most obscure, a good place amongst those
The Court Newsman proceeds in his list to dispose.

Why, instead of a column, that list would require,
To announce it at length, a complete special number,
Whilst the crosses and wreaths heaped up higher and higher,
Not the bier, but the whole of the church would encumber.
So let the Court Newsman this instant declare
That those who send wreaths must henceforth be contented
The general thanks of their Monarch to share,
As no list of names will again be presented.
Let this be made known, and we then shall soon see
How many the genuine mourners may be!

And let the press join to undo, if it can,
And to meet with a stern and prolonged opposition,
The well-conceived plans of the self-seeking man
To crown with success his most snobbish ambition.
At least, let it try not to aid nor befriend
A dodge so apparent as that which, professing
To have "Chinese" Gordon's relief for its end,
In fact, is at best a new way of expressing
That ardent desire for incessant publicity
Which seems to weak natures the height of felicity.

Pfungst's Extra Quality Champagnes, old landed, can be obtained at the House of Commons Rest., Hotel Bristol, Claridge's Hotel, Café Verrey, Grand Hotel, Woods' Hotel, First Avenue Hotel, Holborn Rest., Palmerston Rest., Stock Exchange (Mabey's), Ship and Trafalgar, Greenwich, and Star and Garter, Richmond, &c.—Agents, J. L. Pfungst & Co., 23, Crutched Friars.

Help Gordon, indeed! Why the people who made
These offers they guessed would be met with refusal,
With one thought of sending that hero their aid,
Mingled twenty fond hopes of a future perusal
In prominent type in some little-known prints
Of their names, singled out for excessive laudation,
And of paragraphs also, containing broad hints
Connecting those names with the largest donation;
Help Gordon, forsooth! No, they seized on the chance
Their own reputation thereby to enhance!

But surely 'tis time that such persons should learn
The truth honest men have long yearned to assure them,
That wealth is unable all things to o'erturn,
That money will not all they crave for secure them;
'Tis time that this bloated plutocracy knew
That the gold which they worship no longer is able
To buy that respect which to others is due,
But may turn to a curse, as it does in the fable,
And leave them, weighed down by its soul-wearing fetters,
To the mock of the world, and the scorn of their betters!

NOTES FROM PARIS.

ABOUT "AN IDLE WOMAN."

THE Court of Spain is again troubled by the fear of being sent into exile. Courtiers blame Zorrilla for the disturbed state of the Northern Provinces. He may have hastened the symptoms of coming revolt, but he has not created them. As the King has been on his good behaviour ever since his wife returned to him from Germany, the fault is not his Majesty's. As for her Majesty, she has been doing everything that she can of late to win popularity. The mischief lies in the incapacity of Spaniards to see any divine grace in Royalty, and, as it costs a good deal and does not keep things quiet, they do not feel that it is of any use to them. When it had the Holy Office, the Pope, and a strongly-organised clergy at its back, it was pretty solid. Spanish manners are essentially *égalitaire*, and the institutions of the Northern Provinces were the freest in the world before Charles V. gave them a wrench. In the lively and chatty book just published by Mrs. Frances Elliot, wife of the Dean of Bristol, one finds Spain and the Spaniards painted in their true light. This is the best work that has emanated from the pen of the authoress since she contributd, at the request of Dickens, the jottings of "An Idle Woman in Italy," to *All the Year Round*. There is too much history in her intermediate books. Mrs. Elliot was born in the neighbourhood of Miss Mitford's "village," in a beautiful and secluded country place, and brought up in an old-fashioned and aristocratic way as the heiress to a considerable fortune. She was taught to venerate historians, and especially the voluminous, wonder-loving, and uncritical Rollin, who, in her work on Sicily, often gets in a provoking manner between her and her readers. She quits some spontaneously-executed bit of word-painting, which is a gem in its way, to compare notes with the old French historian, and then lets him absorb her to the end of the chapter. But Rollin, in his history, never went to Spain, unless quite incidentally, when Hannibal was going through it to invade Italy. So, in her treatment of Spanish matters, Mrs. Elliot has had to take personal and independent views. There are few women who have her visual power and ocular impressionability. She does not set up to be deep; but her judgment is very true and nice, if brought into play on any object within range of her observation, be it a picture, statue, architectural monument, fine gentleman or lady, travelling snob or matron, crowned head, monk, Pope, or picturesque beggar. As her curiosity is insatiable, she is ever on the look-out for new impressions. Being rich, she can travel far and wide in search of them, and take her time in working them up for the printers. She is always running about after the swallows, and has more knowledge of the brilliant society of Southern Europe and of Northern watering-places than, I suppose, any other woman of her time. When she wants to lie by she goes to Sienna, where her daughter-in-law, the Marchesa de'Chigi, has a palace; or to that donna's villa in the wooded hills overlooking the Campagna, which was built by Cardinal Chigi, the brother of the Pope who issued the Bull *unigenitus*. Being connected with Papal families does not increase the reverence of Mrs. Elliot for the Innocents and Urbans, from whose brothers and nieces her grandchildren are descended. In wandering about the parks they planted, she has got hold of the most fearful legends and ghost stories relating to them, all of which she believes. To hear her tell them one would say that the Innocents and Urbans showed themselves ironical cynics in taking the names they did. I delight in hearing Mrs. Elliot rake up the evil deeds of Cardinals whose souls are now condemned to remain hovering about the theatre of their crimes. With her "Idle Woman in Spain" I had the privilege of being made acquainted *avant la lettre*. She told me of her Spanish peregrinations and impressions during long summer evenings, as she toyed with, rather than smoked seriously, delicately-flavoured cigarettes. Her conversation is most interesting, and she has a style of her own in talking. Mrs. Elliot is quite free from small prejudices, though her manners are very lady-like, and have a *rococo* savour. She also relishes drollery, originality, and anything that has a strong character of its own. I enjoy listening to her chit-chat and seeing how she manages her cigarette. Nothing can be more dainty. Her hands are generally half hidden in black lace mittens, and there are many glittering rings on her fingers, for no other reason than their having been there during more than thirty years. The cigarette is held in tiny silver tongs—picked up somewhere in Spain—which would do for the sugar-basin of Queen Mab, and is kept for a moment between the lips. It is then removed, and held high in the air, until it is nearly out, when it is puffed for a moment

Almond's Hotel, situated in the best position of the West-End and close to the theatres, parks, &c., is now re-opened. A spacious Salle à Manger and Ladies' Drawing-room have also been added, hot and cold baths and many single bedrooms. Special attention directed to sanitary arrangements. Clifford-street, Bond-street, W. —J. R. Roy, Proprietor.

I certainly recommend Mr. & Mrs. Hart, 15, Stockbridge-terrace, Pimlico, S.W., as the most just and liberal purchasers of Cast-off Clothes, Jewellery, and every description of property. They punctually keep appointments, and remit P.O.O. for articles per return.

again to keep it lighted. The observant-looking dark blue eyes of the smoker watch the blue smoke as it slowly rises. It seems to have the faculty of calling up, with sharp clearness, her recollections of interesting and out-of-the-way places of which she was the Columbus. When she is well started she can go on for any length of time in a broken monologue, so colloquial that the listener forgets that she alone is talking. Her articulation is perfect, so that one is not at any pains to follow what she says *par parenthèse*. English people are fearfully inarticulate in their ordinary speech, and seem to think it good *ton* to clip their words and talk with closed lips and teeth. Gladstone, the different members of the Royal family, Sir Henry Keating, Lord Lyons, Mrs. Milner Gibson, and Mrs. Elliot and her husband, the Dean, are among the exceptions that occur to me. Mrs. Elliot's gentleness in listening to criticism is rare —even in her gentle sex. She will suffer in a *tête-à-tête* chat a critic to say what he likes of a MS. that she has been showing to him. For the word "showing" I should here put the word reading. Nobody can make out this accomplished lady's writing except herself. Every other word is abridged, and her ideas come so fast when she is doing a word sketch that her pen has hard work to keep pace with them. All that I can understand in her letters is "My dear Friend" at the beginning, "yours cordially" at the end, and here and there a reproach for not writing to her more often. I hope she won't be angry with me for indulging in this gossip about her. But an authoress is public property, especially when she pleases. Did she not work for the printers I should never think of letting the world know how she manages her cigarette. The Dean of Bristol does not follow the swallows. His severe illness spoiled his wife's season at Rome where she was enjoying a round of brilliant *distractions*, when she heard of the danger in which he was. She and he have a common passion for archæology. Five years ago they visited together every old castle, church, and town-hall in Normandy, and went the following summer through Picardy on a similar tour. The Dean is a well of classical erudition, an archæologist, and a thorough *homme du monde*. I speak with knowledge, having had him for a cicerone a few years ago in drives about a neighbourhood rich in antiquarian remains. The stones of an ancient building say as much to the Dean of Bristol as they might to Ruskin.

DARMSTADT GOSSIP.

The engagement of the Princess Ella of Hesse does not please the Grand Duchess of Baden, who had set her heart on obtaining her for a daughter-in-law. Her Grand Ducal Highness, the *fiancée*, was and is warmly admired by the Hereditary Prince of Baden, who has for some time been her informal suitor. If he had been wealthy, I dare say she would have accepted him. She is tired of cheese-paring economy, of hearing of her father's monetary embarassments, and, perhaps, also of the dull atmosphere of a Pumpernickel residence; so she has elected for Sergius of Russia. In doing this she has pleased her family and the "vons" at Darmstadt. The latter await a shower of jewelled snuff-boxes and decorations from Russia, and some of them hope to graze on fresh fields and pastures new in the dominions of the *fiancée's* brother. The Grand Duke of Baden, since Benazet has been shot out of Germany in the Henry George fashion, is only rich in castles, which he finds hard to keep up. Sergius has a splendid civil list pension and a finer private fortune, a great part of which is invested abroad, so that the Nihilists will not be able to prevail against it. He is a Colossus, good-natured, fond of practical jokes and dry champagne, honest, and, on the whole, well meaning. He is proud, I am told by a friend residing at Darmstadt, of the intellectual superiority of his *fiancée*. They both have musical sensibilities. Sergius is twenty-seven. Four years ago he was boisterously mirthful as a schoolboy. The late Czar's tragical end sobered him.

The pecuniary embarrassments of the Grand Duke of Hesse-Darmstadt are of long date. His branch of the Hessian family used to be the smallest, and is still the least wealthy. But when the little potentates of Hesse-Cassel and Hesse-Homburg were leasing the military resources of their States to the King of England and Hanover for service in America and Ireland, the Margrave of Hesse-Darmstadt thought the opportunity a good one to win the favour of the King of France. His successor owed his Grand-Ducal title to French patronage. Darmstadt, his new capital, was modelled on a Versailles pattern. If Napoleon had held his own against the allied Sovereigns, he would have raised still higher the Hesse-Darmstadt family in the Germanic Confederation. But, as he fell, the fortunes of the house underwent an eclipse. Louis II., the last Grand Duke but one, was a melomaniac and the tyrant of his wife, whose two younger children—Alexander and Elizabeth (the late Czarina)—he kept in seclusion in the country, out of his sight, to be out of his mind. Her marriage opened to him new and brilliant vistas, and led him to spend a great deal more than he could afford. Though saving on herself to the degree of penury, the late Empress of Russia was generous to her people, her old friends, and to charitable institutions. However, ample as her means were, there was a limit to them, and she was obliged, as she advanced in age, to confine her largesses to Prince Alexander. He and she used, in their neglected childhood, to be called the "Babes in the Wood." The late Grand Duke, Ludwig III., inherited the musical tastes of his predecessor. He kept up at considerable expense a theatre and opera-house, and on his wife's death consoled himself with a fair member of the operatic corps, who became his morganatic wife. She only thought of feathering her own nest. She hoarded a large fortune, and laid down the law to the rest of the family, who all submitted to her. Prince Charles, her brother-in-law, and the father of the actual Grand Duke, married the daughter of a Prussian Prince, who gave

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"Advice to Dyspeptics."—Symptoms of Dyspepsia, and Indigestion with special advice as to diet.—"This little pamphlet appeals *forcibly* to those who have allowed the palate to decide everything for them, and have paid the inevitable penalty of their folly."—Sent for one stamp. J. M. Richards, Publisher, 92, Great Russell-street, London.

her but a small dowry. His Grand Ducal Highness was poor, and being only heir-presumptive to his eldest brother, he borrowed money on ruinous conditions when he was in straits.

His son had, in the four years that intervened between his marriage and his coming of age, to raise small loans at an interest which he now finds crushing. The idea of starting a gambling-table occurred to the late Grand Duke, but the Emperor Nicholas and the late Empress of Russia both protested against it. From the foregoing you will understand why monctary difficulties weighed so heavily on the late Princess Alice. She could not witness with indifference the attempts of her father-in-law and mother-in-law to keep afloat, and thought it a duty to make up the deficits in their quarterly budgets. The present Grand Duke was kept in her lifetime by his military duties from deriving an income from agriculture. Working for the King of Prussia has never been a source of lucre, whether in the army or the Civil Service. It was through the Prussian Royal family that Princess Charles of Hesse put forward her son as a suitor for the Princess Alice against the Prince of Orange. The Dutch Prince had tremendous monetary expectations, and in 1860 was not the "bad boy" that he afterwards became. The following brought about his rejection at Buckingham Palace. The Queen of Holland foolishly spoke to her Palais Royal cousins and to the Emperor Napoleon about her eldest son's English matrimonial scheme. She did not know that the Empress Eugénie had designs on him for her cousin Anna Murat, and on his way to England she allowed him to pass through Paris. Count Bacciochi, the Director of *menus-plaisirs*, was set to work, and he enlisted Madame Musard, who, before the Prince had spent a week here, appeared in public with him in an orange carriage. She had previously got hold of the Orange estate in America, which belonged technically to the King of the Netherlands. The scandal occasioned by the drive in the Bois was bruited in London by the French Embassy, and soon got to the ears of the Queen and Prince Consort. I believe the Princess Alice was happier in cramped circumstances at Darmstadt than she would have been in wealthy surroundings with the coarse-grained Prince of Orange. The Grand Duke won both her respect and affection, and he was in sympathy with some of the greatest minds in Germany. So far from intending to raise a sneer at the Grand Ducal family, because they are not rich, my wish is to show that they are very much within the common law which regulates human affairs, and, therefore, akin to us all. Poverty now is rather a distinction than a shame. I see everywhere *distingués* who are wretchedly poor, and hardly a very rich one who is not vulgar. The Iron Cross of Prussia is more honourable than a bejewelled decoration of the Nischam-Iftikar. Madame Musard had forty horses in her stable, when the Princess Alice could not afford to pay the railway expenses of a journey to Windsor.

A Beautiful Complexion.—Hagan's Magnolia Balm gives a pure and blooming complexion. It restores and preserves youthful beauty. Its effects are gradual, natural, and perfect. It removes redness, blotches, pimples, tan, sunburn, and freckles, and makes a lady of thirty appear but twenty. The Magnolia Balm makes the skin smooth and pearly, and imparts a fresh appearance to the countenance. Hagan's Magnolia Balm has been established nearly 40 years, and is sold by all Chemists and Perfumers.

SPORTING NOTES.

Even the most abjectly-servile admirers of the Jockey Club must admit, after the dismal experiences of the Craven and First Spring weeks, that it is high time for that body to set its house in order, unless it desires the aforesaid house to tumble about its ears. Anything more utterly contemptible than the sport at Newmarket last week has seldom been seen on this or any other racecourse, and it is to be hoped that the Stewards will seriously consider the propriety either of reducing one or both of these meetings to three days, or of entirely revising and greatly strengthening the scandalously meagre programmes. It is a flagrant fact that, although Newmarket is now a gate-money meeting (and a very costly one to the public) in everything but the name, and although the Club receipts from its numerous and increasing sources of revenue are now very large, the amount of added money which is given out is really less than there used to be in the old days when there were no enclosures of any sort, and when auction races and Mr. Frail's entrance-fee device (introduced here by Mr. Chaplin) were unknown.

There is in these degenerate days hardly a single race at Newmarket to which a fair sum of money is ostensibly added, in which the greater part, and often the whole, and more than the whole, is not got back by the entrances. The Stewards, indeed, are very desirous of getting money out of the pockets of owners and of the public, but are most reluctant to give any adequate consideration in return. Considering the enormous number of horses which are now trained at Newmarket, it is quite marvellous that their owners should be so reluctant to run them there. In the over night handicaps and selling plates the dulness has been inexplicable, and yet at Alexandra Park and similar meetings people think nothing of a succession of fields of a dozen or twenty. When horses run at Newmarket there are no travelling expenses or risks, and there is plenty of betting and a splendid course. What more can people want? There is an equally marked decline here in the weight-for-age stakes, in the handicaps, and in the auction races. Even the Panglosses of the sporting papers have lately awakened to a lively sense of Newmarket decadence, for although the town never was so flourishing, it is indisputable that the spring racing has never been so bad and so tame.

Some most preposterous statements about Lord Falmouth's gains during his racing career have been published lately. One journal estimates the profit (after allowing for the two sales) at £200,000, and half-a-dozen have placed it at half that sum, which, in reality, is more than three times too much. I am told, on the best authority, that, after taking every item into account, Lord Falmouth will not be to the good more than £30,000 at the very outside, when his accounts with Tattersall and with Weatherby's are finally closed; and this profit is only calculated after allowing for a good sale, when the breeding stud comes up in July. People who have been gabbling about the amounts won by his

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horses in certain lucky years entirely forget the great an manifold expenses of breeding, training, and racing such a stud; and although Lord Falmouth enjoyed some very good years, yet there were others during which his colours languished in the background, although the outlay was precisely the same. He is now liable for forfeits to the amount of £9,000. The average at last week's sale was 1,518 gs. for thirty-six lots, a figure which conclusively proves how utterly absurd was the offer of Count Festetics to take the lot at 600 gs. a head. It was a great mistake not to have held the sale during the Craven week, for nothing could be more unsatisfactory than to sell crack three-year-olds by auction only a few hours before they were to run for some of their principal engagements, as their purchasers could not try them, and without a trial they could not prudently back them. It was very hard, too, on Matthew Dawson, who must have been delighted to get rid of so harassing a responsibility. How admirably he had managed the "cracks" was shown on Wednesday and on Friday. Harvester, put in by Lord Calthorpe at 4,000 gs., was bid for by Cannon (for Mr. Baird), by Matthew Dawson (for Baron Hirsch), and by Sir John Willoughby, who finally took him at 8,600 gs., his old trainer being the last bidder against the purchaser. The contest for Busybody was confined to Cannon (who put her in at 5,000 gs.) and Matthew Dawson (for Baron Hirsch), and the former got her for Mr. Baird for 8,800 gs., and decidedly cheap too. Lillibullero, who a year ago was the finest two-year-old in Heath House, has been ill for months, and the only offer for him was one of 200 gs. from Mr. Redfern, who bought him for Matthew Dawson, who will no doubt be able to place him profitably. Charles Archer got Lady Bountiful a great bargain at 105 gs., for she should be worth five times the money to any stud. The average for the twelve two-year olds was 1,350 gs, and they were certainly a splendid lot. Louisbourg, a half-brother to Jannette by Hampton, was bid for by Captain Machell, Mr. T. E. Walker, and Porter, and the latter took him at 4,000 gs. for Mr. Clôte, a new figure on the turf. Louisbourg is a beautiful colt, but there were many good judges who preferred Jael, by Silvio—Jannette, who was bought by A. Taylor for the Duchess of Montrose for 1,150 gs., after a sharp contest with Porter. Esther Faa, by Skylark—Wheel of Fortune, greatly resembles her mother, who was the best animal ever bred by Lord Falmouth, and she went to Cannon (for Mr. Baird) at 2,200 gs. Armida, half-brother to Galliard, by Childeric, was bought by Lord Hastings for 3,200 gs., and Cocoanut, by Silvio—Palmflower, went to Ryan (for Mr. Douglas Baird), at 2,400 gs., Robert Peck being his principal opponent. The Duke of Portland got a bargain when he bought Vivacity, by Childeric—Agile, for 800 gs.

No sooner was the sale over, and Harvester transferred to Bedford Cottage, than the muddling and blundering commenced. Captain Machell, who is nothing if not critical, invariably comes to ignominious grief when he is dealing with crack horses and great races. He thought fit to declare that Harvester was not fit to run for the Two Thousand, and on the following morning the horse was tried. Anything more desperately fatuous than to try a horse for such a race as the Two Thousand only twenty-four hours before running it would be difficult for the most exuberant imagination to conceive. Directly the trial was over, hints and innuendoes of every sort and kind were all over Newmarket. The horse had been "beaten to the devil," he had pulled up lame, he had broken down; the result of all this being that in the race he was only a head behind St. Médard, who, according to the Bedford Cottage wiseacres, had been so tried that it was simply impossible that he could be beaten. Scot Free won the Two Thousand in a common canter, and, under the circumstances, I am rejoiced that Bedford Cottage was defeated. The victory of Mr. Foy's horse was most acceptable, as its owner has long been one of the most popular and substantial of the older school of racing-men, and everything in connection with the running and management of his "crack" has been thoroughly straightforward and satisfactory. I am glad, too, that Mr. Foy, who is a sagacious man and a capital judge of racing, disdained the fashionable-jockey foolery and persisted in putting up Platt, who thoroughly knows his business, although he does not happen to be "a public favourite."

It is a great pity that, by an oversight, Scot Free was omitted from the Derby entry; but he is in the Leger, and I understand that Mr. Foy intends to run him at Newmarket next Wednesday in the Payne Stakes (A.F.), in which he will carry 9 st. 6 lb., and may meet Busybody (9 st.), Whitelock (8 st. 10 lb.), Royal Fern (9 st.) or Spring Morn (8 st. 10 lb.), and Departure's dam colt (8 st. 5 lb.). The race is worth about £1,000, and it seems a certainty for Scot Free. The Two Thousand winner is also in the Prince of Wales's Stakes at Ascot, where he will again meet Harvester, Royal Fern, and Beauchamp, and in which Busybody and Talisman are also engaged. On the Friday at Ascot he is in the Hardwicke against Quicklime, Harvester, Busybody, St. Médard, Ossian, Tristan, and Talisman.

Of the beaten lot in the Two Thousand I should be disposed to anticipate the brightest future for Superba, who, as I stated a fortnight ago, is only now beginning to recover her form. Peck was wise in scratching her for the One Thousand, as it is most foolish to knock her about when she is backward. St. Médard ran creditably, and saved the place money for which he was backed, but I would not take 100 to 1 about him for the Derby. I have always denounced Royal Fern, and he showed himself to be a thorough impostor, considered in the light of a candidate for "classic" honours; but he may win some good T.Y.C. races. Beauchamp is a nice colt, but not half fit; he will very likely win a good handicap in the autumn.

The victory of Busybody would have been received with enthusiasm if she had run in her breeder's colours, but under the circumstances it is by no means strange that there should have been a disheartening silence. It is a thousand pities that this filly did not pass into the hands of one of our very few good sportsmen. Mr. Baird, her new owner, made himself notorious not long ago by getting "warned off," and it is only recently that his sentence has expired. It may very well be the case that Mr. Baird was a victim in the tragic transaction which brought him

Old Point Lace.—Hayward's, Experts, Dealers and Purchasers of Old Lace, 166 and 168, Oxford-street, W.

Vanity Fair says:—"Mr. Benjamin is still the Prince of Ulster and Stalking-Coat Makers." Ulster House, Conduit-street, W.

before the public in this unpleasant way; but it is certainly a mistake for him to resume his assumed name of Abington, which has such equivocal associations, more especially as his name has over and over again been published in half the papers in this country. Sandiway, who had been well tried with Whipper In (who won the Prince of Wales's Handicap on Tuesday), was favourite until quite the last; but she ran very badly, and was, apparently, quite unable to stay the course. Wild Thyme is not yet fit; and, indeed, Busybody's only troublesome opponent was Queen Adelaide. They ran the Dewhurst finish over again, but with a different result. Sir John Willoughby's mare seemed decidedly backward; she will take a lot of beating in the Derby if she goes on well. The carefully-circulated stories of her lack of stamina are manifestly nothing but the "habitual flim-flams" of the spring meetings. Whitelock greatly disappointed her friends, but she has grown into a very nice filly. The Oaks will be a most interesting race if Busybody, Queen Adelaide, and Superba all meet fit and well; and the first two may also encounter each other in the rich Coronation Stakes at Ascot.

Matthew Dawson, who last year won the Stud Stakes with Reprieve, took the same prize on Thursday with the Brocklesby failure, Laverock, who walked in. This colt has been sold to Baron Hirsch for £2,000, and he also bought Glimmer, who won a Maiden Plate on Tuesday. Laverock will, no doubt, run for the Breeders' Plate next Tuesday, for which there is a large entry. He is also in a race at Kempton Park this week.

MAMMON.

THE RUSSIAN LOAN.

THE new Russian Loan has been largely applied for in Germany. This is not surprising. It was known that the important houses and financial institutions connected with its issue would take care to maintain it at a premium, consequently an application meant a sum of money to the applicant, if followed by an allotment. The loan will, in all probability, find its way back to the issuing firms, and then it will be gradually placed amongst sanguine fools by the usual Stock Exchange manœuvres. We need not regret this. In order to insure the success of the new loan, it will be necessary to stiffen the price of the old loans, and those few English who still hold Russian securities will have had an opportunity to sell their holdings with advantage. Germany is by no means a rich country. Its accumulations are, comparatively speaking, small. With its huge army and its pauper nobility, it will have a difficulty to make both ends meet. It may suit Prince Bismarck to show his friendship to Russia by assisting her in her financial difficulties, but this task is entirely beyond the strength of Germany. Russia, as I have more than once pointed out, must eventually pay her foreign debt in inconvertible rouble notes. When this occurs, it is satisfactory to think that Germans, and not Englishmen, will be the sufferers.

John Shaw, Share Broker, Wardrobe-chambers, Queen Victoria-st. deals at tape prices an inclusive commission of one-sixteenth.

LORD PALMERSTON'S CIRCULAR.

Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice recently alluded to the following Circular, and now that we are perpetually being called upon to interfere for the benefit of English bondholders, it may be well to publish it. Lord Palmerston does not deny the right of the country to interfere in cases where a foreign country evades its pecuniary responsibilities, but he questions the expediency of so doing; and, in fact, he invariably refused to aid bondholders. At the present moment, financing gentlemen buy depreciated bonds of some defaulting State at a low figure. Having done so, they memorialise our Foreign Office and urge energetic action. This means that in their opinion we ought to go to war to enable them to sell these bonds at a rise of two or three hundred per cent. The latest and one of the most impudent of these endeavours was that in regard to Peru. Let the Peruvians and the Chilians both understand that not one single farthing of the money of the British taxpayer will be expended in order to secure a profit to those who have become the owners of Peruvian bonds.

[Circular.]

Foreign Office, January, 1848.

Her Majesty's Government have frequently had occasion to instruct her Majesty's representatives in various Foreign States to make earnest and friendly, but not authoritative, representations in support of the unsatisfied claims of British subjects who are holders of public bonds and money securities of those States.

As some misconception appears to exist in some of those States with regard to the just right of her Majesty's Government to interfere authoritatively, if it should think fit to do so, in support of those claims, I have to inform you, as the representative of her Majesty in one of the States against which British subjects have such claims, that it is for the British Government entirely a question of discretion, and by no means a question of international right, whether they should or should not make the matter the subject of diplomatic negotiation.

If the question is to be considered simply in its bearing upon international right, there can be no doubt whatever of the perfect right which every Government of every country possesses to take up, as a matter of diplomatic negotiation, any well-founded complaint which any of its subjects may prefer against the Government of another country, or any wrong which from such Foreign Government those subjects may have sustained; and if the Government of one country is entitled to demand redress for any one individual among its subjects who may have a just but unsatisfied pecuniary claim upon the Government of another country, the right so to require redress cannot be diminished merely because the extent of the wrong is increased, and because instead of there being one individual claiming a comparatively small sum, there are a great number of individuals to whom a very large amount is due.

It is, therefore, simply a question of discretion with the British Government whether this matter should or should not be taken up by diplomatic negotiation, and the decision of that question of discretion turns upon British and domestic considerations.

It has hitherto been thought by the successive Governments of Great Britain undesirable that British subjects should invest their capital in loans to Foreign Governments, instead of employing it in profitable undertakings at home, and with a view to discourage hazardous loans to Foreign Governments who may be either unable or unwilling to pay the stipulated interest thereupon, the British Government has hitherto thought it the best policy to abstain from taking up, as international questions, the complaints made by British subjects against Foreign Governments

Iron Wine Bins.—The original makers. Medal and Five Awards, Sydney Exhibition, 1880. Farrow & Jackson, 16, Great Tower-street; 8, Haymarket, London. Illustrated Price Lists post free.

which have failed to make good their engagements in regard to such pecuniary transactions.

For the British Government has considered that the losses of imprudent men who have placed mistaken confidence in the good faith of Foreign Governments would prove a salutary warning to others, and would prevent any other foreign loans from being raised in Great Britain, except by Governments of known good faith and of ascertained solvency. But, nevertheless, it might happen that the loss occasioned to British subjects by the non-payment of interest upon loans made by them to Foreign Governments might become so great that it would be too high a price for the nation to pay for such a warning as to the future, and in such a state of things it might become the duty of the British Government to make these matters the subject of diplomatic negotiation.

In any conversation which you may hereafter hold with the ——— Minister upon the subject, you will not fail to communicate to him the views which her Majesty's Government entertain thereupon, as set forth in this despatch.—I am, &c.,

(Signed) Palmerston.

AT LAST.

The owner of Foxhall—Mr. James R. Keene—has succumbed to the inevitable fate that seems to overtake all Wall-street speculators. He follows rapidly in the footprints of Henry Villard and Rufus Hatch. In an interview as to the causes of his failure, Mr. Keene is made to talk as complacently of having "put up margins" on corn, whisky, debentures, and shares of several millions of dollars during the last two months, as if he were referring to the loss of a favourite racehorse. The event seems to make a marked milestone in the long pathway down which American securities have rapidly tumbled.

A very conservative American paper, commenting on the Keene event, prophesies that "in all probability before next winter gold will be at a premium." It also states that during February, March, and April, 25 million dollars of gold have been shipped to Europe, and that during this interval the cash in New York city banks has been reduced from 111 to 87 millions, while the specie reserve has decreased about 18 millions, and the surplus of the same banks has declined from 21 to 2½ millions. Failures in America, however, possess a species of financial elasticity, so to speak, because no national bankrupt law exists there, and the provisions as to insolvency in the various States are curiously lax as against creditors for a great commercial country.

Mr. Keene was a Stock Exchange gambler pure and simple. Mr. Vanderbilt, Mr. Gould, and other Railroad Kings are in the habit of acquiring the control of a railroad, and then so manipulating the stock that, eventually, it either becomes theirs for less than nothing, or it is sold to others for far more than it is worth. They can hardly be said to be gamblers, because they are rather pirates. Keene, on the other hand, bought and sold stocks, corn, whisky, and everything else likely to go up and down in the market, much as a speculator does here, except that his operations were on a larger scale than that to which we are accustomed. He used, it is said, to write memoranda of his transactions on the cuffs of his shirts, and his washerwoman made a fortune by showing these notes to smaller speculators.

Options.—Explanatory Pamphlet on Stock Exchange Options, post-free. John Abbott & Co., Stock and Share Brokers, 21 and 22, Palmerston Buildings, London, E.C.

QUEER STORIES.

AN AMERICAN HEIRESS.

Lady Francis Trimston was charming. She was also clever, wonderfully well preserved, had a natural complexion, a moderate jointure, a good milliner, was a widow, and had only one child—a son.

She had experienced little care or sorrow, for her husband was an old man when she married him, and he was gathered to his fathers before he became very disagreeable. He was the younger son of a Duke, and moderately well off.

Lady Francis's life—or, at least, her widowed life—had been strewn with roses; and, although she could have settled down comfortably again, she preferred to retain, as she said, her freedom.

"It is so nice to marry an old man; you are a widow quite young, you know," she murmured to her dear friend, Clare Melton.

"I suppose it is, dear," sighed Clare, whose husband was a young scamp.

Few of us are perfectly content with our lot, and Lady Francis had a grievance that marred sadly her happy, butterfly existence. Do what she could, her son Jack would not marry.

"Dear Jack is so poor and so extravagant, I wonder what will be his end?" she sighed.

"He will marry a rich girl, of course," said Clare.

"It is his duty to do so, as I tell him; but he only laughs at me," sighed Lady Francis.

"Where is he now?"

"Shooting Indians or buffaloes, or some other wild animals, in America."

"When do you expect him back?"

"I am sure I don't know—in a month or two, perhaps."

Jack Trimston had been out West, hunting buffaloes, shooting prairie chickens, racing Mexican mustangs, and playing "poker" with the miners. He had had a pleasant time of it, for he liked America and the Americans, and he was sorry to have to return so soon to England.

But life in America is expensive, and Jack, who had extravagant tastes and a knack of getting through money, had spent in two months the sum he calculated would have lasted him for four, and he was in the middle of the Atlantic, on board an Inman liner, when his mother told her friend that he was shooting Indians and buffaloes. The passengers on board were chiefly Americans who were going to Europe on a pleasure-trip. There were one or two pretty girls amongst them, and Jack, who was a dangerous lady's-man, commenced a hot flirtation with one of them before he was two days at sea.

Katie C. Brown was a nice girl, and had a pair of soft, brown eyes, that always did great execution—when they opened fire—and they did now upon Jack. The Brown party consisted of three, for, besides Katie C. Brown, there was Mary L. Brown—a fine, honest American girl, with no pretence to beauty, but with a look of strength and character about her homely face—and Samuel Washington Brown, who had made money in 'Frisco in the good old days of gold-mining and wild speculation. He invested a

Libertys' Arabian, Chinese, and Indian Furniture and Decoration. A new Sketch-book post-free. Chesham House. Regent-street, W.

part of it in a silver mine in Nevada, which turned out a gigantic success, and Samuel was now worth his good five millions of dollars.

Jack Trimston was pretty deep in the intricacies of a hard flirtation with Katie C. Brown before he heard who Samuel was. It was his friend General G. Jones who enlightened him.

"I guess, stranger, that girl has got a heap," he said.

"A heap of what?" asked Jack, carelessly.

"A heap of dollars. I calculate Samuel W. Brown is worth a million of your money. I always heard he had only two children—daughters. 'Spose that brown-eyed friend of yours will have her half-million of pounds."

Jack Trimston was astonished.

"By Jove! if my mother heard of this fortune she would go mad," he ejaculated to himself. "Fancy, half a million of money! Ye gods! what fun I should have spending it!"

The Brown party landed at Queenstown, and went on to Killarney, while Jack came over to London. It was arranged when they parted that the Browns would write to tell him of their arrival in London, and Jack had promised to show them the sights and make things generally pleasant.

Lady Trimston was delighted to have her dear Jack back again. He was looking, too, she thought, so handsome and so bronzed.

"Any girl would fall in love with him, my dear," she said, complacently, to her bosom friend, Clare Melton.

"He can be very nice when he likes," murmured Clare.

Jack, who wanted money badly, was very nice just now to his mother. He described to her his experiences of American girls, and Lady Francis was deeply interested in everything relating to her sex.

"They are really pretty, and not at all bad style, but their accent is abominable," she sighed.

"You get used to it after a time," said Jack. "I know such a nice American girl, who will be in London next week"

"What is she like, dear?"

"She is pretty enough—good eyes, good figure, good carriage, good feet; clever, a dangerous flirt, and she will have half a million of money."

"Good heavens," exclaimed Lady Francis, springing to her feet, intensely excited. "Half a million of money! Oh! Jack, what are you about?"

"Why, what is the matter, mother? You are quite excited."

"Oh dear, dear, Jack, do be sensible," said his mother, caressingly. "You know you are very poor, and are always in difficulties. It cannot go on. You must feel this yourself. Now tell me all about the American girl and her family."

"There are two sisters—Katie and Mary; no mother. The father is worth at least a million, and is not a bad sort of fellow."

"Of course I must call on them. When do they come over?"

"In a few days, I believe. I said you would look them up, and I think you will like Katie; she is great fun."

"And you, Jack, have you any chance, do you think—I mean——"

"Chance? I rather think I have," said Jack, interrupting. "Chance, indeed! Why I have to keep the girls away from me at the point of my stick."

"Now, Jack, dear, do be serious. I am so interested in all this. Are you sure about the money?"

"I believe it is all right."

"And, dear, would you really marry her?"

"If it is a case of coming 'a cropper' or marrying her, I shall select the latter," said Jack.

Lady Francis was in a flutter of excitement during the ensuing week. "Fancy, dear! a nice girl with five hundred thousand pounds," she remarked to Clare Melton.

"American girls are quite the rage now; the men are all wild after them," said Clare.

Lady Francis's face assumed a serious expression.

"We must take care that dear Jack has plenty of opportunities. It will be shocking if all the men run after her," she answered, gravely.

"The best thing you can do is to give out that Jack is engaged," said Clare.

"You can do that for me, dear."

"Of course, but you will have to entertain and make much of them—Americans are mad after society and our set."

"It will be very expensive, but I suppose there is nothing else to be done," sighed Lady Francis.

The Browns arrived in London, and put up at the Langham Hotel. Lady Francis called on them immediately after their arrival. She was delighted with Katie, and told her friend Clare that, with the exception of the American accent, "she was just as good style as any one else." "They are so quaint and original, my dear. Fancy, they call their father 'Uncle Sam.'"

"They will soon settle down to our ways. Look at Lady Wilton—who would imagine that she was an American?" said Clare, soothingly.

"That's true, dear. I assure you Katie will create quite a sensation. She is really very pretty and graceful, and full of vivacity."

"If she be so nice, Jack will have to be careful, and you had better not introduce her to any one until it is all arranged."

"So I told him, dear, but he won't listen to me. He says we must give a dinner to them next Thursday, get all our set to call, and give a ball next week."

"I don't think it is wise," said Clare Melton, seriously.

"Perhaps not, dear, but what can I do? Jack is so obstinate, and I positively believe he is serious at last."

Lady Francis had half-a-dozen of her relatives to meet the Browns. The dinner was, of course, perfection, and the guests well chosen—two lords and a duke, with their respective wives—and as there were no young men Jack had Katie all to himself. Samuel W. Brown did not appear a bit abashed in the presence of the old nobility. He was a shrewd man, who had studied human nature, and had seen many phases of life, and his anecdotes of America were most interesting. He described graphically his experiences of Californian life in the old days of gold

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mining and wild speculation, and his noble listeners, who had never before met a character like Samuel, were deeply interested in his narratives.

Next day, when Lady Francis was talking over the dinner with her old friend, she said :—

"Oh, I am so nervous and excited about it all. Fancy! the Duchess praised her most warmly!"

"Her position then will be assured," added Clare, decisively.

"And Lord Oldin wants to get the elder sister for his son," continued Lady Francis. "It will be such a nice connection."

"But when is Jack going to propose?"

"I am sure I don't know. Perhaps at the dance. I wish, dear, it was all arranged, for it will be most expensive for me if it lasts long, and I really cannot afford it."

It was most expensive, for Jack got his mother to pay for everything, and he and Henry Smily, Lord Oldin's second son, had a pleasant time of it, "running the heiresses," as Jack expressed it, at her expense.

The ball was a great success, and Katie C. Brown created quite a sensation. Jack was most attentive to her, and she actually danced six times with him. He allowed, however, the opportunity to pass without proposing to her, much to Lady Francis's indignation.

Jack and the Browns once again relapsed into the same pleasant Bohemian life. One day they went to Windsor, the next to Hampton Court or Sandown Races, and so on. Lady Francis was nervous and shocked, for Samuel Washington Brown allowed the girls to do exactly as they liked, and seldom accompanied them.

"I calculate young people like being left to themselves. You and I did long ago, Lady Francis," he used to say.

"Yes, but it is not our custom," she protested.

"I don't believe English girls are half as wicked as you think. Why don't you trust them a little more?" he asked.

She did not exactly know what answer to make, so muttered something incoherent about society.

"All artificial, Lady Francis; all humbug. It is a great pity it is so. Society spoils you all. Do you know that Duke of yours would make a good fellow if he were not a Duke, and Lord Oldin has his head as well screwed on as any man in the States. You, too, are a clever woman yourself, Lady Francis," he continued. "I like you, and I guess I like your nobility too—when they thaw."

Lady Francis could not altogether understand or appreciate Samuel W. Brown. Indeed, she was growing quite concerned about him. He had a habit of calling on her at all sorts of strange hours, giving as an excuse that the girls were "away with the boys," and he was lonely.

"I really believe," said Lady Francis, with a shudder, to her friend, Clare—"I really believe that wretched man is making love to me."

"Good gracious, my dear, how terrible! It will spoil it all, if you have to refuse him," exclaimed Clare Melton.

By this time Samuel Washington Brown and the Miss Browns were celebrities. Every one knew or had heard of the great American heiresses, but Jack Trimston did not seem a bit nearer to marriage. Lady Francis was in despair. "They will ruin me between them," she moaned. "Why, I have actually overdrawn my account at the bank."

"It will be all right, mother, when I marry Katie. Old Sam will 'stump up the dollars,' as he expresses it," laughed Jack.

"I wish you would propose at once. We really cannot go on living in this extravagant manner. I am positively ruined!" moaned Lady Francis.

"Fancy half a million of money, mother! Why, you can have as much as you like when it's mine."

Matters, however, gradually became desperate. Every one was talking of Jack and the heiress, and was wondering why the engagement was kept a secret; "for surely," they reasoned, "they must be engaged, or they would not be going on in this manner." And by degrees they also began to associate Samuel W. Brown's name with that of Lady Francis.

"Fancy the old tabby going in for that rich savage," said her dear friend, Lady Oldin, to her husband.

"He is worth a million of money," said his lordship, dryly, "and Lady Francis is not rich."

At last the crisis came. Lady Francis received an intimation from her banker that he could not cash any more of her cheques. Nothing could save her, therefore, but Jack's immediate engagement.

On his arrival home, her ladyship explained the startling news to him.

"I will propose to-morrow," he remarked; "but perhaps I had better write and get an appointment first with the old gentleman, and sound him."

He accordingly despatched the following epistle :—

My dear Sir,—Can you give me an interview to-morrow morning at 11 a.m., at the Langham? I wish to speak to you on a delicate subject, and hope to see you alone.

Pray remember me very kindly to your daughters, and believe me, yours very truly, J. Trimston.

S. W. Brown, Esq.

"There, mother!" he remarked. "The die is cast. To morrow will decide my fate."

The next morning, whilst he was seated at breakfast with Lady Francis, a letter was handed him by the servant. He read it quietly, and then, after a little hesitation, passed it on to his mother. It ran :—

My dear Sir,—I shall be most happy to see you, as suggested, at 11. If, however, the delicate subject you refer to has reference to the absurd rumours connecting my name with that of your mother's, I hardly think you need trouble to call, as I am happy to say that my wife is still alive. Yours is indeed a strange country. Just because your good mother took a kindly interest in me, her friends immediately put it down that she was about to become Mrs. Brown. I am sure there has never been anything in her conduct to justify such an assumption, and I venture to offer her, through you, my most sincere sympathy that her considerate attention to me should have been so misunderstood.—Believe me, very truly yours,

Samuel W. Brown.

P.S.—I see by your note that you send kind remembrances to my daughters. They are at school in Boston. You mean, I presume, my nieces Mary and Katie. Poor girls! they will, I fear, find it difficult to settle down as governesses after all the gaiety you have so kindly shown them.

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GIRLS' GOSSIP.

DEAREST AMY,—The Private View at the Grosvenor was more crowded than ever this time. You will be delighted to hear that some of the amusing beings who called themselves "æsthetic" have re-appeared. It was really too delicious to see a mahogany-coloured girl, whose countenance and complexion suggested a recent resuscitation. She trailed through the room in an agony of curves, a dreadful garment of red silk hanging about her, and in one hand she held a poppy. Another tremendous joke appeared in a sort of bath-room garment, both short and meagre, and very ugly in colour. I heard the Boudoir-Balladist suggest that she must have borrowed her brother's dressing-gown.

A third extraordinary being was dressed in livid green, with such an enormous bow tied at the back of her waist that it nearly hid her shoulders. Some courageous person had enveloped herself in a curiously hideous shade of yellow, which would have made even Cleopatra look bilious. Its effect on a nineteenth-century young woman, with no complexion to speak of, I leave you to imagine. If she had even toned herself down with a brown bonnet, or trimmed herself with brown marabout, one would have found a word to say for her; but her bonnet or hat was trimmed with striped ribbons in two of the most vicious shades of yellow. Even Kathleen's "eyes of most unholy blue" must have turned green like a cat's in such a proximity.

But there were some pretty gowns to be seen, and they looked all the prettier for the contrast with the ugly ones. One was of a greyish brown shade of ottoman, and as bonnet and gloves all matched, the effect was harmonious. A handsome brocaded velvet, in green and red, formed a well-fitting polonaise, over a petticoat of which I could see nothing but some rather startling green flounces. A pretty gown of soft greyish green cashmere and satin was worn by a very pretty woman. We admired a stylishly-cut brown velvet coat, worn with a hat of the same colour, in which was a grey feather. A grey veil was tied over the face. A checked woollen skirt, well made and well-draped, was accompanied by a bodice of rifle-green cloth, with a waistcoat of mixed gold and green braid. A small toque, rather jockey-like in shape, was made of similar cloth, and trimmed with gold and green braid. As the lady was dark and clear of complexion, the whole costume suited her extremely well. Another brunette wore a pretty dress of golden-brown velvet trimmed with plush of the same tint. A small shoulder-cape, edged with the plush, was the only wrap, and indeed, the heat of the rooms was so great that heavy wraps were unbearable.

A dress of grey velvet, very plainly made, but fitting as though the wearer had been melted and poured into it and allowed to cool in a thorough draught, was a great success. Miss Lingard looked lovely in a long mantle of black lace, with a large, high lace hat. Mrs. Bernard-Beere was also in black, with stiff white feathers standing at attention in the front of her very high and rather aggressive-looking hat. Mrs. Lewis, once Kate Terry, was dressed in ottoman of a greyish-blue shade, over a skirt of beautiful brocade, over which flowers of a pale and dreamy yellow were strewn on a ground of faint, pale blue.

Every one at the Private View was talking of the bride of the day, Lady Campbell, whose portraits by Millais are exhibited there. It was *such* a pretty wedding. The bride, who is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lehmann, is a lovely blonde, with character in her face. She displayed originality in her choice of a wedding-gown, and escaped from the usual livery of white satin. Her dress was of white crêpe de chine, beautifully embroidered and trimmed with some lovely Flemish lace, gardenias and orange-blossoms. A string of diamonds was wound in her hair, which was held by a diamond comb. A three-string necklace of pearls was fastened by a clasp of sapphires and diamonds. The bridesmaids wore soft-looking dresses of white Indian muslin and sky-blue silk. They had wreaths of forget-me-nots and long tulle veils, instead of bonnets. I fancy an artist must have arranged the whole thing, for I have never seen a more effective group than that made by the bridal party.

The bonnets show a decided change at last. They are both high and narrow. From a front view, scarcely any sides can be seen—so closely are they pressed in against the head—but the trimmings are quite high. Often a very large bow (such a bow as Parisian fingers only can originate) is placed above the brim, and a little towards the left side, and frequently a small bow of some colour that contrasts pleasantly with that of the large one is fixed at the base of the latter.

We saw one of the curious "artichoke" bonnets at Louise's the other day. The whole of the crown is covered with leaves made of moss-coloured silk, exactly like those of the Jerusalem artichoke, and overlapping each other in the same way. These are so precisely a reproduction of the originals that even the white juicy part that pulls out from the body of the vegetable is to be seen on separating the leaves with the fingers, and the soft pinkish streaks as well. Frills of dark moss-coloured velvet cover the brim, and a bunch of buttercups and "what's-o'-clocks" form the trimming. The strings are of moss-green terry. A very original hat was of the three-cornered shape, the material being a very bright red straw, and the trimming velvet of a deeper shade, with very long, thick ostrich feathers. This, like all the head-gear of the hour, is so made as to show almost all the back of the head, with its upturned hair.

A perfectly sweet little bonnet was made of black net over gold. The front was crinkled in and out, and edged with jet beads. A dainty little rose was deftly tucked into one of the crinkles, and a bow of scarlet velvet, shrouded in a mist of lace, formed the trimming. Now attend carefully while I explain the strings. Imagine a long scarf of lace, the finest Chantilly, about a quarter of a yard in width. Take it by the middle, tie it in a bow, and fasten it on the crown; afterwards, slightly twist the ends for a few inches. Fasten the twisted part to the very edge of the bonnet at the back, and, lo! the rest of the scarf becomes the strings.

Velvet Tam O'Shanters are much worn again. They have a slightly rakish air that is very becoming to a young and pretty face, but is utterly unsuitable to the middle-aged (this is charitable) women who occasionally patronise them.

I saw some new and pretty sunshades at Hayward's. You must bear in mind that a certain affinity ought to exist between your bonnet and your parasol, if only in the colour of ribbons that tie the latter and the flowers and feathers that trim the former; or, if not with your bonnet, a relationship should be established between the parasol and your dress. For instance, what could be nicer than an accordion-pleated skirt of mushroom-coloured vigogne and the "Marie" sunshade of accordion-pleated lace, the Alençon design being worked in two shades of cream and écru on dark coffee-coloured net? With a black toilet, nothing could look more appropriate than a sunshade, with alternate divisions of bobbin-net loosely gathered over satin, or of dentelle Henri Quatre and jet embroidery. A ruching of the net, covering each seam, gives a soft and pretty look. The "Claire" is the appropriate name of this, which is also made transparent, either in écru or black lace. Those of shot silk are used in the morning, or else those of batiste dotted all over with spots of colour. One of these, in which the ground was écru colour, was sprinkled over with red and blue dots and edged with Russian lace in ingrain red and blue.

I hear there is a delightful waltz in "François les Bas Bleus," the opera-bouffe produced last January at the Nouveautés. Métra has been giving it at balls, with what the Parisiennes call *un succès pyrimidal.*

What heretical weather we are still having! May, sung of the poets, is really a terrible shrew. Her pretty name

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has evidently misled that susceptible race, who have dreamed their dreams, and have made this most miserable of months a peg whereon to hang their fancies. It is a spiteful month. I hardly know a creature who has not either a swollen face or a hideous cold in the head. Evelyn went to Brighton to spend a week while her husband was away in Paris, but she returned by the next train! We laughed at her, as you may guess; but she explained that, on driving down from the station, the wind was so bitterly cold, and in a mood so violent, that she thought it better to retreat. She was long enough there, however, to see the extraordinary name given in one of the shop-windows to a new colour—"elephant's breath." Does that convey any idea to your mind?

Have you ever heard of a dish, famous in the South of France, called *Brandade de morue?* The French Legitimists (are there any left?) also call it *Morue à la Bénédictine.* Here it is:—

For two pounds of fresh cod, take a glassful of the best olive oil, a quarter of a pound of fresh butter and a glass of good milk.

Place your cod in a saucepan full of cold water on the fire; let it cook, *but not boil*; take it off the fire, then out of the water; when the water is quite drained off, place your fish in a mortar and pound it well, dropping slowly a little oil on it, to prevent its drying under the pestle.

When the fish is converted into a sort of paste, put it into another saucepan with the quarter of a pound of butter, on a slow fire; stir about so as the butter is well mixed up with your fish-paste; then, still stirring with a wooden spoon, add the remainder of the oil till entirely absorbed; leave the whole for a minute on the fire, which must be very slow; then, still stirring, add the glassful of milk, which you will have warmed, but not heated. Then season strongly with pepper, salt, thyme, minced chives and laurel-leaf. Make a pile of your fish-paste on a napkin folded on a dish, and serve.

Good-bye, dear!—Ever yours, MADGE.

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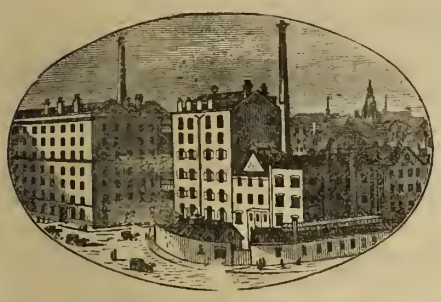

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7. CORK, bay gelding.
8. VICTORY, brown mare.
9. JUDITH, bay mare.
10. THE NIGGER, bay mare.
11. FOXROCK, grey gelding.
12. PHŒNIX, grey gelding.
13. THE QUAKER, chesnut gelding.
14. THE DUTCHMAN, brown gelding.
15. DOROTHY, brown mare.
16. WISEMAN, brown gelding.
17. WHELAN, brown gelding.
18. JULIA, bay mare.
19. VICTOR, brown gelding.
20. THE LION, bay gelding.
21. BARBELLE, brown mare.
22. COCK ROBIN, brown gelding.
23. THE COUNT, brown gelding.
24. PRINCE JOHN, brown gelding.
25. HUGO, brown gelding.
26. BURGUNDY, dun gelding.
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Nos. 13, 17, 18, 20, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, and 27 have been ridden by the Master.
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NOTICE.

TATTERSALL'S THURSDAYS' SALES HAVE COMMENCED, AND WILL BE CONTINUED DURING THE SEASON.

ALDRIDGE'S, St. Martin's-lane.—The North Stafford Hunt Horses.—On Wednesday, May 14, 1884, will be SOLD by PUBLIC AUCTION, without reserve, Twelve HORSES, the property of the most Noble the Marquis of Stafford. They have been ridden throughout the season by the master and servants of the North Stafford Hunt, and were mostly bought in Ireland, some are up to great weight.
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IV. The Industries of the English Lake District. By *E. Roscoe.* With Illustrations.
V. An Unsentimental Journey through Cornwall. By *the Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman"* (*continued*). With Illustrations by *C. Napier Hemy.*
VI. Interlopers at the Knap. By *Thomas Hardy.*
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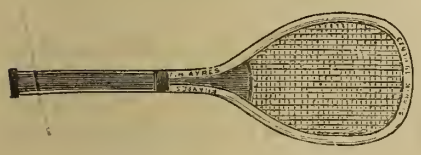

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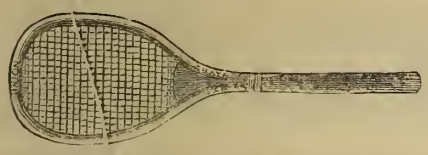

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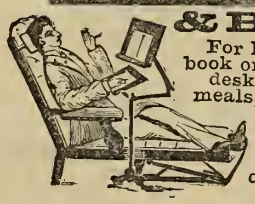

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ABRIDGED PROSPECTUS.

THIS Company is formed to purchase and work a valuable Gold Mine, known as the "North British" Mine, situated at Maldon, Victoria, Australia, the property of Robert Dent Oswald, Esq., J.P. Maldon is one of the oldest gold-producing districts in the colony, and is in the very centre of the famous Victorian Gold Fields.

The terms of sale are £25,000 cash and 20,000 fully paid shares, and the present issue, in addition to paying the purchase money, will provide ample working capital for the further sinking which the Company proposes to undertake.

The mine is held under lease from the Crown. The lease has about 14 years to run, and such leases are invariably renewed. The area consists of 16 acres 2 roods and 33 perches (a large holding for a quartz mining lease), covering along the line of reef 580 yards. The main shaft is sunk to a depth of 600 ft. It is 10 ft. by 5 ft. in size, and securely timbered throughout.

The property is submitted to the British public on behalf of the vendor by John McIntyre, Esq., Member of the Legislative Assembly for the Maldon district in the Victorian Parliament, a well-known colonist of high reputation and great gold-mining experience, and the Directors, having fully satisfied themselves of his unquestionable ability, experience, and integrity, are happy to say that this gentleman has consented to undertake the duties of Managing Director in Victoria, jointly with Mr. Oswald, for a nominal remuneration, until the Company is paying regular dividends.

In order to give some idea of the probable wealth of this mine it may be stated that it has already yielded over £200,000, and that recently a small tribute party, working a portion of it, realised in two and a half years (on an expenditure of £1,275) the sum of £41,000, out of which they paid £10,000 to Mr. Oswald and £15,000 in dividends to themselves. And this result, obtained from the present lowest workings, is the strongest indication, as explained above, of still richer returns at lower depths. The same tribute party desired an extension of their agreement for the purpose of sinking the main shaft and continuing their operations below the level which they had worked, but Mr. Oswald refused to prolong the tribute, having determined to form a public company, in which he himself would hold a large interest.

Hitherto the gold fields of Victoria have been almost neglected by the British capitalist, and the Directors would therefore draw especial attention to the tables to be seen at the Company's offices, which show the remarkable fact that twenty-one Victorian mines in operation, many of them in the districts immediately adjoining Maldon, have paid dividends amounting to about £6,000,000 on a capital of less than £1,000,000.

It should be particularly noticed that this mine is in active work, and has already, as shown above, given large profits; that it is well supplied with machinery, buildings, dams, and all mining plant, and is in the centre of the rich gold fields of Australia, which facts are of the utmost importance, because the heavy expense in time and money usually incurred to "prove" a mine is in this case entirely saved.

Prospectuses can be obtained on application from the Company's offices, and also from the bankers and brokers, and with them extracts from the Melbourne "Argus," "Australasian," and Report of the Government Inspector of Mines, which strongly vouch for the sterling character of this enterprise.

The vendor has agreed to pay all expenses connected with the formation of the Company, so that the Company will start with its capital intact.

Applications for Shares will be received by the Company's Bankers and Brokers, and in the event of any applicant not receiving an allotment, the sum paid by him will be returned without deduction.

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MAY 30, THE RIFLE BRIGADE DINNER, H.R.H. The Prince of Wales in the Chair.

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J. T. Lawrence, Esq., Annandale, North Finchley.
John McCall, Esq. (Messrs. J. McCall & Co.), 137, Houndsditch; and Paysandu, Uruguay.
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"Meat, to almost any extent, can be imported dead quite as well, and in many cases better, than it can alive."—Mr. Henry Chaplin, M.P.'s, letter to the *Times*, 14th January, 1884.

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Great Britain consumes annually 600,000 tons more meat than she produces. From Russia and Hungary indefinitely large quantities can be obtained. The Directors propose to commence their work there, and gradually to extend their operations to more distant countries. From the reports and quotation that have been laid before them they confidently believe that Meat can be landed in England at from 4½d. to 5d. per lb. Let the public compare this price with the Metropolitan Market quotations. Large dividends ought, therefore, to be certainly earned.

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Attention is specially directed to letters and certificates from Dr. Bond, Henry Chaplin, Esq., M.P., Mr. W. Hunting, F.R.C.V.S., Messrs. Hicks, and Professor Wanklyn, M.R.C.S., which, with prospectuses, can be had from the bankers, broker, solicitors, and Offices of the Company.

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THE SOCIETY OF ARTS' PRACTICAL EXAMINATIONS in MUSIC will commence in London on June 9th.—Full particulars may be had on application to the Secretary. H. TRUEMAN WOOD, Secretary, Society's House, Adelphi, London, W.C.

THE TWENTIETH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF OIL-PAINTINGS by Artists of the British and Foreign Schools is NOW OPEN at THOMAS McLEAN'S GALLERY, 7, Haymarket, next the Theatre.

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MR. BEASLEY (whose system for the cure of this extremely distressing affliction is the most successful of any method yet introduced) has written a book which all stammerers should at once read. Mr. Beasely cured himself after suffering more than 30 years, and is daily treating with marvellous success cases apparently beyond all cure. For book apply, enclosing 13 stamps, to

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AS USED BY H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.

Perfect silence and luxurious comfort are attained by the use of Bird's Rubber Tyres, which can be fitted to any wheels. The unsightly Iron Flanges are also avoided. Bird's Rubber Tyres have now stood the test of the last 12 years and cannot be surpassed by any others for appearance, durability, ease, silence, and economy. Guaranteed not to come off the Wheels.

INDIARUBBER BREAK BLOCKS.

Grip the wheels perfectly, prevent all Jar or Strain on the Carriage, and are silent

Prospectus free on application.

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CONVALESCENT RELIEF.

The First Annual Report of the Convalescent Committee of the Charity Organisation Society is now ready, and will be sent on application to

C. S. LOCK, Secretary, 15, Buckingham-street, Charing-cross.

The Report contains a complete list of Convalescent Homes.

APPETITE RESTORED.
DIGESTION ASSISTED.

The World's Table-Talk.

Ask your Grocer for Mandarin Sauce.

MANDARIN SAUCE is Sauce for ALL.

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Write as smoothly as a lead pencil, and neither scratch nor spurt, the points being rounded by a new process. Six Prize Medals awarded. Assorted Sample Box, 6d., post-free 7 stamps. *Works, Birmingham.*

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LEWIS'S, in Market Street, Manchester, are the Manufacturers of fine, first-class Velveteens, which are now known all over the world. They are fast pile and fast dyed, and every inch is guaranteed.

If a dress should wear badly, or he in any respect faulty, **LEWIS'S** will give a new dress for nothing at all, and pay the full cost for making and trimming.

The price of these beautiful Velveteens in Black and all the most beautiful Colours now worn is 2s. a yard. This quality Velveteen is sold by the best Drapers at 3s. 6d., 4s. 6d., and 5s. 6d. a yard. The public, although they don't know it, have to pay two or three profits, the difference between the manufacturer's price and the price the consumer pays for Velveteens.

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Free and Safe for 20s.

THE VERY BEST QUALITY.

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IN BASNETT STREET, LIVERPOOL.

THE BEST DENTIFRICE.

COMMANS'S

ARECA-NUT TOOTH PASTE.

USED BY HER MAJESTY AND THE SEVERAL COURTS OF EUROPE.

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PICTURE LINE AND FASTENERS

afford the *most secure and easy* means of hanging Pictures.

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secure a regular supply of fresh air, without draught, at a very small cost.

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ARE THE MOST COMFORTABLE.
ALL SIZES IN STOCK.

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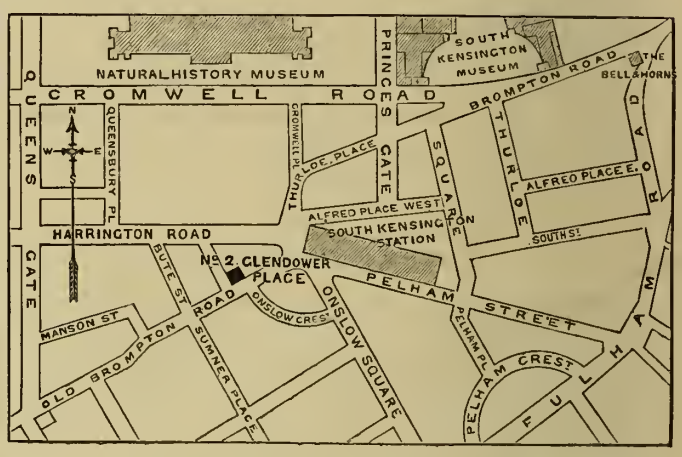

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ROWLANDS' ODONTO

is the best tooth powder; whitens the teeth and prevents decay; contains no acid or gritty substances. Avoid worthless imitations, and buy only Rowlands' Odonto.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

OUR PUZZLES.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 270.—PRIZE ANAGRAM.

H. S. BUGBY (Herbert Scott Bugby, Esq., 43, Oxford Mansions, W.) £2 2 0

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 272.—ARRANGEMENT OF ANAGRAMS.

MONKENDONS (No application yet received) 2 2 0

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 276.

The Prize of Two Guineas will be given this week to that competitor who succeeds in making

THE BEST ANAGRAM OUT OF THE TITLE OF ANY PIECE WHICH MAY DURING THE FOLLOWING WEEK BE FOUND ON THE PROGRAMME OF ANY LONDON THEATRE.

The competitor may, if it suits his purpose better, use, in addition to the title of the piece he chooses, the name of its author, or that of the theatre at which it is being played, or both. Thus, "Lord Lytton's 'Richelieu,' Royal Lyceum Theatre," may be made the subject of an Anagram, or simply, "Lord Lytten's 'Richelieu.'" Again, the sub-title of a piece, if it be a recognised one, may be worked in. It is scarcely necessary to add that an Anagram must contain all the letters of the original word or words, and should refer to it in some more or less direct way. But, for further remarks as to what constitutes good Anagrams, I would refer competitors to the comments made under the heading of TRUTH Puzzles, No. 270 and 272, in last week's number.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 273.

I have found it quite impossible to go through all the paragraphs received in answer to this puzzle in time to name the Prize-winner this week.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*** As the Rules are omitted this week, it may be well to state that all answers to Puzzle No. 276 must be sent, on or before the morning of May 15, to the Puzzle Editor, TRUTH-Buildings, Carteret-street, Queen Anne's Gate, London, S.W.

JERSEY LILY.—I much regretted having to exclude your otherwise very excellent anagram, on the ground that the word "Oxon" was used improperly; but I still think that its use was scarcely legitimate.

ŒNONE.—Pray pardon the unintentional omission.

BLUENOSE.—Your *Bout-Rimés* lines though too late are excellent. I am trying to think of some plan by which Colonial readers like you will be enabled to compete.

MAEGYNE, REM, and BAUSEANT.—As your request was a fair one, I complied with it most willingly. I would point out, however, that the conditions as stated by me misled no other competitors.

KITTIFONIA.—Your list was duly received.

LEILA.—A school is not a family; and I should not pass any such collection of guesses as you suggest.

JORAM, TALE QUALE, GROW PRIDE, AND ALPHA.—Your answers to Puzzle, No. 273, are included in the competition.

IVY.—Your *Bouts-Rimés* were too late, I am sorry to tell you.

ESA.—In thanking you for your kind consideration, I may say that it is an advantage to get as many answers as possible on Thursday.

THE PUZZLE EDITOR.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 274. ASSORTED SPECIMENS—GOOD AND OTHERWISE.

PREDICTED TOTALS OF RUNS TO BE MADE BY THE AUSTRALIAN ELEVEN IN THEIR FIRST MATCH ON MAY 12.

382 Lemon
413 Sahretache
247 Nemo
41 Nokomis
286 Albert Broadhent
315 H. B. H.
400 Polnnd
323 Windsor Elm
485 Westward Ho
543 Tom Boy
647 Sempervivum
600 Fiction
675 Gyrth
356 Sprat
320 Les
365 Grove
365 Wickets
405 Argyle
408 J. H. O.
640 Union
321 Nostradamus
250 Rnperto
327 M. J. Adams
247 Don Jasham
306 False Prophet
322 Leo. T. Dring
492 Chico
371 Melancthon
274 Budgeriger
436 Folle-Farine
387 Woods Batch
365 Sedgemoor
429 Adam Gardener
397 Edwiga
365 Henricus
413 Freyja
311 Sausage
273 Young Stanley
306 Alpha
333 Snakes
178 Sefton
417 Phantom
266 Smith
410 Charcoal
93 Dum Spiro Spero
427 A. B. M.
271 Straight shot
448 Margate
557 Dot
343 F. C. C.
476 Zellah
197 Slip
436 Ellart
301 Mildew
316 Melbourne
183 R. M. Desk
222 Nelly
315 Birch Rod
274 Sorrento
203 Cecil
401 Chance
189 Mrs. B.
365 Veni
535 Chalk
456 Zeohoy
497 Bones
421 Fusilier
177 A Prize for Talking
225 Canary
221 Incredulity
293 Ananias
210 Invictus Maneo
380 H. F. Wright
502 Sophia
452 Old Log.
295 A. H. S.
317 Eve
503 Begonia
160 Kitty White
211 James Morton
301 W. Keep
311 J. Shank
209 Amy Lewis
390 Ann Roberts
377 Jessie Scot
411 F. Bradfield
477 Jane Norton
399 Lucy Hammerton
429 T. Coleman
501 Ellen Wilson
439 Joseph Fluffam
444 S. Norton
235 A. R.
363 Tabz
405 Lotter
291 Quicktime
256 The Professor
305 Old Daredi Stoll
289 Frivolous Monkey
398 Telemaque
569 Proverb
468 Pickle
431 Sam
203 Ivy
321 Zulu
241 Masson
391 Futteh
301 May
365 Minerva
405 Alicujus
391 Aramis
247 Anderidi
475 Agricola
280 Clare College
320 G. A. H.
310 Dryasdust
259 Cremator
435 H. F. Boyle
395 Zero
456 Massie
256 Major
217 Jumbo
197 Ivy Leaf
292 Butter Ball
396 Thousand and One
199 A'mus
275 B'mus
450 H. B. P.
450 Luck
435 Monaco
373 Scot Free
437 Lappie
431 Tod
413 Pouff
359 Comp
413 Smiler
379 Cover Point
213 Cordelia
262 The Lamb
120 Dump ings
150 Wumpkins
190 Megs
200 Chappie
229 Mon Enfant
247 Mannikins
257 Arturo
234 Lobbs
174 Longfield Off
195 P. C. John McCarthy
295 David O'Dea
320 Charles Jeffries
275 William Dawe
179 Dick
400 Erin-go-brsgh
244 Taurus
312 Waterwitch
317 Jupiter Pluvius
300 Hael
322 Omega
302 Black Pudding
366 Saurus
196 Catiline
259 Infallible
277 Pauillac
373 Θρασυβούλος
435 Osman Digna
365 Fairfax
213 Gladys
89 Bauseant
133 Bibs
337 Red Robbin
317 May Queen
363 Buttercup
491 Goat
428 Gusty
418 Bumble
317 Cage
570 Stabit
305 New Zealand
172 Jude
365 Virago
140 Toby
200 Wigley
280 Spanks
377 Friar Tuck
312 Racquet
330 Dubius
153 Gemc
289 Tum
313 Fricie
278 Tricyclist
280 Lælius
364 Coaly Tyne
588 Bread and Salt
540 Racer
377 Cowslip
450 Archer
275 Banduse
430 Stray Shot
500 Annie Nickolls
472 Sarah Morton
436 George Preston
333 Jane Servant
483 Joseph Nickolls
419 Richard Morton
250 Town Moor
328 Caractacus
252 Fiddlesticks
291 Germany
263 Sunshine
296 Ajax
468 Robert
136 Willoughby
271 Wilford
327 Bat
254 Bidney
272 E. M.
379 Dinah
486 Wolfram
333 Gipsy
287 Nod
365 Initium
354 Frico
399 Medicus
598 Ladysina
399 Oudeis
243 Minx
321 Joe
293 Winslow
181 Spring
266 Altiora Peto
169 Addington
270 (2)
432 Never Sweat
250 Cockley
210 G F
123 Stew
300 Tuf
225 Pepperpot
190 Gil
325 Fred
519 Jahn
410 Elbe
200 Auricula
601 Lizard
339 Ridiculus Mus
313 Almuten
396 Screw Driver
113 Rataplan
209 Queen Bess
256 Ego
159 Lucky Lad
515 Moonshine
477 Cæsar's Corner
370 Oxonian
371 Iola
267 Nero
301 J. G. Foston
365 Ticky
405 Rainbow
338 Sunshine
425 Rad
350 Venus
493 M. Brandreth
457 Neptune
339 A. Crowhurst
468 Skrewtater
520 Gertrude
333 Mabel C.
395 Percy C.
301 Alice C.
324 Beatrice C.
444 Dick C.
555 Scotty
522 Bicycle
302 Justice
230 Mater
390 Kirmish
383 Chrissie
303 Theo
395 Paulie
387 Chambie
399 Eugene
401 Barbara
333 Dickie
317 Alec
209 Bertie
275 Jabberwock
345 Excalibur
456 Seejay
458 Sparrow
392 Churchdown
452 P. M.
299 Elstoman
357 Ger
423 Fettesian
300 Margaret
402 Jack
506 Zulu
373 Buhble
257 D. A. P.
276 Grow Pride
458 Demon
409 Lily Blanche
357 Drummer
105 Hopstick
74 Lord Harris
265 Murdock
295 Ballum Slogger
170 Grandma
274 Bannerman
200 Rolling-pin
177 Fatty
361 Grimpus
394 Poowong
368 Joseph Kitchen
280 Phyllis
371 Novice
420 Squash
300 Old Shingles
296 Tito
287 H. J. R. Liversage
385 Queenums
435 Little Woman
520 Pickles
611 Exam
350 Odontoglossum
574 Dan
472 Dear Boy
210 Lina
183 Cricketer
157 Gamma Phi
305 Lismore
324 Dabber
388 Nutshell
274 Alfredo
315 Gobwy Gohwy
234 Tuddie
150 Downshire
188 Gent
145 Walham
211 Orphan
189 Richmond
413 White Rose
635 Bertie D. Hamilton
183 Kittifonia
273 Bumptious Toad
310 Nipper
270 F. W. W.
405 H. H.
435 S. A H.
415 K. H.
415 A. H.
365 Rhoderick Dhu
415 Bendigo
438 Malignant
423 Offa
354 Mermaid
289 Oy
436 Jamie
411 Grannie
369 Musgrove
300 Peter Brown
370 Country Lass
361 Sophistinus
329 Lector
401 Juno
397 Alpha
420 Guion
450 Beta
403 Merlin
377 Guitar
410 Terra-Cotta
183 Timbo
387 Don Juan
301 Sallyanthns
401 Secham
423 Brains
355 Teapot
213 Chang
524 Little Phil
391 Tippie
428 George Greene
284 Philip Greene
356 Mrs. Greene
431 Sempervireus
275 Denis
360 Jumbo
212 Flirt
409 Architect
460 Dorking
311 Dinkerman
299 Hammy
473 Phileirene
360 March Hare
511 Hatter
553 Dormouse
516 Wm. Smith
408 Infelix
342 Wyvelhoe
302 G. E. N.
387 Body
345 St. Medard
323 Scot Free
272 Camaralzamau
335 Stortfordian
415 Braich-y-Cymmer
389 Threlkeld
498 Winifred
421 Cleygate
432 The Mouse
233 Rouster
289 Alamitinicinic
399 Butler
263 Happy-go-Lucky
393 The Winner
420 Vivens in Spe
257 Horatius
439 Ignoramus
315 J. M. Adlam
399 Wwmma
363 Spot
432 G. Y. P.
310 Mahdi
402 Wild Rose
361 Day Star
289 Sundial
344 Scrivellaye
301 Cyder
437 Luck
330 Hasta
362 B. W.
300 Marcus
259 N. W.
282 In It
298 Burton
274 Kilburn
326 Guess
421 Old Mutton
482 Peg
398 Tally Ho
330 Tipsy Cake
370 Plum Pudding
340 Gipsy
365 Great Auk
420 Von Boots
457 Cricket
452 Fiddlesticks
460 Football
472 Colorado
507 Old Hen
497 Jam
489 Tenor
365 Bandbox
306 W. Baker
405 Oakfield

269 Nancy
377 Bleasby
275 Grimstone
387 The Pointer
324 E. F. Lactem
362 Archer Up
250 Dumps
393 M. D. M.
289 Chucker-In
355 Renniw
421 Cricket
324 Frisy
408 Fee
629 Char
347 Tiny
320 Harr
157 Geo
220 Ethel
300 Roh
315 Sleepy
251 Wide Awake
156 Dahlia
240 Fuchsia
250 Balsam
300 Pink
333 Lambkin
270 E. W.
314 St. M.
393 E. A. W.
146 Vat Larks
347 Oxysulphide
311 Roy
589 Æsculapius
365 Widdy
497 Twüggeerrh
264 Topknot
407 Whack
333 Termite
235 A. Smith
315 W. Thompson
128 Telegraphist
415 As de piques
432 Dry Monopole
396 Cambus Kenneth
346 Cannud
426 Leymar
436 Ellaine
639 Linoleum
290 Unlikely
291 Roberto Growbeardo
516 Dulcarnon
235 Bails
301 Ella C.
279 Schoolboy
230 Dutch Oven
523 Tetanus
307 Echo
306 J. M. P.
289 Zeta
368 Nemo
367 Sambo
212 Sille
333 Tih
317 Veritas
357 Wm. Plummer
213 H. N. Wade
379 Magger
274 Boo
543 M. S. Hall
271 Guffinoo
120 Pseudoun
512 Spes
345 Rosedale
417 Midget
312 How's that, Umpire
342 Hospital
295 Edgehill
274 Nep
171 L. W.
459 Emmie
329 Ne Quid Nimis
459 Emmie
372 Paste
357 Old Maid
411 Putts
88 Truth
140 Partridge
175 Short Clip
97 J. Walker
325 Little Jones
413 Red Rover
308 Boomershine
387 Phœnix
358 Sport
180 Nahob
535 Masher Collar
313 Pluto
397 H. Stafford-Tucker
313 Hugh T. Molesworth
325 Claymore
300 Sydney Turner
330 Tomboy
269 Druid
301 John Adams Rymer
254 Plume
197 Donald Mackay
379 Exmoor
423 Mollie Darling
292 Alleham
398 Snaggard
395 Muz-Muz
360 Bones
382 Sclanidge
396 Kiddie
375 Pollie
395 Torfrida
444 Cuckoo
210 Alcibiades
439 Sinbad the Sailor
274 Delphi
387 Romald
310 Eboracum
322 Snuffy
400 Wild Thyme
174 Veritas
391 Domino
228 Nimrod
510 Rasher
202 Bumjah
363 Richmond
353 Rozel
308 Polidere
371 Freckles
365 J. M. Bow
290 A. R. Bow
255 Middlynn
880 Rosebud
511 Sambo
436 Fuga
325 Sir John
193 De Maupin
476 Full Moon
427 Cat
280 Rainbow
285 Polycarp
284 The Cure
409 Ruhy
411 Flame
210 China
304 Imp
290 Buck
316 Bee
387 George M. Kirley
301 Devon
335 Fact
175 Oronoko
521 Fish
395 Jackdaw
546 Sahy
578 Joe
265 Long On
348 Wicket-keeper
365 Sam Slick
325 Junny Judge
361 Twins
301 Cara
463 Clio
177 Beta
400 Niobe
297 Six Knobs
473 Bridgen
357 Dummy
295 Asthma
368 Mole-catcher
203 Fire-the-Fagot
493 Blind-as-a-Bat
296 Scot Free
387 Ajax
334 Bluebottle
405 Puella
354 Seaside
342 Elmsz
355 Aunt Towzer
413 Voilà Tout
299 Fiddle-de-dee
148 Juan Fernandez
604 Abracadabra
170 Cyanochaitanthropopoion
412 Darmstadt
344 Asia
333 America
241 Joram
297 Three Vowels
278 Major
521 Chocolate Cream
287 Jumping Frog
555 Queenswood
221 Perchance
399 Haysom
406 Pop
457 Theodora
274 Platypus
365 Galliard
333 F. Ready
395 Coffee
393 Duffer
235 Miggles
475 Beta
376 Alpha
356 Lady Margaret
280 Tyke
247 Freak
324 Jerry
444 Piffle
183 Giddy
106 Sprout
423 Rossall
341 Lavigneon
396 Jack
311 Glutton
162 Alaska
203 James' Coat
284 Judy
222 Fat
253 Very Dry
421 Buby
140 Cook
403 Eggzackly
293 Asymptote
304 Pottifer
339 Ada Whitfield
335 Guy Neville
235 Libertas
327 Spesum
347 Van-Diemen
539 Ah
428 G. S. S. A.
501 K. H.
531 E. H.
351 Roggee Shurt
371 A. C. Hurst
403 Xarifa
306 G. Rolfe
307 T. M. Bassano
236 A County Parson
236 Gloster
386 Beta
493 B. A. F.
450 Little John
515 Ho Deina
376 Buzzard
363 Otto Hill
537 Glenalmond
473 The Knerker
321 Tit-Bits
314 Reading Boy
359 W. M Thomas
487 Norfolk
437 Pillman
614 Totten Weena
654 Mugs
425 Truth
377 Doddles
434 Kid
327 Sortis
195 Sweedlepipes
379 Savoy
404 Maurice
407 Prophet II.
343 Italian
368 Boomer
390 John
477 Emily
406 Blower
379 K. L. M.
302 Handel
406 M. Baker
347 Pen and Ink
477 Twang
458 Hopeful
365 N. C. N.
435 Pater
453 Celia
515 Maize
465 Pussie
213 Saint
463 Fidget
550 Maybloom
456 Hartland
315 Ferox
398 F. S. Smith
345 David
402 Enema
386 Louie
279 Cursor
321 Satellite
317 F. S. W.
380 Ginger Pop
296 Dingo
321 French
390 Villalus
257 Totty
347 Hilda
303 Fox
480 Essayed
450 Sunny Gleams
306 Famo
501 Olly
279 Ignoramus
291 Brum Rogers
365 Savoy
366 Tiptoe
341 Jackal
570 Artemus
381 Malsah
334 Penelope
265 Lark
220 XXX
467 Argosy Brace
362 Custos
309 J. S. C.
197 Prima Vera
468 Masher
367 Bishop Bedell
257 Blimhy
73 Fizz
125 Wee Rumpty
186 Sugs
306 Leonie
202 Tuti
405 Regie
452 Tati
292 Petite
285 Swasher
426 Bassoon
308 Wits
317 Wohlgemuth
298 Eutropius
321 Billy
365 F. A. Y.
422 The Pink Un
337 Mr. Alex. Patterson
242 Mrs. Alex. Patterson
528 Mr. Alfred Patterson
396 Pop
371 Mater
423 Pater
432 J. E. K.
261 E.
284 Will
330 Pilot
236 Leander
294 Navy
207 Mustard
445 Kathleen
501 Guelder Rose
222 Wayward Thing
307 Wanting
247 Hero
347 Ben-my-chree
318 Iani
353 Soapsuds
250 Bluebottle
271 Bundle
304 Bugahoo
531 For'd On
573 Butter-fingers
417 Chih
327 Furness Lad
431 Maud Rose
399 Tom Quick
234 Colin
186 Pert
148 Violet
245 Karl
180 Pearl
373 Rose Tree
239 Stroke
98 Bob
299 Cornwall
165 Avon
371 Artemus
289 Monmouth
271 Punch
193 Karoac
508 Lex
186 Clement
274 Burho Bank
393 Eleanor
221 Diddy-mite
486 Chemin
616 Georgina
567 Scutum
597 Daphne
544 Little Georgie
378 Flickster
429 Druid
155 Daisy
141 Stumps
302 Provident
306 Gautier
447 A. A. A.
389 Wife of A. A. A.
446 Phineas Gunn
235 G. D. Watson
386 Graves
425 Celt
423 Buggins
365 Eafons Heafod
221 Cendrillon
190 Glamaic
163 Ilex
320 Negro
354 Tartar
294 Jumbo
379 Fenham
286 Fatty
192 Invicta
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171 Useful
365 Royal Fish
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302 Butterfly
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290 Riversdale
278 R. O.
353 Crow Stick
399 Jym
366 Kimberley
190 Bahs
501 Wyn
317 Daisy
300 Thames
341 Spadger
321 Cowslip
360 Anemone
496 Otaki
389 Daddy
330 Spiraea
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352 Muckle Dumpy
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501 The Person
394 Snap
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575 Dundalk
449 Roberto
444 T. T. C.
291 Old Stupid
295 Lord Chancellor
406 Herring Gull
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350 Plummy Fluff
379 Molly
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405 Nellog
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317 Esomdrach
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234 Old Fish
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496 Rose Garden
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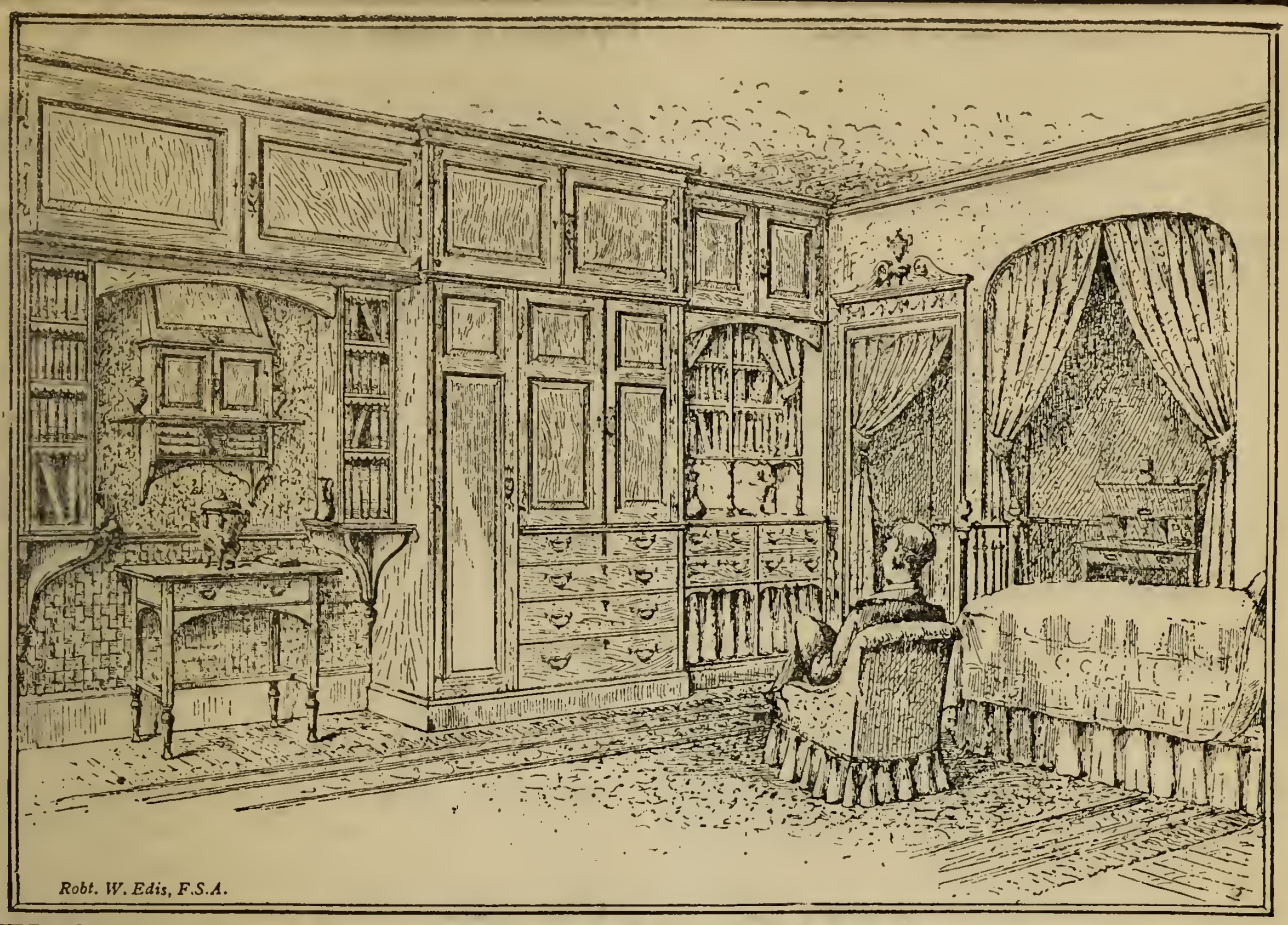

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• TRUTH •

"Cultores Veritatis Fraudis Inimici."—*Cicero.*

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ENTRE NOUS.

THE Queen and Princess Beatrice will leave Windsor about seven o'clock on the evening of to-morrow week for Balmoral, and they are to stay in Scotland till June 27.

During the Queen's stay at Darmstadt her Majesty caused a large brass, in the form of a cross, to be constructed at Frankfort, and this has been placed in the *Osborne*, on the spot where the coffin of the Duke of Albany rested during the voyage from Cherbourg to Portsmouth. The *Osborne* is now going into dock for an overhaul. It is doubtful whether she will be used by the Prince and Princess of Wales this summer. The *Alberta* is also to be laid up till she is required to convey the Court to Osborne in July.

The Prince of Wales had intended to go from Darmstadt to Royat-les-Bains, but was persuaded by the Crown Princess of Germany to change his plans and come to Potsdam instead. The Prince's visit to his relatives would probably be more pleasant if there were fewer of the formal visits and reviews and field-days, without which Germans think it is impossible for Royal personages to exist.

It is expected that the Prince will meet the Princess in Paris, and return to England about Monday week, but their plans are not yet settled. The Princess has been staying since Tuesday with the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland at their beautiful place on the banks of the Traunsee, near Gmünden. It is the first time that H.R.H. has visited her youngest sister there. The Princess will probably leave Gmünden at the end of this week for Rumpenheim, where the Emperor of Russia is expected to arrive next Monday.

The King and Queen of Denmark are also to leave Copenhagen in a few days for Rumpenheim, and they will go from there to Wiesbaden, where they will stay for three weeks.

The Grand Duke of Hesse and Princess Elizabeth are expected to stay at Buckingham Palace for a few days before returning to Germany, and they will also go into Sussex to pay a short visit to Prince and Princess Louis of Battenberg at Sennicotts. It was only at the last moment that it was arranged for them to accompany the Queen to England. They are to leave Darmstadt for Russia about June 4, accompanied by Prince and Princess Louis of Battenberg.

To judge by the comments in the newspapers on the marriage of the Grand Duke of Hesse-Darmstadt, it seems to be supposed here that a morganatic marriage is a sort of Hagar arrangement. This is a mistake. In Germany, society is divided into castes. If a man of one caste marries a woman of an inferior one, the marriage, which is perfectly valid, is termed morganatic. This means that his wife and the wife's children do not rise to the caste of the man. So, again, if the wife is of a superior caste to the husband, the marriage is morganatic. For instance, the marriage of the Duke of Hamilton with a Princess of Baden was morganatic; and the marriage of Princess Louise with Lord Lorne would, had either party been German, have been a morganatic one. Both Prince Teck and Prince Louis of Battenberg are the issue of morganatic marriages.

The Grand Duke has married Madame Kalomine, a Russian, who has been divorced from her husband. In Russia a divorce is only granted when the husband or the wife agree not to marry again. As Madame Kalomine can marry, it is to be presumed that the fault was with M. Kalomine, and that he has taken upon himself this obligation.

The Berlin correspondent of one of the daily papers takes upon himself to announce that the Grand Duke's morganatic marriage would not have taken place if the House of Lords had not rejected the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill. There is absolutely no foundation of any sort whatever for the innuendo contained in this statement. A marriage between Princess Beatrice and her brother-in-law was never for a moment contemplated by any member of the Royal family.

The *Morning Post* must surely regret its silly and absurd contradiction of "the painful rumours." As a matter of fact the Grand Duke acquainted the Queen with his intention to marry Madame Kalomine before her Majesty went to Darmstadt. The unpleasant sensation which is reported to have been excited in the Court "Society" of Berlin and Darmstadt simply arises from jealousy.

Why was Princess Alice so terribly hard up? The Queen gave her £100,000, and she received from the country £30,000 and £6,000 per annum on her marriage. Her own income, therefore, must have been about £10,000, and her husband, although not wealthy, had something. At Darmstadt a Prime Minister's salary is about £500 per annum, and probably there is no private person in the town who has an income of £1,000 per annum. Allowing, therefore, a moderate sum for ladies-in-waiting and such like superfluities, one would have thought that there would have been no necessity for the minute economies which are recounted in the "Memoirs."

A LIFE-SIZE bronze statue of the late John Brown is about to be placed in the hall at Balmoral. The monument erected by the Queen at the head of Brown's grave at Crathie churchyard is now completed. It is a large and ornate headstone, and is one of four placed inside an iron railing (erected by her Majesty's orders), which encloses the graves of Brown and his relatives. They lie about the centre of the churchyard. The inscription (written by the Queen herself) states that the stone is erected "in affectionate and grateful remembrance," and describes Brown as "the devoted and faithful personal attendant and beloved friend of Queen Victoria." At the foot is the legend:—

> That friend on whose fidelity you count,
> That friend given you by circumstances
> Over which you have no control, was
> God's own gift.

Followed by a passage from the New Testament—

> Well done, good and faithful servant:
> Thou hast been faithful over a few things;
> I will make thee ruler over many things;
> Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.

THE other monuments, which are of a plainer pattern, are to the memory of the father and mother of John Brown, of several of his brothers and sisters, and to his grandfather and grandmother. There are several wreaths on Brown's grave, and during the Queen's last stay at Balmoral fresh flowers were placed upon it every morning.

LORD HOWTH was created a Knight of St. Patrick last week. The investiture took place quite privately in the drawing-room of the Viceregal Lodge. Lord Spencer was present as Grand Master of the Order, the necessary "Chapter" of Knights consisting of Lords Drogheda and O'Hagan. Antique ceremonials are, under the most favourable circumstances, apt to present themselves in a ludicrous light to modern minds. But they are far more trying when gone through privately than when carried out amidst public pomp and parade. Neither reverence nor awe is akin to the feelings produced by hearing two or three elderly, peaceable noblemen (who probably never wielded an offensive weapon in their lives) undertaking to uphold all right and punish all wrongdoing with the sword. There is hardly even a sense of security induced.

I CANNOT continue the controversy with *Vanity Fair* about Lord Beaconsfield's Garter. "Ruffler" quibbles at one time, and at another contradicts statements which have never appeared in TRUTH. It was never asserted by me that Sir Albert Woods "exceeded his duties in placing the Duke of Grafton's banner over Lord Beaconsfield's stall." On the contrary, I stated that Sir Albert quietly performed his duty by filling up the stalls in the order in which they had become vacant. The true history of the whole affair will be found in last week's TRUTH. What on earth does "Ruffler" mean by a denial of the Queen's "remonstrance"? Who ever alluded to a "remonstrance," and did ever any one hear of her Majesty manifesting displeasure with small officials in such a way? "Ruffler" knows only half the story, and even that half he does not appear to know correctly.

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THE Prince of Wales has consented to take the chair at the annual dinner of the Rifle Brigade, which is fixed for the 30th, at the Marlborough Rooms.

AT Dorking the inhabitants have been thrown into a fever of excitement by a report that Deepedene—the beautiful and splendid residence of the late Mrs. Hope—has been let for three years to the Prince and Princess of Wales by the guardians of its new owner, Lord Henry Pelham-Clinton.

PRINCE AND PRINCESS EDWARD OF SAXE-WEIMAR, who came to town this week for a short time, are to visit the Queen at Windsor before her Majesty's departure for Scotland.

I HEAR that the Queen intends to invest Prince Edward with the Grand Cross of the Bath. He has been a K.C.B. for some time past.

KILDARE has long had a social pre-eminence amongst Irish counties. Absenteeism is the exception, not the rule, in the county of the Geraldines. On Monday, society mustered in great strength at the Pony Races, held at Palmerston House, and regaled itself in most "exquisite fooling." The tandem race was amusing, but one in which the riders wore feminine attire was hardly graceful. Mr. G. Dawson-Damer gained the prize for his carefully-selected toilet. Colonel Crichton and the Hon. M. Bourke were indefatigable in their sportive efforts. Lady Kildare's pony was the victor in two of the day's events, much to the triumph of the fair owner.

THE Escort race-meeting, instituted by Lord Spencer, is now an annual institution. It took place last Saturday at Fairy House, under most favourable auspices. For the first time this season the fair sex, as far as concerned their toilets, had the opportunity to go "a-maying." Furs and Newmarkets were laid aside, and parasols replaced umbrellas. Lord Spencer drove over in his coach.

LORD LORNE, who comes to town this week, returned to Inverary Castle on Friday evening, after a three weeks' tour among the Western Islands. Lord Lorne has been actively engaged in making a personal investigation into the condition and wants of the Highland crofters.

THE Duke and Duchess of Norfolk leave Paris for Lourdes at the end of this week.

LADY CHESTERFIELD has gone to Bretby for the summer, and will not return to town this season.

THE Duke and Duchess of Leinster do not intend to come to town this season, but will pass the summer at Carton.

LADY FREDERICK CAVENDISH has been staying at Gloucester during the last fortnight, on a visit to her uncle, Canon Lyttelton, who is now there for his annual three months of Cathedral residence.

SCREENS, with tea-cup shelf on each fold, from 21s. A large variety of screens in Japanese leather paper, needlework, stained glass, and hand-painted in all sizes and styles.—C. HINDLEY & SONS, 290 to 294, Oxford-street, London.

Lord and Lady Portsmouth have been staying at Bath since they left Eggesford, and are going through a course of the waters. They will remain there till the end of the month, when they go to Hurstbourne Park for the summer.

The Duke of Westminster has never been in the habit of entertaining a large party at Eaton Hall for Chester races, but he has frequently received a few friends, and his sons usually attended the meeting. Last week, however, the Hall was closed, and a far more desolating misfortune was the absence of the usual strong contingent from Wynnstay, in consequence of the illness of Sir Watkin. This kept away not only many pillars of the meeting, but also their horses. Mr. Naylor's abandonment of Hooton Hall was the first blow to Chester from the "society" point of view. The Duke and Duchess have gone down to Cliveden, and intend to stay there for the next six weeks. They will not be at Grosvenor House this season, except, perhaps, once or twice for a few days.

Lord Lothian will succeed his father-in-law, the late Duke of Buccleuch, as Captain of the Royal Scottish Archers.

The Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch have been residing with a family party at Dalkeith Palace during the last three weeks. The Dowager Duchess has been staying with them for the last ten days. Her Grace will probably divide her time in future between Bowhill, the late Duke's favourite residence in Selkirkshire, and Ditton Park, the old seat of the Montagus, near Eton.

Lord and Lady Harrowby have arrived at Aix-les-Bains from Algiers, where they have been staying for several months, and they are now going to travel in Switzerland till the middle of July, when they propose returning to Sandon Hall. Lord Harrowby's health has been greatly benefited by his residence in Algiers.

The Duke of Beaufort will have a party at Badminton next week for Bath races. The Duke, who is the hereditary patron of this meeting, used always to bring a large contingent from Badminton on both days, but for the last twelve years he has withdrawn his patronage, and his newly-awakened interest is locally attributed to political considerations.

Lord and Lady Lichfield have returned to Shugborough Park, Staffordshire, after a lengthened residence in the Isle of Wight. Lord Lichfield has set up two of his younger sons on a large farm on his estate.

Mr. Howard Vincent leaves England on July 3 with Mrs. Vincent on a tour round the world. Previous to his departure he will resign his post as Director of Criminal Investigations.

Lord Deleval Beresford, youngest brother of Lord Waterford, sailed from Liverpool on Saturday week for New York, whence he proceeds to New Mexico to settle on an extensive ranche.

Army and Navy Hotel, Victoria-st., S.W., is probably now the best Hotel in London. Table d'hote 6 to 8. Cookery excellent.

The members of the Scottish Liberal Club have resolved to entertain Lord Rosebery at a banquet, partly to celebrate his return home from Australia, and partly as a recognition of his valuable services to Liberalism north of the Tweed. The banquet is to take place at Edinburgh in the autumn.

There are to be great rejoicings at Melchet Court, Lady Ashburton's place in Hants, when Lord and Lady William Compton arrive there after their honeymoon. They will pass the autumn at Loch Linchart, Lady Ashburton's residence in Ross-shire. The adjoining deer-forest will not be let this season.

The annual ball of the Wiltshire Society is to take place on Friday, June 20. This function has been postponed until after Whitsuntide, in consequence of the death of the Duke of Albany, who was one of the Presidents of the Society.

There have been great rejoicings at Castle Ashby, Lord Northampton's place in North Hants, to celebrate the return home of Lord Alwyne Compton, who has been absent in India for five years with his regiment, the 10th Hussars.

Sir Charles Mordaunt, who owns extensive property in Somersetshire, is to give a grand ball at the Town-hall, Axbridge, to his tenantry and their friends, on the 27th. The Mayor and Corporation of Axbridge have also been invited.

A somewhat sensational wedding took place last week at a village near Yeovil. The contracting parties, who occupy good positions in the neighbourhood, appeared not long ago in a breach-of-promise case, when the defendant had to pay smartly for his alleged change of mind. It is as well that they should have settled their differences, but it would surely have been wiser if they had come to an understanding before their expensive and painful experiences at the County Assizes.

The far-famed Cheddar Cave was to have been sold at Bristol last Thursday, and a great number of persons attended at the time fixed for the sale. The auctioneer, however, announced that he had just been served with an injunction against the sale, which had been obtained by Lord Bath. The vendors do not admit that the cavern belongs to Lord Bath, so the question of ownership is to be fought out at the Somersetshire Assizes. The cave is a valuable property, as a large sum comes in every year from the fees for admittance which are paid by visitors.

Lord Hertford finds it necessary considerably to reduce the establishment at Ragley, both indoors and outdoors. The gardens, which are the finest in the county, are to be carried on in future with a strict regard to economy, and the splendid collection of exotics, bedding-plants (over 100,000) and rare ferns will be sold off by auction on Friday and Saturday next.

Mr. Streeter, 18, New Bond-street, London, having decided to retire from the Jewellery Trade offers his Valuable Stock of Diamond Ornaments, Gem Jewellery, &c., at a great reduction. The public will therefore have special opportunities for the next few months of obtaining some of this high-class stock on advantageous terms.

Several very fine Hereford and Devon cattle have been sold within the last few days out of the herds on the Queen's Shaw Farm at Windsor for exportation to Canada. The two-year-old bull, Conqueror, bred by Mr. Carwardine, and purchased from him by her Majesty, has been sold for 500 gs.

The Queen will be a large exhibitor at the Royal Agricultural Show at Shrewsbury in July. Her Majesty's farms, both at Windsor and at Balmoral, will be represented. The Prince of Wales will show a lot of stock from his farm at Sandringham.

The fine herd of shorthorns at Barmoor Castle, Northumberland, will be sold off next September, as Mr. Meade-Waldo has resolved to give up breeding. Shorthorns have become fashionable in this part of the country since herds were established at Alnwick by the Duke of Northumberland, and at Mertoun by Lord Polwarth; and the high prices which were realised at the recent sale at Mertoun will considerably stimulate the local popularity of this breed.

A Devon Cattle Breeders' Association has recently been formed, with the object of revising the Devon Herd-book, and carrying on its publication in an improved form. At a meeting of the members which was held at Exeter on Friday, Lord Falmouth was unanimously elected president of the association. This is a very proper choice, for Lord Falmouth has farmed on a large scale for the last thirty years, and very successfully, and his herd of Devons at Tregothnan is one of the finest in the country.

A well known London physician writes:—

Since reading your paragraphs *re* New Zealand mutton, I have discovered the New Zealand Farmers' Association, who have a shop at 12, Grand Avenue, Leadenhall Market, and from whom I have obtained most delicious mutton at 7d. to 9d. per pound, and lamb by the quarter at 8½d. The joints are small, tender, and of flavour nearly approaching our South Down. From what I hear, the principal coffee-houses and restaurants are the chief consumers; thus the public are eating it and enjoying it, but not at present receiving the benefit of the low price, as portions of haunch and saddle, &c., cost no less than heretofore, the restaurateur reaping the increased profit. At least one large restaurant-keeper smuggles in his supplies at night, such is the stupid prejudice of the public.—Faithfully yours, M.D.

The hunters belonging to Mr. Coupland, the late Master of the Quorn, were sold at Leicester last week. The average for twenty-nine horses was a trifle under £81.

I am sorry to hear that hydrophobia has again broken out in the kennels of the Devon and Somerset staghounds at Exford. It has already been necessary to destroy fifteen of the pack.

Here is an extract from the Athens paper, *La Grèce*:—

The Thaleres races were very animated. The horses of the brothers Mavros carried off the first, second, and third prizes. The King betted against the Foreign Ministers. Count de Mouÿ, Envoy of the French Republic, won twenty francs of his Majesty.

His Majesty must really be careful.

Get a Bottle To-day of Perry Davis' Pain Killer.—It instantly relieves and cures severe scalds, burns, sprains, bruises, toothache, headache, pains in the side, joints, and limbs, all neuralgic and rheumatic pains. Taken internally cures at once coughs, sudden colds, cramp in stomach, colic, diarrhœa, and cholera infantum. Pain Killer is the great household medicine, and has stood the test of 50 years. Any chemist can supply it at 1/1½ and 2/9.

The prospects of sport in the Deeside deer forests are very favourable. The stags are looking well and seem in capital condition, and the young does are coming on splendidly. Things look better than for several seasons past on Mar (Lord Fife's), Invercauld (Colonel Farquharson's), Ballochbuie (Queen's), and the Glenmuick (Mr. Mackenzie's). I have also received favourable accounts from Perthshire and Inverness-shire.

A meeting is to take place during the week at the Royal Pavilion, Brighton, with the view of founding a Sussex Yacht Club. There are such a large number of well-known Sussex families represented in yachting circles that there ought to be no difficulty in the matter, provided it is taken in hand by the right people.

Among the yachts now fitting out are the Duke of Rutland's *Shark*, Lord Londonderry's *Cornelia*, Lord Exeter's *Queen of Palmyra*, and Lord Ailsa's *Titania*. Mr. Lambert's well-known steam-yacht *Wanderer* is to fit out shortly at Southampton; she has been laid up at Northam for nearly two years. Sir Thomas Brassey's *Sunbeam* is undergoing extensive alterations at Gosport, and will not be ready for sea till the middle of July.

Judging by the form shown in the trial matches at Oxford, more than one of last year's eleven will have to surrender his place in the team to a Freshman. It is indeed a long time since such a very promising lot of "freshers" have made their appearance at either University as those now up at the senior one. A. R. Cobb, J. H. Brain, K. J. Key, and E. H. Buckland all seem likely to get their Blue; while T. C. O'Brien, F. T. Higgins, and A. S. Blair also have a chance of displacing older hands. Cobb, who hails from Winchester, played a magnificent innings of 190 for the Sixteen Freshmen against the Eleven last week, his score being the highest ever made on the ground in the Parks. The Cambridge Freshmen's match was productive of exceptionally high scoring, both Greatorex and Marchant, the last-year cracks of Harrow and Eton respectively, making satisfactory *débuts*.

The team of Lacrosse players from America has just arrived, and their first match takes place at Liverpool, against the Lancashire Association, on Saturday next.

If the authorities are really in earnest to prevent prize-fighting from becoming once more a popular pastime, they should not allow challenges to be advertised as they are now in one or two of the sporting papers. I read:—

Johnny Robinson, South Shields, thinks Bill Goode likes to see his name in print. Once for all, Robinson will box Goode either with gloves or the raw-'uns at 9 st. 10 lb. up to 10 st. for his own stake.

Hearing so much talk about young Dick Denpid's boxing abilities, Jesse Hutchings, of Marylebone, will box him in the old or new style for £5 to £50 a side.

To be Let, for three or four months, from the beginning of May, a Handsomely Furnished Flat in Victoria-street, consisting of three sitting-rooms, two double-bedded rooms, a single ditto, bathroom (with bed if required), kitchen, &c., and servants' room. Has private entrance direct into the street.—For particulars apply to Messrs. Lumley, 22, St. James's-street, S.W.

I hear that Madame Patti has taken a house on the Surrey Hills, near Godalming, for the summer. She is to make her *rentrée* at Covent Garden on Saturday, June 14.

A crowded "house" assembled to welcome Madame Albani on Saturday last, at Covent Garden. Lord and Lady Kenmare occupied the Queen's box, and they were accompanied by the Duke and Duchess of Roxburghe, Lord and Lady Galloway, Lord Castlerosse and Lady Margaret Browne. Among other familiar faces were Lady Hertford, Lady Hamilton, and Lady Hardwicke and her daughter. Lady Rosebery was in a box with Lady Fanny Marjoribanks, and, either in boxes or in the stalls, were the Danish Minister and Madame de Falbe, Lord Lathom, Lord and Lady Hood and the Hon. Mabel Hood, Lady Cremorne and Lady Maud Wilbraham, Lord Barrington, Hon. S. Ponsonby Fane, Hon. Miss Ormsby-Gore, Lady Goldsmid, Colonel Farquharson of Invercauld, &c. Albani must have felt no little pride at the greeting that was accorded to her. During the performance she was again and again recalled, and at the end of the second act, the curtain was raised four times for her to come forward to acknowledge the applause, and to receive the many floral tributes that were offered to her.

As I stated last week, Albani, Lucca, and Sembrich will appear together in "Le Nozze di Figaro." The day fixed for the performance is the 22nd inst.; it is also intended that Sembrich shall be associated with Lucca in "Les Huguenots" at no very distant date. "Mefistofele," with Albani and Tremelli, is to be given to-morrow (Thursday).

Madame Albani is to create the part of Brünhilde in "Sigurd," the music of which is admirably suited to her voice. She will also shortly appear, for the first time, as Giulietta, in Gounod's "Romeo e Giulietta."

It was thought possible that Gounod might come to England to conduct the performance of "Romeo e Giulietta;" and it was hoped that a series of representations of his works, including that opera, "Faust," and "The Redemption," with Madame Albani as the principal singer, might be given under his direction. As the composer's medical advisers, however, have counselled complete rest after the fatigue consequent on the production of "Sappho," the plan has had to be abandoned.

Miss Kate Vaughan's Matinée will not take place at the Adelphi Theatre on the 31st inst., as announced in the *Era*, *Daily News*, *Referee*, and other papers, but on the 5th of June, at Princes' Theatre. She will play "She Would and She Would Not," with a cast including Mr. Kyrle Bellew, Mr. Stephens, Miss Clara Jecks, and Miss Edith Bruce.

Arrangements have been made for the early production at the Court Theatre of Wilkie Collins's drama, "Miss Gwilt," which is an adaptation of his admirable novel "Armadale." Miss Ada Cavendish will again play the title-rôle, and Mr. A. Cecil will resume the part of Dr. Downward, in which he made such a hit when the piece was originally produced at the Globe about eight years ago.

Old Point Lace.—Hayward's, Experts, Dealers and Purchasers of Old Lace, 166 and 168, Oxford-street, W.

Meissonier's famous picture, "La Rixe," which has been lent by the Queen to an exhibition of his works which is now open at Paris, is to go on to Berlin before it is returned to Windsor Castle, as the Crown Princess of Germany has begged her Majesty to allow it to be exhibited in one of the galleries there.

In a little book called "Some Public Schools: their Costs and Scholarships," the average cost of a boy at Eton is set down at from £180 to £220; at Harrow, from £135 to £180; at Winchester, £115; at Rugby, £112; at Charter House, £110; and at Marlborough, £110 to £100. The cost at Eton is therefore obviously excessive, and I question whether any one connected with it could give a good reason for this.

A brother of Mr. Frank Benson, of Agamemnon Company notoriety, who is also an Oxford man, has lately imitated Mr. William Morris, and set up in business in the art-furnishing line. Parents who are at their wits' end to find a new profession for "our boys" might do well to remember this new departure.

I rather sympathise with the country parson who writes, I see, to the *Guardian* to complain of the outcry which is always raised when he and his brethren go up to Oxford to vote in Convocation. He denies that the country clergy are all of them "a combination of coma and cabbage;" but he does not so much insist on the fitness of his class to vote, as on the fact that those of them who go to the expense of "keeping their names on the books" are fairly entitled to a *quid pro quo* There is a good deal of force in that. When a man continues to pay his dues, the vote both in Convocation and for Parliamentary elections is one of the things he buys, and it is certainly a little hard to abuse him for taking his side of the bargain. The real absurdity is allowing such a bargain to be made at all; and the anomaly is especially glaring in the case of the Parliamentary vote. The University franchise can only be defended (if at all) as an educational franchise; and either all M.A.'s should have a vote or none. It ought not to be a matter of pounds, shillings, and pence.

The "eights' week" promises to be particularly lively at Oxford this year, and the concerts will quite take the "shine" out of Commemoration. Four of the colleges are going to give entertainments, and on the afternoon of the 21st, before the races, there is to be a grand concert in the Sheldonian, when Dr. Parry's "Prometheus Unbound" is to be given. I do not altogether wonder that some of the sterner Dons, who still cling to the notion that Oxford ought to be primarily a place for study, are crying out against the musical invasion, and that one of them has declared war in the columns of the *Guardian* against the growing practice of undergraduates having pianos in their rooms.

I quite agree with you, Edmund, in your strictures on Mr. F. W. H. Myers's silly article in the *Nineteenth Century* about "Apparitions." But why go out of your way to insult Mr. Myers's correspondents? "A Senior

Rimmel's Toilet Vinegar, tonic, refreshing, 2/6. Aromatic Ozonizer, a natural air purifier, 1/. 96, Strand; 128, Regent-st.; 24, Cornhill.

Wrangler, it appears, named Wilson, now a schoolmaster at Clifton," is not a very polite way, surely, of describing the head-master of Clifton. Head-masters are not quite the little deities they often think themselves, but they are public characters, and Mr. Wilson is one of the most distinguished and best known of the whole body.

Dr. Goodford had been in bad health for a long time past, and for many months there has been no hope of his permanent recovery. His death will be deeply and widely lamented, for he was exceedingly popular at Eton, and having been prominently connected with the school for nearly half a century, he possessed a numerous circle of friends. Dr. Goodford was liked both by boys and masters. He was a kind, good-tempered, humorous man, and an accomplished scholar of the old school. He was not brilliantly successful as head-master, but he was called to the helm in troublous times for Eton, and at least he did quite as well as his successor, Dr. Balston, and a great deal better than Dr. Hornby.

He was a favourite with Prince Albert, and it was to this fact that he was indebted for his appointment as Provost, which he would have been glad to refuse, but, of course, he could not but accept it. He was only fifty when he was nominated to the Provostship, and the post was not worth a third of his emoluments as head-master. For the last twenty-two years Dr. Goodford has divided his time between the Lodge, his pleasant official residence in the College, and his rectory at Chilton Cantelo, in Somersetshire. He looked exactly like an old-fashioned country parson, was generally in a sort of subdued fuss, and always had his hat pitched at the extreme back of his head. *Vanity Fair* published a capital portrait of him about two years ago. Poor old "Goody" will be long remembered at Eton.

Speculation has been rife already about his successor. The post, which is one of the most desirable sinecures to be had, being worth £2,200 a year, is in the gift of the Crown. Precedent would point to the succession of the head-master to the post, and as Dr. Hornby has been a notorious failure as head-master, it would be a capital opportunity for shelving him. Unfortunately, however, although the Provost need do nothing, he can prevent a good deal being done, and those who have the best interests of the school at heart would probably prefer to see a really strong and liberal-minded man appointed Provost, trusting to Dr. Hornby going the usual road before long, "from the birch to a mitre."

M. Waddington is to receive the honorary degree of Doctor of Law from the University of Cambridge.

A curious point has been raised in connection with the clerical impostor whose performances I noticed a few weeks ago. He had been officiating, it will be remembered, as curate in different parts of the country, and in that capacity he solemnised several marriages; and as he had never been ordained, the question is whether these marriages are valid. The Lord Chancellor clearly feels some doubt on the point, for he has, I see, just introduced a Bill, according to which no marriage of the past or of the future is to be deemed invalid by reason only of a want of lawful authority on the part of the person officiating. The Bill will not become law just yet, so that any recently-married couples who have had time to discover their incompatibilities had better in the meantime institute inquiries into the credentials of the clergyman who married them.

A curiously bold experiment was tried the other day by a Free Church minister upon the members of his congregation. He preached an energetic sermon denouncing the growing tendency to desecrate the Sabbath, and concluded by boldly offering to give half-a-crown to every woman in the church who would come to him the following day, and conscientiously declare that she had not spoken of worldly matters after leaving church. The men, who were presumably not so fond of chattering, were offered a shilling each on the same terms. Not a single person appeared at the minister's house on the Monday to claim either half-a-crown or shilling. I am almost disposed to make a similar offer to the entire English and Scotch clergy.

Dr. Donald Macleod, a Scotch clergyman, last week delivered a lecture upon a singularly unpromising subject. The title was announced to be "The Sin of Cheapness," and the lecturer proceeded to argue that the "craving for cheapness and hunting after bargains is not only economically false, but a cause of great suffering to thousands of men, women, and children." Dr. Macleod endeavoured to prove that cheapness was chiefly procured by the cruel oppression of sempstresses and other badly-paid work-people. In this he may be partly right, but I fear that to convince the canny Scot that it is wrong to hunt for bargains is a task greatly beyond the argumentative powers of Dr. Macleod; or, for the matter of that, of any one else.

I never can quite understand what business we have to patronise the Jews, by praying for them in our churches, classed with "Turks and infidels." I am glad to see that so distinguished an authority as the Bishop of Liverpool shares my views—to some extent, at all events. At the meeting of the London Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews, Dr. Ryle remarked that "he did not like the classing of the Jews with Turks and infidels, for he could not but remember that they were the first ministers of God and writers of the Bible. People must remember that the archbishops and all other clergy were descended from Jewish ministers." I wonder that it did not occur to Dr. Ryle that it argues considerable impudence on the part of himself and his society to trouble themselves about the so-called conversion of the Jews, who do not make any efforts to convert him and his friends to their views. Besides, as Bernal Osborne remarked, many very good Christians are to be found among the members of the despised faith.

The growing tendency among all sensible people to enliven the gloom of the British Sunday by encouraging

Spectacles scientifically adapted to assist & strengthen the weakest sights by Mr. Laurance, F.S.S., Oculist Optician, 1a, Old Bond-st.

"Liberty" Arabian Furniture and Decoration. A new Sketch-book post-free. Liberty & Co., Chesham House. Regent-street, W.

music and such-like harmless diversions, continues to grievously exercise the more austere section of the community. A meeting was held in Southsea last week to protest against the desecration of the Sabbath by the military bands which play weekly in the Landport Park and on the Southsea Pier. Several fanatics orated after the usual fashion on their pet subject; and a committee was appointed to organise a deputation to wait on the new military governor of the Southern District, and endeavour to obtain his assistance. This is a deputation which, I should hope, General Willes will have no hesitation in dismissing with scant ceremony.

I do most thoroughly agree with the writer of the following letter :—

Dear Sir,—The information of the death of my only son reached me in a letter on the 7th inst., written by the Colonel on April 14. The fatal accident occurred on April 5, and, after lying unconscious for a week, he died on the 12th. The letter states how much he had endeared himself to all, and tenders the sympathy of all his brother officers; and ends, "All his effects have been secured, and they will be disposed of in the manner directed in the Act of Parliament embodied in the Army Act." I have made inquiries at the War Office, and find the expense of a telegram, announcing the death of an officer abroad, unless in time of war, would not be allowed, the matter being left entirely to the good feeling and sense of the commanding officer. Surely this is wrong, and ought to be altered; and I venture to think that you and the public will agree with me that a father ought not to be left in ignorance of the death of his son for a month. I write this with the anxious hope that commanding officers shall be directed to notify, in the earliest possible manner through the agents of the regiment, the fact of the death to the nearest relative of an officer.—I am, sir, yours obediently, Warine B. M. Lysley.

Athenæum Club, Pall-mall, May 12, 1884.

The command of the Mediterranean Fleet will be at the disposal of the Admiralty in a few months by the promotion of Vice-Admiral Lord John Hay to the rank of Admiral. Of all posts afloat this is the most coveted.

It is probable that Prince Leiningen will be appointed to the command at Sheerness in October, when Vice-Admiral Rice has to retire in consequence of his promotion to the rank of Admiral.

The proposed torpedo range at Portsmouth Harbour will cost at least £120,000. There are two schemes, and the plans are now being considered by the Admiralty.

Men of science in this country complain of their neglect a good deal more loudly, I dare say, than circumstances really warrant; but they may well look with longing eyes just now to Germany. Not only did the Imperial Government send out an elaborate Commission to study the cholera in Egypt and India, but now that the expedition has returned with some important discoveries, a sum of £6,500 has been voted by way of rewards. Dr. Koch, the chief of the commission, is to receive £4,000, and the rest is to be divided among his colleagues. Less tangible rewards in the form of decorations have also been conferred. Dr. Koch and his colleagues ran great risks in prosecuting their researches, and to my mind a man deserves a vote of thanks and a grant of money quite as much—in fact, a great deal more—for saving lives as for taking them.

I see that Lord Shaftesbury, in unveiling the Tyndale memorial the other day, remarked that "every one who passed along the Embankment henceforth, from the highest in the land to the humblest, would look up to the statue with reverence for the work the great Reformer had accomplished." The following anecdote, however, for which a correspondent vouches, seems to show that the memory of the great Reformer is not quite so green as it might be :—

For some time past they have been making a grievous mess in one corner of the Embankment gardens that I pass morning and evening. First a flower-bed was dug up, then a hoarding built up, and then a cart-track established over the surrounding grass-plot. At length a figure made its appearance, a tent was erected close behind, and preparations were evidently going on for a function. As I passed by I inquired of the policeman who was posted by the railings when the statue was to be unveiled. "This afternoon, sir." "By the bye," I added, "whose statue is it?" "Professor Tyndall's sir," said the man, without a moment's hesitation.

This is science getting the better of religion with a vengeance!

As Ascension Day is drawing near, I should advise ratepayers to look into the amount for which the interesting ceremony of "beating the bounds" figures in parish accounts. At a meeting of the Holborn Board of Works last week, a ratepayer took a very reasonable objection to a proposal to allow £20 to the boys engaged for this purpose. The amount was subsequently reduced to £5, which, I should say, is still £4. 14s. too much. The position of parish boundaries ought to be, and probably in most cases is, established by proper trustworthy records, and the ratepayers ought not to be taxed for the mere purpose of keeping up a "good old custom" which has long since ceased to have any meaning. If bounds must be beaten, half-a-dozen boys ought to do the job for a shilling apiece, and think themselves very well paid.

Sir James Hogg and his Metropolitan Board of Works colleagues have ample reason for the cheerfulness which they exhibited at the annual dinner on Saturday. Instead of for the future merely sharing in one banquet, given at the Chairman's own expense once a year, they are, one and all, to be given the free run, as Common Councillors, of the magnificent and oft-recurring banquets of the Corporation of the City of London, with a statutable voted interest in spending other people's money on entertainments. Happy euthanasia!

It would be interesting to know why the Duke of Cambridge selected the members of the Board of Works as the audience to whom to preach the duty of unstinted expenditure on the public services. Surely they have practised that duty long enough to need no additional incitement to its performance.

The recent great fires have once more called attention to the utter incompetence of the present staff of firemen to cope successfully with a really serious conflagration. At a meeting last week of the United Wards Club, a member informed the audience that one fireman had told him that he had not taken his boots off for fifteen days, while

"Advice to Dyspeptics."—Symptoms of Dyspepsia, and Indigestion with special advice as to diet.—"This little pamphlet appeals *forcibly* to those who have allowed the palate to decide everything for them, and have paid the inevitable penalty of their folly."—Sent for one stamp. J. M. Richards, Publisher, 92, Great Russell-street, London.

Sir H. Knight, the late Lord Mayor says: "The 'Tenacious' Rubber-Soled Shoes are very comfortable, are especially valuable for Boating, Tennis, &c., where a firm foothold and protection from damp are desired."—H. Randall, 40, Poultry, E.C.

another had not had time to change his clothes for three weeks. It is high time that the forces at Captain Shaw's disposal were materially increased.

The Richmond Vestry has decided to urge on the Chief Commissioner of Police the necessity of police supervision of the river between Barnes and Teddington. This portion of the river is within the Metropolitan Police area, and there seems no reason why the comfort of the thousands who are in the habit of boating there should be sacrificed to the ruffianism of a few rowdies. These latter, it must be admitted, are not numerous, but one rough leavens unpleasantly a large crowd. The Conservators have already commenced to take steps to clear away the mud-shoals, moderate the stream, and beautify the banks of the river between Isleworth and Teddington, and their laudable efforts to make this water playground of the metropolis what it ought to be should be seconded by the police.

There is a good deal of discussion going on amongst the residents of the New Forest as to the wisdom of planting trees which are not indigenous to the forest. These are being planted chiefly in groups bordering the high roads, and it is urged that they will entirely alter the peculiar aspect of the scenery. The more the Forest is left in the rough the better. The City Aldermen are "improving" Burnham Beeches by planting rhododendrons, making drives, &c.; but I trust that their example will not be infectious, and that as the New Forest has been for many an age, so it will remain.

The Sunday band in Battersea Park is a great success. Thousands of people were listening to the music there whilst basking in last Sunday's sun. The Park, with its beautiful glades and the splendid view of Cheyne Walk and Chelsea Hospital, is already the prettiest in London, and when its trees are a few years older, Kensington Gardens will be nowhere in comparison.

Prince Victor Bonaparte has had a great disappointment. He has just missed an inheritance of sixty million francs. Mdme. Auban-Moët, wife of the champagne merchant, died some days ago at Seville, leaving a personal fortune of sixty million francs. On Saturday last her will, two copies of which were deposited in the hands of attorneys at Epernay, was opened. It contained the following depositions:—"I bequeath all my fortune to my husband, but in case he should refuse the bequest, or in case he should die before me, all my fortune will belong to Prince Victor Napoleon Bonaparte." M. Auban preferred surviving his wife, and did not think it worth while to refuse the bequest.

Telegraphing is dangerous work when it becomes too personal. An Austrian Countess, Madame Pongratz de Metternich, recently sent the following brief but expressive despatch to Governor Passinger, at Neustadt:—"You are a blackguard." The Governor, who is said to have no idea of gallantry, summoned his fair enemy before a magistrate, and she was sentenced to a fortnight's imprisonment and three hundred florins fine.

Étienne Pradice, who died the other day at the village of Auroux, was an example to all Benedicks. The old gentleman, who was a veteran of the Grand Army, remained in single blessedness till the mature age of 100, when, having thought the matter over carefully, he determined to celebrate his centenary by taking to himself a wife. The bride was a young schoolmistress of the neighbourhood. Had M. Pradice been spared, the comparison of his second century's experience with the first would have afforded valuable evidence on the pros and cons of matrimony; but, unhappily, he was cut off after only eight years of married life. One child was born to him, but that one predeceased its venerable parent.

It appears that a second edition of Fra Diavolo has been carrying on a lucrative business in Hungary. According to all accounts he was a most elegant and lady-killing sort of brigand, who spared the poor and only attacked the rich. A price, however, having been set on his head by the Austrian Government, he has at last been delivered into the hands of justice. Madame Adam, during her recent voyage in Hungary, heard so much about him, that her curiosity was excited, and before several people she expressed a wish to see at least his photograph. A few days afterwards she received by post a letter signed Savanyl Joszi, informing her that she would have the desired photograph sent to her as soon as she returned to Paris. If, as is stated, the lady-killer was arrested while sitting for his portrait for Madame Adam, the least she can do is to use her influence to get him leniently dealt with.

Judah Philip Benjamin died, I understand, peacefully and contentedly. Of his English and his Confederate career, nothing new can be said. His father (an English *émigré* to one of the West Indies) removed to Charleston, South Carolina, when the late Q.C. was an urchin, and there his parent had patrimony enough to send his son to Yale College, which, after a brief novitiate, he left through a high-spirited quarrel with the blue law professors of half a century ago. Proceeding to New Orleans, he took employment in an independent fashion as a notarial clerk while studying the French civil law that prevails there to this day; and his neat—almost ornamental—chirography in notarial books is often shown there to the curious. He rapidly made his way at the Bar, and was especially fortunate with juries through the magnetism of an habitually sunny face and a winning style of oratory, in which persuasion and a logical arrangement of subject added greatly to his success. He made legal hits by early compiling a digest of the Louisiana law, and by writing a treatise on sales, which is a high authority in the Royal Courts to-day. He became a party leader, but persistently refused office until the glittering American prize of a Federal Senatorship came in his way.

I first met him at Washington, not long before the Civil War, and I found him as agreeable in private as he was popular in public life. When the Southern Senators seceded,

The Beach House Hotel (in connection with the Granville, Ramsgate), Westgate-on-Sea, Thanet. This Hotel is now open for the Season. Tariff on application to the Manager.

The Granville, Ramsgate.—The Redecoration of this Hotel is now complete, and under entirely new Proprietorship. Present terms, 10s. 6d. per day, including attendance, bedroom, and full board. Tariff on application. The Band plays during Table d'Hôte.

he left his seat after delivering one of the most glowing and impassioned orations that can be found in the eight hundred volumes of Congressional debates. He was noted at the New Orleans bar for his readiness of repartee. On one occasion he was in his third day's argument before a Justice of Appeal who was politically unfriendly to him, and who, upon being asked an incidental question by Mr. Benjamin, said with intended sarcasm, "Oh, do not ask *me:* you have been beyond my depth for several hours." Whereupon the Advocate, in a pleasant tone, retorted—"Then I shall cease diving for pearls, and gratify your Honour by coming to the muddy surface."

Every one who has been inside the Law Courts has probably been struck by the forlorn solitude of that magnificent monument of architectural folly, the central hall. As a year and a half have elapsed since the building was opened, without any use having been found for this portion of it, I venture to suggest that the hall might be turned to some practical account if smoking were allowed there, —at any rate of an afternoon. This would be a real boon to the hundreds of unfortunates who are every day condemned to spend hours hanging about the Courts, and would materially relieve the congestion in the dark and inconvenient corridors upstairs.

Mr. Baron Huddleston has made some interesting disclosures as to the manner in which he and his colleagues grant injunctions. It is doubtless well understood that an injunction can be granted no matter where the Judge happens to be; but it may not be quite so generally known that Vice-Chancellor Shadwell granted several in the shooting-field, and one while he was bathing in the Thames. Even Baron Huddleston himself acknowledged that on one occasion he had granted an injunction on Brighton Pier. The Academicians invariably show great want of originality in their work. Now, here is a chance for a pair of good historical paintings!

It seems almost questionable wisdom to give hereditary peerages to eminent lawyers, for Lord Chancellors' sons can hardly be said to be always lights of the legislative Assembly in which they sit. Lord St. Leonards, I see, has got into a scrape. This nobleman is the grandson of a Peer and the great-grandson of a barber. In a speech proposing the health of his grandfather, King William IV. once observed that he was a living proof of the democratic character of the Peerage, for he had risen from "the lowest dregs of the people." *On revient toujours à ses premiers amours.*

The "handwriting expert" humbug ought to have some difficulty in surviving a case in the Queen's Bench Division last week. The question was whether the endorsement upon a promissory note was in the defendant's handwriting or not. The plaintiff called an expert, who swore that the endorsement was written by the same hand as certain admitted letters of the defendant. The defendant's counsel thereupon showed the expert, without disclosing the fact, some letters written to his client by the man supposed to have forged the endorsement, and the witness swore with equal readiness to their having been written also by the same hand as the endorsement—a pretty conclusive *reductio ad absurdum* of expert evidence in handwriting.

At the Stratford police-court a few days ago, a greengrocer was convicted for selling as butter an article which did not contain any butter at all, 85 per cent. of it being "fat other than butter fat," and 15 per cent. of it water. The man urged in defence, first, that tons of the same stuff were sold as butter every day; and secondly, that he "kept a family of six on it," and "more healthy children there were not in the parish." The magistrates appear to have been impressed by these arguments, for they let the man off with the absurdly inadequate fine of five shillings. I dare say that the compound in question was quite healthy; for that matter train oil and tallow candles are, I believe, highly nutritious; but why a man should for this reason be allowed with impunity to cheat poor customers by making them pay butter price for what is not butter, I certainly fail to see. The Local Government Board and its inspectors may well despair of putting down adulteration when the magistrates fail to support them in this way.

A more revolting case of workhouse cruelty and guardian tyranny is seldom met with than the reported account of an inquest held in the Wallingford Union, on the body of a tramp, on the 3rd of the present month. A man named Richard Boyce entered Wallingford about a quarter to six o'clock on the evening of May 1; he was accompanied by another tramp named Davis. The two men obtained their orders for admission to the workhouse about half-past seven, and had to spend the interval, "shivering with cold," under the Town Hall. On arriving at the Union they were supplied with a couple of dry crusts and some hot water. The casual beds being full, they were given one rug each, and were left to lie on the boards. Boyce was taken seriously ill in the night, and his comrade, after tending him to the best of his ability, woke the porter. This functionary appeared in about half-an-hour; and on the sick man asking for something warm, he went down to the kitchen, and had some tea made for him. He brought it to the dying man, having first mixed pepper with it. As the man grew worse, the master arrived on the scene, gave him a dose, and eventually told the porter to fetch a doctor. This the porter did not do till next morning; and all through the night the man was allowed to remain in a delirium on the bare boards, with one rug for his covering, and only fellow-tramps for his assistants. When the doctor arrived about ten the next morning, it was too late to save the man's life, and he died in the evening, never having regained consciousness. No wonder the jury made some strong remarks.

Another New York millionaire has failed—James D. Fish, President of the Marine National Bank, who bought Booth's Theatre and turned it into a mammoth shop, and whose vast real-estate speculations have been the wonder

Woods' Hotel (within Furnival's Inn, Holborn, E.C.) has been considerably modernised and improved. Families and Gentlemen will find in this Hotel *home comforts.*

Minton's China.—A visit to Messrs. Goode's Depôt in South Audley-street will at once show the immense superiority of their collection, both as regards taste, extent, and lowness of price.

of his country. An unfortunate feature of his failure is that it has substantially deprived General Grant of a fair private fortune. Hitherto the Democrats have refused to place that General in company with General Sherman on the retired pay list, but Vice-President Edmunds has seized the opportunity to again bring the matter up by the introduction of a Bill *ad hoc*. General Grant would, however, strengthen his heroship by declining to become a public pensioner because of a private financial mishap.

I HEAR that our Colonies, which have the right to coin, entirely decline to have anything to do with the token half-sovereigns. If this be so, the scheme is doomed.

THE reason why the Irish "legend" has been removed from the Coronation Chair is, that the stone beneath it has been discovered to be of a material which exists in Scotland, but not in Ireland.

A CORRESPONDENT writes :—

It is perfectly true that Lord Sydney has already been so well rewarded by his party that it may be difficult for outsiders to understand why he should be considered to be "in the running" for a Garter; but it is not generally known that, in a quiet way, he has rendered most valuable aid to the Liberal party, and to Mr. Gladstone in particular, since 1868; and, on one or two occasions, he has successfully squared very awkward difficulties. Lord Sydney's political services have not been of a nature to attract public attention; but, nevertheless, they have been most important, as will appear if ever the secret history of Mr. Gladstone's administration is given to the world. Lord Sydney is one of the Queen's most trusted friends, and it would be impossible to overrate the value of the assistance which he has rendered her in the management of her affairs. For many years he has audited all her Majesty's private accounts, and, in fact, in business matters he has been her right-hand man. Lord Sydney is a consummate man of business, and his memory for even the most minute details is something marvellous.

A COUNTRY Conservative writes :—

In the interests of fair-play, I hope you will allow me to point out that Liberal Peers are at least as fond as their Conservative brethren of meddling in election contests. Lord Rosebery interfered very actively in the famous Midlothian battle. Lord Granville recently attended an election meeting in North Staffordshire, which was held for the purpose of introducing his nephew to the constituency. Lord Lansdowne, Lord Wolverton, Lord Durham, Lord Ripon, Lord Clifford, and many other Peers have interfered in various ways with electioneering matters in their respective districts. I cordially agree with you that Peers ought to hold entirely aloof, but there must be the same law for Liberals as for Conservatives.

WHAT does *Vanity Fair* mean by saying that Mr. W. H. Smith is the first Conservative member that ever sat for Westminster? He is the third, not the first. Sir Francis Burdett, who was described by Lalor Shiel "as a venerable relic of a temple once dedicated to freedom," was returned in the first instance as a Radical, but, becoming an apostate to the Tory faith, he offered himself to the electors in his new creed in the year 1837, and obtained re-election. The second Conservative member was Admiral Rous, who headed the poll at the General Election of 1841, but being compelled to seek re-election in 1846 on accepting office as a Lord of the Admiralty, he failed to secure his return.

MR. PARNELL has selected Captain Talbot D'Arcy, of Larkfield House, Athlone, to be the Nationalist candidate for that borough, in opposition to Sir John Ennis, the present pseudo-Liberal member. Sir John, who represented Athlone from 1868-74, regained his seat at the last General Election, by one vote, over his opponent, "Teddy Shiel," one of the present Home Rule Whips. Being returned as a Liberal, Sir John seems to think that the best way of discharging his duties to his constituents is to vote with the Conservatives on every possible occasion, even supporting their opposition to that measure of bare justice, the Irish Land Act of 1881. There is, however, one redeeming feature about his Parliamentary career, which, perhaps, deserves a passing notice. During the ten years he has had the honour of a seat in Parliament, he has not once ventured to address the House, and has asked but one question, which was in the year 1872, as to the selection of Castlebar in place of Athlone for a military centre.

MR. W. H. MALLOCK, of "Is Life Worth Living?" renown, has been adopted by the Tories of St. Andrew's District as their candidate at the next general election. Should his candidature be successful, he will be the first Catholic member that has been returned for Scotland since the Catholic Emancipation Act of 1829, thus dividing honours with the grandfather of the present Duke of Norfolk, who was the first Catholic member returned for England, Horsham having adopted him as its representative in 1829.

THE atmosphere of the House of Lords seems to exercise a pernicious effect on the moral sensibilities of many of its members. Nothing else but a temporary demoralisation can account for the Duke of Westminster's vote against the Pigeon-shooting Bill, for Lord Salisbury's absence, for Lord Rosebery's reluctance to vote on the question, or for the ghastly nonsense talked by Lord Fortescue, who used to be regarded in Devonshire as a second Solomon, and who, till within the last few years, was really a man of sound common sense for a Peer. Lord Redesdale becomes a mountebank when questions of this sort are being discussed.

CERTAINLY the rejection of the Bill is most discreditable to the Lords, who simply allow the wishes and interests of a horde of gamblers, and of the vagabonds who hang on to such sports (?) to override the public feeling. If there were no betting we may be sure there would be no pigeon-shooting. The opponents of the Bill had not the advantage of the advocacy of the two Peers who led them last year, as Lord St. Leonards was absent from circumstances over which he had no control, and Lord Westbury held his peace; and prudently—for the nonsensical rubbish which he talked last year was enough to make his grandfather turn in his grave.

THE Archbishop of Canterbury, however, is improving. His first efforts as an orator in the House of Lords made him weep, but his speech against pigeon shooting nearly made his hearers weep. As he has risen to the height of opposing the Tory majority on the subject of cruelty to animals, perhaps in time he may rise to that of joining the minority in opposing cruelty to children, by voting for the legalisation of the marriage of their mothers when they happen to be deceased wife's sisters.

THE BELGRAVE LAUNDRY, 194 & 196, Ebury-street, Belgravia. A laundry for high-class families.

"LIBERTY" ART FABRICS.—Original inventions for Ladies' Costumes and Toilets. Patterns post-free. Regent-street, W.

Rumour says that Sir Stafford Northcote contemplates an early resignation of the Leadership in the House of Commons on account of ill-health, that Lord Salisbury will be accepted as the Leader of the Party, and that it will be led in the House of Commons by Sir M. Hicks-Beach, with Lord Randolph Churchill as his principal lieutenant.

Who gave the *Standard* Lord Randolph Churchill's "letter to Lord Salisbury"? It was marked private and confidential, and copies of it could only have been in the hands of the members of the Council of the National Union. Rumour says Mr. Maclean. But very possibly it was another of the Council. Mr. Maclean, however, should contradict the rumour; for it is needless to observe that the individual who did betray his trust is hardly a fit person for a Council consisting of the picked Conservatives of the entire country.

The general verdict is that the publication, far from doing Lord Randolph any harm, has placed him in a better position. The days for cliqueism are over. No party which refuses to recognise the existence of its followers, except to use them as pawns, can either hold together or achieve success. My mind is somewhat of a blank as to the meaning of a Tory Democrat, but he may possibly, however, develop into something useful; whereas the old fossil Tory, who depends alone upon the votes of the farmers, and would hand over the government of the country to a coterie of Peers and Squires, is quite outside the area of modern politics.

Mr. Gladstone may perceive the bent of the opinion of the country, says the *Times*, in the hisses with which he was greeted at the opening of the Health Exhibition. Not many years ago, we were told much the same thing when his windows were broken by a mob of London rowdies. And yet the General Election told a very different tale.

The Premier's speech on the Vote of Censure has been a death-blow to those Jingoes and financialists who fancied that the Government would be forced into meddling in the Soudan affairs. Considering Gordon's conduct, Mr. Gladstone's allusions to him were generous in the extreme. No one can read the Blue Books without perceiving that the General has deliberately set up his will against that of the tenor of his instructions, and that if he is in a difficult position, he has only his own obstinacy and disobedience to thank. Those who pretend to be so enthusiastic about him are those who favour the idea of interference in the Soudan, in the hope that we may be forced, step by step, as in Egypt, to remain there.

It was a mistake ever to send Gordon to the Soudan. He has good qualities, but any subordinate who insists upon obeying some higher law than his instructions should never be employed in a place of responsibility.

In 1882, Gordon was serving at the Mauritius. After some negotiations he became Commander-in-Chief of the Cape Forces, and went to quell a rebellion of the Basutos under a certain Masupha. Gordon's first step was to have a personal interview with Masupha, at which he told him that he was entirely in the right and the Cape Government entirely in the wrong, and that he (Gordon) would never draw his sword against him.

When Mr. Scanlen, the Cape Prime Minister, remonstrated, Gordon wrote him the following despatch, which speaks for itself:—

October 16, 1882.

My dear Mr. Scanlen,—I write these few lines to state that in my communication to Masupha I did not even attempt to follow the wishes of the Government, or did I in the least weigh my words with a view to suit the Government. I acted entirely upon my own responsibility, and was, and am, perfectly convinced that what I said was, and is, the best thing that could be done; therefore, instead of regretting, I do not do so. I am sorry I have put the Government in a fix, but believe that it is only for a moment, and that what I said will ventilate the question, and be the best for the colony. I therefore take the entire responsibility of my action, merely remarking that my appearance on the stage was an act of the Government, for which they were responsible.—Believe me, &c., C. G. Gordon.

Mr. Clifford Lloyd, I hear, has been devoting himself to the introduction of all the resources of civilization in Egypt. He does not approve of the bastinado, so he has substituted for the courbash a cat-o'-nine-tails.

I believe that the English Government were prepared to make certain concessions in regard to the interest on our Suez Canal Shares with a view to smooth down France, but that the arrangement has fallen through. Sir Evelyn Baring, I hear, is of opinion that the only way to deal with Egyptian finance is to reduce the interest on the Unified Debt by about one half.

However, I trust that at the Conference we shall enter into no pledge which will involve us in the obligation of remaining the tax-collectors of cosmopolitan bondholders for one single day. The sole real plea for an interference in Egypt was the Canal. We have no right to any special privileges in regard to this Canal. It ought, like the Sound and the Bosphorus, to be an "open sea." For us to enter into a bargain to collect taxes on condition of being given a paramount influence on the Nile would be as criminal as it is foolish.

I should say, on the whole, that the Egyptian bondholder, if he is to be judged by the utterances of his friends in the press, is the most impudent of human beings. Shylock, in comparison with him, was a modest and self-sacrificing financialist. In the *Observer* of last Sunday, the bondholder explains that the floating debt ought not to affect his interest, because English occupation was not undertaken to protect his interests, nor was the Soudan war, nor was an expenditure on irrigation works. But surely the plea for our attack upon the Egyptian nationalists was that they insisted upon voting their own Budget. The Soudan war was to maintain Egyptian supremacy in a province which then belonged to her. Without irrigation there would be no crops, and consequently no taxes. The latest development of the creed of the bondholding fraternity is that we are to maintain good government in Egypt at our own expense, in order that Shylock may have his bond.

Mr. McCoan writes as follows. He admits, I see, that Egyptians are still beaten if they do not pay their taxes, and justifies it on the ground that civilisation has not

made such progress as to permit this Oriental mode of tax-collecting to be absolutely and at once abrogated:—

In the name of the Prophet, on what report of my few remarks at the recent Conference of the Peace Society did you base the paragraph anent myself which appeared in last week's Truth? The only report of the meeting which I have seen was a short one in the *Daily News*, and certainly that supplied no shade of colour for your extraordinary exaggeration. What I did say, in seconding a resolution which protested against—among other Egyptian abuses—"the arbitrary use of the courbash," was, that while I deprecated cruelty in any form or degree as much as any one who heard me, I could not honestly encourage the meeting to hope that this particular method of punishment could, as yet, be wholly dispensed with. It had been in use in Egypt in all historic time, and civilisation had not made such rapid progress since the bombardment of Alexandria as to permit the bastinado to be absolutely and at once abolished. As regards its connection with tax collection, I merely referred to the testimony of a high English official in a recent Blue-book, and instanced the every day occurrence of a fellah, while swearing that he has not a piastre in the world, only disgorging the gold pieces from his mouth under persuasion of the familiar strip of hide. I did, indeed, contrast the courbash favourably with the new lead-tipped cat-o'-nine-tails—administered not to the soles but to the bare back—which Mr. Clifford Lloyd has substituted for it in the Cairo prisons. But, surely, this was not "strongly opposing the abolition of the bastinado in Egypt," or affording evidence that "self-interest has deprived me of humanity and common sense." Twist what I have confessed to as you may, it will, I think, hardly excuse, much less justify, your paragraph; and I await confidently, therefore, your prompt and generous *amende*. J. C. McCoan.

With pleasure:—

Dear "Truth,"—Will you kindly acknowledge for me the following sums received in aid of the proposed Lying-in Hospital at Shadwell?—Yours faithfully, Violet Greville.

7, Chesterfield-gardens, W., May 11, 1884.

Miss Surtees, £2; A Happy Mother, 10s.; M. L., £5. 5s.; Sale of Books, 10s.; Miss Johnson, £5; Elizabeth, Lady Abinger, £5; Miss Joicey, £2; Olive, £2.

SCRUTATOR.

THE MANUFACTURE OF PRIMA-DONNAS.

A NOVEL has been published entitled "Stage-struck," by Blanche Rosevelt. It is the story of a girl in an American town, who is supposed to have a wonderful voice, and who is sent over to Europe to be manufactured into a *prima donna*. She comes to London, then she goes to Paris, and thence to Milan. At all these places various adventures befall her; at length, when she has learnt all that can be learnt, she makes her *début* at Covent Garden, fails, and dies broken-hearted at Nice. The story is well told, the dialogue is pointed, and the humour of some of the scenes is true and genuine. I call attention to the book here on account of the truth that underlies the fiction. Annabel, the heroine, is one of many hundreds, both here and in America, who, without means and often without much voice, are annually encouraged by their partial friends to embrace a musical career. There are colonies of these students in Paris and in many other Continental cities. But the musical capital of the world is Milan, and there they generally gravitate. In that town there are a vast number of teachers, most of them too greedy to tell those who come to them that they are never likely to succeed. As long as they have money, they give them lessons. When their money is exhausted, they live in penury, and either die or drift back from whence they came, ruined in hope, in health, and often in everything else. I was talking to a friend of mine, a few years ago, who resides in Milan. He told me that Milan was full of American and English lads and lasses, who had been lured there by the notion that they would become famous tenors, baritones, and sopranos, but who were never likely to get an engagement in the chorus of the most insignificant opera-house. I therefore welcome this book as a most useful contribution to literature and to common sense.

Annabel goes to an agent in Milan for an engagement. He listens to her singing, and tells her that he will engage her to sing at Pavia:—

"Now what are your terms?"

For once Annabel was glad that her mother was not with her. She would be so proud to go home an "engaged artist."

"About terms," he repeated. "We offer you all this, one of the first theatres in Italy, splendid *rôles*. Now how much are you prepared to pay us to make your *début?*"

"How much will—will I pay you to sing?" She repeated his words mechanically, scarcely believing her senses.

"Yes, yes! *Diavolo!* You did not expect that I should pay you, a débutante, perhaps to spoil my opera?" His voice rose.

"Why, certainly I expected you to pay me."

He burst into a loud laugh. Then he began. "*Come.* A rich American, you go on the stage from caprice. You have a pretty voice, but more personal beauty. You come to take the bread out of the mouths of honest native talent, who are old-bred artists. Look at these books." He violently opened some registers. "There are a thousand *prima-donnas* in Milan, all ready to sing, waiting for engagements, and many who will pay me to get them before a good public. And you—you!" He choked through such rapid articulation. "Look at this alphabetical list. A—thirty-five A's; B—as many B's; more C's, and so on to Y. No, no, *quest' è fin troppo.*"

Those who know the musical market at Milan are aware that this is in no way exaggerated.

But, apart from the story and the moral, there is much of interest in the book to those who wish to understand the *rationale* of singing. Annabel takes lesson of Garcia in London. He makes her sing an air from "Beatrice di Tenda."

"I did not stop you," said the master, "until I had heard how you had been taught. You sing neither well nor badly, but your style is what we call in singing *robe de chambre*. It will never do for a professional." He then recommenced the andante, and made her sing the same phrase which had been sung by Jenny Lind, and had been composed by him for her. He explained the passage, played the notes over, and Annabel, who fancied that she understood him, immediately attempted it. She failed; she tried again, and failed a second time.

"Listen," he said. "If we study together, we must begin by understanding each other. You asked me about Jenny Lind. I will tell you in what she was greater than any pupil I have ever had. I would play over a cadenza or a phrase, saying, 'Do it so.' She always listened very attentively, never interrupted; then, when I had finished, she said, 'I have thought it over, and do not understand. Would you tell it me again?' I would tell her a second time. She studied it slowly, minutely, and then had the courage to say, 'I think I have some comprehension of your meaning, but it is not yet clear.' I have any amount of patience, and I told her a third time. She at last seized upon the true meaning, and although slow in learning, she never forgot. The reason of Jenny Lind's enormous progress in so short a time was this—that after a first and thorough explanation she knew how to apply herself in the right way to study. I never remember to have repeated the same thing a second time to her after the one lesson. In consequence, she learnt more in one year than other pupils will in ten years or in a lifetime . . . . Jenny Lind was not much of an actress, and her only genius was in the power of continuous application. She had, too, a veiled voice, with the exception of one octave from G to C in alt, which was as clear as a flute, and of a beautiful quality; but she was so clever and tricky that she deceived even my father. Her medium notes were very bad, but she used them so skilfully that I have often been amazed, and many times I have heard great critics speak of the equality and beauty of every register of her voice. That is to be what may truly be called an artist."

Garcia then contrasts Jenny Lind with his sister, Malibran:—

"You think, perhaps, with all the world, that Malibran moved people by the beauty of her voice. Nothing of the sort. My sister had as vile a voice as ever a woman was cursed with, but whatever she did was done in earnest. Any one could perceive at once that she knew exactly what she was singing about. It was not alone a question of throat. I have seen audiences uncontrollable until she came upon the scene; then, after bearing one phrase from her lips, they became spellbound. She was not alone a singer, but she was a great actress, and, above all, a great musician. Besides her 'virtuosity,' she was always the character she represented. Her voice had little to do with her success. Ah, my dear, she worked like a slave. She was intelligent, she had even genius; but she depended on neither. She never sang the simplest ballad without first mastering it beforehand. She knew exactly what every word meant, and before she gave it sound, her heart had uttered it."

MUSIC.

As I write, the heat threatens to prove trying both to concert-givers and concert-goers. The audience find it difficult to listen or applaud when the mind involuntarily wanders away from the stifling atmosphere to the river bank or green wood. Perhaps this affected me a little at Sarasate's concert on Saturday. I certainly found more to criticise than usual. I need not say that I am always delighted with Sarasate personally, even when I differ from him; but I will now utter my string of complaints and have done.

The Scotch Symphony did not go as if it had been rehearsed at all. Of course the band knew it, but that is never enough. The excellence of Ella's Musical Union in its palmy days consisted in the recognition of this fact. No work was ever scamped there; no rehearsal ever shirked. Then Max Bruch's Concerto was not up to Max Bruch's mark. I like his Scotch Concerto better, un-Scotch though it be. Even with Sarasate, this G Minor Concerto dragged. The *Fantaisie* on "Carmen" was not well put together. One would suppose that Sarasate had never heard "Carmen"—the light, frolicsome, and strictly speaking "cheeky" music was rendered as slow and solemn as a funeral march; indeed, the whole was too slow. Then Rubinstein's two ballet airs from "Der Dämon" were quite out of place: ballet music can seldom be transported to the concert-room: a ballet without the *ballerina!*—'tis like "Othello" without the Moor of Venice. Nor was the music in this case very exciting, or excellent either. In Chopin's Nocturne in E flat, and in the gipsy music, Sarasate was, of course, again in his element; but his liberties with the time, even for a solo violinist, were excessive, and his style often loses force from exaggeration. The *tempo rubato* is one thing, but the tempo without tempo is another. Paganini and Chopin both altered the value of notes without breaking the time; what they took from one part of the bar or phrase they restored to the other. The ear was thus dallied with, but not cheated out of its musical rhythm. Sarasate has not this art. The detail enamours him too much, and he sometimes loses his grasp on the musical intention. But the detail is so exquisite, and the delicacy and facility of his execution, and I must say the tone of his violin, are so choice, that one has to be cross in hot weather to dwell on what still appear to me defects of conception. The hall was very full. Sarasate gives one more concert on the evening of May 21.

I suppose we may count to-night upon the re-appearance of that phenomenon, Bottesini. I remember the sensation he created with his double-bass when he appeared in England for the first time. I heard him some thirty years ago. Out of the big fiddle, over which he stooped lovingly, with his exquisite, long-fingered hands, like a woman's, and his immovable and Mephistophelean face, always gazing at the audience—came those weird, soft, flute-like notes, which thrilled and astonished those who expected the grunting scrape of the usual bass-viol. I recollect him one night playing at the Old Surrey Zoological Gardens. It was a lovely summer evening. Jullien was there, with his enormous white waistcoat, his prodigious gold throne of a fauteuil, and his wide, pasty, good-humoured, sentimental face. His band had just done the British Army quadrilles, and the great conductor had sunk back exhausted with his efforts, when suddenly there was a movement in the band, and Signor Bottesini made his way to the front with his colossal fiddle (by the way, it is really small for a double-bass). It was all in the open—the fortress of Gibraltar was depicted on the mimic lake, and the mighty ships lay ready to be blown to bits an hour later in the firework siege—and presently the liquid notes floated out on the still evening air—soft and long drawn out as a nightingale's—and the hushed crowd stood and listened, and could hardly believe that the sounds they heard came from the big fiddle. No doubt they will be heard again to-night in St. James's Hall—probably the very same solo, for Bottesini seemed to me not to have above half a dozen solos at the outside, and he has played them for forty years all over the civilised world, and the world still listens and wonders! It is surprising that in all that time he found no rival or imitator. He reigns absolutely alone, with the exception of Rubinstein, as the most "phenomenal" player in the world.

The Bach Choir closes its season, under the direction of Mr. Otto Goldschmidt, this evening (May 14). It has accomplished, with exemplary patience and unflagging love, the labour of producing some of the great poetic contrapuntist's most difficult works. It opens its programme to-night with a selection from the cantata, "A Stronghold Sure," and follows it on with Mozart's "Requiem Mass," Brahms's "Song of the Fates," and a "Credo" of Cherubini.

Richter's concert on Monday leaned heavily—as it ought to do—to Wagner and Brahms. I excessively admire Richter's conducting of Beethoven—although he takes him slower than we are accustomed to—but I love his conducting of Wagner. There is one man only who approaches, and sometimes surpasses, Richter as a conductor of Wagner, that is Von Bülow. Richter is always at his level best—the unerring master; but there are moments in the death-scene of Isolde, for instance, or in the "Kaiser-Marsch," when Von Bülow is positively inspired. I looked in at his recital last week. It was very full. I was quite fascinated by the clearness of his pianoforte declamation—if I may so call it. Such a union of sensibility and intelligence is seldom to be found in one brain. The most abstruse works of Brahms are easy to listen to, and grow distinct beneath his touch. He is like a powerful magnifier. Here is a drop of water full of life beneath a low power, and ill-focussed. I can see something, but all is confused in motion—a microscopic haze and a general jumble of rushing organisms. But put on your highest power and focus it well—suddenly all grows clear, distinct—I can watch each living, developing creature. It is so with this rushing medley of musical elements when Von Bülow plays. He puts the most abstruse music under high power and focusses it for you.

There are small concerts by the score just now. We had Mdlle. Ida Henry's concert last night, at Princes' Hall, with that meritorious artist, Herr Straus as violin, and that

The Kaps Pianofortes, grand and upright. These celebrated instruments can be obtained at C. E. Flavell's, 26, North Audley-street, W.

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excellent American baritone-tenor or tenor-baritone, Mr. Winch. Then Miss Margaret Wild's recital was on Monday, at the same hall, with Miss Carlotta Elliot to help—and Signor Scuderi's far more ambitious entertainment took place at St. James's Hall last week, with Carlotta Patti, Carlotta Elliot, and others, to fill up. Of course, the point was that Signor Scuderi plays the guitar as well as the violin. It is possible to play two instruments, no doubt; but it is hardly possible to get the public to believe that you can do it. Poor Regondi did, but he was quite an exception. His concertina and guitar playing were both equally bewitching and wonderful. Paganini also played the guitar as well as the violin, but he was too wise to let the public know it. Scuderi is not too wise; but then he is not as good as Regondi on the guitar, and not quite up to Paganini on the fiddle. He can please, and did please, on both, and had, considering the hard times, a good audience.

Mr. Austin's annual concert at the Albert Hall is one of the events of the season. For many years Mr. Austin has been known to the hundreds who frequent St. James's Hall and apply at his ticket-office, and many have benefited by his ready courtesy, and been indebted to his good offices in various ways. His popularity with singers and public alike fully justifies his selection of the Albert Hall for his annual benefit, and I notice amongst the splendid staff of performers who are to take part in his concert this year the names of Albani, Valleria, Scalchi, Sims Reeves, Santley, Lloyd, and Essipoff. The band of the Second Life Guards will also assist.

The Royal Italian Opera, Covent-garden, continues to hold its own. Madame Albani's impersonation of the "Traviata" was witnessed by a crowded house on Saturday, and Pauline Lucca, who appeared in "Faust" on Monday, naturally excited great enthusiasm. It is a pity that Marconi sings so flat; he can sing in tune, although he cannot act; why is he not more careful to do what he can do? By the way, the enormous bouquet handed to Madame Albani across the footlights was not effective. She could not lift it, and it was at last towed away by the combined power of the company. The old plan of flinging numbers of smaller bunches on to the stage was much more picturesque, spontaneous, and satisfactory. I believe New York is responsible for the wicker apparatus about the size of a clothes-basket that now usually makes its appearance. I shall not be sorry to chronicle its disappearance.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

Somehow or other, Mr. B. W. Leader does not appear to be very popular with the critics, and yet his landscapes are finer, and far more imaginative, than the generality of the work one sees at Burlington House. After a time, most English painters of sea and sky, of village and homestead, become dreadfully mannered and occasionally affected. If Mr. John Brett would only paint a stormy, instead of a summer, sea; if he would only not be so monotonously and scientifically truthful; if he were less photographic, microscopic, precise, and exact, how his many admirers would rejoice! He carries his geological studies too far into the studio. He is too much the schoolmaster turned painter. You can see his pictures, dazzling in their brightness, from the other end of the gallery—the same eternal sunshine, the same everlasting blues and purples, with effects on the waves like shot silk. Doubtless they are true, but we have had twenty years of this work, and it is becoming wearisome. Again, Mr. Hook. The sea to him is always the same, never rougher nor smoother, never greener nor bluer; the atmosphere to him never changes; the fisher-lads all over the world that Mr. Hook inhabits have the same copper-coloured, Cornish complexions. Very pretty, no doubt, but decidedly monotonous. Mr. Vicat Cole sins in precisely the same respect. He is always on the top of a hill surveying a gorgeous panorama. It is very fine, very bright, very nobly coloured, but it is the same kind of picture, whether representing the Weald of Kent or Oxford spires from Iffley. To find fault with these pictures would be an affectation, but they are too laboriously truthful. Nature is not caught in her most poetical aspect or in her most imaginative mood. Not so, Mr. Leader. His two landscapes of this year are singularly fine. One represents "A Glebe Farm on the Welsh Border"; the second—and, on the whole, the better—is called "The Ploughman homeward plods his weary way." Since Frederick Walker and George Mason went over to the majority, we have had no one who so thoroughly appreciates the sentiment of sunset. Mr. Leader's last picture is one that would please wherever it was hung. No one could grow weary of it or wish it were anything else than it is—an evening scene quite as realistic as the most confirmed realists would give us, with the added interest of a sensitive imagination. It is only a picture of an old quiet country farm after a rain-storm. The tired labourer returns from his work as the gorgeous colours of the setting sun illuminate the rain-pools in the muddy lane: over all is peace, quiet, contentment. To contemplate such a picture is to imbibe happiness, and to get rest after the turmoil and trouble of the day. Thousands see and feel such scenes as these, but how few, even of the most gifted, can paint them! There is a great run upon Venice this year. Unhappily, Mr. Logsdail, who painted such a wonderful transcript of Venetian life, is not represented this year at the Academy; but Mr. Fildes and Mr. Van Haanen have turned their visit to the Adriatic to good account. Both are realistic and modern to a fault. Mr. Fildes is, perhaps, a trifle too bright, gaudy, and showy: he sees colours in Venice that no one else can see; he clothes his Venetian damsels in the colours of the rainbow, instead of in the dowdy dresses they wear; but his pictures are evidently attractive to his patrons, and he will probably go on painting Venice for the term of his natural life. One would have thought that an artist who was once so sensitive and so impressionable would have seen something more in Venice than these groups of Venetian blondes and brunettes—would have had some story to tell of pathos, despair, or simple comedy; but his models are for the present sufficient. Directly an artist is elected to honours at the Academy, he becomes monotonously and painfully domestic. "Abandon all imagination who enter here" is written up on the walls of the Academy. Originality is not encouraged; it is considered "bad form" at Burlington House. So Mr. Fildes goes to Venice in order to paint Venetian models skilfully, and Mr. Van Haanen

Minton's China.—Thomas Goode & Co., Artists and Designers in Porcelain, South Audley-street Grosvenor-square.

enters into a workshop to paint the actuality of life amids' the Venetian grisettes. It is enough. They both are modern artists, and serve their market. Mr. Herbert Schmalz, who before now has done some excellent work for the Grosvenor, has narrowly escaped painting a very fine picture. It is called "Too Late." A maiden dead and cold as marble is laid out in the moonbeams with the weeping attendants around her, whilst at the open curtains stands the awestruck figure of her warrior-lover. At least, he should be awestruck, and at that point the picture fails. Had this part of the composition been as fine as the recumbent dead woman; had he been as despairing as she is beautifully dead, it would be as noble a picture as can be found in any gallery. The tone of the work is excellent. Artificial and natural light are cleverly contrasted; but the figure of the astonished warrior spoils the whole. It is striking, but not successful. The "After Culloden: Rebel-hunting," by Seymour Lucas, is by far the best of the pictures purchased under the Chantrey Bequest. The drawing and colouring are alike bold and admirable. There is spirit and dramatic vigour in the scene, and as Mr. Lucas is pretty certain to be the next Associate elected, the prayers of all lovers of art should follow him, to save him from the decrepitude that attends those who are drawn into the sacred fellowship. He is a young man, and he is far too clever and useful a painter to be hamstrung and compelled to use crutches before he has arrived at middle age. Mr. Briton Riviere is evidently in bad health. He has not done himself justice this year, and is feebly represented. That the painter of "Sympathy" should give us "The Enchanted Castle" as a substitute is a subject for sincere regret.

BRITISH MUSEUM MUDDLERS.

Lectures in the British Museum are excellent things, but, like everything else connected with that rather dead-and-alive institution, they are considerably mismanaged. Here has Professor Hodgetts been lecturing now for three successive weeks on "Anglo-Saxon Remains," with the remains before him, and with Mr. Fawcett in the chair, and, out of this great city, only about twenty people have been there to hear what he had to say. Professor Hodgetts is an eminent light of the Moscow University, but who knows that? His lectures are interesting, but who knows where they are held, or when they are to be delivered? It is just the same when Mr. Newton, the Greek scholar; or Mr. Poole, the keeper of the coins; or any one else connected with, or countenanced by, the British Museum, gives forth a store of special knowledge with the unique facilities for illustration afforded by the specimens *in loco*. No one knows, no one goes, and the Professors mostly "waste their sweetness on the desert air." Every Cheap Jack, or Moody and Sankeyite, is a better master of organisation than any one connected with this enormously wealthy repertory of antiquities, with its huge staff of *employés*, for which the country pays £100,000 a year. Why are we not told when learned men are about to orate—adequately told? An advertisement here and there in a scientific paper is not enough—the scientific people already know. It is the outside public that must be reached. Even the showmen at the Crystal Palace, with their sixpence extra to see the spotted horse or the last peep-show, could read the British Museum management a lesson on the shameful way in which their fine material is wasted, and their scientific opportunities neglected.

Those who were fortunate enough to hear Professor Hodgetts on the "Earthen Jar" must have been struck by the able way in which he seemed to get the whole life of the old Anglo-Saxon race out of it. The wine jar admitted us to his feast, the water jar to his domestic life, and the funeral jar to his obsequies. The Professor stood up stoutly for our Saxon origin, and denied that we derived anything we need be proud of from the Latin or Greek culture. He overdid his statements, of course; but he was so anxious to prove us "barbarians" in the old and respectable sense—as applied to all those who resisted Greek and Roman influence—that he perhaps forgot the witness which the Phidian stones and Latin inscriptions, which are still to be found in the British Museum, bore against his trenchant theories. However, Phidias and Virgil, &c., have been somewhat overdone, perhaps, so we may well be content to hear a little about the Anglo-Saxon jar, the sturdy column, and the northern arch. Such symbols of a hardy and ancient civilisation undoubtedly do still bear witness to the Northern force which drove the Romans, and well-nigh stamped the Celt, out of Britain. "The English," he said, "had no need to copy either British or Roman models. They came to England by invitation of a weaker race to help them against certain enemies. They were moral in their lives, stern in their manners, unyielding and obstinate in their convictions, and perfectly satisfied with themselves."

The subsequent lecture on the Rune and the Book were equally suggestive and equally ill attended. Nothing daunted, the Professor spoke with real enthusiasm, like one filled with his subject. 'Tis well that the love of science is capable of being supported by something better than public applause, or the help of those who are officially entrusted with its interests.

THE BARREL ORGAN.

Tune.—Sanitary Sermons in Wax.

A prominent feature in the Health Exhibition is a series of wax figures, showing how our ancestors have dressed themselves at various stages of our nation's history.—*Weekly Paper.*

It is all very well, in our Health Exhibition,
To show us what used to be England's condition;
It is very amusing, no doubt, there to see
What guys our forefathers elected to be,
And how, age after age, caring nothing for science,
They set sanitarian fads at defiance.
All this is amusing to note, we repeat;
But it still leaves the Show, as we think, incomplete.

These figures of wax, with expressions so humorous,
Might be with advantage, for instance, more numerous,
Presenting, as well as the types passed away,
The living and actual types of to-day.
Those shown are, no doubt, highly useful so far,
But what we would see is ourselves as we are,
And by noting our weaknesses, shown up in wax,
Would learn what 'tis prompts current censors' attacks.

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Vanity Fair says:—"Mr. Benjamin is still the Prince of Ulsters and Stalking-Coat Makers." Ulster House, Conduit-street, W

One figure we'd place in a prominent niche
Is the modern patrician, round-shoulder'd and rich;
His cheeks should be mottled, his nose should be red,
Half his hair should have dropped from his well-chiselled head;
His flesh should look puffy, his eyesight seem dim,
And the gout should have seized upon each nether limb;
Whilst his teeth should be false, and bepadded his chest—
A mass of dyspeptic disorders at best!

And close by the side of this figure we'd place
A lady of fashion, and fortune, and grace,
With her waist clasped so tight by the corset she wears,
That, in size, to a wasp's a resemblance it bears;
With her feet so pinched in by her boots, and compress'd,
That 'twere torture to walk and keen anguish to rest;
Whilst her toilette throughout, thanks to Fashion's false fads,
Is all puff, paint, and powder, pomatum and pads!

On the next vacant spot, if due space could be found,
We would rear up a City man, podgy and round,
With a port-vinous face, in the which one could read
To what civic guzzling and gluttony lead.
With a bullocky neck, apoplexy suggesting,
And a waistcoat a vast corporation investing;
An unreformed body untroubled with wits,
And a self-prepared victim for seizures and fits!

Side by side with this man, to comparison aid,
An alley-bred waif should be freely displayed;
A form cramped and stunted, a wan, wizened face,
And a shy shifty eye, mark his court-nurtured race;
His limbs dwarfed and twisted by fever's harsh touch—
A bundle of tatters, sustained by a crutch—
The outcome of ages of sinful neglect,
Whose presence is doomed to debase and infect.

Nor must we omit, 'midst our figures to place
A type of the Masher's effeminate race;
A pasty-faced youth, with a lack-lustre eye,
And the slangiest garments bad taste can supply.
With a stay-fashioned waist and fine linen galore,
With a brain that grows less as his hat-brim curls more,
With half-paralyzed limbs and a back badly bent,
A mixture of starch, wired gardenias, and scent!

And opposite him as a fit *vis-à-vis*,
The "Music-hall 'Arry," by rights we should see,
A short, sallow man, clad in cheap, shoddy clothes,
Who reeks of cheap spirits, tobacco, and oaths;
With a chest that is narrow and mouth that is wide,
And a pallor nights spent in foul air have supplied;
With of strength or of stamina never a trace,
The type of a sodden, emasculate race!

On a pedestal high, as a warning, 'twere well
To place in position a last season's belle,
And to show in her face how those six months in town
Have brought down her strength and built up her renown;
How those nights in hot salons her roses have faded,
How her social success has her energies jaded,
And left her, a wreck, to the sad contemplation
Of her much lowered health and her raised reputation!

Nor should space be denied for a figure *petite*
Of a young English girl, once so winsomely sweet;
But now—through the system of forcing in use!—
A premature woman with knowledge profuse;
As prim as she's proper, unable to grow,
The stress of her studies o'ershadows her so;
And in science and language so splendidly skill'd,
That her laughter is dead and her girlishness chill'd.

Yes! these are a few of the figures we hope
That the Health Exhibition, enlarging its scope,
Will bid Mr. Wingfield forthwith take in hand,
And place, in due course, 'mongst his wax-modelled band.

For much as the figures already set there
May make us our great satisfaction declare,
The typical models to which we allude
Would with our amusement instruction include;

And, further, would show us how badly-spent wealth
And poverty grim, both are fatal to health;
How civic excesses and social success
Alike make our national vigour the less;
How the foibles of Fashion force victims to moan,
And Masherdom lowers the national tone.
They would hold up, in short, to correction and scorn,
Many evils the land has too patiently borne.

We should look at the figures, and gather from thence
How much of our life is mere specious pretence;
We should see how our garments are fashioned to hide
Petty shams and deceptions suggested by pride;
And tearing the mask from existence away,
Should pour on its secrets the light of pure day,
Thus making this Health Exhibition to tend
To a pain-saving, life-length'ning, health-giving end.

Sanitary Inspection.—Fee, 2 Guineas. Improvement works undertaken. The Sanitary Engineering Co., 115, Victoria-st., Westminster.

NOTES FROM PARIS.

AN OLD "CLAIMANT" TO THE FORE.

It's a mistake to suppose the Royalists are more united than they were in the Comte de Chambord's lifetime. Some evenings ago, at a dinner-party, I sat beside a nobleman of old family and old-fashioned notions, who has occupied many diplomatic posts, and been a good deal in the far and farthest East. I found he had *esprit*, to which liver complaint had given "biting" power. He talked a good deal about politicians and politics, and irreverently asserted that *le Bon Dieu* had since 1789 *complètement lâché la Monarchie*. Chambord was a splendid figure-head, but his *coquine* (*sic*) of a wife rendered him useless, even in that capacity. There was a moment in 1859, when a well and widely-organised military conspiracy was ripe to put him on the Throne. It would have succeeded if he went ahead. But the Comtesse de Chambord persuaded him to fold his arms and trust to Jove, who only helps those who help themselves. She was afraid that if he were restored, he would, at the Vatican, have made out good reasons to obtain a divorce. The Comte de Paris was, the bilious diplomatist told me, a weak-willed and yet an obstinate fool, and his wife was ridiculous. Who ever before heard of a Queen of France galloping about on horseback? She and her husband played at being regal at Chantilly, to impose respect for their shadowy Crown on their uncle and his partisans. At Eu they lived like German *hobereaux*. At Cannes they went to balls and parties at *cercles* and private houses, which was against usage. The King of France *devrait rester chez-lui*. It was well enough for a *galopin* like Alphonso to go and sup at the Casa de Campo, but the successor of Louis Quatorze should be the slave of his position. "Do you know who it was," asked the bilious nobleman, "who sent the bomb to the Comte de Paris?" I naturally expressed ignorance. "It was not I," he added quickly; "it

Almond's Hotel, situated in the best position of the West-End and close to the theatres, parks, &c., is now re-opened. A spacious Salle à Manger and Ladies' Drawing-room have also been added, hot and cold baths and many single bedrooms. Special attention directed to sanitary arrangements. Clifford-street, Bond-street, W. —J. R. Roy, Proprietor.

was an intelligent Legitimist. If *le bon Dieu* had been with us, the Comte de Paris would have been removed, and the Duc d'Orléans would have mounted the throne under the Regency of the Duc d'Aumale, who is clever, but gouty, irresolute, and hampered by his nephew and niece. Royalty is done for unless Naundorff turns up a trump. If there is a judgment in his favour, I shall go and pay my homage to him." "Why not go at once?" I asked. "I don't wish to be ridiculous," he answered. "The Judges of the Republic are all *coquins* and *canaille*, but still they are Judges. They can give to a lump of inert metal circulating power."

"Naundorff," *alias* Charles Louis de Bourbon, is an old claimant, or rather one of a family of old claimants, to the heritage of the ancient Monarchy. His father set up to be Louis XVII. Louis Philippe had either the *bêtise* or the *scélératesse* to prevent his claim being looked into, and instead of allowing him to produce the many witnesses in his favour in court, he ordered him to be turned out of France. The Corsican Judge of Instruction—Zangiacomi—was appointed to examine into the affair, and if he had found good cause for showing up the "Claimant," he would presumably, the friends of Charles Louis argue, have done so. But he advised the putting on quietly of a police extinguisher, and accordingly the alleged Dauphin was shipped off to England. He died in Holland in 1846, where, owing to the representations of the French Minister, he had difficulty that year in landing at Breda. In 1873 the eldest son of the alleged Dauphin raised his father's claim, and got Jules Favre to take up his cause. He went to law with the Comte de Chambord for the private property of the old Royal family. Jules Favre had begun to plead for the original claimants in 1842. Before accepting a brief from the claimant's children in 1873 he talked over the matter with Thiers, who not only encouraged him to go on, but promised to give him a *coup de collier*, and instructed Mignet and De Rémusat to seek in the Foreign Office archives for all the diplomatic correspondence about Naundorff from 1815 to 1846. Unluckily for his clients, Jules Favre blabbed about the mine that was being sprung under the Frohsdorf and Twickenham Pretenders. The knowledge that Thiers was for the Dutch Bourbon afforded the Monarchists in the Assembly a new and cogent reason to pitch him out of office. They asked each other, if the claim of Naundorff was made out, where would the Comte de Chambord and Comte de Paris be, and to what saint *faudrait-il se vouer?* The case was heard in February, 1874. Jules Favre, in losing it, gained fresh laurels. He made a speech which he took five days to deliver, and which, not to fatigue the judges, he rendered as interesting as a sensation novel. By his advice one of the members of the original claimant's family was not a party to the suit, so as to be able, if his brothers and sisters were defeated, to come forward at a more propitious time. It is he who now is at law with the heirs and legatees of the Comte de Chambord for restitution of the estate of the Duchesse d'Angoulême. It was found hard to serve a writ on Don Carlos, who has no regular domicile. Doña Margarita's houses and lands are for her own separate use and benefit. The difficulty was thus solved: Carlos is a Grandee of Spain, and, by a fiction of Spanish law, is domiciled at the Town-hall of Madrid.

I have not space to go into the pros and cons of the Charles Louis Bourbon affair. There are many things to be said for and against. Jules Favre had on his side Louis Blanc, M. de Joly, the last Finance Minister of Louis XVI., the Comte de Brémont, private secretary of that King; M. and Madame Marco St. Hilaire, usher to Louis XVI. and lady reader to his aunt, Madame Victoire; Madame de Raimbaud, head nurse of the last Dauphin, who never left him from the day of his birth to the date of his imprisonment; Comte Gruau de la Barré, last Procurator of Louis XVI., and the Abbé de Jouy, who catechised the Dauphin at St. Cloud. The Court of Holland has been also with the claimant from 1846 to the present time. The last Queen but one, Anna Paulowna, alleged that she did not, when proposed for by Talleyrand, in the name of the Duc de Berri, accept that Prince, because the Court of Berlin had proved to the Czar Alexander, her brother, that the Dauphin was alive.

The present or technical claimant is an officer in the Dutch Navy. He serves King William under the name of Emmanuel de Bourbon. One of his brothers, Adelbert, is an officer in those horse-marines, the Netherlandish Chasseurs. The real "pursuer," as the Scotch would say, of the heirs of the Comte de Chambord, is the eldest daughter of the first claimant. She is known as the Princesse Amélie. Her legal name is Madame de Laprade, *née* de Bourbon, or Naundorff. I have never seen a more unique woman. She is innocent of paint, powder, or hair-dye; is without any pretence to fashion, and owns to sixty-five. Yet it would never occur to any one to call her an old woman. She startlingly resembles both Marie Antoinette and the Duchesse d'Angoulême, and has the small blue eyes of the former, and the pink eyelids of the latter. This peculiarity is not caused by any disease. Where the Princesse Amélie is unlike her alleged "grandmother" and "aunt" is in the extraordinary bulk of her forehead, which is finely developed in all directions. The conversational powers of this lady are astonishing. She can talk with fluency, force, propriety, and elegance in English, Dutch, French, and German. Her manners are easy and affable, and yet there is something in them which enforces deep respect. With strangers, she is lively without being at all frivolous. But when she converses about her family history, she does so with a pathos which makes the flesh of the listener creep. One would say that she has an inherited sentiment of all the woes that were experienced by the captives in the Temple. I feel with her when she is in a confidential mood as if she were a ghost, who was punished for sins that she did not commit. I forget that I am nothing to Hecuba, nor Hecuba to me. Her father may have been an impostor, but she must be in good faith in thinking him the son of Louis XVI., and the martyr of an ironical destiny. "La Princesse Amélie" resides on a pretty ground-floor near the Arch of Triumph, which a wealthy Legitimist lady has placed at her disposal. It is elegantly furnished.

Rowland's Odonto whitens the teeth and prevents decay. Is quite free from acid and mineral ingredients. Sold by Chemists.

Riding Habits.—Specialty of John Redfern & Sons. Ladies' Tailors by Appointment to H.R.H. the Princess of Wales, 26, Conduit-street, London, W. Also at Cowes and Paris.

The household is composed of three domestics, the landlady (a charming person), and a lady of honour (a Vicomtesse of old Poitevin family), whose husband was the editor of one of the principal Legitimist journals subventioned by Chambord. There is no Royal household in all Europe *mieux stylé.*

Princesse Amélie has seen a good deal of courtly society, and no Queen ever understood better how to hold a Drawing-room or a *petite levée.* In her girlhood, forty-five years ago, she was much noticed and petted by the King and Queen of Saxony, and later by the Queen of the Netherlands, *née* Grand Duchess of Russia. Her courtly air may therefore be imitated, spontaneous though it appears. The company one meets in her drawing-room is, if gauged by the herald's standard, *tout ce qu'il-y-a de plus distingué.* I wanted her lady of honour to let me be *indiscret* in publishing a list of those who flock round "the Princess," but as many of them have not yet broken with the Orleans and the other Bourbons, she thought better to decline. The family of the alleged eldest branch, being honourably known in Holland, distinguished old Dutch families come to the Princesse Amélie's *soirées.* They include very ornamental young ladies, who have fresh skins, eyes showing a Spanish cross, and neat figures. They dance and dress well. Without being flirts, they have a simple gaiety that becomes their age. A Minister Plenipotentiary of I must not say what nation, is a cousin of the widowed landlady, and brings young secretaries and *attachés* of legation. Journalism is represented by a very big editor of the *Débats*, and by gentlemen belonging to the *Figaro*, *Voltaire*, *Temps*, and other papers. Editors of defunct Legitimist organs also flock in. At the day receptions one meets Brittany and Vendean priests, who enter and make their exit timidly. They and the laics of their way of thinking are attracted to the Princess because of the great difficulties of her case. They have been educated to believe in and hope for miracles. What staggers my faith strengthens theirs. Racine, too, has prepared their minds for a miraculously preserved Dauphin, in his tragedy of "Athalie." If the *soi-disant* grandson of Louis XVI. had money and energy he might go far in a country in which *tout est possible.* But he and his brothers are poor and unenterprising. They may win partisans in Royalist chateaux, but cannot hurt the Republic.

CONCERNING PRINCESS ALICE.

I have never shown myself a courtier in my "Truthful" notes, and therefore hope not to incur the charge of sycophancy when I say of the letters of the Princess Alice that they produce on me the effect of a breath of pure air in an exhausted atmosphere. They show neither literary artifice nor taste, bright wit nor keen intellect, but elevated feeling and a thoughtful mind, and noble and beautiful aims. If she had been an obscure person, and had had to work for magazines, she would not have earned the merest bread and cheese. She gives me the impression of a sweet flower of the "Pilgrim's Progress." There is a homeliness, a kindliness, and, I may add, a heavenliness in her which would have rendered her a meet companion for Christiana and her simple-minded daughter-in-law, when, impelled by *la nostalgie du ciel*, they set out on their pilgrimage. The revelations of her struggles in not only trying how to make both ends meet, but how to give scope to her fine and yet homely instincts and to keep alive her better nature are instructive as they are interesting. Miss Emily Faithfull tells us that in the United States young girls complained to her that without fine clothes they had no chance. It may be some comfort to those who are unable to dress fashionably to read how the Princess Alice made "out-walking" dresses with unembroidered paletots which were to carry her daughters through a whole summer. The tendency of her letters should be to teach the prosperous not to be [illegible]se-proud, the good folks not to be self-[illegible] [illegible]eel people to be more sincere and [illegible] I think they also tend to teach that we [illegible] where, and that we are never more so than [illegible] trying simply and honestly to be useful. There are strains to which thousands of women of fine nature are subjected which were not put upon the Princess Alice. As daughter of the Queen of England, she was far above the highest ladies at Darmstadt, and might be a law unto herself. Her circumstances were cramped, but she never underwent the freezing chill of poverty; and what with lectures, theatres, country drives, and the society of Strauss and other thoughtful Germans, her surroundings were of a nature to help her mind and moral being in their upward evolution.

The first time I heard of the Princess Alice in the character in which she unconsciously paints herself in her letters was in an unexpected and curious way. It was at Louis Blanc's, in the Rue de Rivoli. Hepworth Dixon had just come from Spain, and was a visitor there. He and some other persons were sitting round the dining-room fire to hear Louis Blanc read an article he had written for the *Rappel.* The German maid-of-all-work, who was at once companion and servant to Madame Louis Blanc, and was in the habit of free speech, came in to lay the table for dinner. There was a passage in the article against German feudalism in general and the Princes of Mecklenburg and Hesse-Darmstadt in particular, who had carried the voracious double-headed eagle into Anjou and Touraine. Lisbeth, the maid, cried out, "That's all nonsense what you read, so far as my Prince is concerned. He is a kind man, and did no harm that he could avoid. His wife is always doing good to the poor, and she is just as quiet and unpretending as if she were nobody. If you were to see the difference in that way between her and the ladies of English family who come for cheapness and education for their children to Darmstadt! I know something of them both." Hepworth Dixon pricked up his ears and questioned Lisbeth, who was from Darmstadt, had been long a nursery-maid in an English household there, and was the daughter of a mason employed at the Residence. She had much to say about the kindliness of the Princess. H.R.H., we were told, in order to give money, which she could ill spare, to the aunt of Lisbeth, when her husband was ill of typhus fever, went for a long

Minton's (Limited). — Minton's China. A visit to Messrs. Mortlock's extensive collection in Oxford-st. and Orchard-st. will conclusively prove the superiority of taste and lowness of price for which this house has been so celebrated during the last century and a half.

time in cobbled boots and shoes. She used to go to an institute she patronised for training servants and instruct them herself in kitchen, laundry, and other work, "without fuss or flurry." She was worn to a shadow by the anxieties the war cost her, and was blamed for feeling too kindly towards the French. Testimony from such a humble source as Lisbeth, given in Louis Blanc's dining-room, and under the cross-examination of Hepworth Dixon, is more valuable than if it emanated from a courtier.

SPORTING NOTES.

MR. JOHN FOY, the owner of Scot Free, is one of the most remarkable men on the turf, although his name is probably unknown to four-fifths of the people who take an active interest in racing affairs—a class permeating every section of English society of late years, *i.e.*, since the turf became what Lord Beaconsfield denounces it as in "Endymion," "a vast engine of national demoralisation." Mr. Foy is one of the exceedingly select band who have won fortunes on the turf by backing horses in a legitimate way. I say "legitimate way" advisedly, for the successes of the pestilent gangs of professional backers which have arisen of late years are principally due to disgraceful breaches of confidence on the part of jockeys and other stable *employés*. Mr. Foy started from Manchester, as also did his friends Mr. John Saville and the late Mr. Whittaker, and his beginnings were humble. His first good *coup* was in 1866, when he did the principal part of the commission when Lecturer won the Cesarewitch for Lord Hastings. An enormous stake was won on this race, and not only was the money invested on very advantageous terms, but every sixpence was forthcoming on the following Tuesday. Lord Hastings had not usually been so happy in reaping the fruits of his *coups*, and he was therefore the more delighted with the manner in which Mr. Foy had done his work. The result of the alliance which was then formed was not fortunate. Mr. Foy followed Lord Hastings's lead in the disastrous Derby of 1867 (Hermit's), and was very hard hit. He recovered himself to some extent during the latter part of the season, but the defeat of Lady Elizabeth in the Derby of the following year was a crash, and brought him to the verge of ruin. It was generally supposed that Mr. Foy was "settled" by the Derby, but these sinister rumours were falsified on the following Monday, when he paid away the best part of £20,000. Mr. Foy was too sagacious a man to try to "rush" back his losses, and for some time he considerably restricted the scale of his operations. It was, I believe, about this period that he became concerned in the commission of the late Baron Meyer de Rothschild, and this connection proved a highly profitable one. 1871 was Mr. Foy's great year, and in the course of that season he won a fortune which he has known well how to take care care of. He commenced by doing Mr. Jardine's Bothwell commission for the Two Thousand, and netted a good stake on the race. For the Derby Mr. Foy threw over Bothwell, and went for a still larger stake on Favonius (who was not engaged in the Two Thousand). He steadily followed "the Baron" in the Oaks, Leger, and Cesarewitch, and landed a considerable sum on each, the largest being on the last. In 1873 Mr. Foy went for a great Cambridgeshire *coup* on his own horse, Walnut, who was beaten by a head by Montargis, who was giving him a lot of weight. It was the universal opinion that the second ought to have won, and, indeed, many people vowed that Walnut had won, and that Mr. Clark had made a mistake. The zeal of "Pavo" in this controversy so entirely outran his discretion that the judge threatened to bring him before the Stewards of the Jockey Club. Walnut was freely backed by his owner for the City and Suburban (won by Aldrich), as well as on other occasions, but altogether he proved a most unprofitable possession. In the summer of 1873 Mr. Foy bought Plebeian, as a yearling, from his breeder, Mr. Nelson. He afterwards let Mr. Christophers have a half share in him. Plebeian won the most sensational Middle Park Plate ever known. The betting on the race that year was heavier than it ever was before or than it has ever been since. Books were opened at Doncaster, and a horse could be backed without difficulty to win £50,000. Never were there so many certainties. Holy Friar, it was declared, could not be beaten, and his friends were certainly most confident. On the stand, when the horses were at the post, Mr. Chaplin offered to lay 2,000 to 1,000 on Mr. King's colt against Plebeian, to a member who recommended him to save himself on the latter. Galopin also, it was supposed by many clever people, could not be beaten; and it was the same with the Danebury candidate, Per Se, whose owner stood 16,000 to 1,000; and with Punch, a colt belonging to Count Lagrange. The result was that Plebeian won by a head from Per Se, who was a head in front of Galopin; and then came an objection on the ground of a cannon, which objection was not decided by the Stewards till after the racing. It may be imagined that the agony of the owners of Plebeian was rather piled up, especially that of Mr. Foy, who, in the meantime, had received some score of congratulatory telegrams from absent members of the Rothschild family and many friends in town. In the end the objection was overruled, after a very long deliberation, but it was a very narrow squeak. Since that *coup* the principal success of Mr. Foy's colours (till the other day) was Strathearn's unexpected Hunt Cup victory in 1880. Mr. Foy has usually kept a few horses in training, and he invariably attends the principal meetings; but having quite as much money as he can possibly want, he only bets now in comparatively small sums, and rarely invests until the last moment. This is doubly wise, for there is no risk of losing the money by a breakdown or other accident, and, moreover, it affords an impregnable excuse for getting rid of the pertinacious "stand-in" division, who clamour for their winnings if the thing comes off, but who carefully keep at a distance if the issue is a defeat. Mr. Foy has for many years hunted regularly every season in the Vale of Aylesbury, and he is one of the best known and most popular "pursuers" of that county.

"International Health and House-Drainage Association." Reports made and work executed on all questions relating to sanitation on the co-operative principle. Broadway-chambers, Westminster, S.W.

Litchfields, 28 and 30, Hanway-street, Oxford-street, W. A Collection of 40 Old Fans, some of them of remarkable quality and of the best period—old French early 18th-Century work.

One paper eulogises the late Mr. Gee as a mainstay of the turf, and another describes him as "the breeder of Camballo." Mr. Gee, who began life as a "Jeames," made his fortune by marrying his wealthy mistress—a foolish old spinster. He patronised the turf in a desultory sort of way for many years, but of late his interest both in racing and breeding had entirely ceased, and he withdrew his donation of £300 to the Dewhurst Plate after the sale of his stud. I would again suggest to the Stewards of the Jockey Club to rechristen this stake the Peel Plate. It is discreditable that there should be no memorial at Newmarket of one of the best sportsmen, truest gentlemen, and most distinguished men who ever went upon the Heath. General Peel was an ornament and a bulwark of the Jockey Club, and the members ought not to suffer his name to be forgotten on the turf. Mr. Gee gave great sums for Lord Clifden and Scottish Chief, but his most sensational transaction was his purchase, in August, 1872, of the whole of the late Lord Stamford's breeding stud for £18,000—a speculation into which he was "rushed" by the late Mr. Cavaliero, whose absorbing desire was to obtain possession of Cambuscan for £5,000, and Mr. Gee promised to sell him the horse at that very moderate price if he bought the stud. If Cambuscan had been put up to auction he would have fetched more, but this was Mr. Cavaliero's limit. The sale nearly produced a lawsuit between Messrs. Tattersall and Lord Stamford; and, in the end, the vendor admitted that he had acted wrongly. Mr. Gee no more bred Camballo than Sir John Willoughby bred Queen Adelaide or Harvester, for that horse was sold as a foal with the rest of Lord Stamford's stud. The histories of the Dewhurst and the Middle Park studs are in some respects both ludicrous and melancholy, but they are certainly full of warning and instruction to breeders.

The Kingsclere people seem to be floundering and blundering most egregiously. It is clear that they want both rudder and compass. First there was the tragedy of St. Blaise, who was "sure to win," although it did not appear that there were any tangible grounds for such exuberant confidence. Then came Sandiway, who had been so tried with Whipper In that she could not lose the One Thousand, but who in the race stopped to nothing in the Abingdon Bottom. Lastly, there is Cherry, who on Friday won the Kempton Grand Prize in a canter, giving away "tons of weight" to several well-tried animals, and who was only backed for a trifle. It is certain that Cherry would have been a much better candidate at Newmarket than Sandiway proved, and it is not easy to understand why the former was scratched. She ought to run well for the Oaks. The trial must have been all wrong. Cherry, who is a very handsome filly, is own sister to Energy, and cost 1,000 gs. as a yearling. She only ran once last year, at the Houghton meeting, when she won the Troy Stakes in a walk. This race disposed of Mount Royal as a Derby outsider, for he broke a blood-vessel. There was a fine race at Kempton for the Westminster Cup (in which Barcaldine caused such a sensation last year), and Geheimniss gave Lowland Chief 7 lb. and beat him cleverly. The mare has improved vastly since "st season. Her next engagement is in the All Aged Stakes

Ascot on the Cup day, in which Duke of Richmond, Borneo, Despair, and Sister to Adelaide colt are also entered. Paul made his first appearance here. He is own brother

Peter, and good looking, but, unluckily, a roarer. He ought, however, to win some valuable T.Y.C. stakes for "Mr. Manton." On Saturday, Laverock was easily beaten in the Breeders' Plate by his stable companion, Necromancer, by Touchet—Enchantress, who belongs to Mr. Q. East, and who must have been well tried, as he was made a very hot favourite. He is in a race at Salisbury next week, but I should imagine that he will be reserved for the Whitsuntide Plate at Manchester, which is worth £2,000, and in which he will again meet Laverock, and also Lady Gladys. There are some "dark" two-year-olds of high repute in this race. Mr. Chaplin's Tacitus, by Hermit—Alone's dam, is a very promising colt, but he wants time.

The Chester Cup was a dismal failure, and ended in the victory of a common plater. It is said that Cameliard (who was certainly "thrown in") ought to have won, but that he was almost knocked over at a critical point. This excuse for his defeat will render it necessary for his heart-sick backers to "stand" him at Manchester. The running for the Dee Stakes is calculated entirely to settle Garb Or as a Derby candidate. The people who backed him for that race (and he was at 25 to 1 not long ago) must be indeed both anserous and asinine. The Chester meeting had every chance, but manifestly it is at its very last gasp, and, if it is to be kept alive, the managers must ignore the irrational prejudices of the Duke of Westminster and the hysterical screeching of "Pavo," and institute "a gate" forthwith.

MAMMON.

MESSAGE-MILKING.

FOR a good many years I have protested against what I have termed the Cable Ring. Soon after the commencement of ocean telegraphy, cables and cable making fell into the hands of a gang, many members of which feathered their own nests by means of dummy contracts and the usual devices of City gentlemen eager to make money. Having done this, they attempted to establish a monopoly for themselves of the oceans of the world. The gang had their cables to America and to the East. Naturally, so long as there was no opposition, they could charge what they liked, and, as they only looked to the immediate present, and asserted that cables would last for ever, dividends were large. Their next step was to water their capitals, and this to such an extent that, without any increase of assets, their nominal capitals became doubled. But it was essential that voting power should remain in the hands of the gang. They, therefore, established a trust called the "Globe Trust." Any holder of a share in a Cable Company might exchange it for a Globe Trust share. Thus

A Beautiful Complexion.—Hagan's Magnolia Balm gives a pure and blooming complexion. It restores and preserves youthful beauty. Its effects are gradual, natural, and perfect. It removes redness, blotches, pimples, tan, sunburn, and freckles, and makes a lady of thirty appear but twenty. The Magnolia Balm makes the skin smooth and pearly, and imparts a fresh appearance to the countenance. Hagan's Magnolia Balm has been established nearly 40 years, and is sold by all Chemists and Perfumers.

John Shaw, Share Broker, Wardrobe-chambers, Queen Victoria-st. deals at tape prices an inclusive commission of one-sixteenth.

the voting power of the shareholder in the Cable Company of which he had been a shareholder was extinguished. Not satisfied with this, the Globe Trust was empowered to create a Preference share for every Ordinary share issued. This device gave the gang cash to buy out competition. It was done in this way. Some cable, of no great value, would be bought for, say, £100,000. This gave the right to create Preference shares for a like amount. The shares would be created, and sold. Then, with the funds realised, the shares of the competing Company would be bought up.

The figure-head of this financing association may be taken to be Pender, M.P., and not satisfied with a huge income from salaries, &c., this ingenuous gentleman actually urged on the Government that he ought to be made a baronet, a suggestion which, of course, did not meet with the approval of Mr. Gladstone.

Pender, M.P., is chairman or director of many Cable Companies. Amongst them are the Eastern Cable Company and the Direct United States Cable Company. All the Atlantic Cable Companies are now in the hands of the ring, and so indignant are the Americans, that under the auspices of Mr. James Gordon Bennett, a new independent Company has been formed, which has already laid one cable, and will in a short time lay a second. This has settled the attempts of the ring to convert the Atlantic into a private pond. The shares of the associated Companies have fallen, and in all probability will fall still lower.

In the Mediterranean and in the Eastern Seas the ring is still master of the ocean depths. It has, as yet, no competitor. The prices of cablegrams are excessive, because they are calculated to pay a dividend not on real capital, but on a bogus capital, and to enable the chairman to take an annual trip in a yacht with his friends.

The recent case which was tried before Chief Justice Coleridge reveals, however, a state of things in connection with this Company which is a public scandal, and which raises points of vital importance to newspaper proprietors, journalists, and to private individuals.

I gather from the evidence, that on the morning of Tel-el-Kebir, Mr. Burleigh, the special correspondent of the Central News Agency, put in a telegram, announcing the victory, at 4.10 a.m. (English time). The telegram consisted of 922 words, and Mr. Burleigh stood by whilst it was being sent. It was despatched over the military line to Ismailia. The last words were received there, according to one record, at 4.42, and, according to another, at 5.27. Be this as it may, the message was sent on from Ismailia to Alexandria, *viâ* Port Said, at 7, and the first word reached Alexandria at 8.25 or 8.35, from whence it was at once forwarded, *viâ* Malta and Marseilles, to London, reaching the Central News at 9.52.

Now it so happened that Sir Charles Wilson was at Ismailia on the Tel-el-Kebir morning. He heard about eight o'clock that there had been a victory. On this he went to the military telegraph tent, and saw the telegrams which had arrived from the front, and sent off a telegram to Sir Edward Malet at Alexandria. In this telegram he gave Burleigh's approximate guess of forty guns having been captured, and the jury found—as, indeed, he did not deny—that he had read Burleigh's telegram. The message, being an official one, was at once expedited, and reached the *John Pender* telegraph ship at 9.5. It was retransmitted from the ship to the shore, and at 9.15 Sir Edward Malet received his message. When the Wilson message reached Alexandria, about five hundred words of the Burleigh message had already been received, and sent on to Malta. Mr. Benjamin Smith, the Alexandria manager of the Eastern Telegraph Company, was on board the *John Pender* when both the Burleigh and the Wilson telegrams arrived. It is somewhat uncertain whether Smith saw the Burleigh message telegram, or how much he saw of it, if any. He admits that he saw the Wilson telegram; and he at once wrote a "service" message, giving the official telegram word for word, and sent it to M. D. (the Managing Director of the Eastern Company), London. The service message was "expressed," and was dispatched at 9.10 or so. It took precedence of Burleigh's message at Marseilles, reaching the Eastern Telegraph London office some time before 9.30 a.m. Then a most curious thing happened. The managing director of the the Eastern Company was also director of the Exchange Telegraph Company, an Association formed for supplying news, and no sooner was this "service" message received, than it was sent by the Eastern Company's official to the Exchange Telegraph Company, which thus, without the expenditure of one farthing, was able to outstrip its competitor, from whose telegram the news of the victory had originally been taken.

On these facts it is impossible to deny that the Central News Company was damnified by Mr. Smith sending in a so-called "service message" the official news of the Tel-el-Kebir victory, and by the London *employés* of the Eastern Company handing this message over to a competing news agency. If all this was done strictly in accordance with law, it is full time that the law should be altered.

A service message ought to be one which directly concerns the business of the Cable Company transmitting it. Such messages alone should have precedence, and then only when there is urgency. General news is not service news. Why should the Directors of the Eastern Company or its Managing Director have had prior intelligence of the Tel-el-Kebir victory? Admitting that the Directors of the Eastern Company are above all suspicion of using prior news for Stock Exchange purposes, they may be succeeded by men not so scrupulous. The whole system is utterly wrong and indefensible.

Leakage, however, does not alone take place through service messages. Pender, M.P., has made himself notorious by his endeavours to give himself factitious importance by informing his friends of what transpires in various parts of the globe. Who sees the messages which are transmitted through the Eastern Cables when they reach London? Does the Chairman, or does the Managing Director, or, if they do not see them, are they informed of their contents? I hold that no one but the receiving clerk and the transcribing clerk should see them. I was myself a Director of the Direct United States Cable Company. No Director in my time any more dreamt of reading a private telegram, or of obtaining any information respecting its contents, than he would have dreamt of reading a private letter; and to the best of my knowledge no general news was ever

Options.—Explanatory Pamphlet on Stock Exchange Options, post-free. John Abbott & Co., Stock and Share Brokers, 21 and 22, Palmerston Buildings, London, E.C

transmitted through a so-called "service" telegram. Just after the battle of Tel-el-Kebir I read that Pender, M.P., had received in America a cablegram announcing the victory of Tel-el-Kebir, and that he improved the occasion to point out how speedily news can be transmitted a long distance. Did he pay for this? Was it a service message? Another time he telegraphed home from Constantinople a long twaddling speech which he had made to the Sultan. Did he pay for it? Was it a service message?

It is most desirable in the public interests that there should be a competing cable to Egypt and the East. In the meantime I am glad to think that Mr. Fawcett has his eye upon the present practices.

By the way, a curious fact has come to my knowledge. At the trial, the Eastern Telegraph Company sought to demonstrate that Burleigh's telegram had been delayed at Ismailia, and that during the delay two messages, giving the result of the battle from other correspondents, had passed his on one of the wires, one of these messages being to the *New York Herald,* and that these messages were delivered in London before the Burleigh telegram. I am informed, on the authority of the recipient of the *New York Herald* message, that it was not delivered in London until after the Burleigh message to the Central News was on sale in print. Methinks the Eastern Telegraph Company have almost proved too much.

GREEKS.

Some months ago I pointed out that for those who must have high interest on their money, an investment in Greek bonds, was, perhaps, the best way to get it with the smallest risk, and I said that, although the price of the Independence Loan of 1879 was higher than that of the General Loan of 1881, yet, as the former would be entirely paid off at par by annual drawings in a few years, it was, possibly, the better of the two for investors. Since I wrote this, the Independence Loan has advanced above 6 per cent., and the other Loan 2 or 3 per cent. The Greek Budget for 1884 shows a surplus, and there can be but little doubt that Greek securities will soon rank as high as Italian; indeed, intrinsically, I should think that they are the better of the two. I should say that the Independence Loan ought to be at about 98, and the General Loan at about 92 or 93. The present difference between the price of the two seems to me to be excessive.

UNITED HORSE-SHOE AND NAIL COMPANY.

Horse-shoes and nails are very useful, and, in fact, necessary articles, but they have not made the fortunes of this Company. On a capital of £326,000, gross profits of only £5,200 have been earned. In consequence of lavish expenditure, nearly the whole of this sum is absorbed by salaries, directors' fees, commission, rent, &c., leaving but £450 net profit. I am not surprised that the meeting of shareholders was stormy. Expenditure at the rate of £10,000 per annum is enough to kill any business of the kind. There was some unnecessary wrangling between the original Nail and the Horse-Shoe shareholders. One of the former said that they would never have agreed to the amalgamation if such a statement of accounts had been published before. He forcibly suggested that if they were losing on the shoes they should charge a higher price, or else let the shoes go to the "old gentleman." Of course, the original mistake was that the promoter got the lion's share. A concern weighted with patents and shares to the tune of £282,000, and having £55,000 locked up in works and plant, is unfairly handicapped. Bad management there has also been, and the position is precarious. The outside liabilities of the Company exceed the realisable assets. The shareholder who expressed his opinion that the Company had plenty of money to work with must be a very sanguine man. So must the manager be who values the good-will of the business at £20,000, when there is no profit to speak of.

QUEER STORIES.

THE WINNER OF THE HILTON HANDICAP.

JOHN BROWN had commenced life in a Foundling Hospital, and, as a comical little street arab, he had attracted the attention of a young nobleman, who had made himself the talk of the town by his eccentric freaks and reckless extravagance.

It is needless to say John was no fool. Indeed, he was very much the reverse, and as his London street training had developed a naturally shrewd intelligence, and had given him a perfect insight into human nature, he proceeded—once installed as buttons, or page, to his Grace—to profit by his experience and to make money. Even at the early age of fifteen, he had learned to select a winner with some accuracy and to bet his half-crowns as gaily as his master did his thousands. He also learned to keep his eyes open and his tongue silent.

The Duke, after a few years of wasteful dissipation, got into difficulties, gave up racing, and married an heiress. Two years later John married the Duchess's maid, and bloomed suddenly into the snug owner of "The Jolly Turfmen," public-house and sporting club. How John got the money to set up his establishment he never told any one. Some said the Duke bought his secrecy; others said the Duchess bought her maid's. However, let the uncharitable tongues wag as they willed, John Brown's fortune was made, and, before another five years had passed over his head, he had developed into one of the heaviest and best-known bookmakers in London.

Life had but one great trouble for him, namely, the existence of a certain Bill Smilie, who was also a bookmaker, and who seemed to perpetually cross his path. The fact of the matter was, John Brown was of a spiteful, jealous, envious disposition, and Bill Smilie was his *bête noire.* Smilie was, perhaps, a more clever and shrewd bookmaker than Brown, and he was—if possible—a greater rogue. He hated John as cordially as John hated him, and he would give the best book he ever made to "leg him up," as he expressed it, in some way.

Major Frank Lundie had been very unlucky of late, and had lost a lot of money backing a mare that only ran second, so he was not in the best of humours as he sat down to breakfast in the Plunger Club. The two letters the servant handed him with his morning papers did not tend to soothe his temper. He looked at them suspiciously, and placed them—address downwards—by the side of his plate. He felt instinctively that their contents would not be agreeable, but he screwed up his

courage at last, opened them nervously, and, after reading them, arose from the table, leaving his breakfast untasted.

The first letter was short and to the point:—

Dear Frank,—The bill will be due on the 21st. For Heaven's sake, meet it. Moses swears he will not renew. —Yours, as ever, C. Glanvill.

The second ran:—

Dearest Frank,—I am so flurried and fretted, I can scarce hold my pen to write to you. Fancy, that nasty Madame Dubosq says that if I do not pay her immediately, she will take legal proceedings against me, or do some horrible thing like that. She charges, too, such frightful prices for everything. I never imagined I owed her so much—nearly three hundred pounds. Is it not shocking? Would any one believe she could be so wicked and nasty? Do, like a dear, good brother, lend me two hundred pounds. I am really frightened. Imagine the scandal—and now that I am almost sure Jones will propose.—Your affectionate sister, Lillie.

"What on earth shall I do?" muttered Frank Lundie, in disgust; "and Lillie, too, the little fool, to get into a mess like this, just when that rich 'cad' is coming up to time!"

The Major turned the situation over in his mind as he walked up and down the room, but from any point of view it was not a pleasant one. After a good quarter of an hour had elapsed, he sat down again to his breakfast, with a set, hard look on his face.

"I will do it!" he muttered, savagely breaking an egg-shell. "It is dirty work, but I'll do it all the same."

Faultlessly got-up, two hours after, he strolled up Regent-street in the direction of John Brown's office. John was in, and was, of course, very glad to see him, for they had had many betting transactions in the past, and Major Lundie had always paid up honourably.

"I was a-telling my wife, Major, as you walked in, what a grand race we had yesterday," said John Brown.

"It was doubtless a good thing for you, though it was not for all of us," muttered the Major, gloomily. "I have lost more than I can afford to lose, and I have come to speak to you about money."

At the word money Brown was all attention, and his little grey eyes were fixed cunningly on the Major, who continued, "I want a thousand to-morrow, and I am going to ask you to give it to me."

"'Tis a pile of money, Major. There is great counting in ten centuries.'"

"I know that, but I don't wish you to give it me for nothing," replied the Major, snappishly.

"Well, Major, talk out plain like; I'm a straight man, I am."

"Can any one hear us?" said the Major, going across to the door, which he opened suddenly; then, having closed it, he returned to his seat, and looking John Brown steadily in the face, said: "If you let me have the money I will run 'Maraquita' in the Hilton handicap exactly as you like. She is sure to be a hot favourite."

"Did she run her true form in the Silkshire?" asked John Brown, eagerly.

"She was not half trained, nor was she meant to win. She did not run within ten pounds of her form."

"And the Fold Handicap?"

"Johnnie Dod stayed too long; he did not call on her soon enough," said Major Lundie, looking knowingly at Brown. "I wanted to get her into the Hilton at a fair weight. So you see," he continued, "it's a safe thing, either way. She can win in a canter, and the public know it. You can't get 10 to 1 against her to-day."

"What do you propose, Major?" asked John Brown.

"That you lend me a thousand to-morrow. I train and run the mare as you wish, and you arrange the jockey. We go halves in the winnings, and you get back your money before we divide profits."

"What will her ladyship say?" asked Brown.

"Leave that to me; she must do as I desire," replied the Major, calmly.

"Well, Major, I'll trust you. Honour amongst pals, say I. You come round to-morrow morning, and I'll let you have the money."

The interview over, Frank Lundie strolled down Regent-street, and, as he did so, he felt very much like a man who had had a tooth drawn—rather astonished at finding that it was not such a painful operation to undergo, yet highly pleased that it was all over. He had, however, yet another interview before him, for Lady Dorothea Verdant was part owner of the mare, and though he had spoken so boastfully to Brown of what Lady Dolly—as she was called—must do, he did not feel altogether comfortable in submitting this special matter to her.

Bill Smilie, coming down the opposite side of the street, saw the Major leaving John Brown's door.

"What can he be up to?" he muttered, as he crossed over to talk to him. "Morning, Major."

"Good morning, Smilie," replied the Major, blandly.

"Backing the mare for the Hilton, Major?" asked Smilie.

"Yes, I suppose so."

"I'll lay you 10 to 1 as often as you like, Major."

"Thank you, I shall think about it."

"She runs, Major?" asked Smilie, eagerly.

"She runs. Good morning," replied the Major, turning on his heel and walking away.

Bill Smilie stood looking down the street after the retiring figure of the Major, much puzzled at his abrupt manner. "I'll have my eye on him, I will," he muttered, as he walked away. "He and John Brown are up to no good, I'll bet."

As the Major had anticipated, he had some difficulty with Lady Dolly. At first she would not listen to the idea of being mixed up in such a transaction, but when the Major pictured to her the money that was to be made, her good intentions left her, and she gave her consent. Of course, her husband knew nothing of her partnership with Major Lundie; but then he was merely, as she said, a stupid City man, who knew little of anything except the rates of exchange, prices of stocks, and Bank rate of interest; so what was the use of talking to him about horses?

The mare Maraquita was much fancied by the public, and had already come to 7 to 1 in the betting. Her trials had been all that could be wished; and, strange to say, every one knew they were so. The sporting papers and prophets selected her unanimously as the winner of the Hilton, and Major Lundie's friends looked on the thing as a certainty, particularly as he was credited with having backed her for an enormous amount.

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Brine, who was a first-class jockey, was engaged to ride the mare. He was of a silent, taciturn nature, and rarely spoke except in monosyllables. He was a sworn friend and ally of John Brown's, and of late had become a steady frequenter of the back parlour of "The Jolly Turfmen."

Up to the morning of the race he had not received instructions how he was to ride, though he understood perfectly well that he would have to do as John Brown directed. When, at last, he did receive them they were simple enough.

"Keep well behind, and 'come' too late," said Brown. "Don't win, but make a good race of it, and recollect you must do it in such a way that the 'cutest man in England shall not know what you have done."

The Hilton was a magnificent meeting, and Major Lundie was perfectly content with the world in general and with himself in particular, for John Brown had already laid a tremendous lot against the mare, who was now a hot favourite.

John was in his glory, shouting at the top of his voice, "Maraquita I bet against; 6 to 1 against Maraquita." The Major, standing a few yards off, watched him, in high delight, and as he saw him jotting down bet after bet against Maraquita, his face rippled into a smile of avaricious contentment. Just before the horses were saddled he walked across to Lady Dolly's drag, and, climbing up on the box seat beside her, whispered:

"Everything is going on splendidly, dear. Brown has laid a tremendous lot against her, and the ring are making her a hot favourite."

"What have you done?" asked Lady Dolly.

"Nothing. I leave it all to Brown, and we divide afterwards."

"Do you think we can trust Brine?"

"John Brown says he would trust him with his life," said the Major, decisively.

"I am very nervous about it all. How I wish it was over!" murmured Lady Dolly.

"Nonsense, dear; you will find Brine does it beautifully. I'll go into the enclosure now, and see him mounted," said the Major, contentedly. "Have you done anything?" he asked, getting down from the drag.

"Only a little with Smilie," said Lady Dolly, carelessly.

"Sorry you did anything — you ought to have been contented with what we shall win with Maraquita. Outside her, it is a 'toss up' which of half-a-dozen wins."

Maraquita was hot and nervous, and it cost some trouble to get Brine safely into the saddle. The trainer and stable-boy had a difficult task in trying to keep her quiet, and the latter, while struggling with the mare, asked the Major to hold Brine's overcoat. The Major took it readily, but, at that moment, the animal kicked out viciously, knocked the coat out of his hand, and scattered the contents of the pockets on the ground.

In his hurry and agitation while picking up Brine's scattered property, and avoiding at the same time the mare's hind legs, the Major thrust the various papers that lay on the ground into his own pocket instead of into that of the overcoat.

Brine, however, got safely mounted at last, and, as he cantered the mare before the Grand Stand, every one was loud in her praise.

"There goes the winner. What splendid condition! She'll win in a canter!" was the general exclamation.

"Five to one against Maraquita!" shouted John Brown; and then the roar of bookmakers commenced, and Maraquita went to 4 to 1 before the flag fell.

Major Lundie walked across the ring to talk to John Brown as the horses went by to the starting-point.

"Pretend you are booking a bet," he said, "and let us talk about the mare."

"What is it, Major? I haven't much time to lose."

"I am nervous about Brine. What shall I do if he does not pull her cleverly?"

"Don't be soft, Major. Brine is the neatest hand at pulling a horse in England. But don't bother me now, for I am losing time, and, what's more important, money too. Maraquita I bet against. Four to one against Maraquita!" shouted Brown, turning his back to his partner.

After three or four false starts the flag at last fell, and they were off amidst a roar of excitement. The Major and Lady Dolly watched the race with bated breath, for both of them were intensely excited. As the horses passed the Grand Stand for the first time, Maraquita was last but one, and Brine was riding perfectly according to his instructions, though he had as much as he could do to hold the mare, who was pulling hard.

"Good heavens! he will be found out if he rides like that!" muttered the Major, nervously.

Lady Dolly also grew very pale as she saw the distance increase between Maraquita and the leading horses, but John Brown, standing on the lower steps of the Stand, was a picture of happiness, as he continued to shout—

"Maraquita I bet against!"

Half way round the course Maraquita drew up to the leading horses and as they came in a cluster into the straight she was fourth. The Major was now less excited, but he murmured, nervously, as he watched the mare—

"If he only does it cleverly now!"

Lady Dolly was feverishly agitated and deadly pale, and she watched Brine with staring eyes, as he sat down in the saddle, turned the whip on the mare, passed three of the horses, and caught the leader, just at the distance post.

"Splendid! hurrah!" shouted the Major, excitedly, and then, turning to Lady Dolly, he added, "He will do it beautifully, and lose by a head."

It was a magnificent struggle between Maraquita and the Roving Dutchman, and every one believed it was a dead heat. The Dutchman, however, was beaten by a head.

Major Lundie left the course immediately after the race. He could not stand the congratulations of his friends; and Bill Smilie watched John Brown's pale face with a fiendish expression of delight on his own.

That night the Major found in his pocket the papers which had dropped out of Brine's overcoat. On glancing at them, he was astonished to see one in Lady Dolly's handwriting. Turning it over he read:—

"I promise to pay Stephen Brine four hundred pounds if he wins the Hilton Handicap on Maraquita.

"Dorothea Verdant."

And underneath was written, in an unformed hand:—

"I promise to pay Stephen Brine the sum of two hundred pounds if he wins the Hilton Handicap on Major Lundie's mare, Maraquita. "William Smilie."

GIRLS' GOSSIP.

DEAREST AMY,—We have been busying ourselves during the last few summer-like days with buying seeds and plants in bloom, and decorating various corners of our garden with arrangements of virgin cork and ferns. Have you ever been in a seedsman's shop? If so, have you noticed the thousands of little packets from which one selects a score or so, leaving the rest to the chances of fate? What must be the envious feelings of those that remain towards those that go out in the world to be planted, and to grow up in the sun and rain and breezes? Some never get out at all, but are shut away in a drawer until all life or possibility of existence has faded from them.

Do you know, dear, I have often thought that there are girls like that, who never get a chance of living a natural, free life. Either from poverty, or other repressive circumstances, such as refrigerative family influences, or Puritanic parents, they live but a semblance of life, with all their possibilities shut down and packed away, and perhaps never even dreamed of.

Now, the question is, Are they to be pitied, or envied?

Maud looks over my shoulder and says I am moralising. I had no idea of it. Charlie says it is a bad sign, and that I am probably "in for" an attack of gout, or mumps, or measles. But where was I? Oh, with the seeds!

Well, dear, we have sowed mignonette everywhere, being of the mind that those who cultivate that delightful fragrance are benefactors to their kind. Papa brought home the first number of Cassell's "Popular Gardening," and means to buy all the parts as they appear. A study of it has made us feel quite learned about potting, and has made me long for a kitchen-garden. How delightful to grow peas, gooseberries, strawberries, apples, pears, and currants! Listen to what our "Popular Gardening" says:—"A rood of ground will produce a supply of vegetables for four persons." Now we all know that vegetables taste quite differently when freshly gathered. You should see the untempting lettuces and the limp asparagus wherewith we, "in the Great City pent," often have to content ourselves; to say nothing of sea-kale that might have been on a long voyage since it was dug up, and potatoes that must have forgotten what the taste of the ground is like, or else have very long memories.

I should be as happy as a queen if I could potter about a kitchen-garden, and grow my own roses besides. I would always wear a white gown, like the Gardener's Daughter, and should fancy myself making quite an idyllic picture among the bushes in a big hat and with a large basket on my arm. I should like to make a fence of sweetbriar, too, round my kitchen-garden.

You know one can be picturesque without being pretty; and, indeed, I have often noticed that it is the most hideous people who wear crinkled hats and "picture" dresses, to say nothing of the velvet coats and *sombreros* donned occasionally by men to whom nature has been far from kind.

Another book that Papa has brought home is Sir Henry Thompson's "Food and Feeding," which has now reached its third edition. Papa says his hints on dinner-giving are very good, and he would like to mark a few, and send a copy of the book to some of his friends with whom he dines. One thing to which he objects is being given a thick soup, which takes away his appetite for the dishes that follow. The question of giving precedence to the *entrées*, or to the principal dish, is discussed. Sir Henry is in favour of having the joint immediately after the fish, while the appetite is still vigorous.

I am glad to say that so good an authority recognises the existence of laver, which is ignored in nearly all cookery-books. It is a sort of sea-plant, and, when cooked, is by no means beautiful to look upon, being nearly black in colour. It tastes a little like spinach, but it is ever so much nicer. It is slightly gelatinous, so that it is more easily masticated. Old-fashioned people used to have it handed round in a silver saucepan, so much does the excellence of flavour depend on its being eaten very hot.

A fault in dinner-giving, to which Sir Henry alludes, is that of producing curry too early in the menu, and thus incapacitating the palate from appreciating dishes less highly-flavoured. I learn from this book that tobacco is an ally of temperance. I always thought that smoking and drinking were brothers—in fact, Siamese twins. You will like the chapter on macaroni and salads. Thousands of cooks throw away every day sufficient to make a delicious salad for four or five persons. Witness the cold asparagus, potatoes, carrots, turnips, peas, beans, and haricots.

But enough of food and feeding. I am longing to tell you about my new gown. It is of tawny yellow-brown velvet, with glints of gold in it, and it is made *perfectly plain!* I suppose you are looking quite puzzled and rather horrified at such a startling announcement. Know, then, my child, that a certain sort of simplicity which is by no means inexpensive is now *chic*. The skirt of my gown is gathered on to a band all round, just as skirts used to be many years ago. The gathers are small and close in front, and large and imposing at the back, where the fulness is so arranged as to stand out a little bit, but not too much. The bodice fits like that of a habit, but has a short, round, Redfern basque, and is trimmed with the brown feathers that turkeys wear under their wings—very soft and thistle-downy. Ruffles of coffee-tinted lace form the only trimming, and the buttons are in shaded gold and brown. My bonnet is of brown straw, of the precise shade of the feathers, and the trimming is made of yellow marguerites. The strings are of tawny-tinted terry. A tiny veil of brown net dotted with small gold beads keeps my fringe in order, and my gloves are either brown Suède or tan-colour. With yellow-brown stockings and bronze boots, I look *perfect*, from a millinery point of view.

But I forgot my sunshade. It is of tawny yellow-brown satin, trimmed with feathers like those on my dress. I am longing for Sandown or Hurlingham, that I may display my dear vanities, for I know they are immensely becoming.

Maud has invested in a black lace skirt, with three deep flounces, and is having two bodices made to wear with it. One is black velvet, for cold days. The collar, sleeves, and basques are lined with red, which shows just a little, in an enticing, tantalising sort of way, like a lurking smile on a pensive face. The other bodice is—prepare to be startled!—the brightest possible red Sicilienne. Think of quiet Maud, who was called the Mouse, at Folkestone, one summer, because she was always in grey, rushing into colour to this alarming extent. It is Charlie's doing. He says he is so tired of black that a vivid bit of colour is as refreshing to his eyes as green fields or water wimpling down. Maud looks very dainty in it, and wears with it a bonnet of black-beaded tulle over red, and a bunch of poppies very high at one side.

We witnessed a revelation the other day; an involuntary confession of a curious kind. I knew that women wore various sorts of deceptions and falsehoods, but I never had heard of a false *back to the head*. When Maud was buying her bonnet, there was a lady trying on ever so many. At last, the wire of one of them caught in her hair and pulled off all the back part of her coiffure, which we had been admiring, because it waved so prettily and fell in such dear little curls on her neck and round the backs of her ears. It was not as though she wore a false plait, or a chignon. This was, as we afterwards heard, called a *nuque*, and exactly resembled the natural growth drawn up to the top of the head. What next, my dear?

The Coaching Club meets at the Magazine next Saturday. If fine we shall go, for it is a function we always enjoy. On the following Wednesday the Four-in-Hand Club meets at the same place.

Miss Craigie Halkett, the Brighton beauty, is to be married to Major Hervey on June 11, at St. George's, Hanover-square. The bridegroom's regiment was the Black Watch.

We have secured tickets for the Popular Ballad Concerts ball that is to come off on the 27th at the Kensington Town Hall. One has to take time by the forelock with this dance, for the committee wisely limit the number of tickets, so as to prevent the room being unpleasantly crowded for the dancers. It would be simply cruel to miss it, for, in addition to an excellent floor, there is to be the delicious music of the Hungarian band.

We went to the International Health Exhibition on the

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opening day, but brought away only a confused impression. I shall go again, and tell you if there is anything of interest to girls. I want to see the waxwork figures in costumes of various periods. I hear that the faces are appallingly hideous, though the dresses are very much the reverse. But you shall have my views before long. Personally I would sooner look at a pretty real dress than a pretty waxen face.

I have heard from Paris of an attractive dress that was worn at the Salon on varnishing day, when the same sort of crowd collects that is to be seen at our principal picture-galleries at a private view. The dress was made of blue silk shot with grenat. The skirt was covered with pinked-out flounces, over which were tiny Chantilly lace flounces. The bodice was trimmed with a fichu of black lace, fastened on the shoulder and at the side by large rosettes of pinked-out silk. The small bonnet, very narrow at the sides and pointed at the top, was of black lace, with a bunch of small poppies and cornflowers.

A combination of blue and red is decidedly the fashion this spring; here is Worth's last *inspiration* for a morning dress. The skirt is of maroon ottoman. A blue vicugna second skirt is lifted up on both sides to form two small paniers, and falls in folds at the back; it is trimmed with a border of gold-coloured satin. The pointed bodice of blue vicugna has a pleat, in front, of maroon-coloured ottoman, edged with narrow gold-coloured satin.

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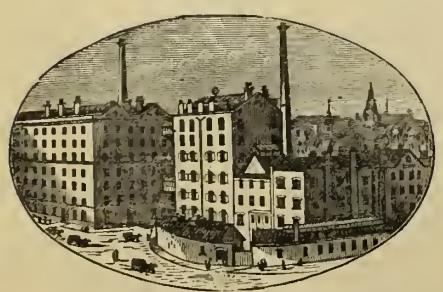

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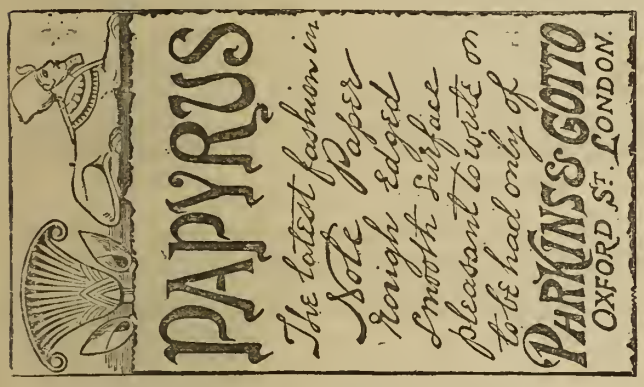

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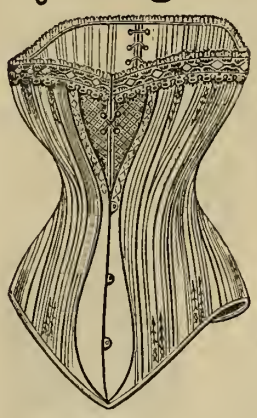

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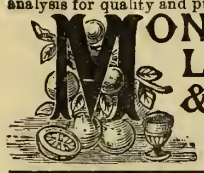

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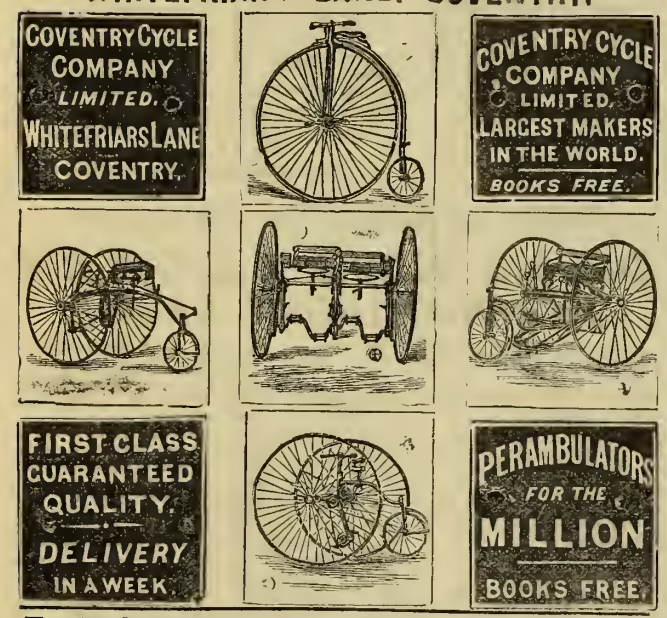

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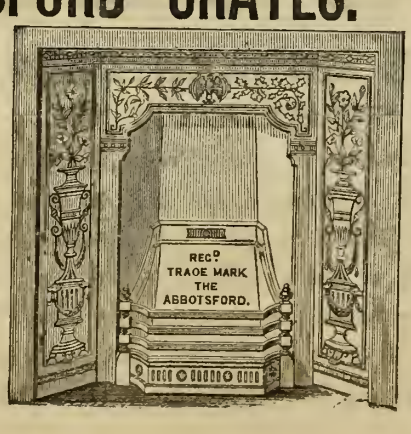

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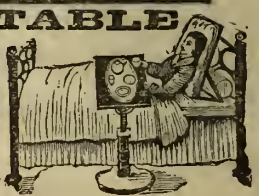

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TRUSTS, INVESTMENT, MORTGAGE, DEBENTURE, and SIMILAR SECURITIES.—Since the announcement made by the Chancellor of the Exchequer in his Budget, that the old established and simple Three per Cent. Consols are to become a matter of history, and a reduced interest bearing security is to be substituted—viz., Two and Three-quarters per Cent. Consols—capitalists and the investing public generally are eagerly inquiring of their Brokers as to the best means of investment.

To many the reduction of ¼ per cent. in their incomes is a serious inconvenience, and although some will accept the proposals of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, it is equally certain that many will not, but will transfer their holding from Consols into securities yielding better dividends and practically as safe.

Already this movement has begun, and in consequence of the sales made since the announcement of the change, Consols have fallen ¾ per cent. Much of this money has been re-invested in Colonial Bonds, Railway Debentures and Preference Stocks, Mortgage, Investment, Trust Companies, and various other substantial securities.

The results of this is already seen in the advance which nearly all these stocks and shares have had, and which is certain to continue until prices are forced up to such points that the return in dividends will be very little above what was derived from the Three per Cent Consols. At present prices Railway Debentures yield about 3½ per cent., and Guarantee Preference Stocks about 3½ per cent., while on ordinary Preference Stocks, dependent on the profits of each half-year, the return varies between £4. 10s. and £3. per cent., according to the position of the railway company.

Seeing that the return to the individual investor in these securities is so small and likely to diminish, there can be no doubt that one of the best means of investment is the shares of those trust and investment companies which have the greatest freedom of action. Of trusts of this description, whose shares are at a moderate price, we see no better or sounder trust than the British, Colonial, and General Investment Trust.

The shares form a safe investment, and as they can now be had at a moderate premium, we advise our clients to buy. They cannot do better anywhere as regards security and return on their capital.

The next quarterly dividend is due in June, so that present buyers have already two months accrued dividend included in the price of the Shares.

In the "British, Colonial, and General Investment Trust" every shilling of available profit is divisible among the ordinary Shareholders. Another objectionable feature which the Directors have recognised and eliminated from the principles of the "Trust" is the practice of allowing a portion of the face value of the Shares to remain uncalled, so that at any time in the event of more capital being required a "call" can be made on the Shareholders to pay up so much per Share. In many instances this causes serious inconvenience and the risk of forfeiture of the Shares should the "calls" not be promptly met. It is to avoid these unpleasantnesses and inconveniences that the Shares of the "British, Colonial, and General Investment Trust" are all fully paid at time of issue. So that an investor knows when he buys the Shares he is liable for no further payment. These considerations must commend themselves to every investor, and in summing up the advantages possessed by this "Trust" we would direct the attention of our clients to them.

The First recommendation we notice is the certain and safe nature of the business engaged in by the "Trust" the idea of loss being entirely eliminated.

The Second is the absence of any one class of Shareholders having a preference claim on the profits of the Trust.

The Third is the highly satisfactory dividend and bonus paid hitherto by the Trust.

The Fourth is the freedom from any possibility of calls being made on account of uncalled capital, the Shares being all fully paid.

The Fifth is that the price of the Shares includes nearly two months accrued Dividend, which will, in all probability, be equal to last distribution—viz., 10 per cent. per annum and 2 per cent. bonus, or 3s. per Share.

It is tolerably certain from the amount of selling now going on in Consols that they will see lower prices, as, notwithstanding those who must of necessity invest only in Government Securities, there are thousands who, while content to accept 3 per cent. as a fair return on their capital with Government security, will not, and cannot, submit to such a diminution of income as is implied in the reduction of their dividends from 3 to 2¾ per cent. per annum.

While, therefore, prices are low, and before the bulk of investors have had time to decide in which Securities to reinvest their Consols capital, we desire to impress on our clients the advantages to be derived by buying the Shares of this "Trust," and invite early application for the same at present price of £5. 6s. 3d., fully paid £5 Shares.

HOME MINES TRUST, Limited.—Present purchasers will secure the half-year's dividend now payable. As we have before stated the price of this investment is one of the anomalies of the Stock Exchange. Owing to the conservatism of the British investor, and his aversion to mining (which is really the foundation of our national wealth), we have a Security, the £1 Shares of which should command a premium of at least 10s. per share, standing at or near par. For the last few years dividends have been paid at the average rate of 15 per cent., besides which a strong reserve fund has been formed (which must in time come to be divisible among the shareholders). What can be the reason for this strange inconsistency? Whatever it may be, we are of opinion that the soundness of the Director's policy in increasing the reserve fund, and investing it in high-class securities will speedily remove it, and must materially enhance the market value of the Shares.

It may be wondered why the Board persist in their policy of so largely adding to the reserve fund. We have made inquiries and have come to the conclusion that the Directors, in the interests of the Shareholders, prefer safety to risk.

Here is an institution which has been of immense service to investors who are shareholders, for by depositing securities against an advance, they have been enabled to largely increase their investment in any particular property, and so, when quotations have been low, average their purchase price, and take the full advantage of market fluctuations.

One day the Shares of a very promising looking Mine may appear almost valueless, in a market sense; the next day the object for which the Company was formed may be attained, and the lode cut rich, when prices advance 250 to 1,000 per cent. at a bound.

South Caradon Mine has exceeded this, for upon a capital outlay of £640, it returned in dividends over £1,650,000 sterling. Wheal Neptune, on a capital outlay of £350, returned in dividends over £240,000. Every £50 Share in East Wheal Rose returned in dividends £2,176, while Clifford Amalgamated returned over £6,000,000 in dividends.

These are only a few out of many instances; but the principle adopted by this "Trust" of spreading its investments over so many securities affords its shareholders all the advantages hitherto in the hands of large capitalists.

The Board have, moreover, adopted the wise policy of not dividing profits up to the hilt, but have determined steadily to increase the reserve fund year by year.

Further they have wisely invested the reserve fund in non-speculative, interest-bearing investments such as debentures and like stocks.

In the current half-year just ended, they have added 10 per cent. to reserve fund.

This 10 per cent. should, in the natural course of business, add a corresponding value to the price of the Shares, but this advance has not yet taken place, hence our recommendation of the investment to enable our clients to reap the first-fruits of this policy.

The advance on market value must come; several considerations warrants it:—

First.—No further issue of Shares can be made as the capital account has been closed.

Second.—The withdrawal of money from 3 per cent. Consols for investment in other more remunerative channels is causing an active demand for Colonial Bonds, trusts, and other home investments.

The wisdom of so adding to the reserve fund, however, has now been proved, as extensive purchases of Shares have taken place during the past few days, which have materially contributed to the inherent strength of the Trust. And if this filtering of the Shares into fewer and more powerful hands continues, we anticipate seeing them at £2. 10s per share each.

The wealthy and the cautious, who desire security, and who are conservative to a degree in their investments, if precedent is to be the gauge, will follow the scheme of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and be the first to exchange into the new Two and Three-quarter per Cents., while others, who take time to carefully consider the "pros" and "cons" will change their investments into these Trusts, and reap the full advantages they offer.

Neither time nor space enable us to go fully into the desirability of exchanging these investments, but after a careful survey of the situation we consider ourselves justified in advising the purchase of British, Colonial and General Investment Trust at £5. 6s. 3d., and Home Mines Trust at £1, while they can be bought at present prices. These Shares will well repay investors, as at these prices they will yield £11. 5s., and 10 per cent. respectively, independently of the increase in their intrinsic value by reason of the amount carried to reserve fund.

From "Abbott Page & Co.'s May Circular,"

Stockbrokers, 42, Poultry, London, E.C.

Complete copy sent post-free on application.

SOUTH AUSTRALIAN GOVERNMENT SECURITIES.—Four per Cent. Bonds, Principal and Interest payable in London. For £1,651,300.

The National Bank of Australasia, 149, Leadenhall-street, E.C., is authorised by the undersigned to receive Tenders for South Australian Government Securities amounting to £1,651,300, being the amount authorised by the Act of the South Australian Parliament, No. 297, of 1883-4, assented to 28th February, 1884, for the construction of Railways, and for other Public Purposes

This Loan will be issued either in Debentures to bearer, or in stock to be inscribed at Messrs. Glyn, Mills, Currie, & Co., 67, Lombard-street, E.C., at the option of the allottees.

The revenues of the Colony of South Australia alone are liable in respect of this Stock and the dividends thereon, and the Consolidated Fund of the United Kingdom and the Commissioners of her Majesty's Treasury are not directly or indirectly liable or responsible for the payment of the Stock or of the Dividends thereon, or for any matter relating thereto—40 & 41 Vic. cap. 59 sec. 19.

The Bonds, which are for £1,000, £500, £200, and £100, bear interest at the rate of 4 per cent. per annum, commencing on the 1st April, 1884.

Principal and interest are made payable in London, the interest by coupon on the 1st of October and 1st of April of each year, and the principal at par on the 1st April, 1924; the first coupon, or interest in the case of Inscribed Stock, being payable on the 1st October, 1884.

A copy of the authorising Act may be inspected at the office of the undersigned, and also a copy of the Act authorising the creation and issue of Inscribed Stock.

Tenders, made in accordance with the annexed form, will be received by the National Bank of Australasia until 2 o'clock on Tuesday, 20th instant, when they will be opened in the presence of such of the applicants as may then be in attendance.

The Bonds will be allotted to the highest bidders, provided the rates offered are not below £100 for every £100 tendered for.

Tenders at a price including a fraction of a shilling other than sixpence will not be necessarily accepted, and in the event of an equality of Tenders beyond the amount of these Bonds, a *pro ratâ* distribution on such Tenders will be made.

Payments must be made as follows, viz.:—

1. £5 per cent. on application.
2. A further sum on 27th May, 1884, to reduce the amount unpaid to £75 per cent.
3. £25 per cent. on the 24th June, 1884.
4. £25 per cent. on the 22nd July, 1884.
5. £25 per cent., the balance, on the 19th August, 1884, after which the Scrip can be exchanged for Bonds.

Scrip Certificates will be issued after the payment of the instalment due on the 27th May, 1884, and, when paid up in full, they will be exchangeable at The National Bank of Australasia, for Bonds, or can be inscribed, but Scrip paid up in full in anticipation may be inscribed forthwith as Stock with the dividend current.

Forms of Tender may be obtained at the office of The National Bank of Australasia, or of the undersigned.

ARTHUR BLYTH,
Agent-General for the Government of South Australia.

8, Victoria Chambers, Westminster, 12th May, 1884.

FORM OF TENDER.
SOUTH AUSTRALIAN GOVERNMENT SECURITIES,
Four Per Cent. Bonds.

To the Manager of
The National Bank of Australasia, 149, Leadenhall-street, E.C.

SIR,—I (or we) hereby tender for £..... Bonds or Stock of the Government of South Australia, according to the notice of the Agent-General, dated the 12th May, 1884, on which I (or we) enclose the required deposit of £....., and undertake to pay £..... for every £100 in Bonds or Stock, and to accept the same or any less amount that may be allotted to me (or us) and to pay the instalments and balance in conformity with the terms of the said notice.

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Address .....
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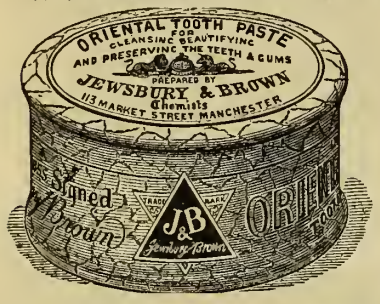

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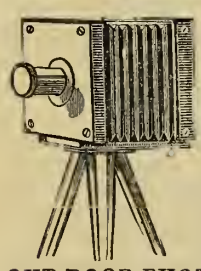

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To the Queen.

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OUR PUZZLES.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 273.

I have not quite finished going through the large number of answers received. I may state, however, to prevent unnecessary forebodings in the minds of competitors that a mistake was made in publishing the original paragraph about "The Flea." The actual paragraph with which I am comparing all answers received, differs from that published on May 1 in several particulars, and contains the exact number of words originally printed, or implied by dots, in the "Skeleton Sentences."

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 274.

The Australians' first match did not finish in time to enable us to announce the prize-winner in this competition in this number.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 277.

An exercise of ingenuity which has of late years been exceedingly popular, has consisted in the transformation by a series of literal steps of some given word into some other altogether different one. Thus, suppose, for instance, it was required to turn "Polly" into "James," one way of effecting the transformation would be as follows:—Polly—*Polls—Poles—Pales—Tales—Tames*—James. Now, each successive word, it will be noticed, only differs in one letter from that preceding it, and it is an indispensable requirement of the operation that this rule be strictly observed. Let us take another and still simpler example, and turn a Book into a Sofa. Here, then, we have Book—*Look—Loot—Loft—Soft*—Sofa, the same rule being observed. The principal merit in effecting these transformations consists in making the connecting links as few as may be. By dint of practice and patience, the skilled operator will often manage to reduce them to the lowest possible number, and I dare say that the given transformations might be effected by the use of fewer intermediate words than are used above. It need hardly be said that the operation becomes very much more difficult when words of six or more letters are used, but I believe most of Truth's Puzzle competitors prefer something which really tests their skill and patience, and it has been, therefore, determined to give the prize to the competitor who

Transforms, by the above Process, the Longest Word into a Totally Different Word of Similar Length by the Use of the Smallest Number of Intermediate Word Stages.

It will be curious to note the words of what length the ingenuity of the competitors will be able to apply the given process, and I have no doubt an interesting competition will result. The connecting words should be English, if possible; but the use of foreign words will not necessarily put a competitor out of court.

Answers to Correspondents.

*** As the Rules are omitted this week, it may be well to state that all answers to Puzzle No. 276 must be sent, on or before the morning of May 23, to the Puzzle Editor, Truth-Buildings, Carteret-street, Queen Anne's Gate, London, S.W.

*** The real name and address of "Claymore," winner of Prize No. 271 are Miss Chappell, 125, Harley-street, W.

Evermore.—I have found your letter The number was 270.

Magellan, Daleth, P. P., Sir P. F., Fairer, Skedaddle, Télémaque, Targuts, Mendez Pinto, and Coaly Tyne.—I am much obliged to you for your letters, and have duly noted their contents.

Hubba.—Thanks for your letter. The puzzles you suggest, however, have already been given in Truth.

Elma.—Your answer to the "Flea" Puzzle was safely received, and should have been acknowledged.

Gautier.—I have read your letter with much interest, and must admit you make out a fair case for your "hurra." I only wish I could have coincided with the popular opinion as to your anagram, and I hope you may soon have better luck.

*** The following answers to Puzzle No. 274, which came by the second post on Friday, the 2nd inst., from Jersey, will be included in this competition:—453, Sparrow; 415, Resolute; 146, True Blue; 307, Arky Bee (aged 5); 225, Caius; 274, Grace Mabel; 396, P. P.; 270, Evermore; 211, Solyman; 306, Bobel Loth; 158, Narses; 341, Jupiter; 262, Apollo.

The following, I regret to add, sent in their replies too late:—Thos. Miller, W. L. L., Trusty as Steel, Hope Ever Needy, Nil Desperandum, Skin Flint, Edelweiss, Senex, Never Say Die, Sachs, H. Padgett, Remegius, Rothwell, D. Gilchrist, Jun., Vatie, F. B. H., B. du Maurier, S. du Maurier, M. du Maurier, Oriel, G. du Maurier, A. C. Jackman, E. M. Jackman, Aurora, Cranleigh, John Gilpin, Carlo, Burwash, E. Augustin.

THE PUZZLE EDITOR.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 275. ASSORTED SPECIMENS—GOOD AND OTHERWISE.

SUGGESTIONS FOR "TRUTH" PUZZLES.

*** In the following Specimens I have tried to select for publication those suggestions which have not hitherto been acted on in Truth. Many competitors sent in notions which have already formed the subject of our weekly competitions; and I have in many cases cancelled such suggestions, only printing those which were new to these pages. I shall have more to say about the matter next week.—The Puzzle Editor.

1. Give prize for the best precautions against fires. 2. For the most suitable and taking selection of 10 songs for a ballad concert. 3. For best bouquet of flowers—wild flowers preferred. This would give great delight to children in the country, who would be all able to send bouquets. The bouquets could be sent to London hospitals, after being on view one day. July would be the best month for this competition. Garden flowers might form another prize.—B. A. F.

1. Douglas Jerrold defined "Dogmatism" as "Puppyism come to a full growth." Give a definition of any subject, taking this as a model. 2. The best answer in 20 words (comic or otherwise) to the question, "What to do with our boys?" 3. Best new idea for threading together stories for Christmas annual.—Ancient Pa.

1. An imaginary account of a day in the moon (or one of the stars). 2. A sentence of 20 or 30 words which shall, without addition or alteration, express two opposite meanings. 3. To select from a given work a paragraph of 250 to 300 words which shall not contain a single grammatical error.—Jowillie.

1. Best idea for increasing the comfort of railway passengers at least expense. 2. Best suggestion for design on cover of a match-box. 3. Cast the characters of any well-known play from members of House of Commons.—Darwin.

1. Historical.—Assuming Thomas Carlyle to have been born at Paris, 1750, of Scotch parents, mention the 5 "scenes" of the Revolution period, prior to end of Terror, wherein he would have figured *most* conspicuously, ridiculously, and perilously; giving reasons why. 2. Social.—5 men are seated in coffee-room of hotel, all presumably gentlemen. Give 55 marked peculiarities of speech, personal appearance, or mannerism which shall *most conclusively* betray either the barrister, "Manchester-man," actor, wine-merchant, or editor of provincial daily paper. 3. Literary.—Assuming Mr. Dombey to have married a third time (having been divorced from Edith, who is married to Mr. Carker), find him the most suitable wife from fiction of Anthony Trollope, "Ouida," or William Black.—Mendez Pinto.

1. Best parody on "Burial of Sir T. Moore" anent proposed new half-sovereign. 2. Best simile (limited to 12 words) with reference to General Gordon's position. 3. The best and funniest example of "*effect* preceding *cause*."—Tetanus.

1. Best witticism, original or selected, on a blue-stocking, *femme savante*. 2. Trace back to their originals stock typical characters in fiction selected by Puzzle Editor. 3. Name chief cause and cure of universal reign of terror threatened by secret societies.—J. McGeigor Allan.

1. An original poetical epigram of four lines *in re* General Gordon and his present position (political, pathetic, or otherwise). 2. Choose a representative English cricket eleven, and ask some well-known cricketer to decide with whose eleven he would prefer to meet his opponents. 3. Predict the next Bishop to be elected.—Veni.

1. Compose a paragraph of 100 words, bringing in as neatly as possible the greatest number of *solecisms* in common use. 2. Write an appropriate inscription for public building or monument containing, *chronogrammatically*, the date of its erection. N.B. The letters expressing this date in Roman numeral notation must occur at intervals in the inscription, as, *e.g.*, Inscription for a cross recently restored at S. Nicholas' Church, Brighton, in 1881:—"FOR MANY A LONG YEAR EVINATE, OVR CROSS VVAS SET VP FRESH OF LATE; LOOK HERE & YOV CAN SEE THE DATE." In this the Roman numerals added together equal 1881, the year of restoration. 3. The best *Cabalisticon* on any well known character. The *Cabalistican* or *Cabala* was a favourite device in Talmudic times. Every letter of the alphabet had its number, and thus every *word* could be summed up or counted. As, *e.g.*, taking the letters to have the value of their numerical order, A=1 B=2, &c., down to Z=26 we get

WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE
23 9 12 12 9 1 13 5 23 1 18 20 7 12 1 4 19 20 15 14 5

is equal to 243, and any sentence in which the letters, when counted up, amounted to the same total, viz., 243, would be the *Cabalisticon* or numerical anagram of William Ewart Gladstone. 4. Form a sentence in English which, when read backwards letter by letter, is found to be composed of words in another language (*e.g.*, French, German, &c.). N.B. If the words make sense in the other language, so much the better.—Ne Quin Nimis.

1. Best plot for "Queer Story" for Truth. 2. Best description of a cartoon for *Punch* on current events. 3. Best description on an imaginary historical painting.—Bonadil.

1. Suggest names for six highest-priced yearlings at first crack sale of season. 2. State the best system for breaking bank at roulette. 3. Compose "stump" burlesque speech limited to so many lines on Childers' half-sovereign token or other current topic.—Bangee.

1. To write sentence of from 20 to 40 words, capable of widely different meanings, according to different modes of punctuation. 2. To form sentence of 49 letters, one letter being taken from each of the first 49 lines of "Paradise Lost." 3. To form words from the letters of any word of 8 letters, selected by competitor; each formed word scoring as many marks as it contains letters. No letter to be repeated unless it be so in original word.—Bob Ridley.

1. Short outline of an original "Queer Story." 2. Best inoffensive rhyming account, not to exceed 20 lines, of marriages in any number of the *Times*. 3. Best collection of 6 pairs of contradictory proverbs.—First Fault.

1. Cleverest original short paragraph (say 20 words) denouncing prevalent evil or folly of day; *e.g.*, docking of horses' tails. 2. Best original paragraph (150 to 200 words) introducing antiquated, unusual, and obsolete words; the best being that introducing largest number of such words with sense and coherence. 3. Best 2 original 8 or 10-line stanzas on any topic of day or every-day event; first stanza treating subject seriously; second, humorously; from different point of view, and forming burlesque on first.—Sir P. Felis.

1. The neatest revenge to be taken by the husband of a runaway wife upon the partner of her flight, which shall also affect her. 2. The most ingenious proposal of marriage in the form of a proposition of Euclid. 3. The best 10 lines of poetry on Lord Randolph Churchill, of which each line shall be a complete excerpt from a standard poet.—Olive.

1. Best nick-name for a popular politician. 2. Short facetious poem on "the seasons" we get now. 3. Best definition of a "Justice of the Peace."—No Name.

1. Give the prize for the best "Arithmorem," which is made by substituting figures in a portion of a given word, and giving letters for the rest. Thus, 1105 and "a deer" is the arithmorem for "marvelled"; 1105 in Roman numeral notation being equal to MLLV., which, with the letters A DEER, make MARVELLED. A number of arithmorems may be so arranged as to make an interesting double acrostic. 2. Describe an event in history in somewhat vague terms, and let the competitors guess what the incident is. 3. Give a number of quotations, and require competitors to give their authors, with the dates of their birth and death, and exact sources of quotation, &c.—Juno.

1. Publish a page of mixed puzzles, enigmas, cryptograms, word-squares, conundrums, buried cities, &c., &c., with the maximum marks for correct solution of each appended. 2. Offer prize, occasionally, for best suggestion for cartoon in *Punch*. 3. Take a speech of Mr. Gladstone, or any other statesman, as reported say in the *Times*, and award prize to competitor who best expresses its sense in fewest words.—Bung-Bung.

1. Best suggestion for reward of General Gordon if he should happily return alive. 2. Suggestion of means to procure domestic servants with good characters. 3. How to furnish a stall at a bazaar, to result in financial success, without first spending more than one can well afford.—Rita.

1. 30 lines of original rhymed verse (any ordinary metre), which shall give the most complete and accurate account of Henry VIII.'s reign. 2. For the best essay of not more than 200 words on "The Secret of Success." 3. The best paragraph of 50 words, on any subject, due regard being paid to sense and meaning, which shall contain the greatest number of double letters, W's not counting.—H. Marsh Green.

1. The largest number of words terminating with Christian names, viz., "bigamy" *e.g.*, big-Amy. 2. Or of two names combined, as Rose-Mary. 3. Or ending with animals as dande-lion.—Blower.

1. The best method of remedying deficiency in our gold coinage, without resorting to the debasing expedient. 2. The best substitute for the present evening dress of gentlemen, having regard especially to its suitability for dancing. 3. The best means of meeting the attacks of the so-called dynamiters.—Thousand and One.

1. Introducing a given letter into a limited paragraph the greatest number of times. 2. Select a par or sentence (limited) from a given source; from which (taking the letters in their order), the greatest number of names can be taken 3. Write a limited par, using words of the same sound, but of a different meaning.—Unique.

1. To form a Conservative Ministry on assumption present Government go out of office at once. 2. To give suitable names to a list of unnamed horses. 3. Given the uprights of a double acrostic, to select lights and put them into rhyme.—Arthur L. Parry.

1. A description of any flower, the words composing it to be taken from different poets. 2. A paragraph composed of words ending in "nd." 3. Name 26 battles, each to commence with a different letter of the alphabet.—Skedaddle.

1. Best speech, in style of Mrs. Gamp, in favour of the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill, or any other topic,

2. Best speech, in Betsy Prig's style, against it. 3. The most literal rendering of any given passage in Shakespeare, such as Hamlet's soliloquy, in rhymed verse.—Bobus.

1. To epitomise in three words the style of any given author. 2. Suggestions to the Chancellor of the Exchequer of a novel tax that will not weight industry or increase the price of necessaries. 3. Two original proverbial sayings, on any subject, totally opposite in meaning.—Provident.

1. For the most humorously correct description of the human being as we now see him. 2. For a paragraph of, say 60 words, containing (1) the greatest and (2) the smallest number of letters on any given subject. 3. For the titles of the poems which may be considered the best in every way relating to Peace, War, Love, &c., the prize being given to competitor who named seven (or the nearest to that number) mentioned the largest number of times by other competitors.—Dum Spiro Spero.

1. The best collection of, say, 10 French proverbs with English parallels, not being translations. 2. Game of Patience.—The best original game of cards for one player, commonly called Game of Patience, of which the writer knows 50 varieties; or the best original trick or puzzle with cards, with or without a confederate, but without apparatus or legerdemain. 3. Best English equivalents for Latin formulas used with certain combination tricks with cards, the English equivalent to contain in an easy form the essentials of the Latin formula.—Alfredo.

1. For the best six French charades. 2. For the best criticism on Leighton's "Cymon and Iphigenia," in this year's Academy, in exactly 100 words. 3. For the most quotations from Shakespeare for and against matrimony.—Aïna.

1. With the notes G A B C D E F, construct a short sentence (using those letters only), which, when noted on the stave, will form part of an air, like specimen songs, &c., on the back of published music. 2. Select a proverb or quotation, say "All's well that ends well." Divide the words thus:—"A—l l—s w—e l—l," &c., &c. Make a perfect sentence by filling in the spaces marked with a dash, and so producing words of which the given letters shall be respectively first and last. 3. A verse of which each alternate line, or part of it, shall be an anagram of the whole or part of the preceding line.—Grosvenor.

1. The three best anecdotes (in a given number of words) written before the eighteenth century, or after. Or the three wittiest sayings from *Punch* in any one year. 2. The greatest number of wild flowers (no Latin names) found in England, or tools used in building a house, or fishes found in rivers, &c. 3. The best selection of Sunday amusements for children.—Sunbeam.

1. Walking in the Row on a hot summer's day, the crowd suddenly parts, and you hear the cry, "Mad dog;" what should a man do to save himself and crowd from hydrophobia? 2. Travelling on the Great Northern Railway by the ten o'clock express, in your carriage you find two old ladies; at Grantham a man enters. You have an hour's run before you; and ten minutes after the train starts, the newcomer pulls out a revolver and two bowies, and declares he will kill the "whole lot." How would you corner that lunatic? 3. Walking in a country lane you suddenly meet a Victoria and pair containing only two lovely ladies, the coachman having been thrown from his perch: what would you do?—Targuts.

1. Twelve lines of verse on any subject, to rhyme alternately, and each rhyme to be of not less than three syllables, e.g., Mephis*topheles*, Hot *coffee lees*. 2. A love letter in words of one syllable. 3. Burlesque epitaphs on living or dead celebrities.—Sexton.

1. Give the greatest number of words in which the letters can be transposed so as to form a different word, all the letters being used in each case. 2. Mention a given number of men, women, books, or inventions that have had most influence (politically or socially) on society in a given time. 3. To state occasions when either of the numbers 3, 7, or 12 is used in history, &c.—R. M. E.

1. Write and set up a paragraph of twelve lines in print; remove the first half of each line, and require competitors to furnish such omissions. 2. Competitors to compose an eight-line verse, so that when lines 2, 4, 6, and 8 are omitted the other four lines will have a meaning exactly opposite to that conveyed by the whole eight. 3. Give a prose quotation of three or four lines or more, omitting all vowels, and ask competitors to complete the quotation.—Bishop Berkell.

1. The nearest guess as to the majority (if any) on the 1st, 2nd, or 3rd reading of any important Bill. 2. The nearest guess as to how many words Mr. Gladstone will use in so many days, as given in *Times'* report. 3. To compose an enigma of four lines taken from different poets.—Wild Thyme.

1. Give prize to the competitor who identifies most of the books from which six given quotations are taken. 2. For best description of any given M.P.'s characteristics. 3. For best tracing to their primitive form a given selection of surnames now in use.—Jackal.

1. Give the most correct list of the dramatis personæ of some given novel, e.g., *Vanity Fair*. 2. Give best and most concise answers to any set of questions as, e.g. (*a*) Who were boy-bishops? How and where were they appointed? (*b*) Give the longest list of known personages who died on the same date as their birth. 3. Given the words and the lights of a double acrostic, required to write the best poem, and wittiest or most suitable verses to those lights.—Nutshell.

1. The best Macaronic verse. 2. The best essay on society. 3. The best plan of an original garden-maze.—Giglio.

1. Outlines of a plot for modern play, novel or poem. 2. Good subject for a picture. 3. Three original maxims, "à la Rochefoucauld."—Claymore.

1. Give prize for best answers to twelve questions, calling for widest knowledge of miscellaneous matters, such as: (*a*) If an immovable body be struck by an irresistible force, what will be the result? (*b*) What is a farse? (*c*) What is the Rhamseion? &c. ["Humpty Dumpty" gives nine other miscellaneous queries, equally ingenious.] 2. The prize to be given for the best definition of a comedy. 3. The prize to be given for the longest list of words that can be formed from an original word of four letters, by transposing the letters or adding one or more to it—*e.g.*, pure, super, supreme, presumest.—Humpty Dumpty.

1. To name the exact time in which the Derby will be run by the winner, and the distance between the first and second, and second and third horses. 3. Illustrate in verse the meaning in reverse of some well-known proverb. 3. Best recipe for a new pudding (not in cookery books), with not more than, say, seven ingredients, usually procurable without difficulty.—Lizard.

1. To invent a new proverb. 2. To suggest the best answer to a given awkward question under given circumstances. 3. To write a letter of, say, 100 words, skilfully embodying matter which has been given in skeleton the week before (which should be something hard to put pleasantly).—Neptune.

1. A concise epigram on the best manner of avoiding Oxford bills. 2. The best letter from the Marquis Tseng to a compatriot, on crinolettes. 3. Musical words of consolation to a briefless and impecunious barrister.—Cock Tavern.

1. Prize for the best rhyming synonyms on the entire alphabet—*e.g.*, A in alcove but not in bower, B in bulwark but not in tower, &c. 3. Find the greatest number of proverbs and counter-proverbs—such as "Ill weeds grow apace." "Good rye runs high."—Mrs. Poyser.

1. Give plausible reasons for abolition of hospitals, universities, and representative governments. 2. Construct an eight-lined stanza, in which special allusion is made to hunting, shooting, angling, boating, skating, tennis-playing. 3. Write in style of La Fontaine a short fable illustrating the Egyptian situation. —P. P.

1. Sonnet, to be composed of lines taken from Shakespeare, Milton, Gray, Shelley, Byron, Tennyson, Burns, Moore, Scott, Longfellow, Wordsworth, Pope, Campbell, and Davis. 2. Place in order of merit the twelve M.P.'s possessing best gift of oratory; and name a speech of each in the House justifying your selection. 3. Best witticism (riddle epigram) on Sir Randolph Churchill.—Garryowen Jack.

1. Name article of male or female dress most in need of reform, and give short description of proposed improvement. 2. Prize to be given for best sentence made by taking five consecutive lines from current Truth, and adding 5 nouns and 2 verbs to be interspersed throughout, not more than two together in any case.—Simla.

The best original interpretation of the three mystic letters, G.O.M., from a Liberal's and Tory's point of view.—Double Sixes.

A question and answer in the House of Commons most characteristically hitting off the style, &c., of the supposed speakers.—Esterel.

Best new subjects for pictures by Long, Millais, and Briton Rivière.—Fermière.

From the Opposition, select a Ministry.—Old Skyblue.

The best song of songs, 12 lines in length, to be entirely composed of the titles or first lines of well-known songs.—Dinah.

To write a poem on given subject, English and French, every English line rhyming with a French one.—Nigel.

The best unpublished anecdote of "things one wishes one had not said." Brevity desirable.—Elma.

The nearest prediction of time taken by a given Atlantic liner in passage from New York to Queenstown.—Ham.

1. Name best 12 persons who have made great figures in some particular action or circumstance of their lives, and give the reason why. 2. Name best 12 persons who have made a mean, contemptible figure in some particular action or circumstance of their lives, and give the reason why.—Egbert Nella.

1. Paragraph of 100 words describing opening of Health Exhibition, and bringing in the most names of newspapers. 2. The prettiest and most original way of ornamenting a grate for summer.—Wayward Thing.

1. The best novel suggestion for relief of General Gordon. 2. The best revision of the cricket laws as to unfair bowling.—Satanella.

An alphabet of characters from well-known novels or plays.—E. Y. N.

The best prediction of the English team to play for England in the first international match against the Australians.—Asymptote.

Original proverb containing all the letters of the alphabet.—Nundydroog.

1. Best twelve aphorisms by leading men of present century, with authors' names. 2. The best skeleton plot for a one-act farce (not to exceed 20 lines).—Micawber Jun.

Take from a French review or newspaper 10 or 15 lines of thoroughly idiomatic French in the "Saint Genest" or "Ignotus" style, and translate into French. Puzzle to consist in re-translating same into original language, prize going to competitor whose translation most closely resembles the original. Slightest grammatical error to put competitor out of court.—Faider.

The P. E. to put a question for competitors to answer negatively or affirmatively, but in either case giving three reasons for their decision in a given number of words.—Guelder Rose.

1. The best single epithet to be applied to the east wind. The epithet may be in any language, but if in a foreign one a translation must be given. 2. The best guess at the number of competitors sending in answers to any given puzzle.—Miggles.

1. The most lucid statement of (say) five leading arguments in favour of or (as circumstances may suggest) against a given proportion with corresponding answers. 2. The best imitation of Bacon's style in his celebrated essays.—Steel Pen.

1. The best list of words from English dictionary containing the letters "t, r, u, t, h," in their proper order, as in "trusteth." 2. Best anagram from "The Imperial Parliament."—Coaly Tyne.

The best re-arrangement of the letters in 6 lines of selected blank verse, so as to form an entirely original piece of blank verse, no important word in the original being reproduced.—Becky Sharp.

1. Write 12 or 16 lines of imitation of some given English ditty, transforming it from a sentimental one to a satire on any subject. 2. Compose 3 bon-mots or conundrums on any current topics. 3. Introduce as many anagrams as you can form out of a given word, or introduce sensibly into not more than 20 lines of verse, any metre and subject. Example: From the single word monastery, several phrases, &c., can be formed, such as, "ten mayors, "mayor sent," "Mary's note," &c., &c.—Crystal Palace.

1. Eight lines in any metre, of welcome back to England addressed to Irving, E. Terry, and Lyceum company. 2. The best example (original) of "English as she is spoke," in, say, fifty words. 2. The wittiest "Cheap John" patter on the articles the vendor is supposed to offer for sale to the modern masher; ten lines of verse, or sixty words of prose.—Observer.

1. A condensed speech, not more than twenty words, to take over half-an-hour. 2. A four-lined verse, of which each line rhymes with another, each line to be in a different language. 3. An epigrammatic answer to the following questions yelled out by "a voice" at a public meeting:—(*a*.) How about the "dirty trick?" (*b*.) Why should Gordon die? (*c*.) Can't you speak louder? (*d*.) What is a grand old man? (*e*.) Will you rob a poor man of his beer?—Melancthon.

Answers to Puzzle, No. 275, have been also received from Huhba, Hehe, Orchis, W. H. T., Truth, Kismet, Rozel, E. Y. N., Plumepierre, Telemaque, Field, Chaucer, jun., Magellan, Cæsar's Corner, Hay Fever, Angina, Old Log, Dinah, Popgun, Jack, Friar Tuck, Bandbox, Albert's Own, Old Log, Grumpus, Town Moor, Gamma Phi, Aramis, Sans Changer, White Lilac, J. Makneeka, Jeedeeraax, Goat, Joher Khan, Jupiter Pluvius, Erin-go-Bragh, Infelix, Theodora, Stag, Knots, Osman Digna, Esa.

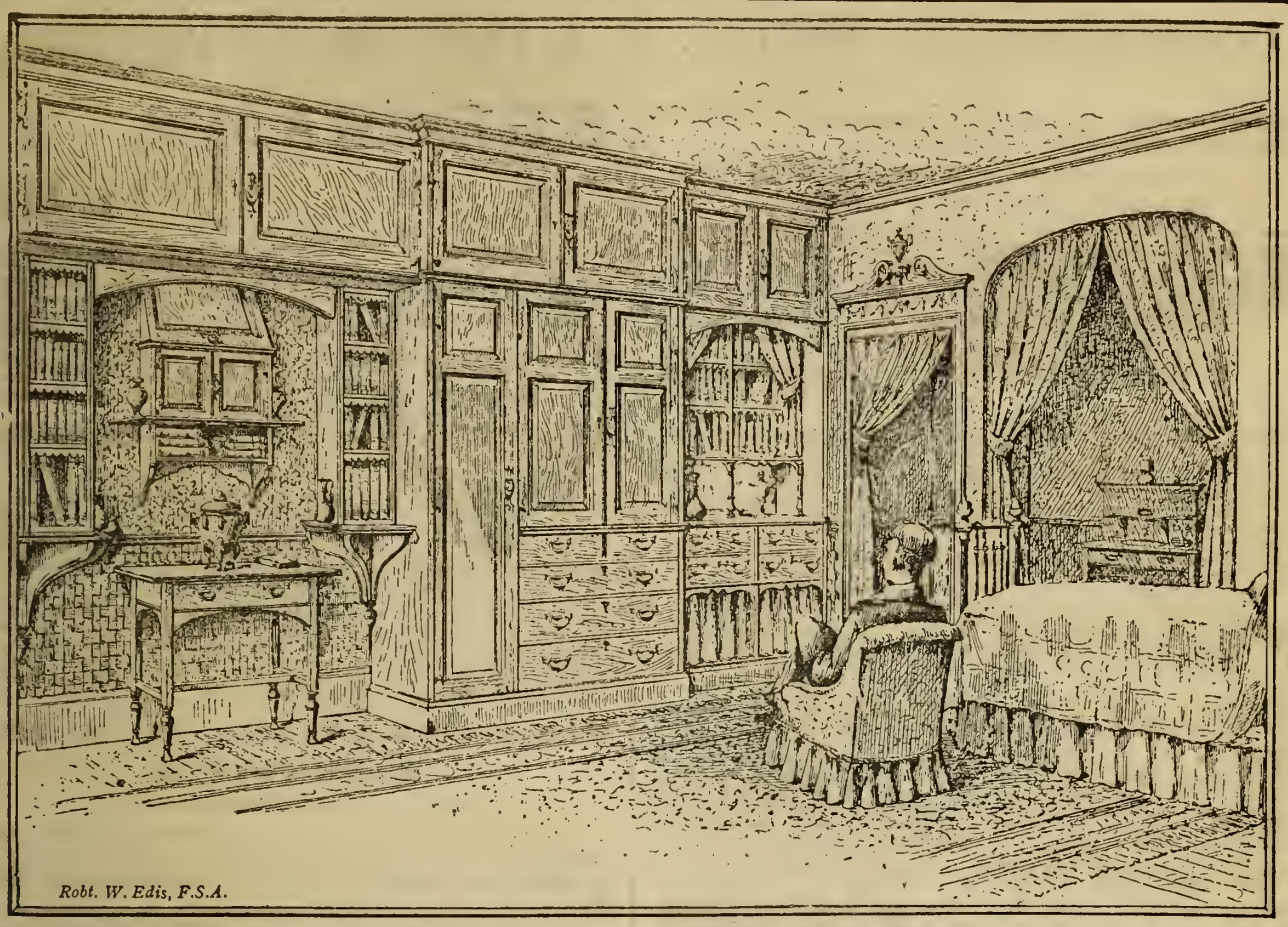
"There's no sweeter Tobacco comes from Virginia and no better brand than the

Three Castles."

Thackeray (The Virginians.)

"For dear are those 'Three Castles' to my wants."

Tennyson (Princess, Can. II.)



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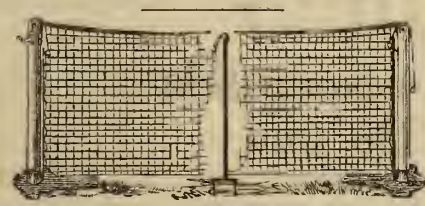

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· TRUTH ·

"Cultores Veritatis Fraudis Inimici."—*Cicero.*

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ENTRE NOUS.

THE Queen is inclined not to have either Drawing-rooms or Levées this season. The question is not, however, yet decided, but, one way or the other, it will be definitely settled within the next few days.

The Prince of Wales will go to Wiesbaden about June 5, to join the Princess, who is going there from Rumpenheim with the King and Queen of Denmark. According to present arrangements the Prince and Princess will not return to England before the end of June.

Her Royal Highness passed a very pleasant week at Gmünden, with the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland, and was much benefited by the perfect quiet and by the fine bracing air of the Traunsee country. The weather was favourable, and on one afternoon the Royal party drove through the woods to the beautiful falls of the Traun, where they had a picnic. They also went up the lake to Ebensee, and made a day's excursion through the Salzkammergut, in the direction of Ischl.

The *Times* announces "the resignation of Mr. Löhlein, who for many years has acted as secretary to the Queen at Windsor." Underneath is another paragraph, in which the said Löhlein offers a reward of £50 for information which will lead to the discovery of the person who broke into his room in Windsor Castle, about two months ago, and abstracted a quantity of valuable jewellery. There has been a great deal of gossip about this business, and the "resignation" has caused almost as much excitement in the Royal Household as did the death of John Brown. Löhlein came from Coburg with Prince Albert in 1840, and he was in his service as principal valet till the Prince's death, after which he was transferred to the Queen's establishment. Löhlein was not a "secretary," but was "personal servant" to the Queen. He was the only person about the Court with whom John Brown never attempted in any way to interfere, but "the Highlander" was supposed to be very jealous of Löhlein's influence. His sudden disappearance from the scene is therefore considered to be decidedly remarkable, and altogether it is a very curious affair. Löhlein has lived entirely at Windsor for a long time past, and has occupied a house within the Castle precincts. He retires on a good pension.

I see that her Majesty says in the "Memoir of Princess Alice," that of the many beautiful tributes in verse to the worth of the Princess, which appeared in England immediately after her death, none spoke the prevailing feeling more truly than that in Truth. I was of the same opinion when the verses were published, but, of course, I could not well say so.

The Grand Duke of Hesse and Princess Elizabeth have gone this week to visit Prince and Princess Louis of Battenberg at Sennicotts, and will embark at Portsmouth for Flushing, in the Royal yacht *Osborne*, on Friday or Saturday next.

Prince and Princess Louis arrived at Chichester Station on Friday afternoon. As they had expressed a desire that there should be no public demonstration, there were only a few personal friends awaiting their arrival.

The Duke of Edinburgh has brought back from the Mediterranean a very large collection of rare plants, and a number of live animals, as well as several cases of curiosities. The whole were landed at Portsmouth, on Thursday, from the *Minotaur*, and were forwarded direct to Eastwell Park.

Early in the autumn, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught will return to England for a few weeks, by the Queen's wish. It is doubtful whether they will go back to India.

The Duke will not be appointed to the command at Bombay, which will shortly be vacant on the expiration of the term of General Hardinge.

There is to be a large batch of creations in the various divisions of the Order of the Bath in honour of the Queen's birthday.

The *World* is all wrong in its statements about the amounts paid in fees by newly-created Knights of the Garter and of St. Patrick. The total payments for the Irish Order are over £500, and those of the Garter are nearly £1,000 The latter are payable to the Board of Green Cloth, and Lord Sydney would do well to abolish them, as they are a flagrant anachronism, especially as Knights of the Bath pay nothing. One costly item in the outfit of a new Blue Ribbon is the charge for the State robes, which are never worn except at a Chapter, and there has not been such a function since Louis Napoleon was invested at Windsor in 1855, and there certainly will not be another during the present reign. When a Knight dies, these robes are despatched to the Dean of Windsor, who claims them as a perquisite in right of his office as Registrar of the Order.

Lord Spencer left Kingstown on Thursday evening for England, in the mail steamer by which the Duke and Duchess of Abercorn were also crossing. A Viceregal salute was fired from the harbour, this practice, for some time in abeyance, having been resumed this year.

The Irish Military Tournament took place on Thursday and Friday last week at Ball's Bridge, Dublin, on the ground where the horse-show is annually held. There was ample room for the display of all varieties of military skill, and particularly for those connected with equestrianism. The popularity of the sports was evinced by the vast crowds which assembled each day to witness them, society being largely represented in a variety of phases. On Thursday Lord and Lady Spencer were present, accompanied by Lord and Lady Drogheda and a Viceregal suite, a special box being set apart for them in the grand stand. The display of beauty and fashion in the enclosure was worthy of the occasion. Lady Spencer wore a grey bonnet, with a long black mantle. Lady Steele was in black. Mrs. E. Guinness wore a costume of olive plush. The Hon. Miss Fitzroy's toilet was grey, with a short black jacket. The "musical rides" of the cavalry excited especial interest, as did the driving competition of the artillery. General Fraser's sword of merit was won by Sergeant Woodgett, of the 16th Lancers, and was presented to him by Lady Steele.

Yet another marriage in Irish Viceregal circles is announced, that of Mr. George Murphy and Lady Mary Plunkett, eldest sister of Lord Fingall. Lord Fingall and his two sisters have all been married or engaged within one year—a pretty brisk way for one family to solve the matrimonial problems of life, or to set about doing so.

Whether or not Irish landlords have hearts may well be doubted, but they certainly have pockets. The pocket is their holy cause. This sentient portion of their being was touchingly appealed to at the meeting last week in the Rotunda, when it was requested by the Secretary that each one would pay "a half-a-crown" to defray the expenses of assembling. How are the mighty fallen!

Mr. and Mrs. E. Guinness gave an afternoon party last week at their residence in St. Stephen's Green, Dublin. A military band played in the large gardens at the back of the house, where tea, strawberries-and-cream, &c., were served in tents. An interesting part of the afternoon programme was a visit to the stables, which are appointed after a fashion that might have done credit to Heliogabalus himself.

The Duchess of St. Albans held a private bazaar at her house in Cadogan-square last week, for the sale of Irish lace and fancy-work, for the benefit of some poor ladies in Ireland. There was a large attendance, and a considerable sum was realised, as most of the goods offered were disposed of at satisfactory prices.

Lord and Lady O'Hagan have taken Lord Fitzgerald's sea-side villa at Killiney, co. Dublin, for the summer season. It is charmingly situated on that bay, whose beauties only want brighter colouring to rival those of Naples.

Lady Brassey and Miss Brassey return to London next week from Ireland, where they are staying with Lord and Lady Clanmorris.

Lord and Lady Conyngham have left Bifrons for the south of France, and propose taking a cruise in the Mediterranean. They will be absent for about two months, and on their return they intend going to Ireland for the autumn.

Mr. Herbert Spencer has been prohibited by his medical advisers from taking his contemplated voyage to Australia. It is considered essential that he should live in a warm climate, and in the course of the year he will probably take up his permanent residence on the Riviera—most likely at Mentone, where he has stayed on several occasions.

Lord Lorne postponed his return south for a week, in order that he might pay a visit to the Kintyre portion of Argyllshire. He has been staying, since Thursday, at Ardnacraig House, near Campbelton.

Sir William Harcourt and Mr. Chamberlain will accompany Captain Webb, R.N., in the Trinity Yacht, on his cruise of inspection to the Channel Islands during the Whitsuntide recess.

Lord and Lady de Clifford are staying at Gordon House, Isleworth, which has been lent them for a few weeks by Lord and Lady Kilmorey, who have gone to Carlsbad, and intend to remain abroad till the end of July.

It was not Mr. Weld-Blundell, of Ince Hall, who was married at the Brompton Oratory—in spite of "Ruffler's" statement in *Vanity Fair*—but his son, Mr. Charles Weld-Blundell. Mr. Weld-Blundell is not a widower.

A contemporary alludes to "the coincidence" in the death of Captain Curson, for many years keeper of Raglan Castle, "so soon after the death of his noble patron." Raglan Castle belongs to the Duke of Beaufort, and the late Lord Raglan had no more to do with the ownership of the place than with that of Troy.

Lord Raglan's funeral at Llandenny was a ceremony of quite exceptional character, as before the coffin was placed in the vault, which is under the chancel, the coffin of his first wife was deposited on an adjacent shelf therein. It had been brought from Madresfield, Worcestershire, where it was placed when Lady Raglan died, in 1865.

I am sorry to hear that Mr. Sam Ward—so well known to all Englishmen who have visited America as "Uncle Sam"—died at Pegli, on the Riviera, last Monday.

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Prince Bismarck has just purchased the estate of Waldesruhe, which adjoins his favourite domain of Friedrichsruhe, and which he has been regarding with longing eyes for many years past.

The Duke of Hamilton is going shortly on a cruise in his yacht *Thistle*, which has just completed a thorough refit at Cowes. The Duchess has been staying for the last ten days in Paris, at the Hôtel Liverpool.

A beautiful steam-launch has just been finished at Dartmouth for Baroness Adolphe Rothschild, and it will be despatched in a few days to Villa Prégny, near Geneva, being intended for excursions on Lake Leman.

Lord Henry Scott, M.P., has purchased the yawl *Heron* (49 tons) from Mr. Llewellyn.

The famous herd of Jersey cattle which was established at Stonor Park by the late Lord Camoys about 1830 is to be sold off next Tuesday. It is believed to be one of the choicest collection of Jerseys in the world.

Mr. Tait, the manager of the Queen's farm at Windsor, has been down in Herefordshire during the last fortnight, and he has bought several fine pedigree Hereford cattle on her Majesty's account.

The prices realised at the sale of the herd of Mr. Oliver, of Sholebrooke, are very encouraging to shorthorn breeders, as the average for fifty lots was £279. 10s., which is by far the best which has been obtained for several years past. The best price was 1,120 gs. for a Grand Duchess cow, bought by Lord Bective for the Underley herd. The agent of the Duke of Devonshire paid 1,005 gs. for another of the same breed, and 660 gs. for a yearling bull. Both go to the farm at Holker Hall. Sir Curtis Lampson, Lord Fitzhardinge and Lord Feversham also purchased several high-priced lots.

Mr. Hill, of Felhampton, the well-known breeder of Herefords, has sold a dozen picked animals to a Canadian farmer, who intends to establish a herd on his estate near Ontario.

It has been finally decided to give up the Carnarvonshire Hunt, and the pack will shortly be sold. After Mr. Platt's resignation, Mr. Duff Assheton-Smith offered to hunt the country; but Lord Newborough refused to allow the hounds to go over his estate, so the proposal came to nothing. The Hunt has been very poorly supported for some time past. As some compensation for this deprivation, Lord Anglesey has started a pack of beagles at Plas Newydd, his place on the Anglesey bank of the Menai Straits, with which he intends to hunt the district three days a week.

Mr. Phipps, of Leighton, whose offer to hunt the South Wilts country on very liberal terms was rejected by the members of the Hunt, has purchased a pack of foxhounds, with which he intends to hunt the Westbury district on his own account.

For Breakfast, Epps's Cocoa is grateful and comforting. Boiling water or milk only. James Epps & Co., Homœopathic Chemists.

The Prince of Wales's annual dinner to the members of the Jockey Club will not be given this year.

No member of the Royal family will attend Ascot races this year.

Last week died the Rev. R. T. King, vicar of Friday-Bridge, Cambridgeshire, who was one of the most popular parish clergymen in the diocese of Ely. Mr. King was an enthusiastic cricketer before he took orders, but for many years past his appearances in the field were confined to the county of Leicester and to matches in the neighbourhood of Stamford. He was, when at the University, captain of the Cambridge eleven, and his innings against Oxford in 1849 of 43 and 49 (not out) were long remembered at the University. Mr. King belonged for several years to the team of "gentlemen" who played against the professional players, and he more than once went round the country with the All England Eleven. Those were days in which amateurs paid all their own expenses of every sort. Mr. King was a wonderful fielder, and used to be known as "the King of Points."

Lord Sheffield, the President of the Sussex County Cricket Club, is the moving spirit of that body, and it is mainly owing to his enthusiasm and munificence that the game is so popular in East Sussex. His Lordship does everything *en prince*, for not only did he pay all expenses of every kind in the recent match with the Australians, including the remuneration of the players (no small item), but he also provided a capital luncheon for the eleven, and for all his friends and neighbours. The public, too, were admitted to the ground free.

Sheffield Park is one of the most picturesque places in Sussex. The estate was bought early in the reign of George III. by the first Lord Sheffield, the friend of Gibbon, who is buried in the mausoleum of the Sheffield family in the north transept of Fletching church, which lies just outside the park, and which is one of the finest churches in the county. It contains some splendid old tombs.

After their brilliant commencement against Lord Sheffield's powerful combination, few people dreamt of the Australians succumbing to the youthful Oxford eleven. Although, of course, no sane person can imagine that in this instance the better side won, yet the victory is exceedingly popular, not merely because it has given confidence to the future antagonists of the Colonists, but because for some little time past Oxford cricket has been rather under a cloud, and distinctly eclipsed by that of the junior University, its rival. My remarks in last week's Truth, to the effect that some of the older hands might have to make way for freshmen have been fully borne out by the Australian match, for not only did the 'Varsity team include five freshmen, but it was mainly owing to their splendid play that the satisfactory result was obtained.

The Australian Eleven are carefully keeping their new recruit, Cooper, in the background; but, when he does take

Minton's (Limited). — Minton's China. A visit to Messrs Mortlock's extensive collection in Oxford-st. and Orchard-st. will conclusively prove the superiority of taste and lowness of price for which this house has been so celebrated during the last century and a half.

his place in the field, he is, according to all accounts, likely to prove a very dangerous opponent. A correspondent writes :—

He is a safe, steady hat, and is thoroughly reliable in the field; but it is as a bowler that he excels. In dry weather, when the ground is playing perfectly true, and batsmen are apparently masters of the situation, Cooper will take wicket after wicket where the "Demon" and Palmer can do nothing; and even in Sydney, where his bowling is known, no one is more feared. He has a "break" that requires to be seen to be believed, while a cool self-possession that nothing can ruffle makes him invaluable at a critical juncture.

It seems as if cricketers on all hands have determined that the regulation with regard to the width of bats shall be strictly adhered to. Prior to their innings against Lord Sheffield's eleven, the weapons of the Australians were tested by the 4¼ inch gauge, and in most instances they had to be planed down in order to pass through it. Several of the principal local and suburban clubs have issued notices to their opponents that they will exercise a rigid scrutiny in this matter; so that it seems as if a slight, though long-standing, cricket abuse were at last to be rectified.

Mr. G. George, *the* champion athlete, continues his record-breaking career, and only last Saturday he succeeded in reducing the amateur time for four miles by close on ten seconds, having, a fortnight previously, treated the two mile standard in a similar fashion. I understand that it is his intention to retire definitely after this year, during which he means to establish as many records as possible for his successors to work against. This season he has altered history at two, three, four, and ten miles, but what his friends want to see accomplished before he doffs running-shoes for good is a mile in four minutes fifteen seconds, and twelve miles in the hour.

Anglers have been obtaining fine sport lately in the Hants Avon, especially in the neighbourhood of Ringwood. Higher up, in Lord Normanton's water, at Somerley Park, the Hon. and Rev. Robert Liddell has landed some fine salmon almost every day he has been out. On Wednesday he killed a fish of 32 lb. Fifty-six salmon were caught last week in the Christchurch nets.

I understand that Lord Rosebery was a large purchaser at the sale of the Hamilton library, especially of rare works relating to Scotland, which are destined for the library at Dalmeny.

People who possess rare furniture and articles of virtù had better send them to Paris if they want money. At the sale of the Baron d'Ivry's collection, a suite of Louis XVI. furniture (fifteen pieces) covered with Gobelins, fetched £3,440! A tapestry screen went for £560. A writing-table of satin-wood, profusely ornamented in the Louis XV. style, realised £1,500. A pair of bronze candelabra, £2,540. A pair of carved ebony cabinets, £1,880. Of the pictures, a small head, by Fragonard, went for £1,540. The sale realised about £42,000, which was fully a third more than had been anticipated by even the most sanguine critics.

When Rubens painted two portraits for the Duke of Buckingham in 1626, he charged his Grace £500, the pay, according to the artist's usual mode of reckoning being for fifty days' work at £10 a day. Mr. Whistler computes his time at a different value, and at the private view of his Exhibition on Saturday, he sold six drawings at prices varying from twenty to eighty guineas. Some of them, the facetious artist observed, had taken him nearly twenty minutes to complete.

By far the most valuable picture in the Blenheim collection is Rubens' picture of himself, his second wife, Helena Fourment, and child. Not only is its execution equal to anything the great master has painted, but there is a calm air of domesticity pervading the scene that renders its conception highly poetical. It is to be hoped that it, as well as several of the other Rubens, the Raphael, and some of the Vandykes in the collection, will be purchased by the nation.

All Miss Braddon's novels are being translated into Telugu and Canarese, under the editorship of Mr. Cadwallader Waddy, who was formerly on the staff of the *Belgravia Magazine*, and who is now Advocate-General at Madras.

The correspondence of M. Guizot, extending over a period of sixty-four years, has been edited by Madame de Witt, and will be published in Paris shortly by Hachette. Arrangements have been made for an English translation. M. Guizot had numerous correspondents in this country, and many of his letters not only give a graphic account of French affairs, but abound in vivacious criticisms of English statesmen and their policy.

Jules Verne is off to the Mediterranean on board his yacht, the *St. Michael*. He will visit Oran, Algiers, Bône, Tunis, Malta, the Ionian Island, Sicily, Naples, and Rome. The journey is to be performed strictly "on business," as the scene of Verne's forthcoming novel is to be laid in these districts.

Hortense Schneider, the far-famed Grand Duchess of Gerolstein, who long ago retired from the stage, has been dragged again before the public. Her husband, M. Bionne, asks for a separation, and modestly demands a pension of twelve pounds a month. No doubt the wealthy Grand Duchess will consider herself well and cheaply rid of her bargain, though she alleges she was swindled in the matter of the marriage, as M. Bionne is "neither a Count nor an Italian."

A version of "Robinson Crusoe" will shortly be produced in Paris at the Porte St. Martin, with a most elaborate *mise en scène*. In the autumn it is proposed to bring out an adaptation of "Never too Late to Mend," with several startling situations, the nature of which may be guessed by anybody who has read Mr. Reade's novel.

A series of private performances of specially selected operas has just been given at the Court Theatre, Munich, for the diversion of the King of Bavaria. The first of these ("Parsifal") did not terminate till three in the morning. The King remained in his box, shrouded by curtains, from beginning to end. His Majesty's subjects are beginning to manifest their dissatisfaction at his extravagance and eccentricities with increasing frequency and distinctness.

"Liberty" Art Fabrics.—Original designs for Curtains, Chintz, Upholstery, and Furniture Stuffs. Patterns post-free. Regent-st., W.

Picked Up at the Stall Entrance to the Novelty Theatre.

I know a maiden fair to see—
K. V.! K. V.! (Cave!)
She dances most bewitchingly—
K. V.! K. V.!
Her twinkling feet, her ankles neat,
Her *pirouettes*, her glances sweet,
Will make your heart more quickly beat—
K. V.! K. V.!

When you are seeing "Lalla Rookh"—
K. V.! K. V.!
O keep your eyes upon the book—
K. V.! K. V.!
Or Kate's fair face, and facile grace
Will "mash" you in a moment's space;
Then yours will be a hopeless case—
K. V.! K. V.!

Princes' Hall, Piccadilly, held a large and fashionable audience on Friday evening last, the attraction being the first audition of the new songs by Paolo Tosti and Isidore de Lara. The list of artists comprised the names of Misses Carlotta Elliot, Madeline Hardy, Helen d'Alton, and A. Dinilli; Messrs. Edward Lloyd, H. Thorndyke, and Isidore de Lara. Signor Carlo Ducci was at the piano, and Signori Tosti, De Lara, and Visetti were conductors. The audience was more than usually critical, but their hearty applause stamped success on many of the new songs. The numbers redemanded were "Twin Souls," "Mother," "Last Night," "I'll Sing thee Songs of Araby," and "Where Memory Dwells." "Mother" is one of Tosti's tenderest efforts, and it gained in tenderness through the touching singing of Signor de Lara. "Twin Souls" (De Lara) is a *cantabile* which should become widely popular. "At Rest" is one of De Lara's best efforts. It is too sad, however, to be ground out on street organs.

I am asked to give publicity to the following:—

The People's Entertainment Society has given, during the last winter season, 130 concerts to the working men and women of Battersea, Bermondsey, Rotherhithe, Clapham, Westminster, and Walworth. It has a regular staff of amateur vocalists, instrumentalists, and reciters, and employs many young professionals besides. It is non-sectarian and non-political in its character. The entertainments, which are generally given on Saturday nights, differ from those of the Popular Ballad Society and of other similar societies in being absolutely free. The audiences vary in number from 350 to 1,700. Each district has a local committee, which distributes tickets for the concerts within the district; whilst a central committee, with Lord Folkestone as chairman, meet every week to arrange the programmes. The office is at 180, Brompton-road, S.W., where the secretary, Mr. J. M. Crament, is always ready to receive and acknowledge subscriptions, which are much needed.

Some little time ago I called attention to the exorbitant fees charged by theatrical booking agencies. Here is an even still more serious complaint against the fraternity. A correspondent writes:—

A short time since a new melodrama called "Haunted Lives" was produced at the Olympic. I sent down to the theatre to buy a stall, but my messenger brought back word that no seats were left there. I then sent him on to a booking-office kept by a firm of the name of Keith, Prowse, & Co. Here he obtained a ticket marked "Stalls B 4," for which he paid 11s. 6d. (the price at the theatre being 10s.), and with which I gained admission the same evening. I had hardly been seated five minutes, however, when a gentleman entered with another ticket for the stall I was occupying. I went out at once, asked for the acting-manager, and was shown an individual whose face was new to me, but from whom I asked an explanation. This was vouchsafed me, somewhat brusquely, in the following fashion: "Keith, Prowse had no business to sell the ticket at all, and were quite aware of the fact." This polite gentleman then turned his back on me. A sort of deputy acting-manager, who was standing near, very civilly told me that the blame rested entirely with the booking-office. He further exerted himself on my behalf, and had a small chair placed near the back row of the stalls, which, though somewhat uncomfortable, enabled me to see as much as I wanted of the performance.

I wrote, of course, to Keith, Prowse, & Co., quoted the acting manager's remarks, and asked for an explanation. Two days afterwards, a boy from their booking agency called, and was good enough to state that "it wasn't their fault, but Mitchells'." This answer they presumably deemed sufficient. I thought otherwise, and wrote again. The next day, another messenger called, and stated that "Keith, Prowse didn't see that there was anything more to explain." I suggested that if a person paid 11s. 6d. for a seat which had been previously sold to somebody else, the person might not unreasonably expect his money returned. This seemed quite a new idea to the emissary, and he said that he would communicate it to his principals. Whether he did so or not, I don't know; but I do know that up to this date I have neither received a line of explanation from Keith, Prowse, nor has my money been returned.

Recently the occupants of the gallery of the Haymarket Theatre complained that Mr. Bancroft had not provided them with a shelter outside. From the tenour of the following communication it would seem, however, that so much divinity hedges in a Palace that, even when there is a shelter before it, no one may use it:—

Happening to be caught in a very sharp shower in Palace Gardens last Sunday week, I took refuge beneath the portico of Kensington Palace—a few other persons had taken advantage of this shelter—but, for some reason (perhaps I was taken for a dynamiter), a policeman informed me that I must move on. I need hardly say that, on account of the rain, I did not feel at all disposed to obey his orders, and more particularly so as I saw no notice to convince me that I was trespassing. The sentinel on duty then interfered by pushing me away, and threatened to "punch" me. I now thought it advisable to move on. I mentioned the matter to the man's sergeant at Kensington Barracks; he, however, informed me that I was quite in the wrong, and that they had enough to do with "them civilians." He added that I might report my case to head-quarters at Chelsea Barracks, where I should probably meet the policeman, and that I might also think myself lucky I was not locked up. In the meantime I think it as well to warn the inhabitants of Kensington and elsewhere against taking refuge from the weather at this particular spot, unless they feel inclined to learn by experience what a sentinel means by "punching," or his sergeant by "locking up."

The following letter from Mr. Hodgetts refers to my last week's article on "British Museum Muddlers:"—

Dear Sir,—In the first place, accept my thanks for the right good will shown towards me in your sparkling article on the lectures at the British Museum. In the second, allow me to correct an impression which will now get abroad, and, having the stamp of Truth, do unintentional wrong to very blameless people.

The lectures which I am giving are not exactly official lectures, but, as marked on the syllabus, "Private" lectures delivered to a small number of ladies and gentlemen specially interested in the subject which I have taken up.

I am indebted to Mr. Bond and the other gentlemen in authority for permission to use the room on days when it is not open to the public; and the letter from Mr. Bond, kindly permitting me to do what I have been doing distinctly limits the number of my audience to about twenty, on account of the size of the room. This number has always been reached, but I need hardly say how glad I should be to be able to lecture on my favourite study to large audiences.

The "Truth" about me is that I was *not* an "eminent light" of the Moscow University, where I sat as a member of the Board of Commission on Education and Examiner in English, my title as Professor being due to my filling the chair of English in the Imperial College of Practical Science at Moscow.

It may look ungrateful in me to pick holes, as it were, in an article written in a spirit of such hearty good-feeling towards me. I hope you will not take it in that light, for I am most grateful to you. I only want truth to be truth.

Pray do what you like with this letter, believing me to be—
Yours sincerely obliged, J. Frederick Hodgetts.

I see a good many suggestions in the Press as to who shall be Provost of Eton. What I should be glad to know is, why £2,000 per annum—or, reckoning the house and other *et ceteras*, £2,500 per annum—should be paid to any such sinecurist. Eton College has fellowships and fat

Minton's China.—A visit to Messrs. Goode's Depôt in South Audley-street will at once show the immense superiority of their collection, both as regards taste, extent, and lowness of price.

Osler, 100, Oxford-street, W.—Crystal Glass and China Services; Minton's Worcester, Copelands, Wedgwood, and Crown Derby China, Chandeliers, Lamps and Wall Lights. 100, Oxford-st., W. Osler.

livings wherewith to reward its Masters when they retire But why a Provost with half the salary of a Prime Minister?

Names have been suggested—that of Mr Matthew Arnold, of Professor Huxley, and of others. They have possibly done good service to literature and science, but why in the name of common sense are they to be quartered as pensioners on the funds of a public school? In all probability the Provost will be Archdeacon Balston.

Archdeacon Farrar has been elected Bampton Lecturer for next year. The present lecturer is Dr. Temple, the Bishop of Exeter, and he has been drawing very large congregations. The Heads of Houses, who elect to the post, have clearly come to the conclusion that it is a good thing in these latter days to have some one to preach whom the younger members of the University will care to go and hear.

Canon Basil Wilberforce, who has been in Italy for the last three months, is now on his way home, and will be present at the opening of the new church of St. Mary's, Southampton, to-morrow week. The Bishops of Winton and Newcastle are to preach at the special services on this occasion.

The term "pastoral," applied to a bishop's charge, is generally to be taken only in a metaphorical sense; but the one issued the other day by the Bishop of Lincoln is an exception, for it deals (I see) with "the depressed state of agriculture, and especially in this diocese," and not only assigns a cause, but suggests a remedy. The depression is "designed," it appears, "to make us examine ourselves and confess our sins," and, more particularly, to ward off "the dangers which threaten the law of marriage." It will say a good deal for the faith of the Lincolnshire farmers if they expect to retrieve a run of bad seasons by agitating against the proposal to legalise marriage with a deceased wife's sister.

Canon Boyd-Carpenter was offered the see of Ripon by the express wish of the Queen, with whom he has been in high favour for the last three years. He is a most eloquent preacher, and a sensible, tolerant man, but it remains to be seen whether he possesses the administrative powers which are essential for success in such a diocese as Ripon. It is a good appointment, and will be generally popular and acceptable to all parties in the Church.

The Bishop of Rochester is again going to America for his annual holiday. He proposes to sail from Liverpool for New York on August 1, and will not return till the second week in October.

Can it really be true that, at the instance of the chaplain, the Farnham Board of Guardians has resolved to suppress a meeting for prayer and Bible reading held by a few Nonconformist inmates of the workhouse in one of the rooms of that institution?

I hope the Prayer Book Revision Society, which held its annual meeting last week, will not confine itself to doctrinal questions. There are many other directions in which judicious editing would improve the book. Why, for instance, with all possible respect, should half-a-dozen supplications be offered up on behalf of the Queen in the course of a single Sunday morning? On the other hand, her Majesty's Ministers, who often have need enough of devout intercession, are not alluded to except by implication. Then there is the prayer for the endowment of all the nobility with grace, wisdom, and understanding. Of course, this is a most desirable thing in itself, but it strikes me as almost more than we have a right to ask for. Besides which, there is something akin to irreverence in persisting day after day with a prayer which, after three centuries' constant repetition, still remains unanswered.

Now that the post of Chaplain at Buckingham Palace is vacant, it might very well be done away with, as it is a sinecure of £100 a year, there not having been a regular service before the Queen in the chapel for twenty-three years. The chapels at Kensington and at Hampton Court ought also to be closed. They cost several thousands a year, one way and another, and there is ample accommodation in the neighbouring parish churches for the aristocratic pensioners for whose benefit they are kept open.

A few weeks ago I called attention to a flagrant job which had been perpetrated by the appointment of Lord Edward Somerset to a vacancy in the corps of Gentlemen at Arms. These vacancies are supposed to be filled by officers "of long or meritorious service," and when purchase was abolished there was a distinct understanding that in future vacancies were to be filled from a list of deserving officers, which was to be kept by the Commander-in-Chief. It is needless to add that Lord Edward Somerset's services have not been of a length or special character to entitle him to pass over the heads of some fifty distinguished officers whose names are on the list at the Horse Guards. A sharp correspondence has been the result of this indefensible appointment. The Duke of Cambridge, Lord Hartington, and Lord Wolseley have pointed out in strong terms that nepotism and favouritism in the distribution of such posts are particularly objectionable, that it is a mere farce to keep a list of suitable candidates for vacancies if the aforesaid list is to be ignored, and that the present system must be altered. It is probable that the matter will end in an understanding that in future vacancies are to be filled by the Queen from a list submitted to her by the Captain, and approved by the military authorities.

Whenever there is a question of this kind, one always hears the nonsensical answer that it is a matter of the Queen's Household, and that as her Majesty pays the corps, the Government have no right to interfere with the arrangements. This is sophistical rubbish. When the Civil List was settled, so much extra was allowed for all items of this kind, and if there had been no such payments, the gross amount would have been reduced accordingly.

Aldershot has been lately visited with a severe epidemic of scarlet fever, which has broken out in all parts of the camp. The source of the outbreak demands careful inquiry, and all the more so if there is any truth in the statement that the fever is always more or less prevalent

in the camp. Scarlet fever among adults only occurs in an epidemic form from causes which are pretty well understood. Perhaps, however, the authorities recognise that it is a complaint to which children are specially liable, and are, therefore, not surprised at its prevalence in our army.

The figures contained in the following are a little startling :—

Dear Truth,—Yet one more letter on the question of purchase subalterns.

After careful calculation, I find that the sum of £1,105,500 was confiscated on Nov. 1, 1871, that being the sum that was invested with the Government by those officers who were holding the rank of subaltern at that date.

This calculation only includes the Infantry of the Line, not the Cavalry, Guards, or Rifle Brigades; and I have purposely abstained from noticing the over regulation.—Yours,

Thirteen Years a Subaltern.

A very unexpected run of promotion is about to be gazetted for the Royal Artillery. Amongst those who come up for promotion to major are eight or nine captains who have not passed the prescribed examination, and it is rumoured that a portion of these, who failed at the last examination, are to be promoted provisionally to their passing in July, but that the remainder (who have not been examined) are not to have this privilege granted them, although some have been on foreign service, without any opportunity of receiving any instruction to prepare them for the examination. If such be the case, would it not be just to grant the latter the same privilege as the former—especially as by foreign service they have been at some disadvantage as to preparation for this examination?

It is reported in well-informed circles that the Khedive has granted a fixed allowance to all officers of the British Army, Navy, and Marines engaged in the operations round Suakin. If the report be authentic, it would be interesting to know, considering the existing state of Egyptian funds, where the money is coming from.

Is it because there are so few riding-masters in the army that their claims to promotion are overlooked? Why should not a riding-master, on appointment, be placed at the foot of the list of lieutenants of his regiment, and when it comes to his turn, if favourably reported upon, receive the rank of captain, and so on, until he gets the rank of major, each step, of course, carrying with it increased pay, as well as improved position? The short service must make the present duties of riding-masters much heavier than they were in the old days, so they ought to receive a little more encouragement.

I, too, am "puzzled":—

Dear Truth,—Can you help me in the following difficulty? A Committee of the House of Commons is inquiring into the misdoings of the Department of the Surveyor-General of the Ordnance. Now, oddly enough, the Surveyor-General of the Ordnance is Chairman of the Committee. Should he be addressed as "the Prisoner in the Chair," or as "the Chairman at the Bar?"—Yours,

Puzzled.

A Marine writes :—

We who "sit at home at ease" ask, not unnaturally, why are Marines (whose fighting ardour was so obviously repressed as long as there were laurels to be won) chosen for the work now that the chances of military glory are past? Is it because they—and they alone—can be put to it on ordinary English pay? Or is it because no general of Marines sits on the Board of Admiralty to protect the interests of his own noble corps? Whatever the reason may be, we should like to know:—1. What arrangements have been made by my Lords to provide for them, not comforts, but necessaries, in such a climate? 2. Whether a system of constant "reliefs" of officers and men has been established? 3. Whether a sanatorium has been provided? 4. Whether a large and very efficient medical staff has been despatched to watch over the health of rank and file?

A private in the Royal Marines was tried by Court-martial on board the *Queen Adelaide* last week, for "refusing to execute the lawful commands of his superior officer." The offence was that he had refused to take off his greatcoat when ordered to do so. Captain Hayes deposed that it was raining, that he told the prisoner to take off his coat, and that he did not do so. He admitted that he might have said, "I don't care a damn; I won't have the men working in their greatcoats, whether it is raining or not;" and also that he sent the coxswain for his own mackintosh. The unfortunate private was promptly sentenced to three months' hard labour; but I fail to notice that any censure was passed upon Captain Hayes, who, I should think, would do well in the first place to cultivate a more conciliatory manner in speaking to his men; and, secondly, if he expects soldiers to practise Spartan virtues, to set them an example in his own person. It may not be too much to hope that this absurd sentence will be reconsidered by the authorities.

Will the Whitehall people please explain the cause of delay in the issue to the Royal Marines of their musketry prize-money? It is twelve months since they went through their annual course of firing, but they are still without their prizes. The War Office authorities distributed the prize-money to line regiments some time ago. The Admiralty certainly takes the cake for dilatoriness.

It is grossly anomalistic that while sons of parents in affluent circumstances are received into the Royal Naval School after the usual standard pass-examination, the orphans of officers should be subjected to a competitive examination. Surely, if it is possible to dispense with the competitive test at all, its omission should be in favour of the poorer candidates.

Why should not all our large colonies subscribe something towards the maintenance of the Royal Navy as well as India, which at present contributes to the Revenue the sum of £102,550 per annum for the services of the Indian troopships and the six vessels employed in Indian waters? The colonies repay the Government for the services of our troops, why, therefore, should they not do so for the services rendered by the Royal Navy? This would admit of a sensible addition being made to the strength of the Navy without a further call on the taxpayers.

It is a moot question whether this country does not pay too high a price for the administration of its Navy. They know how to manage these things better in France and Germany. In those countries half-pay naval officers are employed at the Admiralty; but here, instead of adopting a similar system, notable for its efficiency and economy, civilians with salaries ranging from £700 to £950 a year are engaged on work which could be far better performed by naval officers at one-half the cost. Why is this?

The *Superb* has been docked at Malta, with the very unsatisfactory result that she has been found to be in so

defective a condition that it will be necessary to send her home at once for extensive and costly repairs. The *Superb* is another of the miserable bargains of the Tory Board of Admiralty. She was purchased in 1878, out of the six millions which were frittered away by Lord Beaconsfield's Administration during the Russo-Turkish War, and has proved as unprofitable a speculation as the *Neptune* or the *Orion*.

It is expected that the command of the Royal yacht *Victoria and Albert* will be given either to Lord Charles Scott, Captain H. Seymour, of the *Inflexible*, or Captain Fullerton, of the *Sapphire*. I do not understand why it is necessary to fill up Captain Thompson's berth until the yacht is ready for service, which will not be for at least a year to come. She cannot require either captain, officers, or crew while she is lying dismantled in Portsmouth Dockyard.

No less than half-a-dozen of the crew of the *Minotaur* were charged with smuggling at Portsmouth last Friday. The cases go some way to support the suggestion I lately noticed, that the Custom-house officers are unfairly severe with offenders of inferior rank. Three of the charges were dismissed as not made out, and in a fourth the evidence was open to some doubt. Two of the men acquitted were charged with smuggling tobacco in the most paltry quantities, the amount in the one case being 1 lb. 10 oz., in the other 1 lb. 14 oz.

What a pity it is that the highest Court of Appeal has not work enough to do to keep that busy "B" who is always so stinging in the *Times* better employed than in writing letters! They are put to a very bad use. The Chelsea Water Company have kindly had "B.'s" last effusion printed and sent as an answer to those who object to being over-charged. The East London Waterworks Company go further, and actually have the effrontery to quote it in court as a binding authority for over-rating one of their victims. But happily, even in the House of Lords, "B." is not the House of Lords, and in the *Times* his utterances are only as Hamlet says to Polonius, "Buzz-Buzz."

I am glad to see, however, that Lord Bramwell holds such extremely sensible views upon the observance of Sunday. At the meeting of the Sunday Society last week he remarked that the result of his many years' experience as a judge was that Sabbath-breaking was the beginning of all crimes, "because it was the most easy, most natural, and most rational of all things that a man, woman, or child could do. A child who was told that it was as wicked to break the Sabbath as to lie or steal, naturally got a very confused notion of morality." Lord Bramwell concluded by expressing a hope that "before long innocent amusement on Sunday, such as cricket and lawn-tennis, would be sanctioned by public opinion in this country." These are sound practical opinions, and the oftener they are expressed the better.

Mr. Benjamin has left no materials to serve as a narrative of his romantic and brilliant career, for he imitated Lord Lyndhurst by holding periodical burnings of all his correspondence and private papers.

Last Wednesday was "grand night" at the Middle Temple, and the usual number of celebrated men dined with the Benchers. Dinner was one hour late. Whose fault was this; that of the hosts or of the guests?

The laws of Scotland are so fearfully and wonderfully made that Mr. Justice Day may have been justified in doubting, as he did at Liverpool Assizes last week, whether forgery was an offence or not across the border. The learned judge remarked that, for all he knew, it might be a lawful practice in Scotland to sign other people's documents, and so he refused to hear a case in which there was a doubt as to the jurisdiction. In this, considering the alarming consequences which followed the interference of the Court of Chancery in the Orr-Ewing case, he certainly exercised a very wise discretion.

If the facts are correctly reported, the case of a man named Graham, living in the island of Lewis, seems to be an exceedingly hard one. He built a house upon his father's croft, under the impression that Lady Matheson, the owner of the property, would have no objection. The ground officer, indeed, though well aware that the house was being built, raised no difficulties until the roof was on, when he obtained a sheriff's order to pull the building down. The unfortunate crofter resisted, and was subsequently arrested and tried for the heinous offence of "deforcement." He was fined £1, and bound over to keep the peace; and in default of payment he was sent to prison. A subsequent attempt to pull down the house failed, owing to the opposition of the neighbouring people. If Scotch lairds and ladies treat their tenants in this fashion, they cannot be greatly surprised at the fact that even the wild theories of Henry George have been widely accepted in Scotland.

A discussion has originated whether Lord St. Leonards will claim a trial by the House of Lords. But the spirit of cap. 22 of 4 & 5 Victoria seems to deny his right to such a claim. The statute was passed in consequence of questions mooted in the case of Lord Cardigan, and it recites substantially that every Peer against whom any indictment for felony is found shall plead thereto, and, upon conviction, become liable to the same punishment as any other of her Majesty's subjects, any law or usage to the contrary in any wise notwithstanding. However, whether the indictment against Lord St. Leonards can be removed or not by *certiorari* into the House of Lords, the solicitor who would advise his trial before Peers who are doubtless anxious to get rid of him, instead of before jurymen who "love a lord," would be indeed a bold practitioner.

A widow, aged 89, was brought up before Mr. Hannay, last week, on the charge of being found drunk on the roadway. "You will shorten your days," observed the Magistrate, "if you go on in this way." Might not the widow have replied that her days had been already somewhat long in the land, notwithstanding her "going on in this way"?

I received some days ago a letter from the solicitors of Mrs. Johnson, of Folkestone, requesting me to make no

Iron Wine Bins.—The original makers. Medal and Five Awards, Sydney Exhibition, 1880. Farrow & Jackson, 16, Great Tower-street; 8, Haymarket, London. Illustrated Price Lists post free.

Roper Frères & Company's 1st Quality extra dry Champagne. Roper Frères' 1st Quality medium dry. Of all Wine Merchants.

further observations on the charge against her whilst the matter was *sub judice*. The woman has now been tried. It seems admitted that a girl, aged ten years, entered her service, and that she has disappeared. The woman, it would appear, made statements as to the girl's whereabouts, and as to the reasons of her disappearance, which have been proved to be entirely untrue. The police have searched everywhere for the girl, without finding her. Under these circumstances it seems desirable that Mrs. Johnson should not be lost sight of until the girl reappears. The other day Sir Edward Watkin, the Member for Folkestone, offered to subscribe £1,000 to a fund destined to turn loose a body of Turkish ruffians on the Soudanese, with a view to aid General Gordon. The offer was declined. I would suggest, as charity ought to begin at home, that Sir Edward should offer this £1,000, which seems to be burning his fingers, as a reward to any one who will give evidence which will lead to the discovery of the lost girl.

The Old Judge and Jury which used to flourish in London under the auspices of "Chief Baron" Nicholson, seems to have taken wing to the Assizes Courts of Manchester. I read in the Manchester papers that the Law Students held their annual "Mock Trial" there last Wednesday. The Jury were sworn on an old Directory. C. S. Fleming Banter "made a grave judge," and the whole paraphernalia of a court of justice was burlesqued, after which, a "prisoner" was tried for having led a "bigamous career," and was sentenced to penal servitude. Whether the interests of justice were served by this burlesque in its temple seems doubtful.

What a pity it is that others will not see us as we see ourselves! There are the Liveryman of London, for instance, who have been holding a Common Hall this last week in order to protest against their being reformed away, and who gave out on that occasion that "their common-sense, their intelligence, and their sympathy with their fellow men, made them one of the most important constituencies in the kingdom." And yet these are the gentlemen of whom the Royal Commission on the City Guilds bluntly remarked (according to the *Standard* account of the report) that the Common Hall "served no useful purpose."

The Lord Mayor, however, is in most respects a very admirable individual, and distinctly superior to the ordinary run of Civic dignitaries. But I cannot help thinking it is going a little too far in eulogy of his Lordship to claim for him anything in the nature of divine inspiration. Last week, at the dinner given by the Commissioners of Sewers to the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs, the congenial task of proposing the health of Mr. Fowler fell to the lot of the chairman of the Commissioners, Mr. G. Rose-Innes. In a fine frenzy of after-dinner oratory, this gentleman was moved to remark that "they might almost imagine that the prayer which formed the City motto, *Domine dirige nos*, had been answered in having a gentleman like his Lordship to represent them at the present moment."

Riding Habits.—Specialty of John Redfern & Sons. Ladies' Tailors by Appointment to H.R.H. the Princess of Wales, 26, Conduit-street, London, W. Also at Cowes and Paris.

The Court of Common Council is wise in its generation. Having spent £20,000 in legal expenses before the Commission on Sewage Discharge, for the sake of having a fling at the Metropolitan Board of Works, it sat with "closed doors" to debate the charge of "enormous extravagance" which some patriot had dared to bring against the committee which spent the money. It is a somewhat significant commentary on the "popular" character of this "representative" body that it should thus exclude the people it represents from its debates.

Some of the items of this little bill of £20,000 are very instructive. Counsel, it appears, absorbed £3,000; one engineer got £4,600; another, £2,450; and a third, £2,700; and one chemist was paid £2,200.

The Thames Conservators have decided to case the Surrey shore of the Thames between Isleworth and Teddington Lock with stone. This stone wall will rise from low-water mark up to the level of the river at high tide. The tow-path will be directly above it, and behind the tow-path will be a grass bank. The mud banks in the river will be dredged away up to the stone wall. This will be a great improvement, and, if coupled with the removal of the mud banks which have formed on the Middlesex side, it will render the river in the vicinity of Richmond the water-playground that it ought to be.

I am glad to see that there is to be a new Agricultural Hall at Kensington, for the old one at Islington is somewhat out of the way. I know nothing of the scheme but what I read in the newspapers, but as the Kensington Hall, it would seem, is to be half as large again as the Islington Hall, and as the venture has for Vice-Presidents a long list of well-known civilians and military men, it is likely, I should imagine, to prove a successful one.

The Council of the Royal Geographical Society have established an Inspectorship of Geographical Education, with a salary of £250 a year. Professor Mozeley, of *Challenger* renown, is to have the refusal of the post.

A correspondent writes:—

Would it entail much inconvenience for the authorities at Kew to add the common British names of trees to the Latin ones, and so help the poor Londoner, who might then be taught to recognise and take an interest in them? "The oak, and the ash, and the bonnie birken tree" of the song, as well as many other trees, might then become most pleasantly familiar, and folks would understand the poetical allusions to them.

The Society for the Biological Investigation of the Coasts of the United Kingdom is assuming a practical form. Professor Huxley has accepted the Presidency. Professor Lankester, Sir John Lubbock, Messrs. Macmillan, Mr. Chamberlain, and the Dukes of Argyll and of Sutherland have already promised considerable contributions. The society estimates that about £10,000 is requisite for preliminary expenditure to establish a laboratory on the south-coast, with boats, dredging apparatus, tanks, &c., and that an income of £1,500 per annum will be needed. It is a new and a sound departure for scientific men to seek for subscriptions in order to help them to do work which is urgently needed by the community. But I see no

Rimmel's Toilet Vinegar, tonic, refreshing, 2/6. Aromatic Ozonizer, a natural air purifier, 1/. 96, Strand; 128, Regent-st.; 24, Cornhill.

reason why they should not follow the example of the clergy and other philanthropists. I believe that Plymouth Sound is likely to be selected as the best place for making experiments on the breeding of sea-fish and oysters.

The recent nitro-glycerine explosion in New Jersey has blown to pieces, besides numerous unconsidered workmen, one of the most enterprising manufacturers of the century. M. Dupont, the individual in question, leaves behind him a fortune of about two millions (pounds, *not* dollars), every penny of which was made out of explosives. His life would furnish more materials for "books for boys" than any career since Nelson's. During the Crimean War the Russian Government offered £600,000 to any one who would run a cargo of gunpowder into Sebastopol at their own risk. Dupont accepted the offer, made one of the most extraordinary voyages across the Atlantic ever heard of, eluded the vigilance of the English ships, who were on the look-out for him at every available point, ran the blockade in the Black Sea, and, though his decks were swept by broadside after broadside, succeeded in keeping his ship afloat until she was safely beached under cover of the Russian guns.

Curiously coincident with the recent death of American speculation through the malady of a panic that is presumed in some quarters to have been engineered by Jay Gould, who hoped, by bear profits, to at least equalise his apparent losses through shrinkages of his own stocks, comes an account of that millionaire's costly and striking "mausoleum," in the suburban cemetery of Woodlawns. It stands within a plot of 250 square feet, in the centre of the cemetery of 400 acres, and has already become one of the American shows. The curious who visit the place are first informed that "this arrangement cost 60,000 dollars;" which statement is credited after an examination of the tomb, of the solid bronze door, of the thirty Doric pillars, of the aisle faced by catacombs and ending in a window of stained glass, and of the ceiling of rare marble. As yet nothing is sculptured upon any portion of the granite or marble, but an irreverent American has suggested that it would be appropriate to have a bas-relief of a Hamlet examining a skull, and saying, "There is no speculation in those eyes."

What next? Does the author of the following advertisement, which I take from the *Islington Gazette*, imagine that the tomb of a dead Conservative is the only place where a living one can spend a happy day?—

To Let; good accommodation in Farm-house, for family or Gentlemen; healthy, pleasant spot, near Lord Beaconsfield's tomb. Apply Mrs. Richard Avery, Widmer-end, Hughenden, Bucks.

How, asks a correspondent, are the difficulties in the way of tracing poisons to be got over if cremation be permitted? Cremation is permitted by law, and the object of the Bill which was recently thrown out was to place reasonable restrictions on it. Any mineral poison, with the exception of corrosive sublimate, whose traces can be discovered in a corpse can also be discovered in the ashes which result from burning the corpse.

The Granville, Ramsgate.—The Redecoration of this Hotel is now complete, and under entirely new Proprietorship. Terms, 10s. 6d. per day, except at Whitsuntide, including attendance, bedroom, and full board. Tariff on application. The Band plays during Table d'Hôte.

The Sultan of Zanzibar is about to make a great effort to free his people and all East Africa from drunkenness. At the present moment he is bound by commercial treaties to let European traders import just what they please; and it has pleased certain German houses and others to import stuff from Hamburg which they call brandy, and which is sold at the moderate price of one dollar a dozen. A very small modification in the treaties is all that is needed to stop the trade in this firewater. At present an all-round duty of 5 per cent. is levied on all imports. If a duty varying with the strength were imposed, instead of an *ad valorem* duty, the price of this stuff would rise beyond the reach of the hapless native. The Sultan will shortly address an identical letter on the subject to the several Treaty Powers.

An amusing correspondence between Sir Hussey Vivian and the Rev. J. W. Canon Richards, of St. Joseph's, Swansea, is published in the *Western Mail*. Mr. Richards writes to complain that Sir Hussey had said:—"Singleton House is not Singleton Abbey. It never was an abbey. No monk or priest has ever crossed its threshold since it has been Singleton, and none ever shall," and asks whether he is to understand that, if he were to call at Singleton, he would not be allowed to cross the threshold? To this silly effusion, Sir Hussey replies:—

27, Belgrave-square, 7th May, 1884.

Reverend Sir,—Your letter of the 5th inst. has just reached me. The words quoted by the *Cambrian* were used by me, not in a literal, and still less in an offensive, sense, but with a desire to mark the strong aversion I have to priestly influence. They were intended to assert that no priest shall ever have the run of my house, and that I beg to reiterate. If you, or any of your reverend brethren, have a matter of business to consult me on, I need scarcely say that, wherever I reside, it will always give me pleasure to receive you. You are at liberty to publish this correspondence if you wish to do so.—I am, Reverend Sir, yours faithfully,

H. Hussey Vivian.

The reverend gentleman replies in a tone of high indignation. "However strong," he says, "your aversion to priestly influence may be, my own aversion from and, I may add, contempt for, plutocratic arrogance is, at least, of equal intensity."

There is a dispute raging between Mr. G. C. Bentinck and Mr. Robert Jefferson. Mr. Jefferson accuses Mr. Bentinck of "immoral and abominable conduct by having handed over a cheque for £25, in order to prostitute the public press of Whitehaven." On this Mr. Bentinck writes:—

I need hardly remind you that when you and I were young men the expressions which you have used with regard to myself would have led to a course which is not now open for either of us to adopt, and under the painful circumstances which have thus arisen (not owing, I think, to any fault of mine), and with a view of settling the controversy between us, I propose that we should each name a friend, and that these two gentlemen, acting as a "Court of Honour," should be authorised by us to investigate the circumstances of the case, and decide whether there is any foundation for the charges which you have brought against me, and whether you have exceeded the limits of that respect which is due from one gentleman to another.

This proposal Mr. Jefferson declines, observing that he sees "no occasion for any secret inquiry of the kind you suggest;" to this Mr. Bentinck responds that his refusal shows that "I was mistaken as to the position in society which I imagined you to hold, and this leaves me no alternative but to inform you that your statement is at variance with the facts, and therefore untrue."

The Beach House Hotel (in connection with the Granville, Ramsgate), Westgate-on-Sea, Thanet. This Hotel is now open for the Season. Tariff on application to the Manager.

The legislative effects of last year will not remain a dead letter from want of commentators. No less than nine expositions have appeared of the Agricultural Holdings Act, thirteen of the Patents and Trades Marks Act, and thirty-one of the Bankruptcy Act. A legal contemporary suggests that the excessive attention paid to the last subject is ominous of the dearth of fees in the law. But while the cause-lists are yearly swelling and the arrears increasing, there is not much reason to hope that lawyers will perform the happy despatch of bankruptcy on themselves.

It would appear that the Conservative working men of Westminster are raising their standard of comfort. Not long ago, as every one remembers from certain revelations in a police-court, they were content with attending public meetings for 1s. 6d. a head; but now I see they have taken to dining at the Criterion, with the Marquis of Salisbury in the chair, and plenty of other noble lords amongst them. There are clearly some advantages in being organised by the "leaders of the party," and I dare say the "London and Westminster Working Men's Constitutional Association" would not care over-much for Lord Randolph Churchill's Conservatism on a Democratic basis.

Last week a private Bill passed through the House of Lords, by which the trustees of the late Mr. Augustus Smith are enabled to take a fresh lease of the Isles of Scilly.

The Bishops were specially requested to come down and vote in favour of Lord Balfour's praiseworthy measure for the abolition of the contemptible sport of pigeon-shooting. Only seven of them attended out of twenty-six, and these duly divided for the Bill. Last Monday week a Bill came on which touches a trifling portion of the Primate's patronage, and no fewer than sixteen prelates appeared to oppose it. There could not be a stronger proof of the uselessness of the Bishops retaining their seats in the House of Lords. The fact is that they never take the trouble to attend except when ecclesiastical questions are to the fore, and on these (as on most others) they invariably vote on the wrong side.

Admitting that a heavy tax upon tobacco is legitimate as a means of raising revenue, and that it is according to the fitness of things that a poor man should pay 700 per cent. duty *ad valorem* on his tobacco and a rich man about 12 per cent. on his, yet why is the distinction made between manufactured and unmanufactured tobacco? Mr. Macfarlane, in the debate upon the subject which he raised last week, showed that a pound of the tobacco sold to the working-man contains, as made by the British manufacturers, duty-paid tobacco amounting to 2s. 3¼d.; whereas a pound made by a manufacturer outside of the United Kingdom and brought into it pays 7s. 6d., whether it be all tobacco or only half tobacco. Obviously this is contrary to every principle of Free Trade.

Screens, with tea-cup shelf on each fold, from 21s. A large variety of screens in Japanese leather paper, needlework, stained glass, and hand-painted in all sizes and styles.—C. Hindley & Sons, 290 to 294, Oxford-street, London.

The decision on the Channel Tunnel Bill of Sir Edward Watkin in no way represented opinion upon the question of a sub-oceanic communication with France. The scheme was one which was originally brought forward under the auspices of Lord Richard Grosvenor. Last year both he and Sir Edward promoted a Bill. This year Lord Richard and his friends, not wishing to waste money or to fly in the face of a decision of a Committee of Parliament, determined not to promote their Bill, but to wait until public opinion changes. Sir Edward, however, brought in his Bill. Under these circumstances, many in favour of a tunnel voted against the tunnel becoming a Watkin monopoly, for, strange as it may appear, the House of Commons has not that confidence in the wily Baronet which his shareholders seem to enjoy.

Mr. C. R. M. Talbot, the senior member for Glamorgan county, entered his eighty-second year on the 10th inst. Mr. Talbot is the father of the present House of Commons, having sat uninterruptedly for Glamorganshire in the Liberal interest for a period of fifty-four years. There have only been five other members who have retained possession of the same seat, without interruption, for a term exceeding fifty years. Of these Mr. George Byng represented Middlesex in the Liberal interest from 1790-1847; Sir Charles Burrell, father of Sir Walter Burrell, the present member for Shoreham, sat for that borough in the Tory interest from 1806-62; Colonel Lowther, the grandfather of the present Earl of Lonsdale, represented Westmoreland as a Tory from 1812 till his decease in 1867; Mr. Henry Corry, father of Lord Rowton, possessed the confidence of the Conservative electors of Tyrone from 1826-73; and Lord Forester was one of the Tory members for Wenlock from 1828-74, when he succeeded to the Peerage on the death of his brother.

On May 22, 1874, Sir William Harcourt, in speaking on Mr. Beresford Hope's motion as to the expediency of selecting Oxford as a military centre, said that "the House of Commons could not but welcome a new member who had exhibited such ability as the noble lord had just displayed." That new member was Lord Randolph Churchill, who had just delivered his maiden speech in support of Mr. Beresford Hope's motion. Thus it is just ten years since Lord Randolph first addressed the House. He has not made bad use of his time.

So Mr. Forster's constitutents have, by the unanimous vote of their delegates, blamed him for his habit of making speeches against Mr. Gladstone; and it certainly does seem curious that, so long as he was in the Cabinet, he warmly approved of Mr. Gladstone's action in everything, and that since he has ceased to be in the Cabinet everything, according to him, has gone wrong. His re-election for Bradford will depend upon whether the Conservatives bring forward two candidates or only one. In the latter case, he will, as in 1874, be saved by the Conservative votes; in the former he has not a chance.

A correspondent writes to ask what are the "party funds" which figure in the latest Conservative manifesto, respecting the possession of which the two Conservative central organisations are fighting, and a portion of

which is to be allowed to the National Union to aid in the "formation and organisation of local political associations," and to disseminate Conservative principles by means of "literature"? My correspondent points out that these funds evidently are derived from no general subscription, because they are to be devoted to the organisation of local Conservatism, and he inquires whether money, like manna, is rained down from heaven for the benefit of Conservatives?

The funds alluded to are made up of subscriptions from the Conservative magnates, who hope to acquire place or influence should their party attain office, and the wealthy mediocrities who hope to be made, in this event, Baronets, or in any case to be recognised socially by those whom they consider their titular superiors; and from other such corrupt sources. In this manner about £10,000 per annum is collected, and £60,000 or £70,000 before a General Election. These funds are spent in paying a host of busybodies who profess to be "organisers," in sending lecturers about the country who pretend to be independent men, in subsidising newspapers which also pretend to be independent, and in getting up independent "meetings" at so much per head.

The Manchester Tory Press seems ready to blow hot and cold on the same day. On April 17 the *Manchester Courier* published an article upon a speech made in that city by Lord Salisbury. It was not complimentary; indeed, very much the reverse. There was much fluttering in the Tory dovecot, and the *Courier*, apparently, was taken to task by the doves, for in a second edition, on the same day, the article appeared with this addition:—

> This is the tone in which not the candid and scrupulous critic will speak of last night's speech, but in which the most determined and unscrupulous opponent—the man who is filled with malice rather than fair-play—will malign it.

In distinct language, therefore, the Editor actually announces that he himself is a "man filled with malice rather than fair play." He must be congratulated upon a candour which is seldom shown by Editors of Tory prints. They "all do it," and the only difference between this gentleman and the other Tory Editors is that he is somewhat more naïf than they are.

Mr. John Morley, in his excellent and cogent speech upon the Soudan, pointed out how newspapers are apt to mistake their penny whistle for the voice of the nation. No town in the civilized world has, in proportion to its size, so few daily newspapers as London. The reason is that the few are very good, so far as news is concerned. They spend annually enormous sums to obtain it, and they thus defy competition. Practically, they have a monopoly as news purveyors. But how many are the gentlemen who settle the policy of all the London dailies? About one dozen, on an excessive estimate. These gentlemen's individual opinions are, perhaps, valuable, but valuable as those of one dozen persons, and no more. Take, for instance, the *Pall Mall Gazette*. Four or five years ago a very able gentleman, strongly Jingo, was its editor. The paper, therefore, was Jingo. He resigned, and another very able gentleman—strongly anti-Jingo—replaced him. The paper, therefore, became anti-Jingo. He has now retired, and the editorship is at present in the hands of a very able gentleman who is a Jingo, so the paper has again become Jingo. Its tone, therefore, does not alter because public opinion alters, but because one man replaces another as its editor. The funny feature in all this is that each of these very able gentlemen has insisted in his articles that the entire country has been with him.

To my mind, the most curious paragraph in the manifesto, which Lord Salisbury, Sir Stafford Northcote, and Lord Randolph Churchill unite with touching harmony in saying exactly represents their views, is the declaration that "matters appertaining to the selection of candidates are subjects within the province of the leaders." The charming candour with which great counties and great towns are informed that they must not imagine that they can be permitted to have a voice in the selection of their representatives is an amusing comment upon the trash which is talked about giving to Conservatism a popular basis.

We have frequently been told that both parties will eventually have to agree that the Irish vote is not to count in a division on important Imperial questions. I have more than once pointed out that this is an arrangement which will find favour with the "ins," but never with the "outs." The scene in the lobbies last Tuesday, whilst the Irish party was discussing its intentions, goes far to prove the correctness of my estimate. The debate was forgotten. The lobbies were crowded with anxious members, eagerly catching every scrap of information which could throw any light upon the action of the Irish. So long as it was believed that they would vote with the Government, the Liberals looked kindly on them, and the Conservatives glared at them. When, at the last moment, they went against the Government, the Conservatives welcomed them with ringing cheers.

I see it stated that they voted against the Government owing to promises held out to them by Lord Randolph Churchill. This is a mistake. He may, in the course of conversation, have mentioned to one or two of them that the Reform Bill would be thrown out by the Peers; and, as it is obvious that it is to the interest of Mr. Parnell to force on an election as soon as possible, because he will have a larger following in the next Parliament than in the present one, this consideration may have its weight in preventing the Parnellites from supporting the Government under the impression that their doing so would ensure the passage of the Franchise Bill this year. As to promises, however, I apprehend there were none; and that if there were, they produced no effect, for the simple reason that Mr. Parnell and his friends are far too astute to be caught by any endeavour to put Conservative salt on their tails. When the Peace Preservation Act was passed, they announced their intention to do their best to place a Coercion Government in a minority. This is the key-note of their policy; and, from their point of view, it cannot be said that it is an illegitimate one.

Litchfields, 28 and 30, Hanway-street, Oxford-street, W. A Collection of 40 Old Fans, some of them of remarkable quality and of the best period—old French early 18th-Century work.

Antique and Decorative French, Italian, and English Furniture, and Old Tapestries, &c.—J. J. Duveen 181, Oxford-street.

I believe that there is not the slightest doubt that the leaders, or the wire-pullers, or whatever they may be called, of the Conservative Party, have come to the conclusion that the Reform Bill is—if possible—to be thrown out in the House of Lords. This plan has been adopted because the Conservatives are of opinion that they will be the gainers by a General Election. It comes, therefore, to this, that Lord Salisbury considers that he has a right to dissolve a Liberal Parliament whenever he thinks this desirable as a Party move. I cannot say that I greatly regret this attitude, because the issue raised will be Peers *versus* People, and no sooner is this well understood, than the last political day of our Hereditary Legislators will have dawned.

The fact seems to be that the Conservative party has gone to pieces in Opposition. They are split up into sections, which are small gangs held together by greed and the hopes of loot, reminding me of the various tribes of Arabs inhabiting the Soudan, all bent on plunder, but each anxious to get the lion's share. In Lord Beaconsfield they lost their Mahdi, and since that clever mountebank disappeared, they have been in search of a successor, to organise their assaults on the Treasury. Sir Stafford Northcote has proved himself far too honest and patriotic for them, and this is why they are in a perpetual state of rebellion against him. "Our end," they say, to each pretender to the Leadership, "is office: show us the means to attain it, and you shall don the mantle of our departed Elijah." Whether Elisha be a statesman or a shoe-black seems a matter of absolute indifference to them. I am a person entirely void of prejudice. I am always anxious to see good in those with whom I politically disagree. I should wish to see good in the Conservatives. But I cannot, because just at present there is absolutely no good in them. As for principle, one might as well talk of the principle of a number of bears smelling round a dwelling in which there is honey, and scratching and pawing at the windows and the doors in order to get at it.

When the Reform Bill is thrown out by Lord Salisbury and his hereditary Thanes, Ministers will have to consider whether they will at once dissolve or bring in the Bill again next session. On the one hand, the impudence of a gang of hereditary legislators, eager for place and power, for Lord-Lieutenancies of counties, for the well-paid honour of carrying gold sticks and silver sticks, for Lordships-in-Waiting, for Lordships of the Treasury, and for sops to themselves and to their uncles and their aunts and their cousins, deserves the immediate rebuke with which the country would visit it at a General Election; on the other hand, it is a moot point whether the right to precipitate an election whenever they please ought to be conceded to these greedy place-hunters, for if so, they would be perpetually doing this whenever a Liberal House of Commons is in existence.

The proper way to deal with this matter, and the manner in which it would be dealt with were the Radicals not warped in their action by the Whigs, would be at once to create three or four hundred Radical Peers, who would be pledged not only to vote in favour of the Reform Bill, but also in favour of a Bill which would render such tactics henceforward impossible by relieving the House of Lords of its legislative functions. If there were any difficulty in getting 400 Radicals to accept peerages, I am sure that 400 Conservatives would willingly become Radicals in order to be made Peers.

There are certain stock assertions which are always put forward during a debate in the House of Commons and in leading articles. We are invariably told that the country is with the would-be guide, philosopher, and friend who is expressing his own opinions. When these opinions are found to be in a minority, we are informed that a moral victory has been achieved, and that those whose votes swelled the majority voted in direct contradiction to their real views. These assertions, it is needless to say, have done duty during and since the Vote of Censure debate.

In reality, the Blue Books have exploded the Gordon legend. People find that General Gordon has remained at Khartoum because he chose to; that he has from the commencement of his mission ignored with stolid obstinacy his instructions, and that he has attempted to force the hand of his employers, and to oblige them to substitute occupation for evacuation. Under these circumstances, whilst every one hopes that this singular envoy will not become the victim of his own folly, most persons consider that it would be foolish for us to expend blood and treasure in carrying into effect a policy precisely the reverse of that which represents the deliberate intentions of our Government.

The Conservatives, in truth, care very little for Gordon. If he had carried into effect the Government policy, they would have reviled him. He is a hero in their eyes because his opinionated self-will interposes difficulties in the way of that policy. Our Egyptian troubles are due to the interference of the Conservatives in Egypt. Untaught by experience, they would now interfere in the internal affairs of the Soudan. Why? Because they really believe that our interference would benefit the Soudanese, or that it is necessary for the interests of the British Empire?

Not in the least! Hannibal said that Scipio must be attacked in Africa; and in the opinion of the Conservatives Gladstone also must be attacked in Africa. All this pretended sympathy with Gordon, and all this nonsense about our holding Khartoum and building railroads in the Soudan, is nothing more than an attempt to destroy the Reform Bill by a flank movement. The tactics of the Tories are always the same. They wish to prevent the nation from devoting itself to internal reform by plunging it into foreign complications. Behind these Tories are the Egyptian Shylocks, whose entire policy is summed up in the words of their Venetian saint, "Give me my bond!"

It is amusing to observe the change of ground of the Jingo organs of the Metropolis in regard to our position in Egypt. Up till now they have told us that we are not there because we wish to be, but because we assumed

Vanity Fair says:—"Mr. Benjamin is still the Prince of Ulster and Stalking-Coat Makers." Ulster House, Conduit-street, W.

"Liberty" Arabian Furniture and Decoration. A new Sketch-book post-free. Liberty & Co., Chesham House. Regent-street, W.

responsibilities by going there which Europe will not allow us to shirk. But it seems that Europe is now of opinion that it might be well to relieve us of those responsibilities. The word "responsibility," therefore, is replaced by the word "right." We have acquired, it would seem, rights by bombarding Alexandria, and by killing Egyptians at Tel-el-Kebir and Arabs round Suakin. These noble acts of self-devotion are title-deeds to the fee-simple of Egypt. How, then, about the *Protocol de Désintéressement?*

This new departure, however, simplifies matters. On the one side are those who hold that in our own interests, and in defiance of our pledges, we ought to maintain ourselves in Egypt against the Egyptians, and against—if necessary—all Europe. This is the *j'y suis et j'y reste* party. On the other side are those who believe that our going there was a mistake, which every honest effort should be made to retrieve, and that if Europe will free us from any responsibilities that we may have incurred, so much the better for us.

To the former party belong Conservatives, bondholders, Jingoes, and Lord Salisbury; to the latter party belong Liberals, Radicals, and Mr. Gladstone.

It is curious to observe how men's minds incline them to take a disproportionate estimate of a country with which they have connected their names, or by means of which they have filled their pockets. This accounts for every traveller in the Soudan imagining that the fate of the British Empire turns upon our acquiring influence in these deserts. Sir Samuel Baker, for instance, was made Governor of the Soudan for four years; the Soudan, in fact, may be said to have discovered him. As Governor he received £10,000 per annum, and as he did not draw his salary until the end of his Governorship, he charged the Egyptian Government 12 per cent. per annum on its amount for retaining it. The Soudan, therefore, was his milch cow, and his connection with it enables him to pose. The peace of the world consequently is a small matter in his eyes, in comparison with the advantage to us of wasting millions of pounds and thousands of lives on the Soudan. *Ex uno.*

Zadkiel, I see, predicted that, "On the 13th inst., Saturn enters the longitude in the lower meridian at the vernal ingress. This signifies trouble to the Government, and an attempt to overthrow it which will go very near to succeed." On the 13th, the division was taken on Sir Michael Hicks-Beach's motion of censure. Is it possible that Zadkiel has a seat on the front Opposition bench? Not at all unlikely, I should think, judging from many of the actions of the Conservatives.

Miss English writes:—

Dear Sir,—Will you kindly acknowledge the following donations to my fund in "Truth?"—Truly yours, Ellen D. English.
Gascoigne's, Lyndhurst.
Mr. Sinclair de Satgé de Thoren, £1, 1s.; Mr. J. P. Martin, £1.

I have received the following subscriptions towards the fund for feeding the Robins:—

Mrs. Constable Curtis, 10s.; W. E., £1, 1s.

SCRUTATOR.

A PLEA FOR SCRAPS.

We are on the eve of a period of the year devoted to a vast amount of eating and drinking. Dives will be feasting in his palace and Lazarus crouching at the door. The servants will be hurrying to and fro with the plates and dishes laden with every conceivable delicacy, meat and fish, game and vegetables, arranged with cunning art and decorated with costly splendour, whilst tramping outside the houses where these feasts are given will be the wretched beggar hungering for a crust and meditating sometimes too bitterly which is the greater wrong—to starve or to steal. Does it ever occur to any one to pause and consider as he looks over the waste of a London season? Does it never strike the practical philanthropist what an opportunity is offered for economizing and hoarding up for future use the wasteful expenditure of a vast city? No matter where the dinner, or luncheon, or supper be given, waste is inseparable from any form of lavish hospitality. Take a dinner-party in the London season at any ordinary establishment. Twice as much food is provided as can by any possibility be consumed. Men and women come to the table with jaded appetites, and positively sickened with the luxury that is forced upon them. They have, with slight intermissions, been gorging and drinking all day. They have breakfasted, they have eaten an enormous meal at luncheon, they have crammed their stomachs with sweets and fruit and iced coffee in the afternoon, and now they are expected to sit down in a hot and badly-ventilated room and consume more food. What is the consequence? They taste, but they do not consume. Dishes are played with, they are not eaten. For very form's sake something is put on the plate; but, in nine cases out of ten, it is sent away untouched. The refuse on the plates that come down after an ordinary dinner-party in the summer season is a spectacle shocking to contemplate. But this is not the only form of festivity. Dinners are given at clubs, where the same kind of excess prevails. The very fear of being accused of parsimony compels the host to order in accordance with the views of the steward, and not according to any sensible rule or plan. The same wastefulness occurs. The bottle is never sent away with a drop in it; the glasses are drained before a waiter dares to remove them; but scarcely a plate disappears that could not be turned to good account for the purpose of filling a hungry stomach or supplying the needs of the indigent and thrifty classes. Doctors and clergymen tell us of the intemperance of the poor; but they never say a word about the gluttony of the rich. The way that men and women eat, or pretend to eat, in the London season is an astonishing and degrading spectacle. Who that has attended the popular race-meetings of the year—the Derby, the Oaks, Ascot, Sandown, and Goodwood—has not been struck with the prevailing desire for excess in the matter of eating? The people one sees at these places have satisfied the requirements of nature at home before starting, and they would die sooner than miss their dinner when they get home again; but meanwhile their teeth have not been idle. Not to put too fine a point on it, they have been gorging all day. On the top of coaches,

at the back of drags, squatting like savages on the lawn, surrounded by rhododendrons and luxury, scarcely has mid-day struck when John Thomas is ordered to unpack the hampers and spread out the feast. Everything that cannot be conveniently consumed in this uncomfortable picnic fashion is, of course, provided. Who, with any sense of self-respect, can swallow mayonnaise with his plate tilted on a coach-wheel? Who can sit down really comfortably to lamb and salad, squatting like a red Indian? The consequence is that the majority of the food is deliberately wasted or flung away. There is a run upon the sandwiches or the dry goods that a woman can consume without soiling her ribbons, or that a man can gobble on the sly; but the mixtures and sauces, the sweets and creams, the salads and messes are touched, looked at, played with, and then consigned to the waste-tub, or flung at the heads of the surfeited beggars and cadgers of the race-course. Add to these meetings, the cricket-matches, the picnics, the afternoon garden-parties, the Sunday dinners at river-side hotels, and the innumerable diversions of society, and no words are needed to say that the daily and hourly waste, if properly economised, would prevent one-half of the extreme and pinching poverty that now exists. It is said, according to the copy-books, that "wilful waste makes woeful want"; but there is no deliberate wilfulness over this silly extravagance. Society, as at present organised, decides that more food shall be forced on us than we can possibly consume. We must go to dinners, to parties, to receptions, and to entertainments, and it is not courteous to disobey the laws of hospitality. The man who would refuse every dish that he did not want at a dinner would be looked upon as a barbarian. We play with *entrées* that we cannot eat, just as the girl who likes dancing toys with her supper at her first ball. But the result of it all is just the same. The servants who would not refuse to turn their attention to a broken dish would certainly turn up their noses at the returns on an overladen plate; so these valuable scraps go into the pig-trough or are cast into the dust-hole, simply because there is no economical expenditure of what is looked upon as refuse.

But how economise it? How transfer the leavings of the rich to the service of the poor? How methodise and systematise these valuable scraps so that they may be at the service of well-established charity? There are at least two places in London where any one can see for himself what can be done when good people set to work to prove that nothing provided for our use and service is altogether useless, or should be cast "as rubbish to the void." There is a large house at Hammersmith, hidden behind a huge brick wall, and approached by a narrow gateway, over which appears these words, "Nazareth House." Here, for long years and years, certain excellent sisters of charity have supported a large family of old and young entirely on the scraps from the rich man's table. An enormous establishment that combines an almshouse for the old and a nursery for the young is sustained on scraps. The sisters, in their religious habit, go out in the morning, accompanied by an old servitor in a cart, and they beg for the scrapings off the tables of the wealthy. Clubs, restaurants, and large places where food is consumed are visited daily, and the sisters meet with unusual courtesy and attention from public bodies. At private houses they are less welcome, owing to the insolence of menials. At night the contents of the baskets and bags are sorted. Nothing is wasted. Everything is hoarded up, from crusts of bread that have fallen on the floor to coffee-grounds and tea-leaves. There is not the slightest offence in the office, and the unpractised eye would be astonished to see what tasty dishes and appetising portions result from the daily clearance of the collecting carts. But the Catholic sisters, who have received their training abroad, chiefly in France, where economy is understood and becomes an art, are not alone in their acts of self-devotion. They have set an example that has been speedily followed, and amongst other institutions the Church Association of Protestant Sisters may be cited. They support an enormous orphanage at Kilburn by following precisely the same system that was started and organised by the good women at Nazareth House. They collect from house to house in the same way; they are the ready clients of clubs and restaurants, and they have so extensive a system of charity in all parts of London, from food-stalls at the London Docks to mission-houses and orphanages in the North-West, that they can readily dispose of anything that comes in their way, from a batter pudding to an old boot, from a faded dress to a half-eaten jelly or blancmange, from a bonnet to a bone.

Seeing the success of these two institutions, selected at random from many more, and admittedly based on the French system pursued for ages by the "Little Sisters of the Poor," it is astonishing that philanthropists, charitable people, and organizers do not look more closely into the economy of wasteful expenditure as pursued in thrifty France. We have read of the curious trades in every-day Paris; of the chiffonniers and scavengers; of the orphans who are supported by the economical process of clipping the cigar-end and preserving it, instead of biting it off and spitting it away; of the orange-peel collectors and agents in the great daily trade of economy; but how few people at home have ever heard of the Pavillon No. 17 of the Halles Centrales in Paris. Here dwell the sellers of cooked meats, here busy hands retail what was once called "rogatons," or scraps, but what are now termed in the picturesque vocabulary of these pleasant people, "arlequins." The stock-in-trade is made of shreds and pieces, like a well-patched coat. Here, at the famous No. 17, are collected the leavings of the wealthy tables of palaces, of embassies, first-class restaurants, and hotels. Every morning at daybreak the agents of this important industry make their way through the fashionable districts of Paris, dragging behind them small covered carts, provided with iron gratings to purify the food. All scraps are cast higgledy-piggledy into the cart, and brought to No. 17, where they are carefully sorted. Meat, sweets, vegetables, sauces, and pickles are systematically separated. Every morsel is cleansed, trimmed, dressed, and rendered appetising. On every clean plate

"Royal Charter" Champagne.—Wachter & Co., shippers to H.M. the Queen and H.R.H. the Prince of Wales by special appointment

Army and Navy Hotel, Victoria-st., S.W., is probably now the best Hotel in London. Table d'hote 6 to 8. Cookery excellent.

is a portion. Of course, all this is done in the background. It would never do to submit the process to curious eyes, for no one cares to see how food is cooked or prepared. Once the sorting process is over, the result is arranged temptingly for sale at ridiculously low prices. Not only the very poor, but workmen, *ouvriers*, small-shop-people, and so on, infinitely prefer to buy at No. 17 than at the cheaper eating-houses where the food is not only dearer but far less savoury and nutritious. For a sum equivalent to three halfpence the workman can obtain a selection of well-cooked, palatable portions, and if he can forget the dark passage in the covered cart, the Parisian beggar can dine on a doorstep off dainties cooked at Bignon's or the Café Anglais. So well-known is this that many a miser steals off in the early morning to provide his dinner from the show of dainties at No. 17 in preference to being swindled by his housekeeper.

But even when the workmen and the misers of Paris have had their pick, there is much still left at this wonderful establishment. After the beggar, the dog. Aristocratic lap-dogs and pets of every kind are provided with their meals at No 17. Bones play a very important part in this commerce of waste. When not bought for stock, they are sold to be boiled down by the manufacturers of beef-tea lozenges and tablets, and, after this process, they are valuable at the factories of animal black and varnish.

Crumbs and crusts of bread are found to be very valuable additions to the stock-in-trade at No. 17. At colleges and schools careless boys pelt one another with them, and fling them away; but, once at the Halles Centrales a very different tale is told. What is the sustenance of the French "croûte au pot?" Where do the sippets for cutlets and spinach come from? Whence is derived the powdered bread-crumbs used by butchers and sellers of ham and pork? How are cutlets, fish, and savoury dishes decorated? Why, entirely from the well-thumbed, sometimes ink-stained lumps of bread and rolls that, having been kicked about in playgrounds or swept up from a restaurant floor, are collected, pounded in a mortar and served up to the public in another form. More wonderful still, the scraps of bread still left are toasted black, ground almost to powder, mixed with a little honey flavoured with peppermint, and sold by quacks as an opiate to stop a tooth-ache.

Although the sensitive may shudder at the various processes that, by the never-failing good sense of the French people, make discarded scraps serviceable, it must be remembered, on the other hand, that the Parisian inspectors of nuisances are far more active and discreet than our own. The Inspectors of Alimentation, or "smellers" as they are ignobly called, visit systematically every public eating-house in the city, from the restaurant in the Rue de l'Opéra on the Boulevard, down to the most ignoble "cag-mag" shop, or "gargote," in the slums. Nothing escapes their vigilance. Owing to their agency, horrible details have come to light, such as pigs' feet truffled with shreds of black merino; coffee-berries made of coloured clay, when whole, and when powdered and ground up, of chestnuts, maize and acorns; milk thickened with horses' brains and mixed with bicarbonate of soda; olive-oil made of fowls' fat and honey, and innumerable trade dodges which are, doubtless, just as bad in London as in Paris.

But the question still remains unanswered, Why do we not possess in London something approximate to the food industry at No. 17, Halles Centrales? Even after charity is satisfied, when the nuns and sisters have carried away all that their carts can hold, the waste is still prodigious. An industry of this kind would be of inestimable value, and the result of it would in the end be appreciated by the poor. There is told of a starving actor one of the most pathetic stories that was ever committed to paper. His child was dying of hunger, and he desired to procure for it a scrap of meat with the last penny he had in the world. The poor fellow did not dare to present himself at the butcher's for so infinitesimal a scrap as could be bought for a penny, so he called a boy to the door with a trembling heart. "Here, my lad," said he, "go round to the butcher's, and buy a pennyworth of meat." "Yah! go on, governor!" replied the Cockney lad; "do you take me for a fool? They don't sell no pen'orths of meat at a butcher's!" "Nonsense, my lad," added the actor, thinking of the starving child upstairs, "take this penny, and if they won't serve you, *say it's for a bird!*" And so, with the tears in his eyes, he turned inside to wait for the coming of the boy. How many starving men and women, young and old, might be saved from this perishing want if meat were not so impossible, and if scraps were on sale at some central spot in the metropolis. The food is scattered and trampled on; who will pick it up? If the covered handcarts of No. 17, Halles Centrales, in Paris, could wait outside the doors of the houses of the wealthy, if they could call at our London clubs and restaurants, if they could be dragged up to the hill at Epsom, to the gluttonous circle at Lord's cricket-ground, to the garden-ground at Ascot or to the tree-grove at Goodwood, to our Star and Garters, and Greyhounds, and Skindles, and Trafalgars, and Ships, they might pick up and distribute many a sustaining morsel that would happily be the means of saving many a precious life and keeping body and soul together. How many of the downcast amongst us—whilst food is cast aside and flung into the muck-tub, whilst appetites are gorged and plates piled with unnecessary dainties—are like the poor starving actor, fingering the last coin, and praying for but a bird's portion of sustaining meat!

MUSIC HERE AND THERE.

Henry Leslie's choir will have to look to its laurels. I do not mean to say that it is easy to sing Schubert's Twenty-third Psalm for female voices in very hot weather, but I do say that under Henry Leslie's bâton I never heard the top voices go quite so flat. He would certainly have put in extra training, and defied—as I have often known him defy—with his choir, the most melting summer days and the worst atmospheres. I did not much care for Sir Herbert Oakley's motet, "Who is this?" It was "musicianly"—that is the approved term, I believe—and once showed signs of rising into *comparative* inspiration—if there is such a thing. The choral unison, "And their blood shall be sprinkled," in which the organ is engaged in treading the winepress or "winefat" (*vat*,

Spectacles scientifically adapted to assist & strengthen the weakest sights by Mr. Laurance, F.S.S., Oculist Optician, 1a, Old Bond-st.

I suppose, is meant), struck me as on the verge of something good—but the "Day of vengeance" chorale—really no chorale at all—and the closing fugue revealed a very ordinary composer evolving very commonplace ideas. How often do I experience similar disappointments! Madame Norman-Néruda was very delightful—but I do like a little more tone. After a bit one is tempted to exclaim, "Give me Joachim or Wilhelmj." After a romantic Sarasate or Norman-Néruda—delicate, and finished enough—I have a craving for something more solid. I like dessert, but not *instead* of my dinner.

Of concerts, such as those given by Madame Frickenhaus and Herr Ludwig at Princes' Hall, there is not much to be said. I notice a tendency to multiply these sort of Monday Populars out of the season. Some pianist, who finds it difficult to get a hearing, or whose day is a little past, tries to supply the public with chamber concerts, for which there is usually a certain limited demand. This is the explanation of a whole swarm of concerts, more or less good, and more or less similar in character, amongst which may be included those of Madame Frickenhaus and Herr Ludwig, of Madame Viard Louis and Charles Hallé. Of course, Hallé is able to command the best results of the kind with Piatti and Néruda, and his concerts, developed wisely out of his pianoforte recitals, are, probably, the only ones of the kind that pay their expenses. And, indeed, they are the best of their kind in the absence of the Monday Populars and the extinct Musical Union.

I am glad to chronicle the appearance of a young pianist of great talent, Miss Margaret Gyde, who lately gave a performance at Steinway Hall, in the presence of a good many people who were prepared for a remarkable display, and were not disappointed. The young lady is no rash aspirant to fame—she is vouched for by great names: M. Sainton, Walter Macfarren (her master), and many other distinguished lights at the Royal Academy of Music are ready to support her claims. The public will, no doubt, hear more of her, although these pianoforte competitions are almost murderous just now; indeed, nothing but the highest excellence has a chance even of a hearing.

It never rains but it pours, and the Floral Hall Concerts on Saturday are now well on—as if opera five nights in the week were not enough. It appears that farmers and country clergy who are about London on and off all through the summer still think the opera wicked, but don't mind hearing the same songs and the same singers off the stage, and, of course, a host of people can come up for the day who cannot conveniently stop for the opera. Even Moody and Sankey have their overflow meetings, so why not the more secular folk? The programme on Saturday last, with Albani, Lucca, Scalchi, and Durand was a decided draw. The evening work that night in the "Huguenots" was taken by Sembrich, Albani, Soulacroix, and De Reszke.

I am sorry to see some falling off in the Richter attendances, but the prices are flatly prohibitive—people who agree about nothing else agree about that—and Richter still agrees to differ from every one, although his own plan disagrees with him.

The Kaps Pianofortes, grand and upright. These celebrated instruments can be obtained at C. E. Flavell's, 26, North Audley-street, W.

THE BARREL ORGAN.

Tune.—A Cloak that Needs Turning.

WOMEN of England! by all that's most dear to you,
Listen, we pray, to our earnest appeal;
Listen, and learn a great danger is near to you,
Which 'twould be cruel to longer conceal.
Long have we watched it approaching insidiously,
Cloaking its purposes, hiding its aim,
Till in its triumph, secured so perfidiously,
Now it is threat'ning to filch your good name.

There was a time when, far-famed for your purity,
Thoughts of publicity filled you with dread;
Modesty then was your strongest security,
Ardent desire for retirement, inbred.
All that was brightest in you and most beautiful,
Ne'er by the gaze of the world was profaned;
But, to yourselves and your sex truly dutiful,
Was for your homes and their inmates retained.

All this is changed! Now, your sex's ambition is
Fully and widely to make known its charms;
And for you now, whatsoe'er your position is,
E'en notoriety has no alarms.
'Tis not seclusion you seek, but publicity;
'Tis not repose you desire, but renown;
Finding the height of your female felicity
In the applause of a talkative town!

This to secure, you make use of photography,
And in the camera find an ally;
Etching, engraving, and chromo-lithography—
All in a similar way you apply,
So that the panes of the shops you may dominate,
Little you care by whose side you appear;
Little you reck how rude 'Arries denominate
Cartes which they buy with an impudent leer.

Firmly determined you will be notorious,
All that you do is to compass this end;
Life is made up of exertions laborious,
Which to this climax sensational tend.
Even your dress is designed to procure for you
More of that gossip you strive to compel;
Whilst your each action is shaped to ensure for you
Popular notice you love but too well.

But of the methods you find most reliable,
And of the pretexts that serve you the best,
Charity seems the most readily pliable—
Safer, more plausible, too, than the rest.
Yes, in the name of this all-cloaking Charity
You to such lengths have already been led,
That at the thought of past rampant vulgarity,
Modesty hangs in dejection her head.

Is there no limit? Oh, pause, we would pray of you!
Think of the sham of it! Think of the shame!
Think of the things cynics bitterly say of you!
Think of the well-deserved censure and blame!
Bring to your mind the unending variety
Of the excesses in which you have shared;
Say, have you not had as yet a satiety
Of the strange actions you've wantonly dared?

Pause, we repeat, to our pleading obedient,
Pause and make answer to what we inquire!
Is it advisable—is it expedient
That your fair fame should be dragged in the mire?
Is it desirable, even for Charity,
That you should caper, and curtsey, and strut,
Minist'ring thus to the public's hilarity,
Making yourself a mere byword and butt?

I certainly recommend Mr. & Mrs. Hart, 15, Stockbridge-terrace, Pimlico, S.W., as the most just and liberal purchasers of Cast-off Clothes, Jewellery, and every description of property. They punctually keep appointments, and remit P.O.O. for articles per return.
C

What has been hitherto done is no mystery—
Each Fancy Fête has outrivalled the past,
Each has developed new features for history,
Each one more *chic* and more *pschutt* than the last.
What, then, say you, is the next grand display to be?
What is next week's Fancy Fête to disclose?
Do you intend yet more recklessly gay to be,
Yet more defiant in toilette and pose?

What can you do still to foster sensation?
How can you still more outrageously dress?
How can you stoop lower yet from your station?
How can you hit on some brand-new excess?
P'rhaps the Committee, lest crowds should be thinner,
Will a new order of raffles devise,
Ten hundred shares at a pound—with the winner
Wedding a Duchess's daughter as prize.

This at the least would be *outré* and novel,
So we commend it, fair ladies, to you;
For in the dirt if you still wish to grovel,
Surely 'twere better to make the dirt new.
But we confess we have hope that our pleading
Will not be wholly without an effect;
And that some hearers, our earnestness heeding,
Soon will regain their long-lost self-respect.

Let them remember that fussy nonentities,
Wishing to forward their own selfish end,
Use for their purpose well-known social entities,
Who are so weak as their titles to lend;
And knowing this, let them say if they'll ratify
All that these meddlesome wire-pullers scheme,
And that their hunger for fame they may gratify,
Sacrifice pride and extinguish esteem.

Some, let us hope, will henceforth with decision
Such busy-bodies resolve to ignore;
Some will demur to be made the derision
Of an impertinent crowd any more;
Whilst all the rest, if they still think it needful
In the same *risqué* proceedings to shine,
Will, let us trust, of our homily needful,
Draw, with peremptory firmness, the line.

NOTES FROM PARIS.

WHY H.R.H. GOES TO ROYAT.

THE Prince of Wales has not so much gone to Royat for his health, as to avoid being condoled with on the death of his lamented brother. He has been surfeited with conventional mourning in Germany, because, as one of the Prince Consort's sons, he is a Duke of Saxony. He could not traverse a village, or stop an instant at a railway station, without being pounced upon by well-meaning functionaries of the locality, and obliged to listen to a dull essay on the shortness of life, and the irreparable loss the Royal family has sustained. At Darmstadt, every lady wore a long face. At Berlin, the lugubrious ceremonial observed by nearly every one who approached him became intolerable. The Prince was thankful to find himself, after all this simulated woe, in a Republican city, where not a creature thought of presenting him with an address.

The after-Easter season has been exceptionally gay. The fashionable English, who usually winter in the Riviera, instead (when driven thence by the heat) of going direct to London, stopped here to avoid Court mourning. When they do not go to dinners, balls, or parties in the evening, they invade the theatres and opera-houses. They certainly wear mourning; but it is so arranged with jet and stuffs of different sheen and texture, as not to strike any one as being lugubrious. Lady Caithness entertained at her ball the other night many of our fair countrywomen, who, if in Belgravia, would not have shown themselves anywhere unless at church or in a lecture-room. About six hundred enjoyed her hospitality. Lists of the brilliant company have appeared in the "high-life" journals. But, somehow, the names and titles of our fashionable compatriots, who joined in the quadrilles and other dances, did not get into the papers. Lady Caithness was robed in black satin, with a velvet train. The sombre stateliness of the dress was relieved by the splendour of her jewels, which surpassed any that I have seen even Lady Dudley wear. All the colours of the rainbow were refracted from the brilliants of which her *rivière* necklaces and a pendent cross were formed. She had also a diamond head-gear advancing in a point, like a Marie Stuart cap, towards the forehead. The waves of her hair, now pale auburn, rose here and there above the jewels. Nor should I forget the diamond-studded shoulder-straps of the corsage, and the long fringe of the same kind of gems that was worn *en sautoir*, across her chest, and extended from the left shoulder to the right hip, where it terminated in a big diamond tassel. On any one else such a display would have been too much. But Lady Caithness is so gentle and so amiable, that let her crowd on what jewels she may, she will never look formidable. Her amiability is in no wise conventional. One felt that her splendour was only intended to show honour to her guests. She stood, when receiving, before the portrait by Winterhalter that represents her in profile and wearing a coronet, and which so resembles one done by the same artist of the Empress Eugénie. Her ladyship has for some time been going in for Theosophy, and was happy to explain, when she had the other night a moment to herself, the doctrine of Colonel Olcott and Madame Blavatsky. She quite accepts their dietary rules, but will not impose them on her household. Nor will she entirely give up the world, which she enjoys in her guileless and kindly way. She was the only Theosophist at her ball—except, perhaps, a Hindoo servant, who discharged the function of personal attendant or body-guard. He was the colour of that sort of old Chinese bronze in which there is an alloy of gold, and was dressed in an Oriental costume as bright as Joseph's garment or the belongings of Regnault's Salomé. Though not quite out of his teens, this disciple of Buddha has a wife, and a child who is nearly half his age. He stood in attendance on the Countess with folded arms, and remained perfectly motionless. When he moved to change his station he was lithe as a panther, and the incarnation of physical grace. In every respect he contrasted sharply and in a picturesque manner with the old, stiff, English domestics around him.

As divers other guests of Lady Caithness are closely connected with the Royal Household at Madrid, the whole

Old Point Lace.—Hayward's, Experts, Dealers and Purchasers of Old Lace, 166 and 168, Oxford-street, W.

Sir H. Knight, the late Lord Mayor says: "The 'Tenacious' Rubber-Soled Shoes are very comfortable, are especially valuable for Boating, Tennis, &c., where a firm foothold and protection from damp are desired."—H. Randall, 40, Poultry, E.C.

truth about the health of Don Alphonso was heard at her ball. His Majesty, as did his sister Pilar, and as does, but in a lesser degree, the Infanta Paz, suffers from a wasting away of the arterial tissue, or rather from its incapacity to recuperate all that it loses in oxidation. Keen air being bad for him, the climate of Madrid ill suits him. He cannot bear either mental or physical strain, and would be most at ease in a heavy, warm, atmosphere, where the combustion of his tissues would not be too rapid. The blood-vessels have a tendency to start out and to rupture. His sister, Isabella, takes upon herself, so far as she can, the cares of government. But she is too much in favour of Canovas del Castillo to please Serrano and the Generals behind him. It is thought that she has been warned by the Duc de Montpensier not to allow her confidence in him to be too visible.

One of the beauties of the ball-room was the Marquise de Belbœuf, the youngest of the four children of the late Duc de Morny. A more *piquante* belle was the Comtesse de Zamoiska, *née* de Malakoff. M. de Caux, Comte de Lancastre, and Duc Pozzo di Borgo hung together. It is not true that the Marquis and Patti are about to set up again as householders. He has got to like his state of un-attached husband, and she enjoys Bohemian liberty. Baroness de Vigier wore a costume the exact repetition of Marie de Médicis in the Rubens portrait of that Queen. All eyes were fixed on the American miss, who has been for two years a star of the first magnitude at Cannes, Homburg, Wiesbaden, and Mayfair. She was taken into supper by the Countess's son, and seemed to appreciate the attention.

In talking about moths and butterflies, I should not omit the mail-coach ride to La Marche and back again through the Avenue des Acacias. Much of the company which danced at Lady Caithness's disported themselves in and on top of the vehicles. The Mornys, the Belbœufs, the Simons, the Avarays, the Dampierres, the Lagranges, and the Costa Beauregards kept close together. As it rained at the start, gentlemen had an *honnête* pretext for clinging to the ladies to whom they wanted to give umbrella-shelter. There is no flirtation with a matrimonial object on the top of a Parisian mail-coach. The matrimonial tie, while indissoluble, is singularly loose in this country, and advantage is taken of its laxity amongst those classes where there is fulness of bread and idleness. I could not help wondering why any one takes the trouble to get a handle to his name or to win an honest reputation when I saw Bourse men, brandy distillers, and ex-Directors of the Union Générale among those who held their heads the highest. We fancied, a couple of winters back, that those ducal and other associates of Bontoux and Féder, who used to surround poor Marshal MacMahon, and who now hem in the Comte de Paris, were reduced to poverty. It was then given out that some of them were compelled to sell their country houses and picture-galleries, and that others would have to go to dig for diamonds at the Cape, like Vicomte de la Panouse, who, it appears, stopped on his way there in Auvergne and went no farther. It would seem, however, that the wind was singularly tempered to these lambs, for to all outward appearance they are as rich as ever they were. Polish martyrdom was represented by Saphiekas, Gurovoskis, Zamoiskis, and Potokis. *Encore une illusion perdue!* There are no more splendid moths and butterflies than those Poles who went into exile when "freedom shrieked and Kosciusko fell." Probably the very last thing that they would wish would be the independence of their country, if this were to involve the necessity of living in it.

Lady John Manners would have seen with sorrow that in France, as in England, idleness requires to be kept up with luxurious food, and plenty of it, if she had glanced at the luncheon parties. The meal was contracted for with gastronomic houses. Little tables, all decorated with flowers, were laid out under the trees and on the green sward. Moths and butterflies ate as heartily as if they were still in the caterpillar state, and did ample justice to the champagne and other wines, whilst the whole thing had a Watteau air.

SPORTING NOTES.

THERE is a decided disposition in some captious quarters to "crab" Newmarket and everything connected with the racing there. There has often been good reason to complain of the character of the sport, but in some papers one finds all notices of the meetings pervaded by a tone of uniform excessive and entirely undistinguishing censure. This, of course, is a matter of profound indifference to the members of the Jockey Club, who are perfectly well aware that meetings are not injured by the dyspeptic diatribes of the reporters, any more than they are aided by their puffing eulogies. Nothing would be more easy than to throw the writers who never mention Newmarket except to abuse it into paroxysms of praise. It would be interesting, however, to learn what these jobbing critics would like to see at Newmarket. The *Sporting Times* about hits the mark when it scornfully attributes the attacks on last week's meeting to the fact that "there was no bustle and crowding, and cursing and swearing, and betting morning, noon, and night," and its statement that the receipts at the stands were the heaviest ever known at this meeting is calculated to show plainly the folly and absurdity of the thrice-abject nonsense which has been written on the subject. What is the specific with which the grumblers would restore Newmarket to its pristine glory, which, by the way, exists only in their distempered imaginations?—for the racing now is certainly very much better than it used to be—as, indeed, it ought to be. The authorities at Chester were raved at year after year because they would not reduce the meeting to three days. They have done so, and the sport is worse than ever. The remedies recommended by the sporting papers in such cases

Pfungst's Extra Quality Champagnes, old landed, can be obtained at the House of Commons Rest., Hotel Bristol, Claridge's Hotel, Café Verrey, Grand Hotel, Woods' Hotel, First Avenue Hotel, Holborn Rest., Palmerston Rest., Stook Exchange (Mabey's), Ship and Trafalgar, Greenwich, and Star and Garter, Richmond, &c.—Agents, J. L. Pfungst & Co., 23, Crutched Friars.

To Make a Really Excellent Plum Cake.—Take ½ lb. butter and ½ lb. white sifted sugar; beat these with the hand well together to a cream; add four eggs, one at a time, and well beat each one with the butter and sugar; lightly mix in 1 lb. of flour, previously mixed with onet easpoonful of Borwick's Gold Medal Baking Powder; then lightly mix with the whole ½ lb. of sultanas. Bake at once, thoroughly.

always remind one of the story of the Irish nobleman who had run through a large fortune, and who, when on his death-bed, summoned his heir, and told him that he had an important secret to communicate, which might prove some compensation to him for the dilapidated condition of the family estates. It was, that crab sauce is better than lobster sauce.

It was rather a surprise to see Keir pulled out for so unimportant a race as the Spring Handicap, as he was supposed to be in reserve for Ascot or Goodwood. He has grown into a remarkably nice horse, and ought to win many good stakes for the popular Grafton scarlet. I am told that he is a fine stayer. His victory compensated "Mr. Manton" for a grievous disappointment in the Breeders' Plate, for which Grecian Bride was a great pet, but she was cleverly beaten by Lord Cadogan's Alone, by Hermit, a filly which cost 530 gs. at last year's Blankney sale. The match between St. Simon and Tristan was a very hollow affair, for the Duke of Portland's horse won all the way. This exhibition will considerably discount the Epsom Cup on the Oaks day, which is over the same distance, and in which St. Simon has a 7 lb. allowance, as he has never won a weight-for-age race worth £500 or a handicap worth £1,000. This is a most idiotic clause in the condition, and the authorities had better expunge it next year. The result will be that Tristan and St. Simon will meet at 27 lb., and the latter will have 7 lb. the best of the weights with Duke of Richmond. The Ascot Cup will be quite another affair, and we do not yet know whether St. Simon can stay this distance. He will meet Tristan at 25 lb. Thebais will no doubt run for this race. I hear that Mr. Lefevre intends to run Archiduc at Ascot for the Gold Vase on the Tuesday. If he wins the French Derby next Sunday (and I fully expect that he will be successful), he would have to carry a 10 lb. penalty.

The Duke of Westminster has made a good deal in allowing Doncaster to go to Hungary for 5,000 gs. He will not be such a bargain to that country as were Buccaneer and Cambuscan. Doncaster has sired two really good horses, Bend Or and Muncaster; but he has entirely failed to maintain the reputation which they gave him. Doncaster was bred in 1870 by Sir Tatton Sykes, and he was bought by the late Mr. Merry at Doncaster for 1,000 gs. on the day after Hannah's Leger. Doncaster was not thought much of between the Two Thousand and the Derby, but he must have improved a good stone in the four weeks, as at Epsom he beat Gang Forward and Kaiser quite as easily as they had beaten him at Newmarket, where he was actually behind a wretched plater like Sulieman. The Derby betting that year was tremendously heavy, and, without any very great outlay, Robert Peck won a large stake, and so did his friend and commissioner, Mr. Toomer. Strange to say, however, Mr. Merry did not believe in Doncaster, and he won nothing. It is a fact that when the horses were going to the post, Mr. Merry disdainfully refused to accept 10,000 to 200 about his steed. He was vainly offered the odds to £400 at this rate. Doncaster's next appearance was in the Grand Prix, for which he started favourite; but he was beaten by Boïard, whose ignominious defeat in the Two Thousand (for which race Steel backed him for an immense sum) was another mystery. In the Leger, Doncaster was beaten a head by Marie Stuart, and a fortnight later he would not gallop a yard in the Grand Duke Michael Stakes, for which odds were laid on him. He lost his form in the autumn, precisely as did his son, Bend Or, seven years later. He came out as a four-year-old to run for the Ascot Cup, which has never since been contested by so good a field. Doncaster was sacrificed in the race to Marie Stuart, or he would have beaten Boïard. The mare was freely backed at 6 to 1, and the horse stood at 10 to 1; but the latter was quietly backed by the stable for a large stake at the very last moment. At Goodwood, Doncaster won the Cup cleverly from Kaiser, to whom he gave 7 lb. As a five-year-old, he won the Gold Cup and Alexandra Plate at Ascot, and there was a prodigious efflorescence of ignorant enthusiasm in consequence; but he beat nothing of any note in either race. He was then sold to the Duke of Westminster for 14,000 gs. by Peck, who had previously bought him from Mr. Merry for 10,000 gs., and he was relegated to the stud. Sandiway has been his only really good representative since the retirement of Bend Or—who has taken his sire's place at Eaton.

THE DERBY.

I have "gone for" the winner of this race three years running, so the chances are greatly in favour of a complete and ignominious failure on the present occasion. If St. Simon and Archiduc were qualified to run (I might add Duke of Richmond), it would not be necessary to take much notice of even the best of the probable starters. St. Simon, however, was never entered for the Derby. The only important engagements which Prince Batthyany made for him were the Two Thousand, the Epsom Grand Prize, and the Prince of Wales's Stakes at Ascot. I do not attach the smallest importance to the defeat of Scot Free by Harvester, last Wednesday. Mr. Foy's horse had evidently been trained to the hour on the Two Thousand day, and very likely has gone off a little since; in all probability we shall not again see him at his best before Doncaster. Last year it was the same with Goldfield, who was in splendid condition on the Two Thousand day, but who ran a 7 lb. worse horse in the Derby. Scot Free seemed stale last week, and I should think that Chaloner will now ease him for a little; but I suppose Mr. Foy will run him in the Prince of Wales's at Ascot, when he will meet Harvester at even weights. Harvester was quite second-rate last year, and in private he was really a stone behind Busybody, and this is not good enough. The "improvement" of which we hear so much will probably result in a repetition of the Prince tragedy. I shall not recommend Queen Adelaide, who is the best form in the race, because she will not be suited

Mr. Streeter, 18, New Bond-street, London, having decided to retire from the Jewellery Trade offers his Valuable Stock of Diamond Ornaments, Gem Jewellery, &c., at a great reduction. The public will therefore have special opportunities for the next few months of obtaining some of this high-class stock on advantageous terms.

Almond's Hotel, situated in the best position of the West-End and close to the theatres, parks, &c., is now re-opened. A spacious Salle à Manger and Ladies' Drawing-room have also been added, hot and cold baths and many single bedrooms. Special attention directed to sanitary arrangements. Clifford-street, Bond-street, W. —J. R. Roy, Proprietor.

either by the hard ground or by the peculiar gradients of the Epsom course. Sir John Willoughby won nearly £3,000 over the Payne Stakes last week, and the best part of it has been invested on Harvester. He stands to win a much larger stake by the mare, as, in addition to a double event, he took 10,000 to 100 about her for the Derby shortly after he bought her for 3,600 gs. at the Blankney sale of 1882. The victory of Talisman would be very popular; but he is such a delicate horse, and all the produce of Hippia are so queer, that I am afraid to anticipate his success. Believers in coincidences may be inclined to go for him, because in 1871, when Mr. Foy had a great race on Bothwell in the Two Thousand, he went for the Rothschild colours at Epsom. This year he has again pulled off a *coup* at Newmarket, and has again backed the yellow and blue for Epsom. There has been a most ridiculous clamour against Mr. Walton, on account of his manœuvres with Richmond. I do not admire this person, but, in fairness, it must be admitted that his tactics have not been in any respect more equivocal than are those of three-fourths of our English owners. However, he is, I apprehend, about the very last man in the country who is likely to trouble himself on account of the pimping invectives by which he has been overwhelmed. There is no earthly reason to justify me in anticipating the success of Richmond, who has been backed by the whole army of "sharps." St. Gatien and Edison can have no chance on their public form, and the silly, eager gulls who rushed on Loch Ranza, after he had beaten a few platers at Northampton, are not likely to have a run for their money. This horse, however, will win a good long-distance handicap before the season is over, if he keeps well. Wild Thyme has been knocked out to forlorn odds, and Brest is manifestly a stone behind Harvester. I do not know how either Borneo or Waterford can have been tried up to even the very moderate standard of form which will be necessary to obtain distinction next week. Lynette colt wants time, and Departure's dam colt would have run for the Two Thousand if Mr. Chaplin had fancied her chance for "classic" honours. Sevenoaks (brother to Chislehurst, and a 1,200 gs. yearling) may represent Manton, but he is not backed like one of Taylor's good things; and I suspect that "Mr. Manton" will join forces with Bedford Cottage on this occasion. I held St. Médard's chance in utter contempt after the Two Thousand; but really, on consideration, I do not see what is going to beat him; and not only will the hard ground suit him, but I should say that he is just the sort of horse to do well over this course. He beat Harvester at Newmarket fair and square, and there is no reason why he should not beat him again. We may be perfectly sure that the horse will do his best, quite irrespective of the pair of favourites, his stable companions. In conclusion, therefore, I shall plump for my Two Thosand selection, St. Médard, who should be backed both to win and for a place.

The appreciation accorded by the highest circles during the last sixty years to Jewsbury & Brown's Original and only Genuine Oriental Tooth Paste proves the efficacy of this refined toilet luxury. It is compounded of rare and fragrant herbs in an especial manner known only to the sole proprietors and manufacturers, Jewsbury & Brown, Chemists, of Manchester. Its use keeps the teeth and gums in a state of preservation and soundness to old age, while its rare aromatic properties render the breath always exceedingly pleasant. It retains its invaluable properties in all climates, and can be obtained through all perfumers and chemists at home and abroad.

MAMMON.

ON THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

THERE were anxious faces in the American department last week. One or two of the Leviathans were very heavily hit. Having large sums locked up in American Rails, they recommenced buying after the first fall, in order to give the market a lift. But they were caught in the American trap. All purchases effected here were met by sales from the other side. Then, while everybody was declaring that the bottom was not yet touched, the recovery came. The climax of excitement was reached on Saturday, when crowds of dealers in American stocks assembled late in the afternoon, anxiously waiting in the streets for the American cablegram. It came at last. The recovery had made further progress, and so ended the first stage of the Wall-street crisis. Egyptians were depressed on apprehensions as to the scope of the proposed Conference, but there was some good buying of Tribute Loans. A week ago the tip was passed round to buy Grand Trunk First Preference. The trick succeeded, and the jobbers unloaded a good deal of stock previously taken up by them to make the market scarce. At the settlement, instead of an expected backwardation of 1¼, the rate opened at ¾ per cent., and, in a short time, went to a charge for postponement of stock. There is a Syndicate formed to keep up "Grand Trunks," but arrangements of this kind seldom work. The jobbers sell bears against their holdings, or, in Stock Exchange parlance, "rat." There was the usual series of rumours about the Mexican Railroad report. First, it was whispered that it was satisfactory; but those who recently were buyers then became sellers. Rumour had it that the present rate of earnings was insufficient to pay the full dividend on First Preference stock. The publication of the report shows how little dependence there is on such rumours. I am at a loss to understand the momentary rise of Anglo-American Telegraph Stock. The rumour that the recent failures in New York would unfavourably influence the prospects of the new cable now being laid is absurd. So is the other reason advanced, that the traffic on the Company's lines has been fabulous during the last few days. Orders to buy and sell stock do not take many words.

AMERICAN FINANCE.

The panic in New York has been set down to the action of bears. This is not quite correct. Some years ago, the Railroad Kings and other financialists of the same description, came to the conclusion that much money might be made by raising the level of prices of railroad securities. They therefore commenced to operate in this sense. The public followed them, and they handed over to this self-same public at a high price securities which they had bought at a low price. Their next step was to create new securities. Some of these they sold

The Effects of the Proposed Alteration of Consols from 3 per Cent. to 2¾ per Cent.—Consols: The return to Investors will be so small that many are selling for more remunerative Investments. Debentures and Preferences: In consequence of the demand for these Stocks, prices have risen so much that not more than 3¼ to 3½ can be obtained on an Investment. Investment and Trust Co.'s: These we consider the Most Remunerative of all forms of Investment, and are as Safe as Debentures and Preferences. Our May Circular and Supplement, sent post-free, contains full Information regarding these, with Special Recommendations. Abbott, Page, & Co., Stockbrokers, 42, Poultry, London, E.C.

at a profit, others they retained. The result of all this has been that *bonâ-fide* investors declined to hold stocks which seemed but gambling counters; they, therefore, fell into the hands of men who bought them with borrowed capital, and only retained them for speculative purposes. For a time, these men were able to maintain prices. But they were too heavily loaded; and, as no one came in to relieve them of any portion of their burden, prices dwindled. This was accelerated by bears—who perceived that a very few feathers would break the load on the bull's back—piling on these feathers, or, in other words, bearing stocks all round.

So far as we are concerned, we have been the gainers by these operations. Most of the English holders of the common stocks and shares of American Railroads have resold them to Americans at a profit, and, if they are wise, they will not be induced by any fancy that "prices have reached their bottom" to buy them again. They must remember that these stocks and shares are nothing but a financial expression. American railroads are built with bonds. Shares and stocks merely represent the possibility that more will be earned than what will suffice for working expenses and the interest on cost of production. The price of these shares and stocks is put up and down on the market by combinations between Railroad Kings. Sometimes there is peace between the competing railroads, sometimes there is war. But it is not a case of *delirant reges, plectuntur Achivi.* The outsiders weep, but the Kings, far from going mad, comfortably divide the spoil between them. Even when a railroad is thoroughly sound, the shareholders do not for long profit by this, for its President and his friends buy up a few rotten concerns, which they lease on extortionate terms to the sound railroad; and these leases come before any payment on the stocks or shares.

Those connected with the Canadian Railroads seem to have been jealous of the success of the American Railroad Kings. Much the same thing has taken place in regard to the Grand Trunk as in regard to the American Railroads, except that, unfortunately, Englishmen have been the sufferers in the former case. Grand Trunk securities were put up. Fools purchased, and now these securities are rapidly dwindling to the prices which ruled before this financing campaign commenced. In Mexico a like speculation has raged. All this will, I hope, convince people that stocks and shares of Transatlantic Railroads are cogged dice, and that to invest money in them is next door to insanity.

A FRAUD EXPOSED.

I have often heard it said in the City that the presence of a parson at a meeting of shareholders of a public Company is a sign of trouble, at all events, to the directors. They are outspoken and uncompromising where there is a suspicion of shifty dealings. It is, perhaps, natural that they should expect that rectitude in business transactions which their creed preaches. The Rev. Charles Nattali Edgington, rector of Hanwell, has very pluckily wrested from the Directors of the Army and Navy Provision Market (Limited), the sum of £1,500 which they inveigled him into investing in that now defunct Company's debenture bonds. In 1880 that Company was in great straits, and practically insolvent. First and second mortgages had been executed on its business premises and plant, and the Directors were at their wits' end how further to raise the wind. In an evil hour they decided on issuing a prospectus, offering debenture bonds, but suppressing the existence of the second mortgage, and misrepresenting the terms of the first. The Company's difficulties were entirely ignored, the prospectus only stating that the object of the issue of the debentures was to enable the Society to complete alterations, to develop arrangements for the supply of cheap fish, and to effect changes in the transport service. This prospectus was circulated, and, amongst the victims, the Directors caught a Tartar in Mr. Edgington. He brought an action against Captain the Hon. J. T. Fitzmaurice, R.N. (a Director of the Company down to the time of its winding-up), Colonel C. D. Rich, Colonel E. B. Snow, and General William Taylor (three other Directors), Major E. Clench (who had been a Managing Director), Mr. Hunt (the Secretary), and Mr. Hanley (the General Manager of the Company). In giving judgment against the defendants for £1,500 and costs, Mr. Justice Denman held that the prospectus was misleading in all particulars complained of, and that all the Directors, including Major Clench, were liable for having issued it with what, in the eye of the law, was fraudulent misrepresentation. Mr. Edgington had also received a letter from the Secretary, Mr. Hunt, stating that the debentures would be a charge upon the business premises, but when the debentures were afterwards issued no charge was given. The denial, on the part of the Directors, of the authority of the Secretary to write the letter is an old trick. That part of the plaintiff's case was abandoned in consequence of a technical difficulty, but the judge commented severely on the conduct of the Directors. A Secretary is clearly the mouthpiece of a Board.

I am glad that the law has, in this case, reached the offenders, and that they are to be made to disgorge this money. Some of them are not for the first time mixed up with questionable transactions of the Company-monger description. The Hon. Fitzmaurice admitted, in cross-examination, that he had had other actions brought against him with reference to the issue of prospectuses. In December last Mr. Justice Chitty gave judgment against him for issuing a false prospectus, in the case of McAndrew *v.* The Indian Mammoth Gold Mines Company. I should like to know why Major Edmund Clench was the only Director who did not go into the witness-box. Is that gallant gentleman habitually afflicted with bashfulness? It would almost appear so, for he showed his retiring disposition in the case of Clench *v.* the Contract Company, when he did all he could to shelter himself under the wing of his nephew, Reginald Clench. The latter was at the time a clerk in the Junior Army and Navy Stores, of which Major Clench is a Director. That case was instructive in the matter of Company-promoting.

THE LONDON PLATINO BRAZILIAN TELEGRAPH COMPANY.

The bargain struck with the Companhia Telegraphica Brazileira, which was taken over in 1878 by the above Company, was not advantageous to the shareholders of the

Options.—Explanatory Pamphlet on Stock Exchange Options, post-free. John Abbott & Co., Stock and Share Brokers, 21 and 22, Palmerston Buildings, London, E.C

new Company, whatever it may have been to other parties concerned. For the first half year of its existence a dividend of 5s. per share was paid, which has now dwindled down to 4s. per share per annum, or 2 per cent. The cables owned by the Company are what I should call for cables "over middle age," but no reserve fund of any consequence has been accumulated. The Directors' report contains very meagre information on some points. The chief assets of the Company are simply stated in the balance-sheet as "capital expenditure," £481,600. They consist of land-lines and cables, but I hope some of the shareholders will ask for details of these separate items. I do not know much about the Company, but as the reserve fund is under £8,000 it would be important to find out something of the actual present value of the cables and lines. The arrangement with the Western and Brazilian Telegraph Company does not appear to work advantageously, and there is a serious dispute as to the proportion of receipts for telegrams sent since the reduction of the tariff. The Government of Uruguay owes the Company £7,360. Can this be considered a sound asset? The miserable dividend ought to have been devoted to strengthening the reserve fund. The mere addition of one-third of the Directors' fees (£400) to that fund is a farce. The only chance for the Company is in the improvement of receipts, of which there is little prospect, notwithstanding its being under the direction of Mr. John Pender, M.P., and his friends.

DIRECTORS' FEES.

When vacancies on the Board of Companies are not filled up, the proportionate fees ought to be saved; but as a rule the remaining Directors share between them the unappropriated amounts. This is not as it should be. When the shareholders fix the remuneration of a certain number of Directors, they have a right to the services of that number. Two heads are, or ought to be, better than one. There are, it is true, different types of Directors. The argument of the energetic Director, who manages the business and his co-Director into the bargain, that he is entitled to more pay, is grounded on a wrong basis. All ought to do their duty to the Company, and services paid for should be rendered. I am not surprised, therefore, that the shareholders of the American Freehold Land Mortgage Company of London should have objected to their Directors' comfortable arrangements. In their case, although there were several vacancies on the Board, the remaining five Directors continued to draw the full amount of £2,500 per annum. This is a stiff sum for Directors' fees against net profits £10,000. The chief work is done in New York, where the Corbin Banking Company acts as the Company's agent. It selects the mortgages and collects the interest. The duties of the London Directors cannot, therefore, be very arduous.

Talking of American Land Companies, I am told that a little interesting excitement is expected at the forthcoming meeting of the Land Mortgage Investment and Agency Company of America. A hostile committee of shareholders is sitting, so, perhaps, we shall be treated to some revelations bearing on American Land and Mortgage Companies generally.

John Shaw, Share Broker, Wardrobe-chambers, Queen Victoria-st. deals at tape prices an inclusive commission of one-sixteenth.

QUEER STORIES.

THE MIRACULOUS FISH-POND.

It was a couple of months or so before the beginning of an exceedingly dull season that Mr. Julius B. Korner first made his appearance in London, and he speedily became both an interesting and a popular member of society. He was universally supposed to be possessed of fabulous wealth, a fact all the better established because Mr. Korner never directly alluded to it. He lived in a small but perfectly-appointed house in Mayfair, gave admirable dinners, drove first-rate horses, and did all that could reasonably be expected of an unostentatious millionaire. Personally, Mr. Korner was a tall spare man, verging on fifty; he was decidedly handsome, his manners were irreproachable, and his views upon things in general were understood to be Conservative and ultra-Royalist. Indeed, on the few occasions when he could be induced to express an opinion upon English institutions, he always avowed his admiration for the Throne, the House of Lords, and the Corporation of London, and insinuated his regret that the Government of his native country was not carried on in accordance with the glorious example set on this side of the Atlantic. Mr. Korner was a widower, with two very attractive daughters, Stella and Sophie, and it was commonly reported that these young ladies would receive very handsome marriage portions from their indulgent father.

It was not, perhaps, surprising that so attractive a family should be much sought after, and within a very few weeks of their arrival the Korners found themselves overwhelmed with invitations. Ladies who were blessed with extravagant sons thought that the Miss Korners' fortunes would be admirably employed in giving their hopefuls a fresh start, and more than one ambitious mother paraded her daughters for Mr. Korner's inspection, for he was an exceedingly well-preserved man, and by no means too old to marry again.

Among the most intimate of their friends was a certain Lady Rubicon, a bustling, lively matron, with a somewhat impecunious husband and a large family. Lord and Lady Rubicon were in the habit of making frequent trips to America, where his lordship owned a cattle ranche and several drinking-saloons; and it was on the return voyage from one of these excursions that they had made the acquaintance of the Korners.

On board an Atlantic steamer friendship ripens quickly, and it was in great measure owing to Lady Rubicon's good offices that the American family had been so well received in London. The Korners were grateful, and Lady Rubicon was fully disposed to take advantage of her position. She had almost given up the idea of securing Korner himself for her eldest daughter, but she was determined that her scapegrace son should marry one of the girls. As the Hon. Humphrey Pique was on the point of leaving the Guards, owing to hopeless impecuniosity, there was not much time to be lost, so he danced attendance upon Miss Stella with unremitting diligence, while his mother lost no chance of aiding in his suit. One day Lady Rubicon came round to the house in

Minton's China.—Thomas Goode & Co., Artists and Designers in Porcelain, South Audley-street Grosvenor-square.

Mayfair, and, with an air of great importance, asked to see Mr. Korner alone.

"You shall know all about it soon, my dears," she remarked to the girls, "but your father and I must have a talk first."

Mr. Korner knew that Lady Rubicon had a favourite weakness for making mysteries out of nothing, so he rose and courteously led the way to the library.

"My *dear* Mr. Korner," said the matron, "we have such a delightful scheme on hand, and you must help in it!"

"I shall only be too pleased," answered the imperturbable Korner. "But may I ask what is the scheme, and who are 'we?'"

"Oh, 'we' are everybody—everybody, that is, who is anybody; and we are going to have a fancy fair for the benefit of the Hospital for Diseases of the Eyebrow."

Mr. Korner looked a little mystified. "A fancy fair?" he repeated.

"Oh, I forgot you had been so short a time in England! There will be stalls, you know, and people dressed in fancy costumes will sell things, and we are going to have an old English street, and a Turkish bazaar, and all sorts of things, including the Mahdi's camp. I am sure you would look delightful as the Mahdi, with a black beard and a blanket."

Mr. Korner passed his hand meditatively across his chin. "If ever I dressed myself up for show, I am afraid I should have to choose something a little less attractive," he said.

"By all means. You shall choose your own costume; but you really must help us, you and the girls. You will, won't you?"

"I can deny you nothing," said Mr. Korner, with an air of old-fashioned courtesy he was rather fond of assuming. "And I have no doubt that my daughters will be charmed."

Lady Rubicon expressed her thanks in fervent terms, and so the matter was settled. Stella and Sophie were delighted with the idea, and the Korner family were duly enrolled upon the aristocratic staff of assistants at the Fancy Fair for the benefit of the Hospital for Diseases of the Eyebrow. Mr. Korner himself consented to become a member of the managing committee, and the metropolis was speedily placarded with posters announcing that a perfect galaxy of lords and ladies, actors and actresses, rich snobs, professional beauties, company-mongers, and other personages desirous of advertising themselves, their benevolence, and their attractions, would aid in organising a gigantic fancy fair for the most deserving charity mentioned above.

The Albert Hall was, of course, engaged for the occasion; the patronage of Royalty was asked for and graciously accorded; the Prime Minister, the Home Secretary and other distinguished personages promised to attend, and the Hon. Humphrey Pique, with great good-nature, volunteered to become honorary secretary and look after the funds. The committee devoted long and anxious thought to the allotment of the various duties of the assistants, male and female. There were all sorts of prejudices to soothe and little jealousies to mollify. All the best-looking women had to be selected to serve as refreshment-stall keepers and vendors of button-holes and cigars, and the choice was the cause of terrible bickerings and heartburnings. The Duchess of Colpos, a fine woman, but somewhat overburdened with superfluous flesh, insisted upon being allowed to perambulate the Hall, arrayed as a flower-girl, while Lady Victoria Vespa threatened to withdraw her name unless she were permitted to devote her undeniably fine teeth to the congenial task of biting off the ends of cigars. But Lady Rubicon and her colleagues triumphantly overcame every difficulty, and the Fair promised to be a huge success. Of course, the Korners were consulted at an early period as to the precise part they wished to take in the proceedings. Mr. Korner said he was profoundly indifferent; he left all these things in the hands of his daughters; Stella was a clever girl, and was certain to suggest something. She soon decided; for the next time Lady Rubicon called, she announced that they were going to keep a fish-pond.

"Charming!" cried Lady Rubicon. "I know what you mean. You put a lot of parcels in a sort of enclosed place, and people have little fishing-rods and angle for the parcels with hooks. I am sure that will be delightful!"

"Yes, that is exactly what I mean," replied Stella. "I think it really ought to be great fun."

"I am sure it will; and what are you going to put inside the parcels, dear?"

"Oh! sweets, or toys, or scent, or something. But you must not be too inquisitive, Lady Rubicon; papa is going to take the fish-pond in hand, and he is sure to contrive something interesting and original." At that moment the millionaire himself entered the room.

"We were talking of the fish-pond, Mr. Korner," said Lady Rubicon. "I hear that you are going to invent some wonderful novelty for it."

"Scarcely that, Lady Rubicon," answered Mr. Korner, with his usual quiet smile, and a deprecatory wave of his hand; "but I dare say that I shall be able to find out something to amuse those who fish. I have hardly thought of it, however, myself yet."

"I am certain that is a wonderfully clever man," mused Lady Rubicon, as she drove homewards. "He will make a great noise in the world some day. So handsome and distinguished, too! His daughters are quite a different style of beauty. I suppose they take after their mother."

But Lady Rubicon was too much occupied in making preparations for the Fancy Fair to waste much thought on this interesting point. Everything progressed admirably as the day of the great event drew near. Subscriptions, suggestions, and offers of assistance poured in upon the managing committee. Lady Rubicon, though anxious and careworn, was radiant with hope, while even the Hon. Humphrey Pique appeared to take an unwonted interest in the proceedings, which he trusted would materially aid him in the conquest of Stella. About a week before the opening day, Mr. Korner ran over to Paris. It was noticed that he had been very busy and preoccupied of late; he had been seen but little in the Park, and seemed to spend most of his time in a sort of studio at the back of his house. His daughters explained that he had a good deal of business on hand just then, and

Sanitary Inspection.—Fee, 2 Guineas. Improvement works undertaken. The Sanitary Engineering Co., 115, Victoria-st., Westminster.

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that he was, moreover, deeply absorbed in scheming some really surprising novelties for the fish-pond.

"It is so good of your father to take so much trouble when he has other matters to attend to!" said Lady Rubicon to Stella.

"Papa likes being busy," answered that young lady. "He left for Paris last night, where he has gone about the things for the pond."

"Really! And when do you expect him back?"

"To-morrow, or the day after. I think he will bring them with him."

"Do you know, dear, I am perfectly dying of curiosity about that fish-pond. Don't you think you could tell *me* what is going to be put in it?"

"My dear Lady Rubicon," laughed Stella, "to tell you the truth, I don't even know myself."

"What a mysterious man your father must be!" sighed her ladyship.

Mr. Korner returned to London a couple of days later, and lost no time in acquainting Lady Rubicon with the fact. He told her that he had been eminently successful in his mission; that, after much anxious cogitation, he had arranged something altogether marvellous and sensational for the fish-pond; and that, with the aid of an astute shopman of the Palais Royal, he had carried out his idea in a very perfect manner indeed. In fact, he authorised her to add a couple of lines to the latest edition of posters and circulars, announcing that the fish-pond would be the greatest attraction of the entire Fair, and guaranteeing that no one who spent ten shillings for the temporary use of a rod would ever regret his or her labour or money. All this mystery immensely gratified Lady Rubicon and the other members of the managing committee, and expectations ran to a very high pitch. All sorts of rumours circulated regarding the "Miraculous Fish-pond," as the committee decided to call it. It was said that the American millionaire had distributed more than a thousand pounds' worth of diamonds among the parcels; that some packages contained gold watches and rings; and every one had heard on undeniable authority that one packet would conceal a £500 Bank of England note.

Of course, Lady Rubicon would not confess that she knew as little about Mr. Korner's real intentions as the rest of the world. She informed all her acquaintances that she and the Hon. Humphrey had been initiated into the mystery under inviolable vows of secrecy, and hinted that Mr. Korner had carried out his design in accordance with a suggestion of her own. The Korner family said nothing to betray Lady Rubicon's ignorance, and she gained immense credit for the pertinacious manner in which she declined to reveal the secret even to her dearest friends.

One condition only Mr. Korner insisted upon, which Lady Rubicon and the committee considered on reflection to be extremely reasonable and proper, and that was that each person who secured one of the mysterious parcels should solemnly promise not to open and examine his or her prize before reaching home.

"You will at once see, Lady Rubicon," said Mr. Korner, smiling, "that this is absolutely necessary. If people are allowed to open the parcels in the hall, there will be an end at once to all the mystery."

Her ladyship, of course, saw the necessity, and was more than ever impressed with the astuteness of the millionaire. The evening before the fair was opened, Mr. Korner himself drove down to the Albert Hall, and was shortly followed by a very large van which contained the parcels for the Miraculous Fish-pond.

Lady Rubicon and he had fixed an hour when every one except a few workmen had left the building, and the operation of arranging the packages in their "pond" was performed in the absence of all responsible individuals except her ladyship and the Hon. Humphrey. Mr. Korner was very careful about his parcels. He explained that many of them contained glass, and required cautious handling, and he superintended the entire operation in person. They made a very goodly array, numbering several hundreds. They were of all shapes and sizes, and most of them were heavy; so Lady Rubicon and the Hon. Humphrey were confirmed in their conviction that many of them were of the greatest value. She could scarcely restrain herself from breaking open one of them, but Mr. Korner kept his eye upon her, and she was forced to refrain.

"You and the girls will be here early to-morrow morning, won't you?" she said, as she bade good-night to the American.

"Certainly; we are always punctual." And he left her charmed with his courtesy.

The next morning was bright and fine. Lady Rubicon was early astir, and eagerly opened her letters to see if any of her friends were going to disappoint her at the Fair. Much to her disgust she read the following:—

My dear Lady Rubicon,—I am truly sorry to be obligod to be absent from the Fair to-morrow. Important business demands my presence in Paris, and I am starting by the night boat. Wishing you every success, to which I trust the fish-pond will contribute,—With profound regret, believe me to be yours very sincerely,

J. B. Korner.

"How very annoying!" ejaculated Lady Rubicon; "but the girls will be there. I really must make Humphrey come to the point with Stella."

Misfortunes never come singly, as Lady Rubicon discovered, for when she got to the Hall, a couple of hours later, she found a telegram from Miss Korner, saying that she and her sister had been summoned to Devonshire to the bedside of a dying aunt.

"Was there ever anything quite so annoying?" exclaimed Lady Rubicon. "I never even knew they had an aunt in Devonshire. It is really most provoking."

However, there was no help for it, and as soon as the Hon. Humphrey made his appearance, his mother explained to him that he must act as showman of the fish-pond, describe its manifold attractions to the crowd, and descant eloquently upon the treasures which the generous millionaire had scattered broadcast among the paper parcels.

"You must talk as if you knew all about it, you know, Humphrey. Everybody thinks we are in the secret, so it will never do to confess our ignorance," added his mother, judiciously.

Like a dutiful son Mr. Pique consented, and was soon busily engaged in his arduous duties. Among his earliest customers happened to be Lady Harcourt herself. She angled successfully, and landed a small but substantial

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parcel. "You mustn't open it here, you know," said the Hon. Humphrey laughing.

"Dear me, what a pity!" answered her ladyship. "Well, I will take it home and show it to Sir William; he likes mysteries." Her Ladyship's example was followed by hundreds of other visitors; in fact, as had been expected, the fish-pond was the great attraction.

Four o'clock came, and the Fair was in full swing; the stalls were doing a roaring trade; the Duchess had sold innumerable button-holes; Lady Victoria's teeth positively ached from biting cigars; all the prettiest women in London were perambulating the hall, dressed in more or less outrageous costumes, and flirting impartially with peers and shop-boys in the sacred cause of charity. The Hon. Humphrey, gorgeously arrayed in green plush and silk stockings, had shouted himself hoarse at the fish-pond, half-sovereigns were pouring in upon him, and a regular *queue* of people were waiting for their turn to angle for one of the millionaire's wonderful presents. Just when the fun was at its height, a couple of footmen in livery elbowed their way unceremoniously through the crowd and seized the Hon. Humphrey by each arm.

"What's the matter?" ejaculated that young gentleman, dropping his eye-glass, and staring in astonishment at his assailants.

One man leant forward and whispered a word in the Hon. Humphrey's ear. The effect upon that scion of nobility was electrical. His face turned ghastly pale, his jaw fell, he cast a terrified glance towards the fish-pond, and then made a violent plunge forward.

"Gently, sir, gently," said the man, sternly.

"Let me get out! good Heavens, let me get out!" screamed the Hon. Humphrey.

"Not just yet, sir," replied his tormentor. "Tell 'em the Hall must be cleared at once," he added to his companion in a low voice, and then came to pass a most remarkable phenomenon. Policemen seemed to spring up in every direction. In two minutes a line was formed round the fish-pond, and the crowd were politely but firmly told that they must at once disperse. At first there was a certain amount of angry remonstrance, and even of forcible opposition; but somehow or another a mysterious word began to be whispered about which had a miraculous effect in disarming all resistance. With one consent everybody turned tail and fled. Flower-girls, peasants, Watteau shepherdesses, Spanish gipsies, eighteenth-century courtiers, actors and actresses, singers, musicians, performers of every description joined with the struggling mob of ordinary humanity in a mad rush for the doors. Even when safe outside, no one thought of stopping. Entirely regardless of their eccentric costumes, they bolted wildly in every direction, and several stout old ladies and gouty old gentlemen ran at least half a mile without pausing to recover their breath or to ask for further particulars.

In Kensington Gore, those persons who were not senseless from terror heard leather-lunged newsboys bellowing "Speshul edeeshun!" "'Orrible attempt to assassinate the 'Ome Secretary!" "Discovery of infernal machines!" and on buying a paper read the following startling announcement.

This morning Lady Harcourt attended the Fancy Fair at the Albert Hall, and on returning home she brought with her a small sealed parcel, which it seems she had purchased there. It was opened in the presence of Sir William Harcourt, and turned out to be an infernal machine, constructed with diabolical ingenuity, which had only failed to explode by a miracle. Four private detectives, who are always in attendance on the Home Secretary, disguised as footmen, at once proceeded to the Albert Hall to investigate the occurrence, while the infernal machine, which is said to resemble a travelling clock, was despatched to Scotland-yard. On inquiry at Sir William's residence we learn that he is as well as can be expected. The authorship of this fiendish outrage is at present shrouded in mystery.

GIRLS' GOSSIP.

DEAREST AMY,—Maud and I quite longed for our little country cousin on Saturday, in order that we might show her a sight that can be seen nowhere in the world except in London. The Coaching Club had its first meet this season at the Magazine at twelve o'clock. Thousands and thousands of people assembled, as the weather was brilliantly fine. Of course, the chief point of attraction was the corner by the Magazine where the coaches meet before forming the procession. The people cluster round that delightfully shady tree where the roads branch off, and criticise the horses, the liveries, and the dresses of the people on the four-in-hands. It is interesting to note the different points of view taken by the two sexes. A man says: "Pity she has that white stocking," and the lady with him replies, without taking time to listen: "But fancy wearing a green veil with a blue frock!"

There was quite a magnificent dress parade on the occasion. You will be glad to hear that all the noxious rotundity of a year ago has disappeared from the skirts of the "hupper suckles." Dresses now fall in straight folds from the waist. A little crinolette is still worn, and serves to support the drapery at the back, which is full and rather heavy. As usual, the washing-dresses were the coolest looking. One, made of pink and fawn zephyr, striped, with sunshade of the same, was particularly pretty. There were hundreds of grey dresses, some of them cool and charming; some very much the reverse. There were the usual terrific blues, with, however, one or two successes in that dangerous colour. A startling costume was made of golden-brown ottoman and pale blue broché mixed in about equal quantities.

After the start, we made our way to the Corner, and sat under the trees for an hour. We were infinitely amused by an elaborately got-up old lady and her white poodle, which she led by a string. When they reached the turning that leads to Albert Gate, the dog's mistress wanted to go on, but the animal had evidently made up its mind to go home. Down it sat, and it refused to be either coerced or coaxed. First the old lady tugged the string. No result. Then she made a coaxing face, and gently whispered, "Come!" No result. Performance *da capo*. Dog immovable; so with the most perfect sweetness, its mistress turned round and followed it whithersoever it listed. Charlie said that the poodle took her for a walk, instead of her taking the poodle. Doubtless the sweet animal wanted its lunch.

We had a short talk with our dear old friend "upon my life." He is more than ever addicted to the expression. He directed our attention to the riders in the Row. "Upon my life," he said, "I've sat here for twenty minutes and looked in vain for even a tolerably good-looking girl. Look at those three riding together. Did you ever see anything more awful? It's lucky their horses can't see their faces. They'd shy to a certainty, 'pon my life they would. If I were a groom I wouldn't ride behind such curiosities. 'Pon my life I wouldn't."

And really, Amy, dear, I never did see such a hopeless set of faces. It was very hot, and heat is usually unbecoming. But in addition to this, it had the most horrible effect on the stuffs used by those that were "made up," and there were many of them—alas! so many. One woman had got the rouge, the cold cream, the powder, and the black streaks from her veil mixed in a charming *olla podrida* upon her cheek-bones. The Colonel remarked that hungry as he was, he couldn't eat a morsel if that young woman were to sit opposite to him. 'Pon his life, he couldn't.

We saw a delicious dress in pink and brown. The front was covered with flounces of brown lace, over pink of a pale

shade. The bodice and back drapery were of brown satin merveilleux. The bonnet was brown, with soft crush roses. The parasol was brown, lined with pink. Some pretty frocks were made of mushroom-coloured batiste, with the front draped with embroidered net. I believe it is called *point d'esprit*, but am not quite sure. It is very light, and falls in graceful folds.

You never saw anything like the sunshades. Every moment one's teeth were set on edge by a new horror. The shot ones are really odious. The beauty of the shot materials lies in the folds, by means of which the light catches the different tints, giving a sort of shifting effect. Of course, on a sunshade there are no folds, and the bright light is reflected from them with a hard, metallic glitter. There was one landau which simply should have been civilly shown to the gate and not allowed to return. It contained three ladies. One had a sunshade of bright red satin, another held one of sapphire blue in its most aggressive shade; and the parasol of the third was shot grenat and peacock blue. I assure you that carriage made people absolutely blink when it passed, just as they do when a glass is flashed in their eyes, with a strong light upon it.

Here is an important item of news for you. Crêpe de Chine is *the* material of the season for dresses for fêtes and other elaborate occasions. We went with Lilla to Worth's the other day, and found, by the way, that they had left Hanover-street, and moved to Bond-street. Lilla wanted a dinner-dress, and they showed us some lovely ones. Lace is used by the mile again. One dress was made of shot silk, so soft in texture that it could be crumbled up tightly in the fingers, and when released would not show a single crease. The "shot" was blue and grey. Two flounces of blue satin trimmed the edge of the skirt, and over these fell draperies of coffee-coloured lace, which formed a tunic. A second tunic of embroidered crêpe de Chine fell over this, in its turn, and at the left side it was partly covered by more coffee-coloured lace. The crêpe de Chine was tied in a clever little bow on the right side. You know the lovely folds it goes into when caught tightly together and then allowed to fall with the weight of its own embroidery? I think it an ideal material. We saw one piece of it on which lilac blossoms were embroidered in silk of the precise tint of the flowers and of the size of nature.

Another quite delicious dress for a fête or wedding, or such a gathering as Sandown or Ascot, was made with flounces of mauresque lace, alternately in white and *écru*. The bodice and drapery were crêpe de Chine, in the fashionable mushroom colour, embroidered in its own tint. The folds were held by bows of white and fawn coloured ribbon velvet, and the short basques of the bodice were edged with similar velvet, white on one side of the waist and fawn-coloured on the other. There was a velvet waistcoat, veiled with lace. The most enchanting little cuff of lace finished off each sleeve. How shall I describe it? First, the lace was gathered on to the crêpe de Chine sleeve. Then, about three inches nearer the hand, it was gathered upon an elastic, and from this there fell outwards a frill of the lace. What a chance for a pretty arm!

How I wished I was there to buy my trousseau! I think it must be the most enchanting occupation in the world to buy one's trousseau. To begin with, there is a peculiar pleasure in spending money. I fancy I possess a particular taste for that pastime. In fact, it seems rather a pity that such a powerful capacity as mine is in that direction should be absolutely wasted by the mere fact of having none to spend. And then, while you are choosing all the pretty things for your trousseau, there are all sorts of pleasant hopes and happy thoughts dancing a sort of saraband in the back of your brain somewhere.

Oh, dear! St. Catherine, St. Catherine! Are you asleep? What *can* you be thinking about? Are you not aware that it is the first object of every girl's ambition to get some other man than her own poor dear father to pay her milliner's bills?

There were some pretty bonnets. I think the new shape very becoming. Think of a wreath of green leaves meeting in a sort of point above the forehead, just like the laurel crown of the poets, and in front of it a thick cluster of red berries, which rest upon the hair, and form a most poetic frame for a pretty face. Maud bought a Princess Mary hat. It was in white straw, trimmed with soft and pretty white lace, and a bunch of moss-green ivy leaves. The brim was edged with gathered moss-green velvet.

Lilla ordered a dress for Sandown. The skirt is to be of brown satin merveilleux, arranged in wide pleats. The bodice and drapery are of tussore silk, embroidered all over with tiny velvet jockey-caps, each being seamed with white, and having a whip lying across it. The whip is worked in brown silk. Lilla was immensely tempted by a simply delicious little cape-mantle, made of some new sort of gauze and grenadine, into which small beads in gold and shades of bronze had been woven in a pretty design in the making. This pattern went all down the back, ending just below the waist in two large tassels made of similar beads. Crossing over the shoulders to the front, the design ended on either side of the chest, in two small tassels. The sleeves were made of lace, and the edges were trimmed all round with lace flounces. The shape was very new and pretty.

Those little humps on the shoulders are not nearly so pronounced this season. I fancy they will be forgotten next year. Lilla said she could not afford herself a mantle, so she has entrusted to Maud and me the delicate task of suggesting to her husband that this adorable bead arrangement would make an appropriate birth-day gift on the 24th. She always says that she ought to have handsomer presents than most people, in consideration of her having been born on the same day as the Queen.

My birth-day passed off most satisfactorily. That delightful Parcels Post delivered safely your lovely basket of forget-me-nots, buttercups, and brown ivy-leaves. You must be a poet unawares, to have arranged such a perfect harmony of tints. Maud gave me one of those pretty red tea-tables. Do you know them? They are rather new. I like the square ones best. They are made of wood, japanned in a very bright red, like that of the Japanese trays. They stand just high enough for placing one's cup upon them, and there is a second shelf beneath for putting one's muff (in winter) or one's card-case out of the way.

Aunt Selina gave me a workbox. She generally gives us something horrid on our birthdays. When we were little girls she always gave us thimbles. You can try on any little girl you know, if that is considered a satisfactory sort of present, even apart from the excellent advice about learning to sew that always went with it. On Maud's last birthday she received "from her affectionate aunt," a copy of Cruden's "Concordance!" Maud occasionally peeps into it, but then, she has a remarkably lively conscience, well up to its work. Mine is different, so I have given the workbox away to a little girl in a hospital. She is pleased with it, though it is one of those nasty ones all divided into compartments, and, as you know, dear, nothing ever stays in its own compartment. I like a work-table of the basket sort, in which everything conglomerates. You have only to rummage a little bit, and even if you can't find what you want, you are sure to see something that you had forgotten was there and that has no right to be there. There are always pleasant surprises on hand. I like them—except when they come in the form of needles that reveal their presence by sticking firmly into the ends of my fingers.

Miss Braddon has specially written the words of two of Miss Elizabeth Philp's new songs, and I believe we are to hear them at the latter lady's concert on the 23rd. Miss Antoinette Sterling is to sing the "Poacher's Widow" and Cowen's "Light in Darkness."

Here is a delicious, if rather elaborate, way of cooking a loin of veal. It must be trimmed as if intended to be roasted on the spit, and allowed to roast till three-quarters done. Prepare some veal broth, to which add some melted butter and seven or eight spoonfuls of cream. Take the loin off the spit, extract the centre of the meat, of which you leave the two sides so as to hold your sauce. Then mince the centre of the loin of veal, put it back into its

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place, pour the sauce (which is white) over the mince-meat, and let the whole cook five minutes on a brisk fire. Then serve, adding gravy.

And this is a capital Bengal grill that Charlie swears by. It is considered an excellent "pick-me-up":—

Two spoonfuls of made mustard, one desertspoonful of chutnee, one ditto of anchovy sauce, two tablespoonfuls of mushroom ketchup or Harvey sauce, a small quantity of pickle, cut up, a little Cayenne or Nepaul pepper, and some black pepper. Mix all this well together in a fryingpan with the meat or broiled bones, and serve *very* hot. A little port wine may be added with advantage.

You ask me about pilaff à la grecque. It can be made with lamb, mutton, veal, or chicken. This is how it is done:—

Cut very fine one or two onions and fry them—in butter—of a light brown colour. Fry also in a stew-pan—rather wide and flat—a good sized chicken cut in pieces, or about the same amount of meat, then add pepper, salt, the onion that has been fried, and wet with about three tumblers of hot water, and three or four tomatoes (fresh if possible) cut in pieces. Let all boil slowly for about half an hour, then throw in about ¾lb. of rice (not washed) that has been slightly fried in butter. It must not be stirred after the rice is added, but well covered and boiled *very* slowly for about 40 minutes. When made with chicken it requires more butter than with fat meat.

Have you seen the pretty little baskets for sending flowers by post? They fasten with a padlock, and sender and receiver each keeps a key. Mary sent us up one of them filled with roses and lilies of the valley last week, and we returned it containing some delicious Indian tea. We call it our "bird of passage," and intend it to perform many journeys.—Ever your loving cousin, MADGE.

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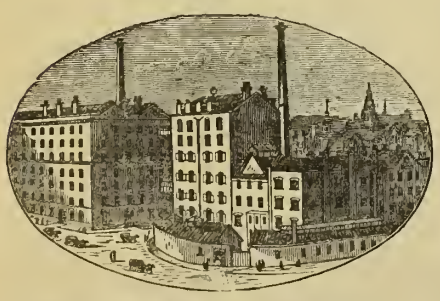

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MESSRS. DANIEL SMITH, SON, and OAKLEY have received instructions to offer the above PROPERTY for SALE by AUCTION, at the Mart, Tokeuhouse-yard, E.C., on Friday, the 6th Junc, at 2 o'olock precisely (unless previously sold by private contract). Particulars may be obtained of Messrs. Benbow, Saltwell, and Tryon, Solicitors, 1, Stone-buildings, Lincoln's-Inn, W.C.; at tbe Mart; and of the Auctioneers, 10, Waterloo-place, Pall Mall, S.W.

NOTICE.

TATTERSALL'S THURSDAYS' SALES HAVE COMMENCED, AND WILL BE CONTINUED DURING THE SEASON.

On View Tbis Day. Sale To-morrow and Friday.—No. 32, Cockspur-street. Charing-cross. Unreserved Sale of the costly and extensive Stock of Messrs, Strode & Co., tbe eminent and old-established manufacturers of gas fittings, in consequence of the expiration of the lease of their West-end Premises.

MESSRS. JOSHUA BAKER & WILKINSON (late Baker & Sons, of Kilburn) will SELL by AUCTION, on the premises, 32, COCKSPUR-STREET, on THURSDAY and FRIDAY, MAY 22 and 23, at One precisely each day, the whole of the very valuable and well-assorted Stock of GAS FITTINGS, LAMPS, and other Effects: Comprising gaseliers and chandeliers of all sizes, in polisbed brass and Florentine and antique bronze, Wedgwood mounted gaseliers, polished brass and bronze ecclesiastical gaseliers and standards, brass and bronzed brackets and sconces, hall lanterns in brass, bronze and wrought iron, sconces and wall mirrors in repoussé brass work, large and small gas stoves, both for heating and cooking, glass and china vases mounted for gas, duplex, moderator, and other lamps, electro-bronze figures and standards, bronze aud brass scagliola columns, brass jardinières, candlesticks, and numerous other effects. May be viewed two days prior and catalogues had on the premises and of the Auctioneers, St. Stephen's Chambers, Telegraph-street, Moorgate-street, E.C.; and Kilburn, N.W. NOTE.—Messrs. Strode beg to give notice that their only sbowrooms are now at 67, St. Paul's Churchyard, E.C., and that business will be there carried ou as usual; as also at their manufactory, 48, Osnaberg-street, N.W.

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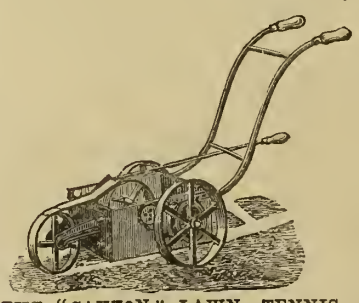

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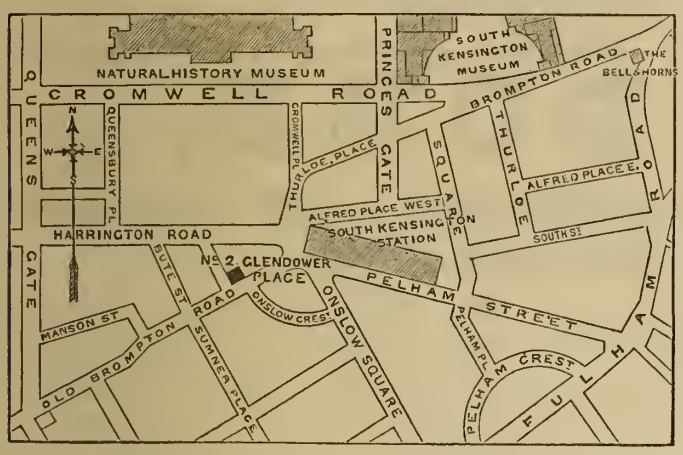

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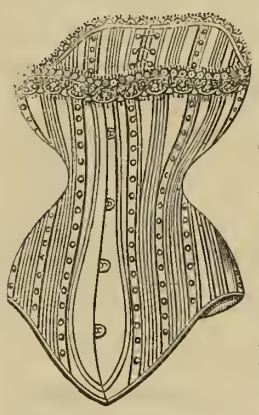

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95			£93 15 0

Upon allotment, or at maturity of the respective Instalments, Subscribers may pay in advance the Instalments still to fall due, less discount at the rate of 5 % per annum.

Upon payment of the Instalment due on allotment, Subscribers will receive Scrip Certificates which will be exchanged for Definite Bonds on and after the 1st September next.

The Bonds will be issued to bearer, in sums of £20, £100, and £500, but holders can at any time, upon application to the Company and payment of the cost, have them exchanged for Registered Bonds.

The payment of the Principal and Interest of these Bonds is specially secured by a Second Mortgage over the whole of the existing property of the Company, both real and personal, including the Rio Tinto Mines, the Railway therefrom to Huelva, and the pier at that Port; subject only to the Mortgage existing in favour of the 5 % Mortgage Bonds of 1880.

The Bonds now offered are duly authorised by the Statutes of the Company and a Resolution of the General Meeting of the 6th May, 1884, for the consolidation of the Floating Debt, and the providing of a Working Capital.

This issue will require, for Interest and Sinking Fund, an annual payment of £74,625 for thirty-three years. The Company's Net Revenue for 1883 amounted to £729,855. 14s. 5d., which, after payment of all charges, including a sum of £155,000, required for Interest and Sinking Fund of the existing Mortgage Bonds, allowed of the distribution of £455,000 in dividends.

The extent of the Minerals at the Rio Tinto Mines now ascertained by actual measurement, so far as the southern lodes are concerned, to be much in excess of previous estimates, will abundantly suffice for the profitable working of the Company for many years beyond the duration of these Bonds. Contracts have been made for the sale of nearly 400,000 tons of Pyrites annually in 1885 and following years, and vigorous measures are being taken to bring the production of Copper (which has risen from 976 tons in 1876 to 12,295 tons in 1883) up to 20,000 tons per annum.

The Company reserve to themselves the right, at any time, after the 1st of April, 1890, to pay off at par the whole of the Bonds then outstanding, on giving 28 days' notice.

The Subscription List will be opened on Friday, the 23rd instant, and be closed on Saturday, the 24th. Applications posted on those days will be admitted.

Subscriptions will be simultaneously received, in London, by Messrs. Matheson & Co.; and in Paris, by the Société Générale, 54, Rue de Provence.

Interest will be charged upon Instalments not paid upon the dates above specified, at the rate of 6% per annum, from due date until payment.

The Scrip of Subscribers in arrear will be subject to forfeiture, fifteen days after an advertisement to be inserted in the *Times*, and such Scrip may then be sold without further notice for the account of the Subscribers, and at their risk.

In the event of no allotment being made to an applicant, the amount of his Deposit will be returned in full.

The Mortgage Deed, securing this issue, can be seen at the offices of the Solicitors of the Company, Messrs. Freshfields & Williams, 5, Bank-buildings, Lothbury, London.

London, 17th May, 1884.

LONDON AND COUNTY ADVANCE AND DISCOUNT COMPANY, Limited.—Cash advanced from £10 to £500, without preliminary fees or deductions for interest, for short or long periods, repayable by easy instalments, at moderate rates upon approved security. Bills discounted. Forms free. Offices, 57 and 58, Chancery-lane, W.C.—JOHN STONE, Secretary.

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Bath Chairs, in Wicker, from 30s.
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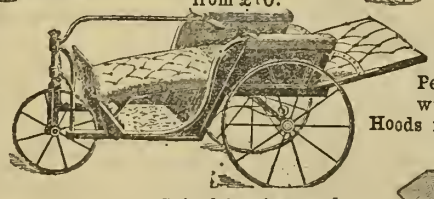

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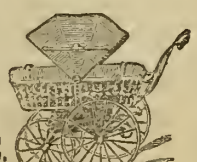

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The last Annual and Valuation Reports can be obtained upon application to the Secretary.

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ADVANCES made without deductions, for short or long periods, in sums of £20 to £2,000, on personal security, furniture, stock-in-trade (without removal); also deeds, life policies, at 5 per cent., without mortgage expenses, from one to 10 years. Prospectus gratis, or post-free on application (personal visit preferred).

ROBERT P. HART, Manager.

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THE GOVERNMENTS STOCK INVESTMENT COMPANY, Limited (Incorporated January, 1872. Companies Act, 1862).—PAID-UP CAPITAL, £500,000.

TRUSTEES.

JAMES HARTLEY, Esq | LIONEL N. BONAR, Esq.
RICHARD BIDDULPH MARTIN, Esq., M.P.

DIRECTORS.

FRANCIS BENNOCH, Esq., *Chairman.* | J. DICK-PEDDIE, Esq., M.P.
Capt. R. W. PELLY, R.N., *Deputy-Chairman.* | F. H. FOWLER, Esq.
J. L. HALE, Esq.

CHARLES FEEVILLE SURTEES, Esq.

The Directors invite applications for Perpetual Debenture Stock, to be issued in amounts of £10 and upwards in multiples of £10, and bearing interest at 4½ per cent. The interest accrues from the date of receipt by the Company of each instalment of the principal, and is payable half-yearly on 1st January and 1st July by Dividend Warrants on the bankers of the Company.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

5	per cent.	on application.
20	,,	on allotment.
25	,,	one month after allotment.
25	,,	two months ,,
25	,,	three months ,,
100		

Subscriptions may be paid in full on allotment if desired.

The Debentures are amply secured by:—

A Capital of £500,000 invested in Stocks of, or obligations guaranteed by, British, Foreign, or Colonial Governments, States, Provinces, or Municipalities.

The Investment of the Debenture moneys in similar Stocks, either by purchase of the same, or by making advances on the Deposit of Bonds.

The convertibility of the Investments into Cash at any time when required.

The deposit of the Bonds and Securities in Fireproof Safes belonging to the Company, of which the Trustees hold the keys, and the safes are lodged in the strong-room of the Bankers.

As a further security it is provided in the Articles of the Company, that once every three months the Auditors shall inspect the securities, and publish their certificate of having done so in two of the London morning newspapers.

The Governments Stock Investment Company was established in 1872, and has paid Dividends amounting to over £250,000 from the interest received on its investments.

The interest on the Debentures and Deposits is guaranteed by being a first charge on the entire net income of the Company which last year amounted to			£36,531 4 1
To which may be added the income from the investment of the moneys received from the present issue of Debentures estimated at a minimum of			5,500 0 0
			£42,031 4 1
The interest on present Deposits is	£7,164	0 0	
And on £100,000 Debentures at 4½%	4,500	0 0	
			11,664 0 0
Surplus Income after paying interest on above			£30,367 4 1

The Debenture Issues and Deposits will be limited on the present amount of Capital to £750,000, so that in the event of the full amount being issued the Debenture Holders and Depositors will have the security of the stocks costing £1,250,000, the income upon which at a low estimate will exceed £70,000, whilst the utmost charge on Debentures and Deposits will be under £35,000.

A Quotation on the Stock Exchange will be applied for.

Applications for Debenture Stock may be made to the Bankers, Messrs. MARTIN & Co., Lombard-street, London, or to A. W. RAY, Esq., the Manager, at the Offices, 52, Queen Victoria-street, London.

OPENING OF THE SUBSCRIPTION LISTS.

Issue of £160,000 Five per Cent. Preference Shares, having the double security of the receipts of the Stratford-upon-Avon, Towcester, and Midland Junction Railway, 11½ miles in length, and of the East and West Junction Railway, 33 miles in length, in priority—pursuant to special Act of Parliament passed last session—to any payment of interest or dividend on the Debenture or Share Capital of the last-named Company, amounting to upwards of £950,000, and further entitled in addition to the 5 per cent. interest, to participate in the surplus profits of the first-named Railway.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the Lists of Subscription for the above will be opened on WEDNESDAY, the 21st instant, and close as soon as the subscription is complete.

By Order, THOMAS HUNT, Secretary.

21, Great Winchester-street, London, E.C., 19th May, 1884.

Subscription for £160,000, in 16,000 Shares of £10 each Five per Cent. Preference Shares of the

Stratford-upon-Avon, Towcester, & Midland Junction Railway Company.

Subscription Price Par, or £100 per Certificate of 10 Shares each, equal to £100, to be converted into Stock when fully paid up, under the title of

FIVE PER CENT. PREFERENCE STOCK.

The Stratford-upon-Avon Railway Company (whose line runs from Hatton Junction to Stratford-upon-Avon) have for some years past paid 8 per Cent. Dividend upon their Ordinary Shares, an estimate may, therefore, be formed of the great future value of the Preference Shares now for Subscription, which have not only 5 per Cent. per annum Preference Interest secured by the receipts of their own and of the East and West Junction Railway, but are also entitled to rank, in addition, with the other half of the Share Capital of the Company in the surplus profits.

The Directors of the Stratford-upon-Avon, Towcester, and Midland Junction Railway Company are prepared to receive Subscriptions for the above Five per Cent. Preference Shares.

The price of Subscription is payable as follows :—£5 for each Certificate (of 10 Shares of £10 each applied for), payable on Application ; £20 on Allotment ; £25 on 1st July, 1884 ; £25 on 1st August, 1884 ; £25 on 1st September, 1884.—Total, £100.

The Interest is payable half-yearly, on 30th September and 30th March in each year. The first payment will be made 30th September next.

Option is given to Subscribers to pay all the Instalments on Allotment, in which case Interest on the full £100 will be payable from the date of such payment, and in the case of Subscriptions paid by Instalments, Interest will be payable from the dates of their payment.

Scrip Certificates will in the first instance be issued, to be exchanged for Stock Certificates when converted into Stock. For the guidance of Subscribers the following quotations for English Railway Preference Stocks will be useful, viz. : The Average Quotation for 4 per Cent. Preference Stocks is £106 to per £110 Stock. The Average Quotation for 4½ per Cent. Preference Stocks is £115 to £120 per £100 Stock. The Average Quotation for 5 per Cent. Preference Stocks is £130 to £135 per £100 Stock.

The above quotations are for Stocks which do not participate in any Surplus Profits, nor receive more than the fixed Interest attached thereto, whilst the Shares now for Subscription will be entitled in addition to the fixed Interest, to participate in the surplus profits of the Stratford-upon-Avon, Towcester, and Midland Junction Railway.

It will be seen, therefore, that apart from the solid character of the Preference Shares now for subscription, a large margin for increase in their value exists over the subscription price of par.

Should the applications received exceed the amount to be issued, a pro rata reduced allotment, so far as circumstances will permit will be made to all applicants.

THE STRATFORD-UPON-AVON, TOWCESTER, AND MIDLAND JUNCTION RAILWAY will run from Towcester to Olney, where it joins the Midland system, and is 11½ miles in length, and is an extension of the East and West Junction Railway Company's Line from Stratford-upon-Avon to Towcester, 33 miles in length, which line the Company is now re-laying with steel rails and providing with additional rolling-stock, in accordance with the powers of the Company's Act of Parliament passed last session.

The Stratford-upon-Avon, Towcester, and Midland Junction Railway and the East and West Junction Railway are, under such last-mentioned Act, to be worked as one system by a Joint Committee of the two Companies, and with the Evesham, Redditch, and Stratford-upon-Avon line now being worked by the last-named Company represent a total length of 52 miles, and will complete the present broken communication between East and West, and connect the Midland in the West at Broom with the Midland in the East at Olney, thus affording a continuous through route for traffic with a considerable saving of distance, as a reference to the table hereafter set out will clearly show.

The above Shares are entitled to 5 per cent. Preferential Dividend from the net profits of the Stratford-upon-Avon, Towcester, and Midland Junction Railway, and, as provided by the Company's Act of Parliament of last Session, are further secured by the East and West Junction Railway Company out of their mileage proportion of the receipts, in priority to any payment of interest or dividend on the Share and Debenture Capital of that Company, amounting to upwards of £950,000.

Thus, by means of the exceptionally favourable nature of the powers conferred by the Act, the Shares of the present issue will be entitled to 5 per cent. preference interest secured on the net profits of this Company's Line and on those of the East and West Junction Railway (together over 44½ miles of line), and estimating the East and West Junction Railway Company's earnings at £20 a mile net per week, or £34,320 per annum, and this Company's net earnings on the same basis at £11,960 (together £46,280), there would remain (after deducting £13,330 for interest on the outlay on the East and West Junction Line by this Company and on Debenture Capital) £32,950 available to secure the 5 per cent. interest on the Preference Shares now for subscription, being four times the amount required, viz., £8,000.

Inasmuch as the gross average receipts of the Midland Railway are over £100 per mile per week, it is evident, therefore, that £40 per mile per week gross, or £20 net (allowing 50 per cent. for working expenses), is a very low figure to take.

On the completion of the Company's line, fixed for 15th September, 1885, when the two lines are to be worked as one system, the Guarantee of Interest provided by the Company's Act of Parliament of last Session, to be paid by the East and West Junction Railway Company, as herein mentioned will commence, the amount necessary for interest in the meantime being deposited with the Company's Bankers.

The Share Capital of the Stratford-upon-Avon, Towcester, and Midland Junction Railway is £320,000, of which one-half is now being applied to the relaying and equipment of the East and West Junction Railway, and the remaining half now for subscription as Five per Cent. Preference Shares, will be applied in the construction of the Company's Line from Towcester to Olney.

It will thus be seen that the Preference Shares now for subscription present an opportunity for investment very rarely offered, combining as they do a fixed five per cent. interest secured not only on the net profits of the Stratford-upon-Avon, Towcester, and Midland Junction Railway, but also on those of the East and West Junction Railway, with the further right to participate in the surplus profits of the first-named Railway, and at the price of £100 per Certificate of 10 shares of £10 each, possess every element for an immediate increase in value when quoted on the Stock Exchange, which quotation will be applied for when they are fully paid up.

The importance of the new communication effected by the completion of the system cannot be over-estimated. At present traffic between Bristol, Gloucester, Wales, and London, and the South is carried by the Midland, by means of running powers between Nuneaton and Wigston Junction. The new system will afford a continuous route, with considerable saving of distance, and will be available for Birmingham, Redditch, and South Staffordshire traffic.

The works and equipment on the East and West Junction Line are under contract to be completed by 15th September next. The Company's extension line to Olney is under contract to be completed by the 15th day of September, 1885.

The Contracts for Works and the Acts of Parliament can be inspected at the Offices of the Solicitors to the Company.

Prospectuses, Maps, and Forms of Application for Shares can be obtained at the Offices of the Company, and from the Bankers.

DIRECTORS.

Sir Thomas George Fermor-Hesketh, Bart., Easton Neston Hall, Towcester, *Chairman*.

R. W. Abbotts, Esq. (Messrs. Bass, Ratcliff, & Gretton, Limited), The Brewery, Burton-on-Trent.

Alfred Barratt, Esq., M.D. (Member of the Town Council), Great Hampton-row, Birmingham.

Henry Downing, Esq. (Director of the Stratford-upon-Avon Railway), The Elms, Stratford-upon-Avon.

Thomas Coombs, Esq. (Director of the Evesham, Redditch, and Stratford-upon-Avon Railway), 9, Bridge-street, Westminster.

George Hall, Esq. (Director of the East and West Junction Railway), Merton-road, Wimbledon.

BANKERS.

Messrs. Lloyds, Barnetts, & Bosanquet's Bank, Limited, 60, Lombard-street, London, E.C., or their Birmingham or Stratford-upon-Avon Branches.

SOLICITORS.

Messrs. Newman, Stretton, & Hilliard, 75 and 76, Cornhill, London, E.C.

ENGINEER.

Charles Liddell, Esq., 24, Abingdon-street, London, S.W.

SECRETARY.—T. Hunt, Esq.

OFFICES.

21, Great Winchester-street, E.C., London.

Corn Exchange, Stratford-upon-Avon.

21, Great Winchester-street, E.C., London, 16th May, 1884.

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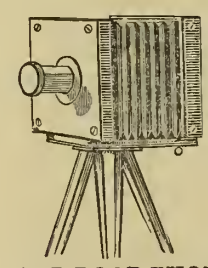

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OUR PUZZLES.

RULES.

1. The sum of £2. 2s. will be given every week for the best Epigram, Conundrum, Lipogram, Bouts-Rimés, or whatever the announced subject of the competition for the week may be.

2. The Puzzle Editor reserves the right, however, of dividing the above sum between two or more competitors, or of withholding the prize, should exceptional circumstances render such a course desirable.

3. The decision and award of the Puzzle Editor must be considered final and irrevocable, and, for obvious reasons, no appeal from his critical judgments can be entertained.

4. In every instance the Prize will be given in money, subject to no condition whatever, except the publication of the winner's real name and address in this journal.

5. Competitors will be allowed eight days for the composition and despatch of their efforts; but all such communications must, at the latest, be received at the Truth Office by the first post on Friday morning in the week succeeding the publication of the subject for competition.

6. Not more than one Prize will be given in a Quarter to the same competitor.

7. All New Contributors are Required to Forward with their First Answers their Real Names and Addresses for Registration; such names and addresses will not be published except in the case of Prize-winners.

8. The *nom-de-plume* chosen by competitors should not exceed 12, and must under no circumstances consist of more than 14 letters.

9. Competitors must on no account change the noms-de-plume they have once assumed.

10. On the announcement of the Prize-winner's *nom-de-plume*, the successful competitor must write and make formal application for the Prize, stating the address to which the cheque must be sent. Any competitor failing to do so within three months of winning the Prize will forfeit all claim to the same.

11. No communication can be received on post-cards, by telegraph, or by hand. They must all be sent by the time named above, all post letters addressed—

PUZZLE EDITOR OF "TRUTH," Carteret-street, Queen Anne's-gate, S.W.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 274.

As most of those interested will already have seen for themselves, the exact score made by the Australian Eleven at Sheffield Park was guessed by two competitors, O. E. O. and Fliat, whose names and addresses will be published in due course. Owing to one of the accidents of cricket, the total made by the winning side was considerably less than might have been fairly expected. They were not called upon to play a second innings, in fact, and thus anything like a sensational total was prevented. That this might happen was, of course, one of the chances of the competition, and those competitors who calculated on the Australians going twice to the wickets were out of their reckoning. At the same time it is curious to notice how many of the guesses were nearly right. As many as six, I think, gave 213 as the total number; whilst there were also several 211's. To the competitors who were thus within an ace of victory I must present my condolence. The prize, I need scarcely add, will be divided between O. E. O. and Fliat in equal shares. I may say, before leaving this subject, that the publication of "P.'s" critical letter has called forth quite a host of letters from correspondents of an opposite way of thinking, protesting against the total elimination of what may be called "guess" puzzles, and begging me to maintain, as heretofore, the miscellaneous character of the subjects for competition. One other correspondent, whose opinion, I admit, is entitled to respect, has echoed "P.'s" complaint, but the large majority of the usual competitors for these prizes evidently wish things to remain as they are.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 275.

A selection of suggestions for Puzzles was published last week, and this week I have found space for some further samples. The net result of the competition, however, cannot be considered very encouraging. As I hinted last week, scores of the suggestions received were merely repetitions—sent in all good faith, I allow—of Puzzles already given in these pages. Even of those published, fully a third, I should think, suggest Puzzles having a resemblance, more or less direct, to the subjects of former competitions. Many others, as I need scarcely point out, were quite impracticable in their nature; and more appropriate for the mental exercises of the Academicians of Laputa than the readers of this journal. At the same time there was certainly grain among the chaff. Several of the suggestions may be utilised, I think, whilst others contain a notion that may be rendered practicable. Of these more anon. Just now it is with the selection of the three best suggestions I have to deal; the prize having been offered for the best trio of suggestions, rather for any one of particular excellence. This being so, the prize, it has been decided, must go to Ne Quid Nimis, whose three suggestions, all of them, have the merit of being new to Truth Puzzle Pages, and, moreover, may be turned to competitive account. They are too long, however, to be repeated here.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 278.

The subject for the puzzle this week is one that will please those competitors who possess a large stock of patience, or a comprehensive knowledge of English verse. It will consist in the writing of what is called a Canto, a composition made up, that is to say, of lines taken from various poets. We have had a similar puzzle before, and a most interesting one it was. The prize will be given, then, for

The Best Composite Stanza, or Cento, of Twelve Lines, each of which must be selected from a Different Poet, and of which each one must rhyme with at least one other, on the Subject of The Season.

This topic may be treated in any way, and from any point of view; the object of the competitors being to make the stanza as complete and consequent as possible. No alteration must be made in the original lines, which should follow some recognised form of metre, if possible, and may be arranged in one or more verses. The source of each line used must be stated; the name of the poet and of the poem being both given, with further reference to the stanza or number of the line, if necessary.

Answers to Correspondents.

Monkendons.—As I have mislaid your letter, may I trouble you to send your real name and address again?

Caystal Palaca.—Certainly not; your inquiry was a perfectly legitimate one; but it so happened that your letter did not reach me in time for its answer to be of any practical use to you, and that is why you did not hear.

J. V. B.—Yes, the anagram is fairly good, but let me commend to your notice another, which some of the Premier's detractors will, I suppose, consider excellent. It is at any rate a curious fact that the thirty-nine letters in the words "The Right Honourable William Ewart Gladstone" make, when duly transposed and rearranged, the sentence "I am the Whig who'll be a traitor to England's rule."

Squelette.—Let me thank you for your interesting tabulated statement of the results of the Cricket Score competition. The results are curious in many details.

Everamore.—You will see that your score was included.

Solyman.—Not quite right, but very nearly.

A. M. I. C. E.—A little too technical and scientific, I fear, for my purpose.

Vishnu, £. s. d., and Spider King.—Thanks for your letters, which I have duly noted.

Alkaaam.—It has already been made the subject of a competition.

Tottles.—With the greatest pleasure.

*** Several answers are held over until next week. THE PUZZLE EDITOR.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 276. ASSORTED SPECIMENS—GOOD AND OTHERWISE.

ANAGRAMS ON NAMES OF PIECES NOW RUNNING AT LONDON THEATRES.

*** The correctness of the following anagrams has not yet been checked; but they are published on the assumption that they are properly made.—The Puzzle Editor.

Sheridan's "The Rivals," Theatre Royal, Haymarket—1. Hark ye, the hiss reveals a lad martyr to the rain. 2. Hark, all ye martyrs to rain ever hiss at the head.—Ne Quid Nimis.

"The Rivals," Richard Brinsley Sheridan, Theatre Royal, Haymarket—Ah, rather trivial comedy! Bah! Art, rashly tinkered, rarely shines.—Nutshell.

Sheridan's "Rivals," the Haymarket Theatre—1. Revised? Ah! rather a trashy tale, methinks. 2. His thinkers have reset that early drama.—Ellaat.

Sheridan's "The Rivals," Royal Haymarket Theatre—Yea, Lydia hath rather mistaken her lover's arts.—Toddles.

Sheridan's comedy, "The Rivals; or, A Trip to Bath," Theatre Royal, Haymarket—Act I. He remarks, "The play's very dry, Alma, though that roar in there is too bad."—Dora.

Sheridan's comedy of "The Rivals"—A cad's shindy, I move for shelter.—Fiction.

Richard Brinsley Sheridan's "The Rivals," Theatre Royal, Haymarket—1. Ah! this hardy Mrs. Beere arrays her arch talent in a skill'd variety. 2. Hah! sirrah! attend, a very brilliant comedy; Sherry's earliest! Hark!—Roggea Shurt.

Sheridan's "The Rivals," Theatre Royal, Haymarket—Vi et armis, threats, or really hearty handshake.—Observer.

1. Richard Brinsley Sheridan's comedy, "The Rivals," Theatre Royal, Haymarket—(The *Era* newspaper to Mr. Bancroft): "Thy Lydia, Acres, Anthony, richly deserve this short remark, Admirable!"—*Era*.

2. Millöcker's comic opera, "The Beggar Student," Alhambra Theatre—A great Polish market! * Huge mob! Merchants (a dear tribe) collect! 3. Byron's "Bohemian G'yurl," Gaiety Theatre—Real beauty in her orange tights, my boy!—Crystal Palace.

* Principal scene in the play.

Gilbert and Sullivan's "Princess Ida, or Castle Adsmant," the Savoy Theatre—1. Lord Tennyson travestied! That's a great shame, sir—a vile, a public scandal. 2. Ah! artists; a vile shame, a great public scandal. Lord Tennyson travestied!—Palma Donna.

"Princess Ida," the Savoy Theatre—"Very nice opera's that," Seth said.—Edna Leake.

"Princess Ida," the Savoy Theatre—"That opera's very nice," said Seth.—Constanca Leake.

Savoy Theatre, "Princess Ida"—The cast is a very prais'd one.—Gipsy.

1. "Princess Ida," Savoy Theatre—S. hasn't very operatic ideas. 2. "Confusion"—O fun! coins! 3. "Claudian," Princess's Theatre—Realistic and pure; chastens.—Romantic Bar.

1. "Princess Ida," at the Savoy—She adopts a nice 'Varsity. 2. "The Beggar Student"—Rag begetteth duns. 3. "Princess Ida," at the Savoy—This, a version acted, pays.—F. A. Sw.

Princess's Theatre. "Claudian"—Death places curses in train.—Guinea Pig.

W. G. Wills and Henry Herman's "Claudian," Princess's Theatre—The canny manager, while this spec' runs, draws in real L. S. D.—Rosa Island.

The play of "Claudian," by Messieurs Henry Herman, W. G. Wills, and others, at the Royal Princess's Theatre, in Oxford-street—Dramatic renown! By these hapless, these infernal horrors, a wonderfully singular æsthetic sympathy is extorted. Squelette. [The foregoing anagram is suggested by Mr. Ruskin's puff of Mr. Wilson Barrett's piece.]

1. "Derrick's "Confusion," Vaudeville Theatre—Look at verdict (said us), clever fun in here. 2. Craven's "My Preserver," Gaiety Theatre—Even a very great hit, Mr. Terry's escape. 3. Lytton's "Richelieu," Lyceum Theatre—Tut! Thy cue is, "Come, hail Ellen Terry."—Veni.

"Forty Thieves," Gaiety Theatre.—The gay that fee, O visit E. Terry.—Skeybe.

"In the Ranks," Adelphi Theatre—Ra'aplan, I shirked thee then.—Louia.

"Richelieu," a drama, by the late Lord Lytton—He ill? No, I heard L. Barrett at Lyceum to-day.—Sphinx.

"Mefistofele," Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden Theatre—I elect to pay a fee to hear Tremelli and Novara sing forte.—Walter (aged 16).

"Mefistofele," Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden (Faust to Mefisto, pleadingly)—Yet condone a plot; free me, Satan, I love a fair girl!—Gualdaa Rose.

"Confusion," Royal Vaudeville Theatre, Joseph D. Derrick—O see it, Eva; a child and terrier provoked such jolly fun.—Veritas.

Wills and Herman's "Claudian," Royal Princess's Theatre—Then this renowned classical drama is all pure yarns?—Winslow.

Olympic Theatre, Wilton Jones's "Haunted Lives"—A Nihilist love plot—wretched one, just men say.—Faire Tuck.

"Claudian," the Princess's Theatre—In this chance, true art's pleased.—Simla.

1. Sheridan's comedy "The Rivals"—I. Thrice Lydia's nerves do sham. 2. Do Lydia's charms sever

thine? 3. "The Rivals" comedy, Sheridan—He sold this very nice drama.—E. Y. N.

"Princess Ida, or Castle Adamant"—1. Ladies! in accord, a mantrap's set. 2. A prima donna, its acts, declares.—Locksbrook.

1. Lord Lytton's "Richelieu, Royal Lyceum Theatre—"He's only mitred Catholic, yet true loyal ruler. 2. "Naval Engagements," Criterion Theatre—O, in anger great, smart Levantine chat.—David.

"The Ironmaster," Pinero, St. James's Theatre—Apt remorse joins the hearts met in tears.—Nell.

W. S. Gilbert and Arthur Sullivan's "Princess Ida, or Castle Adamant," Savoy Theatre—1. Hilarion's vulgar, bald act, versus art and æsthetics, partly won a maiden's rest. 2. "What is a man?" Psyche: "A vast nature's vital error. Lords, indeed, at all! Giant scrubs."—R. M. E.

Sydney Grundy and Hervé's Comic Opera "La Cosaque," Royalty Theatre—Henry Ashley! You act most grotesquely or dance a very rapid dance.—The Long 'un.

Gaiety Theatre, "My Preserver" and "Forty Thieves"—I vote the gay Miss E. Farren very pretty, the dear!—Boo.

"Claudian," Princess's Theatre—Real acts, sin, and pure ethics (vide Ruskin).—Homespun.

F. C. Burnand's "Paw Clawdian," Toole's Theatre—Able, pleasant fun, so it can draw the crowd.—William Tybrell.

1. Vaudeville Theatre, Strand, "Confusion"—Neville's advent! Chief "star" out around. 2. Arthur Law's farcical comedy, "A Mint of Money"—If actors daily charm few, rum Toole can many.—Kismet.

"Haunted Lives," Olympic Theatre—1. That vile play must hence, or die. 2. Hence trivial play to meed shut.—Rogger Shurt.

Gounod's opera, "Faust," Drury Lane—A story of proud anger; usual end.—Bob Ridley.

Avenue Theatre, "Private Secretary"—A pause here; very attractive; enter.—Cricket.

Lord Lytton's "Richelieu," Royal Lyceum Theatre—1. Tall, learned soul, you try richly time to cheer. 2. Louie, act honestly; try to rule her race mildly.—Nil.

St. James's Theatre, "The Ironmaster"—A mirth, a jest, a taste in me are honest.—Aias.

"The Princess Ida," Savoy Theatre, Gilbert—Bil, this is the opera acted very strange.—Frank Vernon.

"The Private Secretary"—That very rarest piece.—E. F. Lacten.

"The Ironmaster"—Home Restraint.—Joram.

"My Sweetheart"—My! There we sat.—Juno.

"The Rivals"—Vile Trash.—Juno and Anonymous.

"The Rivals"—Live, trash!—Thousand and One.

Lord Lytton's "Richelieu," Lyceum—Timely decoy roll is lucre hunt.—Observer.

"Nell Gwynne," Comedy Theatre—Lady, thy gentle e'en me crown.—Eerma.

"The Ironmaster"—Eh! no matter, Sir.—Miss P. de Tomkyns.

"Forty Thieves" Burlesqued, Gaiety—I've four queer days beastly tight.—W. J. Howes.

1. "The Beggar Student"—That rude gent begs. 2. "The Ironmaster," Pinero—I err, I am not the person.—Mag. Art.

"The Private Secretary," C. H. Hawtrey—Cry! that water is very cheap there.—Silly Dick.

James Derrick's "Confusion," Vaudeville Theatre—Me thinks! in all—I've secured a just favored score.—G. Austin.

Toole's Theatre, "A Mint of Money," by A. Law (To the G.O.M.)—Always late, or no time for the Truth, by A. Nemo.—Smytche.

St. James's, "The Ironmaster" (Ohnet)—Nor taste she, Mister Ohnet's jam.—Gwenwilliam.

W. G. Wills and H. Hermans' "Claudian," Princess's Theatre—Mind. Central Sudan where W—G—sells Christian Pasha.—Chaucer Junior.

"Alone in the Pirates Lair," Britannia, Hoxton, E.—Open in here, tra la, la; tin box, no tie, shirt, ta-ta—R. H. Izod.

Globe Theatre, "Dick"—Go, lick that red bee.—Little Margaret.

Criterion, "Brighton"—Bright on net Ricori.—Rita.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 275. ASSORTED SPECIMENS—GOOD AND OTHERWISE.

SUGGESTIONS FOR "TRUTH" PUZZLES.

*** As I have still more space at my disposal, a few more suggestions received for publication last week are added.—The Puzzle Editor.

Epigrams should be given; the subject to be some event, and not an individual personage. Epigrammists would do well to remember the lines:—

The qualities rare in a bee that we meet,
In epigram never should fail;
The body should always be little and sweet,
And a sting should be left in its tail.

Old Log.

1. Give a recipe for boiling cabbage; also for making rum-punch. (I can find no good ones of either in any cookery-book.) 2. A composition introducing the titles of 100 or 200 operas. 3. The best arithmetical puzzle (need not be new).—John Boldin.

1. The best suggestions for new and amusing forfeits not involving kissing, half the given number to be for ladies and half for gentlemen. 2. To write an original story for children in a limited number of words of one syllable. 3. Give a paragraph, every syllable of which is to be transposed (as the letters are in an anagram) and a new paragraph formed from them; or give the syllables all in confusion, and let the solvers arrange the original sentence or paragraph for themselves.—Kittifonia.

1. *Q.* A man has a square field (surrounded by other land) quite clear of trees, except one at each corner. He wishes to enlarge the field into one, also square, of exactly double the size and equally clear of trees, without removing those already placed. How to do it? *A.* By cutting, supposedly, the original squares into four equal triangles, and adding (from the surrounding land) to each side of the square a piece equal to one of the triangles. [I dare say this is simple enough to a geometrician, but I know it puzzled me and others a good deal at first.] 2. To embody in original verse, at certain prescribed positions, each of a series of letters. Example, introduce the letters of "Tell the *Truth* and shame the *World*." The first letter the first of the first line, the second the second of the second, the third the third, and so on. Or in any other indicated order. There is a sample of such working in Poe's poems.

That vision passed .....
YEt would I fain .....
WiLt thou disturb .....
MelLifluous murmurs .....
MighTy disturbs .....
Aware Hold, to thee.....
The ordEr of the spheres .....

3. The largest list of English words containing all the vowels in their alphabetical order (A, E, I, O, U, and sometimes W and Y.) 4. The rearrangement of the letters of a specified passage, prose or verse, to make an entirely new sentence or sentences. (There is always good play in this exercise. I know it is not new to you; but the last one, "The Oxford and Cambridge annual boat-race," could not be expected to be very satisfactory, from the entire absence of P, S, W, and Y. If the word "University" had also been given, it would have greatly improved the game—Squelette.

1. Competitors to choose a word, the longer the better, and write as many lines of verse as there are syllables in the word, introducing in each line the corresponding syllable of the word as often as possible; *e.g.*, if "responsibility" be chosen, the syllable "*re*" must be introduced in first line as often as possible, and so on. N.B. The "re" need not form a complete syllable. It would do in such a case as *were*. 2. Competitors to furnish six historical parallels as close as possible to six recent events given by the P. E.—Friar Tuck.

1. Give 8 or 10 lines of verse, omitting last word of each line. Require competitors to find appropriate words to complete the sense and rhyme. Competitors should be allowed to alter say 12 words in the whole poem. The lines should be cleverly written, to make suitable rhymes difficult to find. 2. Give 10 or 12 letters, and require competitors to make as many complete words as possible with them, no word being of less than five letters, and one mark being allowed for each syllable. 3. Require competitors to draw up with taste and tact, programme suitable for country amateur concert, programme to consist of two parts with eight pieces in each. The available talent must be stated, *e.g.*, 2 sopranos, 1 contralto, 1 tenor, 2 comic singers, 1 reciter, &c.—Gamma Phi.

1. Best fable illustrating current British affairs. 2. Form a verse by using only the letters found in given word, such as Northumberland. Given word to be topic of verse.—Albert's Own.

The shortest possible piece of verse containing (in consecutive English) all the meanings of some ambiguous word, *e.g.*, "box," "note," &c.—Jeedeeaax.

1. Epigram on any public event. 2. Name 3 novels or romances which, written for an object, have influenced public opinion in the direction desired. 3. Give best examples of what is called Cadi's Judgment.—Old Log.

1. Best suggestion for preventing wear and tear of our gold coin. 2. Most brilliant and interesting account of any recent entertainment at which competitor was present, or in which he took part.—Truth.

1. Questions of the origin, &c., of certain customs, &c., *e.g.*, (*a*) With what nation is the custom of shaking hands supposed to have originated? (*b*) Why was the Society of "Know Somethings" formed?—Field.

Name the best watering-place to take a large family of young children to.—Rozel.

1. Four rhymed lines on the "Man in the Moon," in any metre. 2. Answer in a humorous couplet to "Why does man walk erect?—Aramis.

1. The most promising description, not exceeding 150 words, of any comfortable old country inn or hotel, English or foreign. 2. In a paragraph, not exceeding 100 words, to relate any unusual event that has actually happened to the competitor—Infelix.

1. A four-lined epigram on Government policy in Egypt. 2. A list of six of the greatest living painters, to be decided as follows:—Tabulate painters in order according to number of votes given; give prize to list agreeing best (in order) with the opinion of the majority.—Erin-go-Bragh.

1. Define epigrammatically, in four rhyming lines, the difference between "Pipe-clay" and "Clay pipe."—Orchis.

1. The three best original classical misrenderings or "misillustrations"—those bearing on current topics or celebrities preferred.—Chaucer, Junior.

1. Four rhyming lines containing only twenty-two words in all, which must be in the consecutive order of the alphabet, omitting K, Q, X, and Z. Thus: "A boy cut down every," &c.—Magellan.

1. A defence (in verse) of Truth's puzzles. 2. A verse, or certain number of verses, made up of the titles of books of songs, with as few other words as possible.—Cæsar's Cornee.

Give 6 or 8 nouns of opposite meanings to be introduced into a sentence in order given. Writer of shortest sentence containing greatest sense to get prize.—Hay-fever.

"I do not believe in things being indescribable. Bowling is visibly the result of one action, throwing of another, and these actions are capable of lucid description."—Tauth, May 1. Give, then, practical definitions for guidance of umpire.—Angina.

Offer prize for best original acrostic in rhyme in which name of some notable personage is introduced as follows:—1st letter of his name must also be 1st letter of 1st line of acrostic; 2nd of 2nd ditto, and so on.—Bandbox.

For the nearest historical parallel to the state of affairs in Egypt as from the bombardment of Alexandria to the present time.—W. H. T.

1. The cleverest allegory, most concisely written, on "Resistance to the *World*, the Truth, and the *Times*.—Hebe.

1. Who best buries six towns in sentences of not more than seven words long. 2. Who makes the best sentence spelling the same backwards and forwards.—Esa.

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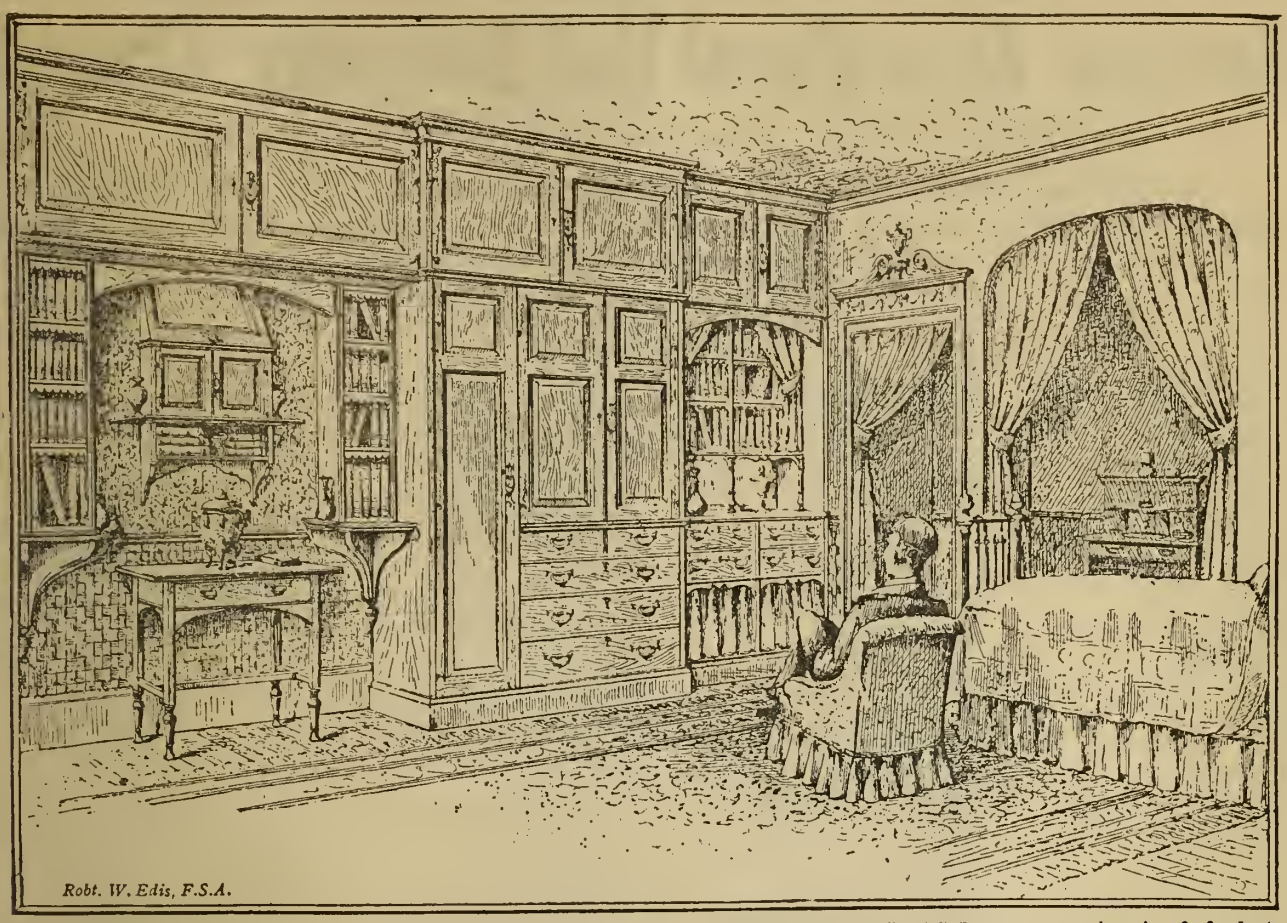

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The Directors recognising London as tbe natural centre of the Agricultural Interest of the Kingdom, are desirous of providing a National Agricultural Hall, to be established at the West End of the Metropolis, and with this view they have secured a commanding freehold site at Kensington, immediately adjoining the Addison-road Station.

The Hall and its adjuncts will be used for tbe following (amongst other) purposes, which constitute the chief sources whence tbe revenue of this Company will be derived:—

AGRICULTURAL.

Horse Shows and Sales of Hunters, Hacks, Harness Horses, Cart Horses, of all breeds, Ponies, Mules, &c.
Sbows and Sales of pure-bred breeding Stock
Dairy Shows
Exhibitions of Fat Cattle and Farm Produce, Sheep, Pigs, Goats, &c.
Poultry Shows
Hound Shows

TRADE & OTHER EXHIBITIONS.

Railway Exhibitions
Fishery Exhibitions
Naval and Suhmarine Exhibitions
Electric Light and Power Exhibitions
Exhibitions of Sporting and other Pictures
Engineering Exhibitions
Implement Exhibitions
Building Trades' Exhibitions
Bicycle and Tricycle Exhibitions
Exhibitions of Textile Fabrics
Art Manufactures, &c.
Sanitary Exhibitions
Christmas Bazaar and Sale of Toys, &c.

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Cavalry and Artillery Tournaments
Infantry Tournaments
Sportsman's Exhibitions
Athletic Sports
Circus or Equestrian Entertainments
Lawn Tennis Tonrnaments
Racquet and Tennis Tournaments
and other first-class popular and useful Exhibitions and Entertainments which the Directors may, from time to time, th'nk desirable

OTHER SOURCES OF INCOME.

Sales by Auction
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Rent of Surp'us Lands
Refreshment Contracts
Advertising Contracts
Register of Short-horn and otber Pedigree Bulls
Register of Stallions of all Breeds
Sales of Pictures
Storage, &c.

The Site chosen consists of 6¼ acres of freehold land close by the level Main Road from Hyde Park Corner to Hammersmith, with a frontage adjoining the Adison Road Station of 390 feet. The Hall will thus be in connection with the Railways of the Metropolis and their 350 Stations.

The facilities thus afforded to Exhibitors and the Public will be unique—indeed it would be difficult to over-estimate the importance of the position, whether as regards its accessibility to visitors or the important fact that Live and Dead Stock, Machinery and Merchandiss can be brought by Railway close to the doors.

Mr. COE, an Architect of great experience (wbo with the late Mr. PECK built the Agricultural Hall, at Islington), bas prepared plans for the Hall, the result being a well-proportioned design, surmounted by an imposing arched roof, with handsome façades towards the principal approaches, and with ample provision for the requirements of the building iuternally.

The Grand Hall, specially adapted for the principal sbows and for riding and driving competitions, will be 285 feet long by 175 feet wide, surrounded by an outer Parade 40 feet wide, affording a total ground-floor area of 118,575 superficial feet, or nearly one half greater than tbe area of the Agricultural Hall at Islington. The Galleries over the outer Parade will contain 42,000 feet of floor area. It is also proposed to erect a Minor Hall, which will form an Annex to the Grand Hall, or can be used separately for Exhibitions or Entertainments; and Courts for Racquets, and Tennis; and to lay out grounds suitable to Lawn Tennis, while connected with the galleries will be spacious Concert and Lecture Rooms, with Picture Galleries, 175 feet long; Refreshment Rooms, Public and Private Dining Rooms, Offices, &c.

Representative men of higb position in almost every County of England, as well as in Scotland, Wales, and Ireland, have shown their interest in the undertaking by consenting to become Vice-Presidents, and the late Major-General BURNABY, M.P., devoted the greater portion of the last year of his life to the furtherance and development of the scheme.

As regards the financial results of the undertaking, the Directors have every confidence in its success. The Agricultural Hall Company, at Islington, with comparatively none of the advantages of position and accessibility which form such important elements of success in this Company, have usually paid 12 per cent. on their capital, and their £10 shares have been recently sold for £23. It will illustrate the value of even the minor objects of the Company to mention that arrangements are in progress for letting the proposed Tennis and Racquet Courts (exclusive of the Refreshment Rooms attached to them) on terms which will yield an appreciable dividend on the entire paid-up Capital, whilst an offer has been already received for renting the Hall for some weeks at £500 per week, and an offer has been made by one of the first firms of Refreshment Contractors in London to pay a minimum rent of £1,500 a year for the Refreshment Contract.

Full Prospectuses and Forms of Application may be obtained at tbe Offices of the Company, or of the Solicitors, Baukers, and any Broker.

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· TRUTH ·

"Cultores Veritatis Fraudis Inimici."—*Cicero.*

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ENTRE NOUS.

SHORTLY after arriving at Balmoral, her Majesty went out in the gardens, and later on she took a drive in a pony carriage, in the course of which she visited Crathie, and inspected the grave of John Brown in the kirkyard. It was particularly noticed, both at Perth and at Ferryhill, that the Queen looked wonderfully well, and seemed in good spirits. At each station a great bundle of telegrams was handed into the Royal saloon.

The Queen will return to Windsor Castle, from Scotland, on Saturday, June 21.

A cairn to the memory of the Duke of Albany is about to be erected on the mountains near Balmoral. There are already cairns to the Prince Consort (1,450 ft. high) and to Princess Alice (1,220 ft.). When the Princess Royal was married, her departure from her native country was commemorated by a cairn, which is about 50 ft. higher than Prince Albert's, and there is another to Princess Helena, which is 150 ft. lower.

The Prince of Wales ought to have given out that he was going to Corsica or Corfu, for, having retreated to Royat for a little quiet, he finds himself followed by a swarm of inquisitive tourists, principally English and American. The place, which is usually empty till the middle of June, is now as crowded as during the height of the season. The valley in which Royat lies is very hot, but the air is nevertheless invigorating, and the neighbouring hills are easy of ascent. The scenery all round is very pleasing. The Prince has walked twice to Clermont, and he has also driven over to Vichy. He follows the usual routine of visitors to the baths, which means getting up at six, going to bed at ten, and very plain fare. H.R.H. returns to Paris early next week, but will only stay at the Hôtel Bristol for twenty-four hours on his way to Wiesbaden, to join the Princess and the King and Queen of Denmark, who will arrive there to-morrow from Rumpenheim.

A contemporary expresses surprise that the Prince of Wales does not inhabit Windsor Castle during Ascot week. I may state that many years ago the Queen offered to lodge the Prince and Princess of Wales in the Castle for the races, but the conditions did not suit, for, in addition to a stringent prohibition against smoking, except in the billiard and smoking-rooms, her Majesty required that the party to be invited should be approved by herself, and that there should be no dancing in the Castle during the week. This year, as I announced last week, there will be no Royalties at the races, consequently Ascot villas are at a discount, while the demand for Enclosure tickets is unprecedentedly slack.

An official denial has been published at Berlin to the report that the Prince of Bulgaria (brother of Prince Louis of Battenberg) was to be married to Princess Victoria of Hohenzollern, second daughter of the Crown Prince of Germany. I believe, however, that it is a fact that the Prince expressed a wish to be allowed to pay his addresses to the young Princess, and his pretensions were warmly supported by his relatives at Darmstadt. The idea, however, did not meet with favour in the eyes of the Crown Prince and Princess, and the Emperor sent a message from Berlin peremptorily forbidding such an engagement, which no doubt his Majesty regarded as thoroughly unsatisfactory in every respect, for the Prince has no private fortune, and his position in Bulgaria is by no means secure. The Princess will probably be betrothed in the course of the summer to a Prince belonging to one of the richest and most powerful families in Germany.

Madame de Kalomine, the morganatic spouse of the Grand Duke of Hesse, left Darmstadt for Berlin the day before her husband's departure for England, and she has since proceeded to Paris. The idea that the marriage was a great shock to the family of the bridegroom is entirely erroneous, for his intentions were perfectly well known to his daughters and to Prince and Princess Alexander of Hesse, and the Queen was informed before she left Windsor for Germany. Negotiations are pending with the object of bringing about an amicable arrangement by which Madame de Kalomine will be created Countess of Jugenheim, and receive a handsome annual income, on condition of her absenting herself from Germany.

There is a feeling of intense irritation at Berlin against the Grand Duke of Hesse, as, apart from a strong disapproval of the marriage, the Emperor considers that he has not been treated with proper respect. The Grand Duke, being an officer in the German Army, ought to have obtained his Majesty's permission before he married. Darmstadt "society" attributes the marriage to the intrigues of certain persons about the Court, who have taken shameful advantage of the "child-like ingenuousness"

of their Sovereign. Madame de Kalomine has already been the heroine of more than one "sensation" before she arrived at Darmstadt.

The German Emperor will leave Berlin for Ems the week after next if the state of his health is satisfactory, for he has been by no means well lately, and his physicians insisted on his giving up his visit to Wiesbaden. It is thought that he will be benefited by a stay in the Lahn valley, as hitherto he has always picked up wonderfully at Ems. It is doubtful whether he will be able to revisit Gastein.

The King and Queen of Greece are expected to join the family party staying at Wiesbaden in about three weeks. They will go to Germany from St. Petersburg, where they have gone to attend the Royal wedding. The King and Queen will come to England on a visit to the Prince and Princess of Wales before they return to Athens.

A correspondent writes:—

May I warn intending tourists in Russia this summer, that the too-famous Princess Dolgoruki, or Jurievska, is a tabooed subject in that Empire? I carried in my portmanteau a "Life of the Emperor Alexander II.," which, I am sure, contains nothing that can grate on his son's filial feelings, except the fact of his morganatic marriage. At Alexandrovo, the frontier station where luggage is examined, the courteous officials espied the volume among several others among my clothes, and at once picked it out, and civilly informed me that it was not allowed to enter the Empire. I expressed surprise, and assured them that it was a very eulogistic biography, but they were firm, and the volume was detained. I told them I should ask for it on my return, and I did obtain it back again, after they had all had time to read it.

Prince Leopold, of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, who died on Wednesday at Vienna, was the brother of Don Fernando, King of Spain, and is much regretted in Paris, where he generally spent the close of the winter, and the early spring. His morganatic spouse, Baroness Constance de Ruttenstein, was a violinist of some repute when the Prince bestowed the above title on her and married her.

The Duke of Edinburgh has obtained permission from the Queen to make his son a sailor; and, in due time, he will probably enter the Navy. Prince Alfred is to accompany his father during the summer cruise of the Channel Squadron. He is a sharp, clever boy, as indeed he ought to be, for both his parents have plenty of brains.

Lord Spencer returned to Ireland last week, arriving at the Viceregal Lodge on Thursday morning. It is arranged that he will go to Barrow-on-Furness at the end of the month for the unveiling of the statue of Lord F. Cavendish. The date of the Viceregal visit to Belfast is not yet fixed.

The "tennis week" in Dublin is now an institution of much social importance. The annual tournament was held last week in Fitzwilliam-square, under the most favourable auspices. The best players of the United Kingdom took part in the contest, with a contingent from America. Once again the Saxon came to conquer, Mr. H. Lawford defeating all competitors, and carrying off the Irish Champion Cup from Mr. E. Renshaw. Amongst the fair sex, Miss M. Watson was triumphant, vanquishing single-handed all her foes. The weather smiled on the meeting in a manner that brought forth a dazzling display of summer toilets. On Thursday, Lord and Lady Spencer were present with a large Viceregal party, and on Saturday, at the close of the tournament, Lady Spencer distributed the prizes. Her Excellency, who looked remarkably well, wore a white costume trimmed with primrose satin, and carried a lovely bouquet. Lady Fingall was in a cream-coloured toilet, with a small black bonnet. Lady Brassey's dress was of crimson velvet. Lady Spencer and a large party were entertained at tea by Chief Justice and Mrs. Morris, at their residence in Fitzwilliam-place.

What a pity the Irish climate has not some of the qualities of the Egyptian! If it disagreed more with certain officials, it might probably be wholesomer for the inhabitants of the country. After a comparatively short experience, Egypt has been found to disagree with Mr. Clifford Lloyd; a much longer experience ought to have demonstrated beyond doubt that Mr. Lloyd disagreed with Ireland. The united wisdom of Lords Spencer and Dufferin in recommending Egypt for Mr. Lloyd has hardly been justified; and yet Irish Members are commonly condemned whenever they question the infallibility of Lord Spencer with regard to the filling up of appointments in Ireland.

The *St. James's Gazette* gives a long history of the Garter worn by the late Duke of Buccleuch, which "Lord Derby is to have." This is a mistake, for Lord Derby is to fill the stall of the late Duke of Marlborough, and that of the Duke of Buccleuch will probably remain empty until there is another vacancy.

From the point of view of those who hold that one generation has no right to burden all future generations with the payment of an hereditary pension, the country has made a bad bargain by the commutation of the Duke of Marlborough's pension. Assuming, however, that the perpetual claim on the taxpayer was a valid one, the bargain is a good one. The Duke receives £107,000 for his £4,000 per annum. As we can borrow this £107,000 for less than £4,000 per annum, we are gainers by the the difference. The capital sum does not go to the Duke; but it has to be invested in Government securities, the interest of which will pass in perpetuity with the title. The pension was granted to the heirs of the daughters of Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, and if ever there had been no heirs it would have lapsed. Had it not been for this possible contingency, we should have had to pay more than £107,000.

Mr. Ponsonby-Fane, the well-known Controller of the Lord Chamberlain's Department, has been made a K.C.B. by the Queen, a distinction which he has certainly well earned. It is understood that Mr. Ponsonby-Fane is contemplating resigning the post which he has filled so efficiently for the last quarter of a century. He was much disappointed at being passed over for the office of Black Rod, for which he was warmly recommended to the Queen by the Prince of Wales, and his claims were

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incomparably superior to those of Sir James Drummond, for whom the coveted post was promised by the Queen to the Dowager Duchess of Athole several days before it was vacant. Mr. Ponsonby-Fane has found lately that London does not suit his health so well as Brympton, the charming place near Yeovil which was bequeathed to him about ten years ago by his aunt, Lady Georgina Fane, who for many years was the great friend of the late Duke of Wellington.

There will be a musical and dramatic entertainment, in aid of the School of Dramatic Art, and under the immediate patronage of the Queen and the Prince and Princess of Wales, at St. James's Hall, on Thursday afternoon, July 3, at which several of the most distinguished artists in London will appear.

A dramatic and musical entertainment will also be given on Wednesday afternoon, June 18, at 7, Chesterfield-gardens, in aid of a "Mother's Hospital" at Shadwell. Mrs. Kendal, Mrs. Bancroft, Madame Patey, Mr. George Grossmith, and other eminent artists have already consented to give their services. Tickets, price one guinea and 10s. 6d., are to be obtained of Lady Greville, 7, Chesterfield-gardens, W.

Lord and Lady Cork have removed this year from their old family house in Grafton-street to fresh quarters in Upper Belgrave-street, and they could not resist the temptation of giving a dance before the expiration of the term of Court mourning for the Duke of Albany. This is regarded in what are termed "high quarters" as entirely unpardonable. The Queen and the Prince of Wales are both very tenacious on such points; and after her Majesty sent orders from Darmstadt on April 29 that the great officers of her household were not to give their state banquets on her birthday (a fortnight after the termination of the Court mourning), she is far from pleased that there should have been a dance in the house of the Master of the Buckhounds during the prescribed period, the fact being that the prohibition of the banquets was meant as a hint against any entertainments whatever of a festive nature. Hosts and hostesses who are taking advantage of the general dulness to open their houses, are likely to find themselves quite in the north wind of Royal favour.

The Duke and Duchess of Sutherland will receive company at Trentham during the next ten days.

Lord Mount-Edgcumbe will entertain Lord Salisbury and a large party at Mount-Edgcumbe next week.

The Duke of Beaufort had only a limited party at Badminton last week, for Bath races; but the locals were thankful for small mercies, as the meeting had not been patronised by the Somerset family since 1872. Lord Suffolk, the new Steward of the Jockey Club, came over from Charlton Park; and Lord Portsmouth was also among the company. He has been taking the waters at Bath since he left Eggesford, but left on Thursday morning to attend the Agricultural Show at Exeter, and has since come up to town for a few days.

Woods' Hotel (within Furnival's Inn, Holborn, E.C.) has been considerably modernised and improved. Families and Gentlemen will find in this Hotel *home comforts.*

Prince Batthyany, who has just been made a Privy Councillor by the Emperor of Austria, does not intend to visit Cowes this year, but he will pass a few weeks at Havre, and will have his yacht over there.

Lord and Lady Shrewsbury are about to start for a three months' cruise in their new yacht, which has just completed her fitting-out at Gosport.

Sir Robert and Lady Loyd-Lindsay, who have been in Italy for the last three months, will return to town the week after next.

Lord and Lady Eglinton have left Eglinton Castle for a lengthened cruise in the Mediterranean, in their yacht the *Rover*.

Sir Watkin and Lady Williams-Wynn return this week to Wynnstay, with the intention of spending the summer there. I am glad to hear that Sir Watkin's health has much improved during the last few weeks.

Lord and Lady Londonderry have been staying at Plas Machynlleth, their place in Wales, since they left Wynyard. He will join his yacht *Cornelia* at Cowes early next month.

Mr. Chamberlayne does not intend to fit out his famous cutter *Arrow*, this season.

Lord Ormonde's steam-yacht *Mirage* is fitting out at Lymington. She will go to the West coast of Scotland towards the end of next month, with a small party on board, including the Duke of Westminster.

Vanity Fair tells us that Mr. Gerald Fitzgerald is staying for the summer at Oakley Court, the late Lady Otho Fitzgerald's place near Windsor, and adds that "his sister, Mrs. Herbert, of Llanarth, has arranged to stay and keep house for him." "Ruffler" is blundering again, for Mrs. Herbert, of Llanarth, is the only daughter of the late Lord Llanover, who left no sons. No doubt it is some other member of the numerous Herbert clan to whom "Ruffler" means to refer.

Sir C. F. Smythe's famous herd of shorthorns at Acton Burnell, Shropshire, will be sold off to-morrow. This choice herd has been in existence for nearly sixty years.

The steamer *Oxenholme*, which left Liverpool last Thursday for Canada, carried the most valuable consignment of live-stock which has ever left that port. This cargo, which has been selected in England and Scotland, by Professor Brown, of Ontario, includes eight breeds of cattle and nine of sheep, and it has cost over £8,000. It is destined for the farm attached to the Government College of Agriculture, at Guelph, near Ontario.

There are 1,685 entries of live-stock for the Shrewsbury Show of the Royal Agricultural Society, which is an increase of two on the number for York last year, which was the largest ever known. Cattle, sheep, and pigs are more numerous; but there is a heavy fall in horses, from 611 to 407.

I announced some time ago that Mr. T. Parrington was about to resign the mastership of the Sinnington country. Last Wednesday the members of the Hunt met at Kirbymoorside, Lord Feversham being in the chair, and after passing a vote of thanks to Mr. Parrington, it was announced that Mr. Lesley, of Sinnington, had accepted the Mastership. This arrangement has given much satisfaction in the district, as Mr. Lesley is very popular.

The official return of last year's "salmon harvest" in England and Wales shows that a quarter of a million salmon were captured, weighing 1,418,000 lb., against fish weighing 1,000,000 lb. in 1882 This is very satisfactory, and the number of boxes received at Billingsgate was larger than in any season since 1871. But I should like to know how it is that, in spite of this large increase in the supply, yet there was no fall in the price of the fish.

A resident near Kew Gardens writes :—

While there is a notice to the effect that none but decently-attired persons will be admitted into the gardens, boatmen and those who follow the pleasures of the river are allowed, both on Sundays as well as on week-days, to perambulate the grounds in their déshabille, and not unfrequently to the extent of exposing their lower limbs. Their appearance and bearing generally must be very distasteful to any orderly person.

Among the multifarious craft which the recent tropical weather has tempted to appear on the Thames is a gondola of the conventional dingy, but picturesque, pattern. The vehicle in question —I can hardly call it a boat—belongs to Mr. Arthur Morgan, of Twickenham, and is admirably managed by a real live Italian gondolier, specially imported from Venice. The strong stream and tide about Richmond somewhat interfere with the evolutions of the skilful foreigner; but the smells at low water must infallibly bring back to him sweet memories of his native city.

The *Sanitary Record* is responsible for the statement that, in 1770, the following edict was solemnly passed and duly registered in France under Louis XV. :—

Whosoever, by means of red or white paint, perfumes, essences, artificial teeth, false hair, cotton wool, iron corsets, hoops, shoes with high heels, or false hips, shall seek to entice into the bonds of marriage any male subject of his Majesty, shall be prosecuted for witchcraft, and declared incapable of matrimony.

Did such an edict prevail in this country, I am afraid, judging from recent observations in the Park, that the majority of our family mansions would have to be turned into "homes for witches."

According to the Philadelphia correspondent of the *Times*, Mr. Vanderbilt would have saved himself 150,000 dollars had he gone to church a few Sundays back. Mr. Ward, it appears, visited General Grant on the Sunday before his failure, and described the firm in which the General's son was a partner as conducting a prosperous business. But amongst other virtues possessed by the immaculate Ward was that of philanthropy, and he explained that he wanted to enable the Marine National Bank to put in a strong appearance at the Clearance House the following day by giving it 1,000,000 dollars of deposits, to make up which he still required 150,000. Would the General, therefore, get him that amount by persuading some friend to exchange cheques for a day or two? The General could not think of any friend to apply to. Try Mr. Victor Newcombe, suggested Ward. He was tried; but, like a good American millionaire, he was at church. Now try Mr. Vanderbilt, said the generous-minded Ward. He, unfortunately for himself, was not at church, and, consequently, was induced to give his cheque. Here is a text for some of our popular preachers.

The news that the time-honoured fixtures between the Gentlemen and Players, both at Lord's and at the Oval, are to be shunted in order that the English Eleven, which is to play against the Australians, may work together against scratch teams, fell like a bomb-shell on the majority of cricketers. Granting for the moment that such matches are necessary for our chosen representatives, why on earth were not some less important fixtures given up than the leading matches of the home programme?

I have often thought that the Australians' victories were in no small measure due to the process familiarly known as "establishing a funk," and their exemplary defeat by the M.C.C. confirms me in this opinion. Steel's was by far the best innings on the winning side; he played with the most perfect confidence throughout, while every one else—noticeably Grace—seemed not a little uncomfortable during the first few overs. As regards the fielding, that of the Australians was decidedly good, while that of the M.C.C. was simply beneath contempt for so powerful a team. In fact, had the Australians played a more patient game, I am disposed to think that the match might have been drawn.

The Colonists made a great mistake in leaving out Boyle, whom many consider their best bowler, against so strong a batting team as represented headquarters. Cooper's slow bowling was expected to be most deadly on the hard wickets; but directly the batsmen had found out the way to manage it (which did not take them long), there was simply no one but Spofforth who was at all dangerous on the easy wicket, and but for the plucky exertions of the "Demon," there is no saying how large the innings would have been. Cooper is a decided disappointment. His break is remarkable, certainly, but it is obtained at the expense of pitch, and the pace is too slow; in fact, I cannot help thinking that his reputation as a bowler is greatly in excess of his merits.

Cooper, strange to say, did not take up cricket as a pursuit till he was twenty-seven years of age, and then only on the recommendation of his medical adviser, who believed cricket to be the best form of exercise his patient could indulge in.

In the course of three days' cricket last week against various opponents, the Caius College eleven scored at Cambridge 1,000 runs for the loss of four wickets—a performance considerably in advance of any previous record.

The Bazaar of Oct. 28, says that Mr. & Mrs. B. Phillips, Manchester House, 36, Thayer-st., Manchester-sq., W., are the most Liberal Buyers of all kinds of Clothes, Uniforms, Jewellery, Gold, Silver, &c. Money orders sent for parcels. Appointments kept. Cash only.

Antique and Decorative French, Italian, and English Furniture, and Old Tapestries, &c.—J. J. Duveen 181, Oxford-street.

The following suggestion is the best I have seen as to the disposal of the statue of the Duke. I commend it to Mr. Shaw-Lefevre :—

Passing by Hyde Park Corner yesterday, the decapitated statue of the Duke of Wellington, looking like Mayne Reid's "Headless Horseman," suggested to me an idea, which I hasten through your columns to lay before my fellow-countrymen. It is well known that victorious battles excite the greatest amount of enthusiasm among the people, and that their commanders are unhesitatingly considered as worthy of the highest honours the country can bestow. Moreover, the effects of such victories are extremely evanescent, and it would puzzle any one to say, after a few years, what good the very greatest of them has done (the evils they do in the way of deaths, wounds, and destruction are sufficiently apparent at the time). Hence the fame and memory of victorious commanders are very short-lived, and there are few who could tell what were the victories won by the originals of the bronze effigies of military heroes studded over our towns. In consideration of the intensity of military fame and of its very fleeting character, would it not be desirable to erect this colossal bronze statue in some conspicuous place in London, and affix to it the bronze likeness of the head of the military hero of the hour? This metal head might be allowed to occupy the place of honour for a given period—say three or four years—and if, at the end of that time, there is no new military hero to take its place, the head might be removed, and the headless statue would be to the British public like the closed gates of the Temple of Janus to the Roman people, a sign that we were at peace with all the world.

No objection could be offered on the plea that the body and limbs are not a likeness of the new hero, for it is generally understood that all the bodies and limbs of our statues are purely conventional, and formed on classical and not actual models. Perhaps, in the event of the hero of the day being mutilated as to an arm or leg, it would hardly do to represent him with all his four limbs entire; but this difficulty might be got over by making the legs and arms of the permanent figure like its head—to screw off or on as required.

Sir Philip Miles, the tenant-for-life of the Leigh Court estate, has obtained the sanction of the Court of Chancery for the sale of the famous gallery of paintings, which has been one of the glories of Somersetshire for the last sixty years. It will be offered at Christie's on June 28th. There are three masterpieces by Rubens :—"The Woman taken in Adultery," "The Conversion of Saul," and "The Holy Family," four by Raffaelle (one from the Orkney collection), five by Murillo, four by Claude (two from the Alfieri Palace), and many other gems. This will be the sale of the year. The collection is expected to realise considerably over £100,000.

The *Times* is not quite correct in saying that the Duke of Marlborough offered eleven of his pictures to the trustees of the National Gallery for 350,000 guineas. No specific offer was made, but in consultation between the Duke's agent and the representative of the Gallery, this sum was taken as their minimum market value. The pictures can only be sold with the assent of the trustees, being heirlooms; and even if the Duke were ready to make a sacrifice in order that they should be secured to the nation, he could not do so, for he will only have a life interest in the amount realised. Market value must govern the price, and if the Duke consents to give the country the option of purchase at this value, he cannot be blamed for not doing more, because he legally can do no more.

I am myself in favour of the purchase. We annually spend a considerable amount in works of art, and I prefer a few first class pictures to acres of second and third rate canvas. Very rarely such pictures as those now on sale come into the market, and as we have a National Gallery, it would be a thousand pities were they to go abroad. We might have these pictures for about one-quarter of the sum that our battue of Arabs in the neighbourhood of Suakin cost.

I have no doubt at all that the outcry against the way in which the purchases are made out of the Chantrey bequest is perfectly justified, but at any rate, even worse mistakes seem to be made sometimes in Paris. According to one of the critics, there is a picture in the Salon this year by M. Danton which is not original in any respect, but was transferred bodily from a photograph to the canvas by a mechanical process; and this is one of the pictures which has been bought for the nation by the Ministry of Fine Arts.

M. Waddington, in his speech at the Royal Literary Fund Dinner the other night, remarked : "There is no class of men for whom I have a greater respect than those who report to their countrymen and the world at large what takes place in our own times," and whose "career is devoted to ascertaining truth in all its forms." I entirely agree with M. Waddington.

I chanced the other day to see, in the "agony column" of the *Times*, this advertisement :—

Cobbe, F. P., Miss, Daughter of the late General Cobbe, R.A.—Brother George very anxious to hear from you. Address Palmerston North, Wellington, New Zealand. Friends please COMMUNICATE.

Can it possibly be Miss Frances Power Cobbe, the well-known *littérateur*, who is here referred to? If so, "Brother George" must have been long away from the haunts of civilisation and monthly magazines; for I should think that "Miss Frances Power Cobbe, London," would be a sufficient address to find the clever essayist, if she it be that "Brother George" means.

Popular editions both of the Queen's book and of the Princess Alice's letters will be published early in the autumn. The Queen is anxious to have a sixpenny edition of the latter work.

At Leipsic the manuscripts have recently been discovered of two compositions by Beethoven, written while he was at Bonn. One is a *requiem* on the death of the Emperor Joseph II., and the other a jubilee *cantata* on the accession of the Emperor Leopold II.

The performance of "Le Nozze di Figaro" on Saturday night, with Albani, Lucca, and Sembrich as the principal singers, attracted one of the largest audiences that has been known for years at Covent Garden. The cast was possibly the strongest that has ever been seen on the operatic stage, Cotogni and De Reszke being also associated with the three prima-donnas. The opera is to be repeated shortly.

Albani was in excellent voice, and sang the aria, "Dove sono," with such exquisite feeling and pureness of intonation that she was recalled four times at the conclusion. Lucca, in her celebrated character of Cherubino, was inimitable, and had to repeat the air, "Voi che sapete." Sembrich was so unwell that she sang under protest, and it was doubtful whether she would be able to get through the opera. Another artiste was in readiness to take her place, but she improved as the evening advanced, and managed to keep up to the end.

The Annual Dinner of the Oxford Palmerston Club is to be held on Saturday, June 7, when the Earl of Northbrook, Sir Thomas Brassey, and Mr. Goschen will be the principal guests.

I see that the intervention of the History "Schools" has necessitated a change in the programme of the Commemoration festivities at Oxford. The University Ball will be on June 17, and Vincent's Club Ball on June 19, instead of June 12, as previously arranged. The Masonic Ball, which has always been one of the most successful, will not be given this year, out of respect for the memory of the Duke of Albany; but one, at least, of the colleges is likely to give a ball on its own account.

The "Wiclif Quincentenary" of last week seems to have fallen decidedly flat. There is little room for wonder at that result. Scarcely half-a-dozen men in all history have left behind them such an enduring work that their memory can arouse popular enthusiasm at the end of five hundred years. Besides which, "Wiclif" (this seems the correct way to write him now) had the further disadvantage of being decidedly "Low" in his theological views, and therefore by no means in the religious fashion of the present day. Bishop Ryle and Professor Burrows—a Low Church divine and a professor of history—represent the only two classes who were likely to feel any interest in the commemoration.

Canon Boyd-Carpenter is to receive a D.D. degree from the University of Cambridge. It is expected that his consecration for the see of Ripon will take place in York Minster on Friday, July 25, the Feast of St. James.

The new Bishop is in favour of the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill, and in this respect he resembles his predecessor, who was one of the earliest to support the proposed change in the law, having been brought to recognise the necessity for the reform by his parochial experience when he was rector of St. Giles's-in-the-Fields.

Mr. Sheppard is indebted to the good offices of Princess Christian for his appointment as sub-Dean of the Chapels Royal. The *World*, in commenting on the appointment, expresses the hope that the musical services of the Royal Chapels will be improved. This is a very unwarrantable innuendo, for these services at St. James's have always been excellent in all respects, and it would scarcely be possible to improve them. At Whitehall it has been the rule to have what is termed a congregational service, and it is exceedingly well done. There has been a great improvement here during the last few years. Even if the services at St. James's were badly done (which most decidedly they are not), it would not be in the power of the new sub-Dean to interfere in any decided way. Everything in connection with these Royal Chapels is strictly regulated by precedent, and her Majesty still takes considerable interest in the anthems and musical services generally at St. James's, although she has not entered the chapel since the death of the Prince Consort.

Screens, with tea-cup shelf on each fold, from 21s. A large variety of screens in Japanese leather paper, needlework, stained glass, and hand-painted in all sizes and styles.—C. Hindley & Sons, 290 to 294, Oxford-street, London.

People who take it upon themselves to criticise the arrangements at St. James's would do well to remember that it is emphatically a private chapel, being intended for the Royal family and for the persons living in St. James's Palace. Peers and their eldest sons, Peeresses and their eldest daughters, and other personages, who are admitted as far as the limited accommodation will allow, only come in as a favour, and by no means as a right. The Chapel is entirely maintained by the Sovereign, and if it were closed to the ordinary congregation to-morrow, nobody would have any right to complain.

The Welsh Church has suffered a great loss by the suicide of the Dean of Bangor, who was undoubtedly a very able man, as well as the most active ecclesiastic in the Principality. The loss will be the more keenly felt for its complete unexpectedness; for although Mr. Edwards had been very much out of sorts lately, and had never shaken off an attack of the rheumatic fever he had two years ago, he was in his normal condition about the last person in the world likely to commit suicide. Mr. Edwards was one of the youngest of the Deans, being only forty-seven. He was at one time Vicar of Aberdare, and it is just possible that he will be succeeded by the present Vicar of that place, Mr. W. Wynne-Jones, who not long ago married a daughter of Lord Aberdare.

Professor Westcott will be in residence at Westminster Abbey next month, for the first time since his appointment to a Canonry there.

The long Ritualistic squabble at Prestbury, near Cheltenham, has terminated—or enters on a new phase, as the case may be—by the appointment of the Rev. F. Gurney as successor to Mr. De la Bere. The peculiarity of the Prestbury case was that the advowson of the living belonged to the late Vicar's father, and that both these reverend gentlemen were so popular in the village that, when the son was deprived for illegal Ritualism, and it devolved on the churchwardens to nominate a *locum tenens*, they instantly authorised the convicted clergyman to carry on the services in his old style, until his father should be pleased to make another appointment.

It does not appear that the Liverpool Orangemen have lost their ancient taste for strong language. When their late leader, Dr. McNeile, was asked whether it was true that he had taken the sacrament at a Ritualistic church, he replied, "I would as willingly have been guilty of lying, theft, adultery, or some such action." Their organ, the *Protestant Standard*, in the course of some remarks on Bishop Ryle's admission to the House of Lords, warns him that he will meet there "some men who are the vilest of the vile—so vile, indeed, that we almost doubt if any of the devils in hell have excelled them in wickedness." A hope is expressed that the new prelate will have the courage to protest "against the outraged morals and damnable wickedness in high places."

I see in the list of wills proved, that a Mr. Haworth has given a legacy of some hundred pounds to the "Wesleyan worn-out preachers fund." What a blessing it

would be if the Established Church would inaugurate a similar fund! Perhaps then there would be less necessity for a fund for "worn-out audiences."

As I stated a week or two ago, Sir George Willis's succession to the command of the Southern District has been made the occasion for a characteristic display of zeal by the Sabbatarians of Portsmouth, who tackled the General almost as soon as he set foot in the town, with a request that he would inaugurate his *régime* by suppressing the military bands on the piers, and in Victoria Park, on Sundays. I am glad to see that Sir George has declined to do anything of the kind, until it is proved to be "the predominant wish of those most concerned," which means, I take it, that the Sunday bands will henceforth be a permanent institution.

I see that the Secretary for War has ordered, or is about to order, that fines for drunkenness in the Militia shall in future go towards augmenting the pay of the non-commissioned officers and men of the force. Is this altogether wise? It looks like giving the sober section of the force an interest in the increase of drunkenness. In fact, a militiaman will in future feel himself at liberty to get drunk for the good of his comrades and superior officers.

The overcrowding of the Married Soldiers' Quarters in the Cambridge Cottages at Woolwich is very considerable. In several cases, the soldier, his wife, and children are crammed into a single room, to the destruction of all ideas of proper lodgment. The question arises, Does any official ever visit these overcrowded places, and who is responsible for their present state? If married soldiers are permitted to exist in the army, the arrangements for their lodgment should be good, and up to a suitable and sanitary standard. This is certainly not the case in these Woolwich Cottages. Are we waiting for another "Bitter Cry" before anything is done?

A general order has lately been issued in India directing that the wearing of white clothing by British troops shall be gradually introduced. It is not so very long ago that the men were ordered to wear Khaki. The effect of the new order will be that the men will have to purchase out of their scanty pay two suits of white clothing, while the Khaki, which cost at least six rupees per head, will be thrown on their hands. It is very hard that our soldiers should be compelled to pay for the fickleness of those in authority.

The Mayor of Eastbourne is vieing with the hospitalities of the Mansion House. On Thursday last he entertained at dinner a large party to meet the officers of the 3rd Brigade Cinque Ports Division Royal Artillery, after which there was a reception and a dance.

Sir F. Richard's appointment to the command of the Australian station has caused profound dissatisfaction in service circles, for it is considered, and not unreasonably, to be scandalously unfair that he should have been selected while there remain so many Rear-Admirals on the active list who are senior to him, and who have not yet hoisted their flag. Sir Frederick is a Lord of the Admiralty, and this fact, of course, explains his good fortune. His departure from the Board is a cause of rejoicing at Whitehall, for he has shown himself to be a regular martinet, and the *fortiter in re* is not appreciated by the Permanent Staff at the Admiralty.

It was decided last week by the Admiralty that the Channel and Reserve Squadrons are not to be combined for a summer cruise to Copenhagen, Stockholm, and Cronstadt. The Duke of Edinburgh's wishes have been overruled, in deference to the susceptibilities of the Admiral Superintendent of Naval Reserves, who would have occupied a subordinate position if the plan had been carried out, as the Duke was to have been in command. The Channel Squadron will go shortly to Bantry Bay for a course of torpedo practice, and its subsequent movements are not yet settled, while no arrangements have been made for the cruise of the ships of the Reserve.

It may not be generally understood what the appointment of a sub-lieutenant to the Royal Yacht *Victoria and Albert* really means. A young officer with influence at head-quarters—generally devoid of any other recommendation—is gazetted to the yacht. Within two months he is promoted to the list of lieutenants, over the heads, perhaps, of fifty or more of his seniors, and during the period that his name remains on the yacht's books he is granted leave of absence! These appointments take place annually, and three have just been made. One of the favoured trio goes over the heads of fifty-seven of his brother officers; and another, a son of Sir A. Cooper-Key, passes over no fewer than seventy-five. It would be difficult, even in the navy, to point out a more scandalous abuse of patronage than this.

Another scandalous job, it is said, will shortly be perpetrated. Vice-Admiral Rice will soon vacate the command at the Nore, and the authorities are credited with the intention of appointing Prince Leiningen to succeed him. This is to avoid his Serene Highness being compulsorily retired owing to non-service, he not having been actively employed for eight years.

I recently called attention to the fact of architects frequently obtaining a commission on goods supplied. It would seem, however, that architects have often themselves to give commissions. A letter from an architect to the solicitor of the Birkdale School Board was read at the meeting of the Board. The architect offered 1½ per cent. commission on any work given him. The solicitor submitted the letter to the clerk, who replied to it. In his answer to this letter the architect says that he thought that he was "dealing with business men, and never expected such childish work," and adds:—"I doubt if I am far wrong when I tell you that in 90 per cent. of the cases in which an architect receives a commission from a solicitor, some return, in some shape or other, is expected, if indeed not positively demanded."

The London Hospital Saturday Fund is an excellent institution, although I doubt whether it is good policy to try and force the hands of the charitable by telling them "it is your duty to give"; but there certainly seems to be room for improvement in the management. It was shown the other day that the cost of collecting the fund had averaged 19 per cent. This is clearly excessive, since the Hospital *Sunday* Fund has been collected at a cost of little over 3 per cent. "The better the day the better the deed," in this instance, at any rate.

Decidedly, the "organised obstruction" which was hired to break up the great meeting in favour of the London Government Bill at the Kensington Town Hall on Saturday night was singularly unsuccessful. In the first place, the sport was rather spoilt by the unmasking of the plot by Sir Charles Dilke at the beginning of the meeting, and, in the second place, the obstructionists were so entirely outnumbered that they only served to give spirit to the meeting, and to emphasise the factitious character of the opposition to the Bill.

The descendants of the illustrious family of Bumble are by no means extinct. An inmate of the City of London Workhouse was charged last week with throwing his dinner and plate at Mr. Ramsbottom, the master. The prisoner said that his dinner was bad, and the labour-master of the workhouse corroborated his statement. Mr. Ramsbottom, however, refused to admit this, remarking that the bacon was, perhaps, "a little strong," and that it must have been cut close to the bone. He acknowledged, at the same time, that the other paupers had complained. Mr. Bridge, after commenting upon the conduct of the master in serving out bad meat to the inmates, very sensibly refused to punish the prisoner, but merely required him to enter into recognisances to keep the peace. It is to be feared that there are a good many workhouse masters who, like Mr. Ramsbottom, think any nastiness good enough for paupers; but I hope the City of London Guardians will inquire into this case of official tyranny.

Certainly it seems to me that it would be easy to arrange so that the watering and the driving do not conflict.

Can you not raise your powerful voice against the shameful neglect which takes place every day in the afternoon with regard to the watering of the drive in Hyde Park between Apsley House and the Alexandra-gate, by which the ladies who drive there are smothered with dust and their dresses spoiled, because it seems nobody's business to look after the men who ought to do the watering, but who loaf about gossiping with each other, instead of getting the watering done at a proper time; as, for instance, today, May 21 (and this is an example of other days), the whole of that line was left unwatered up to six o'clock, when the Drive was full of carriages, whilst the part by the Serpentine, where nobody goes, was thoroughly well watered. It ought to be thoroughly done and completed by half past four o'clock, by which time the carriages begin to assemble on the Drive.

Britannia Rules the Waves, but, as a witty Frenchman once said, she does not rule them straight, and although a sea voyage is to some people enjoyable enough, it is to others a martyrdom instead of a pleasure. We would advise every one before going to sea to send to the Pall Mall Electric Association, 21, Holborn-viaduct, London, and purchase an "Anti-Mal-de-Mer," which is the most effectual preventive of sea-sickness and its attendant horrors ever invented. It is worn over the stomach without the slightest inconvenience, requires no fitting, and will be sent post free on receipt of 21s. For further particulars and testimonials, both medical and private, see pamphlet entitled, "Electropathy; or Dr. Scott's Guide to Health," post free from the Pall Mall Electric Association, 21, Holborn-viaduct, London.—Advt.

The Master of the Rolls' appointment of Mr. Cavendish Bentinck, M.P., to succeed the late Mr. Rawdon Brown as Examiner of the Archives at Venice must either be a joke or a job. It is equally inexcusable in either case, for, as I pointed out some time ago, there was an admirable candidate ready-made on the spot, in the person of another Mr. Brown, who already lives at Venice, and whose published Venetian sketches seem to show that he would have been exactly fitted for the post.

There are no fewer than sixty-nine candidates for the office of Chief Constable of Somersetshire, which is vacant by the resignation of Captain Valentine Gould. The appointment will be made at the ensuing Quarter Sessions, and a committee of magistrates meet this week to select seven candidates for recommendation.

Why should the Law Courts have been the one place in London where the Queen's birthday was officially celebrated? When it was a question about adjourning for the Duke of Albany's funeral, Lord Coleridge said in effect that it was no mark of respect to the sorrow of the Royal Family to close the doors of justice to her Majesty's subjects. If the argument was worth anything then, it was worth more, *mutatis mutandis*, last Saturday. It looks as if the judges were more ready to rejoice with them that rejoice than to weep with them that weep.

When the affairs of Sir F. Ford came before the Brighton County Court last week, his attorney complained in very strong terms that the *Standard* had libelled his client by reporting his case as that of "A Bankrupt Baronet." His indignation was rather unreasonable, for it appeared that it was only owing to his having received the assistance of friends that the debtor was enabled to offer a composition of 13s. 4d. in the pound. A man who cannot pay his debts in full ought not to be offended if he finds himself described as a bankrupt. This is not Sir F. Ford's first appearance before a Brighton tribunal, for not long ago he was heavily fined for cruelty to a dog.

The Judge of the Birkenhead County-court must be somewhat of a martinet. A butler sued his master last Friday for wages in lieu of notice to leave, under the following circumstances. The master remarked to the butler, "While you are here I require you to shave." The butler declined, and was thereupon ordered out of the house; and when he asked for his money, was threatened with the policeman. The butler thereupon left the house and brought his action, but the county-court judge held that the growth of a moustache constituted a breach of contract, and the jury found accordingly for the master. The case seems particularly hard, as the butler explained that he could not shave himself, and there was no barber within eight miles of the house. I suppose contracts "in restraint" of moustaches are legal, but in such a case as this ought not the absence of a barber to have been enough to "discharge" the contract through "impossibility of performance?"

Why will solicitors as a body not look after their black sheep? Why will the Public Prosecutor seldom prosecute these legal scamps? And why, if a solicitor is prosecuted and convicted, is his sentence so light? Last week, a

solicitor named Parnell was struck off the rolls for having stolen trust-money. "Nobody," the judge was informed, "had been found willing to institute criminal proceedings against him." Later on in the week, another solicitor, Edward George Tattersall, was found guilty of having robbed a client of £3,000. What was his sentence? One year's hard labour. Apparently a man only has to become a solicitor in order to acquire the privilege of a chartered thief.

One Kitching, clerk to the burial board of Attercliffe, defrauded the board to the amount of £1,400, and then became bankrupt. His relatives offered to refund £1,000 on condition that Kitching was not prosecuted, and this proposal has been accepted by the inhabitants of Attercliffe. I have reason to believe that there is in the statute book a certain offence called compounding a felony. Does not this proceeding come under the definition of that crime?

A very singular application was made to Mr. Flowers, at Bow-street, on Saturday. A gentleman asked for a summons against the officials of a private lunatic asylum in which he had been confined. He asserted that he had been subjected to various extraordinary tortures, had been chloroformed, and nearly stifled by sulphur; that his food had been drugged, and his life rendered so miserable that he nearly went mad. Mr. Flowers said he had no jurisdiction, and referred him to the Lunacy Commissioners. Now, it is quite possible that the applicant's statement was a tissue of nonsense, engendered by delusions; but it is not a pleasant reflection that the only people who have any sort of authority over private asylums are these Commissioners. Each Commissioner has, I believe, about 70,000 lunatics to inspect and look after, so it may easily be imagined how much of his attention each lunatic is likely to get. Surely it is about time that these establishments were brought under some more practical and efficient control.

People who live on main lines, but near unimportant stations, at which express trains do not stop, would do well to study a case which came before the Croydon magistrates last week. Mr. Prideaux Selby was summoned for ringing the electric communicator between the passengers and the guard, and thereby stopping a train in which he was travelling, without sufficient reason. The defendant said he had a very sufficient reason, because he wanted to get out at Croydon, and objected to be taken on to Brighton; and the Bench decided that he was justified in stopping the train, and dismissed the summons. Without questioning the purity of Mr. Selby's motives, it is obvious that, if every person who wants to get out at a wayside station has a perfect right to stop an express in order to do so, railway traffic is likely to become even more congested than it is at present.

Mr. Crawford lives near London, and Emma Cole is a servant in his employ. Lord St. Leonards forced his way into the house, and committed a brutal assault upon the girl. The facts were hardly disputed, but the defence was that the lady who was living with Mr. Crawford was not legally Mrs. Crawford, and Emma Cole was forced under cross-examination to admit that she had many years ago been seduced, and she was indirectly accused (without one atom of evidence being adduced in confirmation) of having been a street-walker, and of having been on intimate terms with a man named Wiggins. Lord St. Leonards' counsel acted, I presume, on instructions; but the character of these instructions will, I trust, be taken into consideration when his lordship receives sentence. Were I the judge I should add about two years' hard labour to the sentence which I should have awarded had no attempt been made by the miscreant to shield himself by endeavouring to create a prejudice against Mr. Crawford and Emma Cole. Lord St. Leonards is a Conservative, and no stronger criticism can be made upon the system of hereditary legislators than the fact that, were it not that he will be picking oakum at the time when the vote on the Reform Bill will be taken in the House of Lords, he would probably be one of the legislators whose vote would be registered against that measure.

I always admire a gentleman, even if he be a Peer, who really has the courage of his opinions. Lord Carnarvon has been delivering his soul upon the congenial subject of the House of Lords. According to him, that distinguished body "represents the property, intelligence, education, and mind of the people of this country; and he has greatly misread history if property, education, and intelligence, in no matter what the conflict, did not win the day." If I am not mistaken, Lord Carnarvon informed us the other day that two-thirds—or was it three-fourths?—of the ability in the country lay dormant among the members of the Conservative party. Of the two dicta, the one is just about as valuable, and very nearly as true, as the other.

What does the Dean of Westminster say to the following? If my correspondent be correct, the Dean must send to ascertain the geological formation of the country towards Haran, and only when he has proved that the Coronation Stone cannot have come from there, object to the inscription of the Irish legend. Individually, however, I should have thought that the *onus probandi* lies with those who assert that a stone in Westminster Abbey is that which Jacob used for a pillow in Palestine; but, then, I confess that I am no great believer in legends.

Dear Truth,—Your name is a guarantee to me that you will accept the true history of the *Laig Faille*, or Stone of Destiny, instead of what you gave us about it in the number of Truth of the 14th inst., when it was stated that "the Irish" legend "had been removed from the Coronation Chair, as the material of the stone beneath was discovered to exist in Scotland, and not in Ireland." The tradition—I will not call it "legend"—of the Stone of Destiny is that it is the very stone mentioned in Gen. xxviii. 18, which Jacob had put for his pillow; that it was brought from the Holy Land by his descendants, taken to Spain by the Phœnicians, and thence to Ireland by the Milesians, and deposited in "Cashel of the Kings"; and that on it all the Irish Kings were crowned. Feargus, of the Royal Irish line, succeeding in 513 to the Throne of Scotland, borrowed the stone for his coronation, and it was considered so valuable there that it was not given back to Ireland, but safely kept at Scone, until Edward I. of England, in 1296, had it removed to Westminster Abbey.

A Milesian.

It is a somewhat strange coincidence that at the meeting of the Sunday Society held last week, the chair should have been taken by the Duke of Westminster,

For Breakfast, Epps's Cocoa is grateful and comforting. Boiling water or milk only. James Epps & Co., Homœopathic Chemists.

whose uncle, Lord Ebury, is a strong supporter of Sabbatarianism, both in principle and practice. Before he was raised to the peerage, when he was Lord Robert Grosvenor, and represented Middlesex in the Liberal interest, he introduced into the House of Commons a Sunday Trading Bill, having for its object a complete cessation of all trading on the Sabbath. The Bill, however, evoked such violent opposition from the working-classes, who were principally affected by its provisions, that it was withdrawn in Committee.

The meetings held by the working-classes in opposition to this Bill were the first of their kind which took place in Hyde Park, and were a proximate, if not the actual cause of the Park being chosen as a suitable spot for holding mass meetings. Previously, Kennington Common, Hampstead Heath and Finchley Common had been the sites for such gatherings.

Mr. G. W. Soltau, of Little Efford, who died on Sunday last, had been for half a century one of the most active Liberals in Devonshire. When Sir Stafford Northcote first came forward for the county, Mr. Soltau, who was an enthusiastic Low Churchman, agitated vigorously against his candidature on the ground that he had been perverted to the doctrines of Dr. Pusey by his friend Mr. Gladstone. The Prime Minister was then regarded as a sworn Jesuit by the horde of fools who declared that Lord Palmerston had sold himself to Russia, and that the Prince Consort deserved to be sent to the Tower as a traitor.

"Vanity Fair" is altogether wrong in saying that it has taken Mr. Christopher Sykes "twenty years of patient pregnancy" to bring forth a legislative infant prodigy, alluding to his Bill to amend the Fisheries Act, 1877. As long ago as the year 1869, which was only after four years of Parliamentary life, he brought forth his first legislative infant, introducing, and carrying in that year, a Bill for the Preservation of Sea Birds, which earned for him his well-known sobriquet of "The Gulls' Friend."

I also notice that the *Observer* falls into an error respecting Mr. Sykes' Parliamentary career, saying that during the twenty years he has had a seat in the House, he has never spoken. This is not correct, inasmuch as he delivered a speech on the 1st of March, 1869, on bringing in his Bill for the Preservation of Sea Birds, which I have above alluded to.

A statement prepared by the Highland Land Law Reform Association shows that nearly 200 crofters and cottars, numbering between six and seven hundred persons, are threatened with summary eviction, and that those threatened have been singled out on account of having given evidence before the Crofters' Commission or because they joined local branches of the Association. Here is a case in which a "Defence and Relief Fund" deserves support.

By all means, let both sides be heard. Certainly Lady Matheson has solved the difficulty of her tenant fancying that the land upon which he has built his house is his, by insisting that the house which he has built upon her land is hers. The gravamen of the charge is that, as houses are not built in a day, the crofter ought to have been told what would occur so soon as he commenced building :—

22, Prince's-square, Hyde-Park, W.
May 21, 1884.

Dear Sir,—Referring to your comment in to-day's Truth upon the action taken by my aunt's ground-officer in the Lews, I have no doubt you will hear both sides of the question with equal fairness; so, therefore, I proceed to put before you the other one.

As a general rule, the agreements with crofters on Highland estates do not admit of their building upon their holding without the consent of the owner of the property; the circumstances under which they hold their crofts are such that while the land-laws are in their present condition, and while the education of the people in those remote districts leaves so much room for advancement, there is always the danger of their coming to look upon the buildings as their own property, together with the land upon which it stands. Of course, the premises would be legally their own from a proprietorship point of view, and at the same time the land would not be theirs except for such length of time as might have been agreed upon in their lease. If, therefore, at the termination of the agreement it might not be convenient to the proprietor to renew it, the tenant would naturally expect compensation for being disturbed in the possession of a dwelling which he had erected at his own expense, and, of course, could not carry along with him; then it might not be agreeable to the landlord to pay this compensation, and a disturbance would ensue, constituting a breach of the peace. Lady Matheson's relations with her crofters have always been of the most friendly and kind character, and it is only just to her that it should be understood how she is only benefiting the people and sustaining their own interests in strictly enforcing the rules of the estate. Of course, if Graham or any other crofter had obtained permission to build upon the land, she would then be ready to compensate them in case she had any reason for wishing their removal on the cessation of their tenancy; but if crofters were to be allowed to build wherever they liked, without hindrance and without permission being asked, it would lead to such a complicated state of matters as to injure them more than they would benefit from their outlay.—Yours faithfully, R. M. C. M.

As Sir Charles Dilke has promised support to the Torrens Water Bill, its success may now be considered assured. But it will not come too soon. The Water Companies are adopting a system of persecution, and dragging into the expensive process of a law-suit every one who objects to being arbitrarily assessed for his water rates. The rate-book ought to be made the ultimate test of value, as Mr. Torrens proposes. It is the most public, accessible, and necessarily the fairest and most certain standard that can be set up. In the long run, it will be for the interest of the Companies themselves to accept it. Otherwise they will spend their income on solicitors.

Why has nobody the courage to sue the Companies for past extortions? It is at least arguable whether water-rates charged too high and paid under pressure are not recoverable, even if paid under a mistake of law and not of facts. Is it not the duty of a Parliamentary and public Company to see that its charges are authorised, and is it not responsible for illegal charges?

Naturally the shipowners are against Mr. Chamberlain's Shipping Bill, as it is likely to interfere with their profits. The present system is to insure a ship and its cargo for more than it is worth, and to go on insuring them, until both go to the bottom. The result is that the shipowner, instead of being interested in sending out seaworthy ships, benefits by doing precisely the reverse. And what is the consequence?—the loss of life at sea is, in Italy, one in 454; in Norway, one in 277; in the Netherlands, one in 123; and in Great Britain, one in 66. The shipowners and the Conservatives are in arms at Mr. Chamberlain's attack upon vested rights—the vested right in this case being to make money by drowning sailors.

Minton's China.—A visit to Messrs. Goode's Depôt in South Audley-street will at once show the immense superiority of their collection, both as regards taste, extent, and lowness of price.

Mr. Forster, in his letter to his constituents, elaborates a new and singular theory of Representation. The Bradford Liberals are told that their Member need not either vote or speak in unison with their views provided that he energetically enforces his own to the best of his ability. Would not, however, this novel doctrine render party lines of demarcation quite needless? If a Member is to enforce his own opinions, entirely irrespective of those of his constituents, opinion evidently would have nothing to do with his election. The electors would only have to choose an intelligent man, and request him to be good enough to think for them.

As he puts it, Mr. Forster seems to consider that the Bradford Liberals object to his course because he differs from Mr. Gladstone. In reality, they object to it because he differs from them. The issue is not an obscure or unimportant one; it is whether we are to pursue a Jingo policy in all parts of the world, or a peace policy. This issue was submitted to the country by Mr. Gladstone at the last General Election. Mr. Forster in no way separated himself then from Mr. Gladstone, and it is to be presumed that at that time he agreed with him. He became one of his colleagues, and, whilst in his Cabinet, not one word did he say to show that he differed from him. Since, however, he has ceased to be a member of the Ministry, he seldom speaks without attacking Mr. Gladstone on his foreign policy, and without eliciting the rapturous cheers of the Conservatives. Is it, then, so very strange that people are inclined to think that he has managed to persuade himself that a Conservative Government is better for the country, than a Liberal Government which does not include Mr. Forster?

The *Times* says that those in Bradford who blame him are fetish worshippers. This is precisely what they are not. Mr. Forster's creed is that they ought to be, and that he ought to be their fetish; and it is because they refuse to fall down and worship him that they and he are at variance.

When Lord Randolph Churchill—that *enfant terrible* of the Opposition—naïvely avowed that so soon as he had found that the opposition to reform was not a principle which commended itself to the Conservative Party, he naturally enough made haste to abandon it, he let the cat out of the bag. As I have again and again pointed out, the Conservatives are nothing more than a gang who want office, and who are prepared to adopt or to abandon any principles so as to secure a majority. As a party, they were utterly demoralised by that clever humbug whom they now worship under the guise of a primrose. Before they surrendered themselves to him they were—if a stupid party—one composed of worthy and respectable men, who, if in error, conscientiously believed in their errors. At present, I really believe there is no garbage too filthy for them to eat, no principle too immoral for them to adopt, and no recantation too monstrous for them to make, provided that they can convince themselves that so doing will open to them the portals of that official Paradise outside which these Peris sit disconsolate.

With regard to Reform, their object is obvious. They want, on one plea or another, to defeat the Bill, and then to bring in one themselves in which, with an apparent concession of the principle of an extension of the suffrage, the masses will be jockeyed out of their votes. When they say that they want a Redistribution Bill to be coupled with a Franchise Bill, they mean such a Redistribution Bill as would suit them.

Once a Franchise Bill has passed, the Government must clearly understand that the Redistribution Bill must not be one pleasing to the Conservatives. If it be so, it will be the duty of all Radicals to vote against it. They have nothing to lose by delay in comparison with what they would lose by compromise. On all questions involving any political principle, a Liberal Government should never yield to the Conservatives, who are their natural enemies, but invariably to the Radicals, without whose support they would cease to exist.

Tactically, Lord Randolph Churchill was right in urging that a division should alone be taken on Mr. Grey's amendment, adjourning the operation of the Reform Bill until 1887, instead of prejudicing the question by a division upon the almost similar amendment of Colonel Stanley; it is, however, an open question whether a party inspires confidence by washing its dirty linen in public. However, Liberals have no reason to complain of their opponents adopting this course. When Conservatives fall out, honest Liberals get their rights.

It might be well that there should be a great gathering in Hyde-park, or indeed a series of gatherings, in order to convince the Peers that they will be playing a dangerous game in throwing out the Reform Bill. Many of the Peers are abject political cowards, and if they find that the people are indisposed to stand any nonsense, Lord Salisbury will find himself deserted by his hereditary Thanes.

The Parliamentary Committee sitting upon the contracts in connection with our Egyptian expedition has brought to light the fact that hay was sent unfit for even mules to eat (though why the "even" I do not perceive), and that the flour could hardly be made into bread, it was so lumpy. What, however, I do not gather, is, who sold the hay and the flour? Did the contractors get full payment? If so, why have they not been forced to refund, and why are they not punished? If it be a crime to sell a glass of adulterated milk, surely it is a crime to sell thousands of pounds of rubbishy hay and flour.

Miss English begs to acknowledge the following donations to her fund:—

The boys at Elstree School, £2. 2s.; Ina and Maud, £1. 1s.

I have received the following amounts towards the Board School Children's Free Dinner Fund:—

D. L., £1; Fay Ellis, 10s.; R. H. B., £1.

The Granville, Ramsgate.—The Redecoration of this Hotel is now complete, and under entirely new Proprietorship. Terms, 10s. 6d. per day, except at Whitsuntide, including attendance, bedroom, and full board. Tariff on application. The Band plays during Table d'Hôte.

The Beach House Hotel (in connection with the Granville, Ramsgate), Westgate-on-Sea, Thanet. This Hotel is now open for the Season. Tariff on application to the Manager.

SCRUTATOR.

"CALLED BACK."

THE book is better than the play, but the play is quite worth seeing. Between a dramatic story and a story which lends itself to be dramatised, there is a vast difference. The story struck me, when I came across it, as one of the most powerful that I had read for a long time. When I learnt that it was to be adapted to the stage, I wondered how it would be treated, for it seemed to me that, as the main interest hinged upon a murder taking place before a blind man, and his subsequently meeting the murderers, and marrying a girl who had been present, without knowing that he was amongst old acquaintances, it would be impossible to transfer this to the stage, for either the blind man would have to relate what had occurred, or the mystery would be no mystery to the audience, for they, not being blind, would have seen the murder. The difficulty has been met by the adapter, Mr. Comyns Carr, taking the audience into the secret from the commencement. This was absolutely necessary, but it naturally weakens the interest.

The tale is, in fact, entirely recast in its stage dress. Of the acting, that of Mr. Beerbohm Tree is far the best. In mien, in gesture, in attitude, in accent, and in dress, he is the swaggering Italian adventurer, determined *per fas aut nefas* to live on the fat of the land, and ready to betray a friend, to serve an enemy, to cheat at cards, or to commit a murder. The impersonation is wonderful; there is positively nothing to be seen of Mr. Beerbohm Tree; his individuality is entirely merged in that of the character he is representing. Miss Lingard is fairly good as the afflicted heroine. Mr. Kyrle Bellew must really be a little more natural and a little less affected if he wishes to make progress in his profession. He has considerable natural gifts, but he entirely spoils them by an apparent endeavour to posture as a hero of melodrama who has formed his style on a careful study of that of Mr. Irving. The peculiarities of the latter are tolerated because there is real stuff behind them, but to suppose that anything can be gained by merely imitating these peculiarities is to snap at the shadow and to ignore the substance. Mr. Anson is better as an Italian conspiring in London than as a conspirator in chains and dying in Siberia, and he really takes more time to die than is allowable in this age of hurry and skurry. I see that the Siberian dresses are stated to be strikingly correct. This cannot be. No one in Asiatic or European Russia ever wore a pelisse like that of Mr. Bellew. The fur ought to be on the inside, with the exception of the cuffs and the collar, which should be enormous, and the cap should be a round one, coming well over the ears and down on the forehead to the eyes.

I have never myself had any great sympathy with the bewailings of Nihilists who are caught and sent to Siberia. Personally, I consider that a despot is *hostis human generis*, and that every one of his subjects has a right to shoot him with as little impunity as he would a wolf. But it can hardly be supposed that the despot any more than the wolf is likely to subscribe to this doctrine. Self-preservation is the first law of nature. In killing a wolf you may be performing a good action; but I do not blame the wolf for defending his life, or for biting those who seek to take it. If a Russian chooses to try to blow up the Czar and fails, he must not complain if the Czar, *pour décourager les autres*, makes things generally uncomfortable for him in Siberia.

CONCERTS.

I don't wonder at Prince's Hall being popular. It is the best substitute we have for the old Hanover-square Rooms, and it is almost large enough for a "grand" concert, which the Steinway Hall is certainly not. "The Egyptians forgot the ventilation," Artemus used to say, "when they built the Egyptians' Hall." So did the Britishers when they built St. James's Hall; but I do not find the same fault with Prince's. Hallé's Chamber Concert on Friday afternoon was deliciously cool—not because it was empty, for it was full from top to bottom, and every one seemed earnest and attentive—and yet it was dull. Rubinstein's new "Trio"—not very well rehearsed, by the way—was less interesting than I expected. I confess the mighty Anton pleases me best in his shorter bursts. His songs are delicious, his pianoforte solos bewitching, his orchestral compositions usually prolix and ambitious, and his chamber music only sometimes inspired. The new trio is not inspired, though ambitious and prolix; it wants binding. It is noisy, but not *orchestral*, like Mendelssohn's trios—a vice in Mendelssohn some say, a virtue say I. The instruments don't mix in Rubinstein's chamber music; they are distinct, and never quite in good agreement; they don't seem to love one another, and the piano is apt to be defiant, as who should say, "You squeaky fiddle, and you rasping violoncello, cannot you be quiet and let me speak a piece?" I am glad to speak this piece freely about Rubinstein, whom I admire as the king of pianists, because I do not think he is a king among composers. It is his weakness, we know, to pose as a rival composer to Wagner. Nothing could be more absurd. It is like a sparrow-hawk trying to measure itself with an eagle. Madame and Herr Franz Néruda supported Hallé. Hallé played his Schumann from book. Why not? To have the notes before one, even if they are not looked at, must lessen the strain on the nervous system, and consequently liberate nervous power for the performance. I notice that Richter had the score of Brahms's symphony before him, although he seldom looked at it. He kept turning the leaves mechanically and looking another way, but I fancy he kept the notes within eyeshot the whole time.

Mr. Brereton's concert at Prince's Hall was well attended. He is a bass of very fine timbre and imposing calibre. I have not the smallest hesitation in saying that in a few years the Oratorio Festivals will hardly be able to make up their programmes without him. I advise him to make oratorio his *spécialité* without delay, and not attempt to get up a "buffo" and operatic reputation. I need not say that Miss Ambler, a very charming young lady with a fresh and cultivated soprano, sang at Mr.

THE BELGRAVE LAUNDRY, 194 & 196, Ebury-street, Belgravi A laundry for high-class families.

MINTON'S (Limited). — MINTON'S CHINA. A visit to Messrs. Mortlock's extensive collection in Oxford-st. and Orchard-st. will conclusively prove the superiority of taste and lowness of price for which this house has been so celebrated during the last century and a half.

Brereton's concert. Mr. Lazarus accompanied her in Spohr's "Bird and Maiden" exquisitely. I hope when she is married to Mr. Brereton (which she is to be, "anon, anon,") she will not cease to follow her art. I and the rest of the public never forgave Mdme. Semon, once Miss Rædekker, for robbing the public of a voice she had just taught us to love, when she married the eminent physician whose name she now bears. It is true that at every marriage the Prayer Book charges certain persons "for ever after to hold their peace"; but those words do not apply to the brides, especially when they can sing like nightingales.

Mr. E. Birch, an aspiring baritone, would have done well had he followed Mr. Brereton's example and taken Prince's instead of St. James's Hall for his benefit last week. He would then have had a small hall full instead of a large one half empty. I don't mean that Mr. Birch's friends did not muster in force, but they did not fill St. James's Hall. People must know well how to walk before they try to run. Mr. Birch is a pupil, and a very promising pupil, of Mr. C. H. Deacon, one of the best masters in London. He sang the inevitable "Revenge, Timotheus cries!" and some lighter compositions, with good and musicianly taste. As this was his *début*, I would rather reserve my further opinion upon the place he is destined to take in the artist world. He is young, his voice has not yet attained its full power, and his execution somewhat lacks spontaneity; but he has excellent qualities, and is evidently determined to succeed. Misses Hope Glen, Carlotta Elliott, and Agnes Larkcom also sang, and Mdme. Norman-Néruda played that eternal "High-school" violin sonatina of Handel's, of which I am quite tired. Why cannot soloists give us a greater variety of fresh compositions, or revive a few more of the buried treasures of the past, instead of repeating the half-dozen that have been unearthed, as if these were the only playable ones in the world? Have Tartini, Rode, Baillot, Viotti—not to name Spohr and De Beriot—written nothing? Yet how few of their compositions are now heard—and when heard they are always the same ones.

Mr. Bending's excellent concert at Prince's attracted a large audience. It was his sixteenth annual concert, and as Albert Hall organist, and a musician and composer of high culture, he is in a position to command success; but I sometimes ask myself, if every musician of a certain standing is to have his annual concert, whether we shall not have to increase the number of our concert-halls, or add on a few special concert weeks to each year? The only other alternative would be to advertise special "Small-hour Concerts"—to begin after twelve o'clock at night, carriages being ordered in time for breakfast. Instead of going home after a ball, the lover of music would then blithely repair to St. James's or Prince's and find a drowsy quartet or a slumberous melody of Cowen going on, through which he might dose till dawn of day. This is not a mere joke—indeed, to the musical critic it would be anything but a joke. I have been at smoking concerts before now which have fallen little, if at all, short of the appalling vision which I have just conjured up.

The Floral Hall Concerts are going on in a happy-go-lucky fashion. Names are used on the bills rather recklessly; the singers announced do not appear unless they feel inclined, and others take their places, expecting, I suppose, a return of good offices under similar aggravating circumstances. However, when three first-ladies are advertised and only one of them turns up, some people think it a little strong. A good singer singing three times, or others called in as stop-gaps, is not, from the public's point of view, as good as three good singers each singing once.

I see that Mdme. Sembrich, the prima-donna at the Royal Italian opera, is going to play the violin at Sir Julius Benedict's Jubilee Concert at the Albert Hall. She had better let it alone. She won't have anything like the success of the Duke of Edinburgh on the same instrument in the same Hall. I think Lablache once played the triangle for Paganini; but triangle artists are fewer than violin artists, and are not likely to provoke the same invidious comparisons. There is a touch of charlatanism, too, unworthy of our venerable Sir Julius about this prima-donna violin-playing. If any one is attracted by the announcement, we know very well they will only go to hear Mdme. Sembrich on the fiddle as they would go to hear Mr. Gladstone sing at a penny reading. But the Albert Hall is a big place; the Jubilee Concerts have to be crowded—with as little paper as may be. Could not Sir Arthur Sullivan be persuaded to accompany one of the "Hebrew Melodies" on the Jew's harp?

CRACK-BRAINED CHARITY.

Scarcely a London season passes without affording strange food for the philosopher or cynic. He asks himself where indeed conceit ends and charity begins. St. Peter told us a great many years ago that charity shall cover the multitude of sins; but little did that excellent Apostle know how the profession to which he had the honour to belong tested the value of that oft-quoted and frequently misapplied text. It is curious how eager well-bred and sensible women are to unsex themselves in the cause of charity. Discreet and modest at home, refined and gentle in all their ways, pattern mothers and virtuous maidens, the very instant a showman like Mr. John S. Wood blows his trumpet and parades his circus through the town, away they run at his heels, and exhibit the apparently innate vulgarity that has been concealed under a transparent social veneer. The word goes forth that some hospital needs funds, and that a fancy fair is to be held in the interests of the institution. Off go the women to paint their faces, ruddle their cheeks, dye their hair, and to assume a slangy and impudent tone. They will do anything in the world so long as they are protected by the shield of charity. They will stand behind a bar, draw beer, and mix gin cocktails; they will assume for the moment the leers and grimaces of the orthodox Hebe of the counter; they will listen without a blush to the impudent attentions of any one who cares to come and

Almond's Hotel, situated in the best position of the West-End and close to the theatres, parks, &c., is now re-opened. A spacious Salle à Manger and Ladies' Drawing-room have also been added, hot and cold baths and many single bedrooms. Special attention directed to sanitary arrangements. Clifford-street, Bond-street, W —J. R. Roy, Proprietor.

Minton's China.—Thomas Goode & Co., Artists and Designers in Porcelain, South Audley-street Grosvenor-square.

chaff them, and lead on men to say things that they would not dare say in a drawing-room or ball-room. The drinking-bar at a fancy fair is the most attractive incident of the show. Women fight for places in the drink department, and know perfectly well that in this section they can carry on flirtation to a point that would be impossible under any other conditions. Those who cannot squeeze in amongst the drinks are compelled to put up with ices and lemonade, light refreshments and unintoxicating beverages, which they dispense with an air of assurance that is anything but pleasing to such as admire the modesty of women. If not drink-dispensers or ice-vendors, the most brazen-faced women—the pink and pattern of propriety at home—attach themselves to flower-stalls where they "carry on" to their hearts' content. They kiss roses for half-a-crown, pin gardenias in men's coats for five shillings, and wink and ogle all day—all in the cause of charity. Some there are who have not the temperament to assume the "bold-faced jig" and to flirt and philander in public. They cannot tout or sell with all the eyes of South Kensington upon them, so they go out foraging on their own account. These are the most seductive of the charitable sirens. They follow men into corners, offer their wares on the sly, make eyes carefully concealed behind a booth, and generally have a good day of it, to the gain of some fashionable hospital, and to the loss of their own self-respect. The guiding principle of all fancy fairs is surely in antagonism with all that is refined and modest. Women in the pursuit of men do not form a pretty picture. It may not be actually harmful to bite off the end of a cheap cigar in order that strangers may mumble over it; to kiss flowers to enable old gentlemen to maunder over them; to whisper for a shilling; to wink for half-a-crown, and to indulge generally in a game of naughtiness that society at large has countenanced; but it often strikes the ordinary spectator as a little surprising that after the scenes that have already been enacted at the Albert Hall, fathers should countenance the engagement of their girls as pert barmaids, that brothers should care to see their sisters exposed to the impertinent familiarities of strangers who are encouraged to be familiar, or that husbands should view with pleasure their wives ogling and flirting with any "masher" of the period who cares to squeeze their pretty palms with a half-sovereign.

Recently the ordinary vulgar form of a fancy fair has taken a new departure. The women are tired of their normal costumes and petticoats. They are determined to masquerade. Last year they put on fancy dresses at the Old English Fair, and mighty foolish they all looked with the glare of the summer sunlight on their painted faces and the eyes of the thousands of sightseers gazing at their discovered legs. It requires some assurance to parade the Albert Hall in short petticoats and with exposed necks in daylight. Nothing abashed, however, the women are at it again; and, led into the usual ambush by Mr. J. S. Wood, they actually intend to play at the acting of Shakespearean characters in broad daylight and before the hungry eyes of the curious. Of all ghastly spectacles in this world, the most ghastly is to go behind the scenes of a theatre at a morning performance, and see the actors and actresses in their paint in the daytime. Juliet and Ophelia, Desdemona and Isabella, Portia and Rosalind, can be tolerated with the artificial aid of the footlights, but under the rays of the searching sun they are sorry to look upon. Think of a Richardson's Show at a statute fair, of a circus at daylight, of a green room in July, and then conceive the position in which these poor girls and modest women will be placed when arranged in front of pasteboard Shakespearean scenes, and dressed up in fancy costume to attract a crowd of vulgar sightseers. Juliet is excusable when "distance lends enchantment to the view," and Hamlet can be accepted with the footlights between him and his audience; but just conceive Juliet of Verona serving out hot coffee, or Portia biting off cigar ends, or Desdemona kissing rosebuds for the coat of the masher! What a degradation of all that is beautiful and ideal! What bathos of art! What vulgarity run rampant! Conceive the gentle Rosalind taking the text of her Shakespeare literally, and stumping about the Albert Hall in doublet and hose to kiss as many men as "had beards that pleased her, complexions that liked her, and breaths that she defied not!" A Rosalind, forsooth, who, no doubt, is at home a maiden of excellent modesty! Think what ribald jokes could easily be exchanged with Dame Quickly, and what Shakespearean licence could be indulged in by any one completely familiar with the text of the Bard! A more audacious ceremonial has never been conceived in the cause of charity. A play or scenes from Shakespeare would be all very well; *tableaux vivants* could not possibly be offensive; but, to allow the Romeos and Juliets, the Shylocks and Portias, the Rosalinds and Hecates, the houris and the hags to mix with the crowd and to tomfool at the stalls of a fancy fair, is one of the most astounding propositions that ever entered into the ingenious brain of a fashionable showman. The public will notice with unfeigned regret that several actors who have worthily upheld their art and the Shakespearean drama have added their influence to this outrageous carnival. The men and women who assist at it can only make themselves unenviably ridiculous. Art in its highest sense can only stand aghast at the notion of the beautiful creations of Shakespeare being degraded to the commonplace level of nineteenth-century realism! Fancy Ophelia in her white gown pushing through a South Kensington crowd to sell baby shoes or to raffle a doll! Picture Hermione making cocktails, or Celia coaxing half-crowns out of a masher's pocket! Imagine the deplorable spectacle of amateurs, in the most unfortunate sense of the word, masquerading in Shakespearean character in broad daylight, and without the protecting shield of the stage; and then say if anything more ridiculous is likely to be seen than this, except the wax figures that illustrate the history of costume at the Health Exhibition. That the charity, which is an excellent one—the Chelsea Hospital for Women—will be benefited considerably by the newest phase of fashionable tomfoolery I have no possible doubt, for never yet have amateurs exposed themselves to the chances of a more withering ridicule

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So far so good. If vain people will grin through a horse-collar, let it be to some purpose. But that modest women should lend themselves to this preposterous plan of dressing up as characters they cannot look or represent, for the sake of touting for a charity, however deserving; that self-respect should be sacrificed in order to advertise a hospital; that women in pain should be relieved by the blushes of their thoughtless sisters; that the name of Shakespeare should be taken in vain, and that actors and actresses should countenance the ridicule of the art by which they earn their livelihood, strikes the outside public as some of the most remarkable features of an age that prides itself on its refinement and good taste. Talk about the degradation of burlesquing Shakespeare on the stage! Why, who can revive imagination or fancy in connection with one of his plays again, when Juliet has turned herself into a barmaid, Ophelia into a vendor of penny ices, and Rosalind has either presided at a wheel-of-fortune or exhibited her legs to South Kensington at so much a head?

THE BARREL ORGAN.

Tune.—Bowling Over a Cricket Bogey.

Of all the fine games that undoubtedly serve
To promote self-reliance, pluck, firmness, and nerve,
There has not been a pastime, we always have claimed,
That could for one moment with Cricket be named!
No sport that brings out in so striking a way
The verve and the mettle of all those who play;
Or develops in those at the wicket who stand,
Such rare strength of mind, and such cool self-command.

Possessing this old-fashioned view, we must state
That we've noticed, with very pained feelings, of late,
Those repeated strange hints at the fear and the scare
Which are seen but too often, the papers declare,
In our English Elevens. In fact, we have heard
Some stories of funk which appear too absurd,
Unless by some magic the tone of the game
Has been wholly transformed since the Colonists came.

For we in the papers of matches have read,
Where through our Elevens such a panic has spread,
That when once the best of their wickets they've lost,
This fact has sufficed all their pluck to exhaust.
We have read of "a rot" setting in 'mongst "the tail,"
And of man after man going in but to fail,
Making never an effort gainst destiny's shock—
Too feeble to "slog" and too nervous to block!

We have heard with chagrin, how the best of our players,
Most resolute "bats" and redoubtable stayers,
Have let this same odd epidemic of scare,
Their often proved skill with "the willow" impair;
And leave them, forsaken by skill and by luck,
Possessed of the ill-omened egg of the duck,
The victims of panic as baseless as strange,
And o'erwhelmed by a fate that cool courage could change.

In short, of such abject displays we have read,
That to question the paper's reports we've been led,
And to ask, can it be batsmen well-known to fame
Who've behaved in a way so provokingly tame?
Were a second Eleven of small boys to act so,
We could find some excuse for so feeble a show,
But as to the pick of our players, we think
They might well from such silly timidity shrink.

For they're old enough, surely, their senses to keep,
Nor rush to their fate like a flock of dull sheep;
They have played enough matches to know, too, full well,
How dogged resistance oft breaks a bad spell,
And how, whilst there yet is a man to go in
It is never too late to a victory win;
And, at least, must have learned that of purposeless scare
They should above all things at all times beware!

But, thanks to the victory lately achieved,
Our dread of such scares has been somewhat relieved;
For, granting that things have been bad as they said,
And that our Elevens have indeed lost their head,
Overcome by a fear that they could not restrain,
They surely won't yield to the feeling again;
Nor let themselves into fresh terror be tricked
By a bubble that Marylebone's thoroughly pricked.

For now it's been proved that, as often 'tis found,
For the fear and the funk there was no proper ground,
Why the country again holds its head up in pride,
And no more by its own stalwart child is defied.
Our cricket's prestige once again is secure,
Our premier place at the wickets made sure;
And Englishmen still are well able to claim
To rival the plucky Australians' fame!

But even supposing this had not been so,
And that Marylebone had, up at Lord's, been laid low,
So much the more reason why panic and fear
Should ne'er mongst the best of our batsmen appear;
So much the more reason that they should continue
To use every muscle and strain every sinew,
Employ every effort, and miss ne'er a chance,
Their standard again in the fight to advance.

So much the more reason for showing, in fact,
That calm self-control, that reliance, that tact,
That boldness of judgment, that fertile resource,
Which cricket should breed as a matter of course;
With that coolness of courage, that clearness of brain
Which helps to the last a bold front to maintain,
And which should be found most supremely complete
In the hour of misfortune and day of defeat.

For though it would seem that disaster is past,
The triumph at Lord's may be too good to last;
So we still would fain hope that, whate'er be in store
For our cricket, we hear of a panic no more;
No more have it said that a run of bad luck
Can develop a scare or extinguish our pluck—
In short, ne'er be told, midst a general jeer,
That our cricketers suffer from school-boyish fear.

NOTES FROM PARIS.

AN EX-UNITED STATES MINISTER.

We have been revisited by General Noyes, who won laurels and lost a leg in the American Civil War, and who was during four years the U.S. Minister in Paris. He has had to run away to London to avoid being killed with kindness. It was impossible otherwise to get rid of more invitations to *déjeuners* and *dîners* than he could partake of without injury to health. The General, before he came to France as representative of the great American Republic, used to take "three square meals and a light breakfast every day." He found here that a substantial repast in the forenoon and another in the evening were as many as he needed, and that full feeding did not conduce to a joyous humour. Noyes is a man of broad nature, generous disposition, much shrewdness, "go," mother wit, and of rare originality. He calls himself a Yankee because he is from Massachusetts. But the fact of being born in a stable does not make a man a horse. The General is as much a Gascon as President Kruger is a Dutchman, although it is more than a hundred years ago since a Noyes

from whom he is descended went to America with a group of South of France Protestants. I knew him very well when he was U.S. Minister here, and had a long talk with him at the delightful ball given by Colonel James MacKaye and his winsome Franche-Comtoise wife. The General has the forehead, and almost the profile, hair, beard, chest, shoulders, and joviality of poor Gambetta. The *timbre* of his voice is also just what that of Gambetta was, before Coquelin drilled it into relative softness. He has the *rondeur* of manner of the great French orator; and, like him, while very shrewd and circumspect, he seems to wear his heart upon his sleeve. At a dinner at which he made a short speech last week, Hecht, one of Gambetta's most intimate friends, came up to him, his eyes filled with tears, to shake his hand and say how much he resembled the deceased statesman. Next day the American-Gascon received a beautiful portrait of Gambetta, which might pass for one of himself. But to return to Colonel and Mrs. MacKaye's party, and my conversation there with the ex-Minister. "General," I said, "I'm delighted to meet you again. How do you get along now?" "Pretty well," he answered, "for a poor, shattered hulk who has to identify himself, from the time he rises in the morning till he goes to bed at night, with a walking-stick and an artificial leg. But I'm now fifty-one, and snow falls, as you may observe, on my beard. I can't brush it off." "And how do you kill time on the other side of the herring-pond?" "Well, in practising law at Cincinnati, where I live and have an office. I've had turns at land, war, and diplomacy, and now I'm courting Themis. She encourages me to persevere, and I'm doing a fair business. I have practice enough to make me relish a few weeks' idleness over here. But what troubles me on this side of the ocean is that friends are too kind to let my digestive organs rest along with my brain. They want to feast me all the time." "And your good lady, General?" "She's very well." "Is she with you?" "No; she did not like the idea of traversing the Atlantic so soon after the equinox. The ocean steamers, she also knew, would be terribly crowded. Sixty-five thousand are the summer average of tourists to Paris." "An uncomfortable number for the United States Minister." "Well, we never thought so. We were not rich, and never set up to be so. We just threw open our doors when we were in town, and invited Americans and French Republicans to walk in. They received a hearty welcome, were offered as good refreshments as our means permitted, and were free to entertain each other in a conversational way. We found that all who came to us were pleased, and we made many more friends than enemies. On Sunday evenings we had the Rev. Doctor Hitchcock and some other musical and religious friends. My wife is a religious lady of North of Ireland birth, and I stick close to her skirts to make sure of a place in Heaven. Her whole life has been simple, sweet, and lovely. If I hold on to her I am pretty certain that the celestial gates won't be slammed in my face. I'm gratified to learn how well her unaffected, kind ways are appreciated here by our own compatriots and by French Republicans." The General, I could see, was an admirer of beauty. He frequently asked such questions as "Who is that lady in the blue velvet bodice?" or "that other one in pink and silver?" His artificial leg debarred him from the pleasure of dancing, except in State quadrilles. But, fortunately, his eye retained its appreciative power. The sight of a beautiful woman affected him as did a fair flower. He did not fall in love with her, because he was not a Mormon, and his heart of hearts was absorbed in a domestic passion; but he admired, and was thankful to have an opportunity to do so. "And what about the riots at Cincinnati?" I asked. "Oh! they're all over. They were caused by unscrupulous lawyers, who managed procedure and legislation in a way to enable them to get off criminals who were up for trial. The storm has cleared the atmosphere. I had to-day a letter from home, in which I was told that all goes on nicely; Mac Hugh is to be executed, and the Grand Jury is certain to find a true bill against a lawyer accused of bribing jurors. The lawyer aforesaid contrived to have only illiterate jurors empanelled. They were labourers who were in a hurry to get back to their work, and who never refused an invitation to take a drink." I asked General Noyes if he had any rule of conduct as Minister here. "Why, yes," he answered; "I always tried to square my conduct according to my Republican principles, and to keep on the best terms with the natural representatives of the French people. We were not society people in the 'high life' sense, and did not want to be. We cultivated Jules Simon, Laboulaye, Thiers, Gambetta, and men like them. My wife was attracted towards good and noble-hearted ladies, and found many of them out. A lady for whose charity she has the warmest sympathy is Mrs. Mackay. She could tell you a deal about her good actions that might surprise you. The greater part of them were simply dictated by a kind, womanly heart, coupled with no wish to show off."

The MacKaye (not, observe, Mackay) ball at which this conversation took place, came off in a set of rooms which Mdlle. Van Zandt has recently vacated, and in the suite below. The former were given over to the dancers, and the supper and buffet were served downstairs. There were flowers in profusion, pretty dresses, and pretty faces to keep them in countenance. Colonel MacKaye is a picturesque old man of the Ironsides type, and just missed being born in the north of Scotland, from which his family emigrated to Argyle, in Vermont. He brought, fourteen years ago, a letter of introduction to me from Parke Godwin, the son-in-law of the poet Bryant, who styled him one of the finest old Romans he had ever come across. He has the most powerfully graphic tongue that I ever heard in flaying any one he hates or despises, or in lauding a person whom he admires. The Colonel is a West Point man, and sacrificed health and wealth in the Civil War. As he is not an adroit politician, his country did not reward him. However, he can afford to go unrewarded, and leads a rambling existence, although he has a delightful home in Paris. To-day he may be at Thebes, in Egypt, next week *en route* for the Holy Land, and, in another month, on his way to Florida, Cuba, or New York, if he does not fancy a tour in the Himalayas or the Thibetan mountains.

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THE LEVY-MORTON INCIDENT.

It is a dangerous thing to touch French conspirators. The United States Minister has exposed himself to a menacing growl from an official organ by giving an entertainment in honour of the Comte de Paris and his ducal advisers. Mr. Morton is one of those men who, when he has visitors at his house, does his best to send them away with an agreeable impression. When the Comte de Paris, the Duc Decazes, the Countess De Ganay (*née* Ridgeway), the De Broglies, *et tutti quanti*, were his guests a fortnight ago, he doubtless thought he would best please them by humouring the pretensions of the first-named personage to the Throne of France. Indeed, if he had not done so, neither the head of the House of France nor his partisans would have enjoyed themselves. The Comte de Paris is a plain country squire in Normandy; but he stands very much upon his regal dignity at Chantilly and in the Faubourg St. Germain, where the Duchess of Galliera allows him the use of a mansion which her son scorns to inhabit. The Comte de Paris' disposition has undergone a marked change since the Comte de Chambord's death. He was always touchy, but he is now *outrageux*. M. Barthélemy St. Hilaire has reminded me that Thiers said of him in 1872, "Le Comte de Paris mettrait le feu aux quatre coins de la France pour cuire son œuf." If he had been treated at the house of the American Minister as a simple gentleman, in the presence of Lord Lyons and Prince Hohenlohe, he would have been sure to have taken offence. Having invited him, Mr. Morton was easily drawn by his hospitable bent into receiving him in a way that has nettled the gods of the Republican Olympus. Among the circumstances boasted of by the Royalists is the following, which throws a strong light on the character of the Pretender. A young lady expressed to the U.S. Minister her wish to be acquainted with the Comte de Paris. Mr. Morton conveyed to him her desire. Instead of advancing towards her as Louis Quatorze or the Prince of Wales certainly would have done, he intimated that he would feel much pleasure in allowing her to be presented. Accordingly, Mr. Morton went back to her and said—(what else could he say, given the situation and the pretensions of Philippe VII.?)—"The Comte de Paris permits me to introduce you to him." Orleanists present made use of this and other small incidents to give rise to the idea that the United States had in a way admitted the sovereignty of Philippe VII. Telegrams were sent to heads of Royalist Committees in the provinces, which naturally were looked into by officials and reported on. Hence the growl of the semi-official Press. It would not surprise me were I to hear of steps being taken to sweep the entire Orleans family out of the country. They will never be able to make the monarchical Humpty-Dumpty what it was again, but they might be a cause of serious trouble. I think it was an error of judgment for the American Minister to have invited an active and open Pretender and his staff to the residence of the Legation. I dare say he was led into it by a set of American ladies, quite unworthy of their great country, who set up to be the leaders of society here, because they have large fortunes, and have married idle Frenchmen of more or less dubious nobility. These ladies regard all untitled Europeans as mean whites, and have got to fancy that a nation without a nobility is like a garden without flowers. It is quite true, as the *République Française* alleges, that Mr. and Mrs. Morton are liable to meet, in Royalist drawing-rooms, speckled peaches, who would not be admitted into any respectable house in New York. As Mrs. Morton has beauty, fine shoulders, and is very ornamental in a ball-room, it is not astonishing that she should be run after by the Comte de Paris set. I think her too clever to share their illusions, but I dare say she is not insensible to their attentions.

The Marquise de Belbœuf, *née* de Morny, is reviving the *victime* mode of wearing the hair. In her phaëton suit and melon hat, she might be taken for a very wide-awake and handsome boy. Madame Tallien used to be *coiffée à la victime* when she perorated in the Clubs at Bordeaux, dressed in a riding-habit.

It was remarked that *ci-devant* beauties of the Second Empire flocked into the Orleans' box at Chantilly on the Derby Day. The Duc de Castries, whose horse won, is a brother of La Maréchale MacMahon and of Comtesse de Beaumont. He is an amateur of scents, and smells like a perfumer's sho . A few years ago his wife (a *diva* of Vienna) obtained a judgment of the Civil Tribunal to deprive him of all control over her fortune. His hotel, *entre cour et jardin*, is one of the grandest in the noble Faubourg. The first Duc de Castries was a *gommeux* of the Court of Marie Antoinette. She got her easy-going husband to raise him to the highest grade of French nobility, because he, with three other members of *la jeunesse dorée* of his time, amused her when she was confined to her room by an attack of measles.

SPORTING NOTES.

THE returns of last week's meetings are eminently calculated to negative the idea that racing is "coming" south. There was some fairly interesting sport at the meetings north of the Trent, but in the south the fields were wretchedly meagre, and the quality of the competitors was contemptible in the extreme. The resuscitation of Bath may have been successful from the local point of view, but so far as racing went, the failure of the meeting was complete and ignominious. There were no horses either from Kingsclere or from Newmarket, and a still more serious loss was the absence of the familiar "all scarlet." The meeting is not likely to find again so munificent a patron as Mr. Stirling-Crawfurd, who, in the extent of his entries for all sorts of stakes, was the most princely owner in the whole history of the turf. Salisbury was better than Bath—it could not possibly have been worse—but this pleasant meeting also shows most unmistakable signs of decadence. The only feature of note was the victory of Dethroned in the Wiltshire Stakes, this being the first race he has secured since Cannon gave 700 gs. for him about two years ago, although the brute has been

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Vanity Fair says:—"Mr. Benjamin is still the Prince of Ulster and Stalking-Coat Makers." Ulster House, Conduit-street, W.

backed often enough. Harpenden proved a very Moscow-expedition for the backers, the good things being ruthlessly upset. At York, Victor Emmanuel was a very hot favourite for the Great Northern Handicap, but he never showed prominently in the race, which fell to the colt by Camballo—Florence Aislabie, after an exciting struggle with Lawminster. The winner is trained by I'Anson at Malton, but it will hardly be possible to make him useful in trials, as the second, who is no flyer, was giving him 28 lb. Lord Zetland was compensated for his disappointment here by winning the Doncaster Handicap with Toastmaster, who walked away from a large field, after he had bolted and thrown his rider, the result of his abominable antics being his sudden retreat from nine to two taken to twenty to one offered. Mr. James Lowther's popular colours were well to the fore in the Zetland Stakes at York on King Monmouth, a very handsome colt by King Lud—Miss Somerset, who had been so well tried before he left Newmarket that 13 to 8 was accepted about him in a field of ten. He won in a canter, and must be a smart colt. The success of a non-betting owner in a good stable is always highly satisfactory. King Monmouth's next engagement is the Foal Stakes at Stockbridge. The Eglinton Stakes fell to Mr. L. Rothschild's Vanda, who is notable as being the first of the stock of Sir Bevys.

The principal stakes at the charming Baden-Baden meeting close next Tuesday, and they are well worthy of the patronage of English owners. The course at Iffezheim is a capital one in all respects, and considering that there is really nothing of importance in England between Goodwood and Doncaster, I wonder these valuable races do not attract larger entries from this country. Of course, there is not much betting at Baden, comparatively speaking, but the stakes are well worth winning, and a victory there does not involve a great rise in the private handicap books of Messrs. Weatherby. The principal events are a two-year-old race, with £1,000 added, a two miles' race for three-year-olds, with £2,000 added and a cup, and a steeplechase, with £1,000 added.

The defeat of Archiduc by Little Duck in the French Derby is far and away the most inexplicable reversal of public form that we have been astonished with since Dutch Oven's runaway victory in the Leger, a fortnight after she had run like a plater (and a very bad plater) at York. Archiduc walked away from Little Duck in the Poule d'Essai, and the Duc de Castries' colt sustained another damaging defeat, when he was beaten in the Prix Reiset by Barbery, who is no flyer, although he has since won the Prix d'Apremont at Chantilly; so that it was generally thought that the favourite had only Fra Diavolo to beat, and it seemed scarcely conceivable that M. Aumont's "crack" could already have recovered from the mysterious illness with which he was attacked when running at Longchamps about six weeks ago, and which was supposed to be caused by his having been "got at" by some miscreant. However, Little Duck won cleverly, and Fra Diavolo ran sufficiently well to justify hopes that he will yet distinguish himself in some of his numerous engagements. Archiduc's nomination for the Grand Prix is void, but Little Duck and Fra Diavolo are engaged, and this pair are the best of the French contingent; while England may be represented by Lambkin, St. Médard, and Queen Adelaide. It may be hoped that the Duc de Castries will enter his son of See Saw and Light Drum in either the Goodwood Cup or the Jockey Club Cup, and he may be encouraged to do so by the fact that stamina is believed to be the colt's strong point. Archiduc is pretty sure to be engaged in these stakes, so that after all he may yet meet St. Simon. He has been a cheap purchase to Mr. Lefevre and T. Jennings, who gave £4,000 for him in January, as he has already won nearly £6,000 in stakes. Baron Rothschild must regret that he was prevented from concluding his purchase of the colt by an unfavourable veterinary report, as, spavin or no spavin, the fact remains that Archiduc has gone through a long and severe preparation on hard ground, and that he has simply walked in for three valuable stakes. There is no reason why the English trio I have named should not go to France for the race of Sunday week, for at Ascot Lambkin is only in the Rous Memorial, which will not be worth more than £1,000, while the Grand Prix will be more like £6,000. St. Médard and Queen Adelaide are likewise in this stake, which is run on the Cup day. St. Médard is also in the Hardwicke on Friday, which is the most valuable stake of the week, and in which he might meet Busybody, Scot Free, Tristan, and Talisman. Queen Adelaide's other engagements at Ascot are the Derby and the rich Coronation Stakes. Busybody is in the latter, but in the former there is actually nothing better than Beauchamp and Loch Ranza.

EPSOM.

When writing about the Derby last week, I gave a plumper for St. Médard, and I see no reason to doubt the wisdom of my selection.

With regard to the Oaks, that race seems, on public form, as great a certainty for the favourite as it was in the respective years of Wheel of Fortune, Thebais, and Geheimniss. If Busybody comes fit and well to the post, it is not easy to see how she is to be beaten. Given that Queen Adelaide is to run in the Derby, nothing would induce me to support her for the Oaks. The stock of Hermit (and especially his daughters) do not often show to advantage twice in the same week. The tragedy of Shotover cannot yet be forgotten. She beat a good field easily in the Two Thousand; but, two days later, in the One Thousand, she was defeated by St. Marguerite, to whom when fresh she could have given the best part of a stone. Last year there was a vast difference between the form of Queen Adelaide in the July Stakes and in the Chesterfield. Superba ran most creditably in the Two Thousand, considering that she was decidedly backward, and Peck was wise to withdraw her from the One Thousand, as it might have ruined her to knock her about when half fit. This filly wants time, and she is not likely to be at her best till later in the season. Lord Bradford's victory would be very acceptable, but as there was no excuse for

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Whitelock's defeat at Newmarket I do not see how she can be expected to reverse the form with Busybody, and in the One Thousand she did not run like a stayer. If Busybody is beaten (of course, she might go amiss on or before Friday), anything may win.

NEXT WEEK.

There will be five meetings during Whitsun-week, but the only ones at which the sport is likely to be of a high class will be Manchester and Sandown Park. There are capital entries for both the weight-for-age stakes and the handicaps at Manchester, but unless there is a heavy fall of rain, this ground will be so hard that owners will be afraid to start their horses, especially the two-year-olds. The Whitsuntide Plate of £2,000 is one of the most valuable two-year-old stakes in the whole season—indeed, it is only likely to be beaten by the Middle Park Plate. The entry includes the Kempton Park hero, Necromancer, who has 7 lb. penalty, and we may take it that he is the best of the public lot. The dark contingent includes Sir G. Chetwynd's 2,550 gs. Goldsmith, the Duke of Portland's 2,000 gs. Rosy Morn, and several grandly-bred animals belonging to "Mr. Manton," among them being a brother to Thebais and Clairvaux, a filly by Sterling—Marie Stuart (the first living produce of that famous mare), and the good-looking colt by Hermit—Perfume, for which A. Taylor paid 820 gs. last July. Mr. Lefevre has entered the half-sister (by See Saw) to Wild Thyme, which cost 450 gs. at Doncaster; and the 520 gs. sister to Hauteur. R. Peck has engaged the 1,600 gs. sister to Queen Adelaide, and Sir J. Willoughby has the 1,200 gs. sister to that good but most unlucky mare Cipolata, which he bought at the sale of the Mentmore yearlings; and the half brother (by Rosicrucian) to Pero Gomez, for which he gave 1,500 gs. at the sale of the Blankney team, and which it may be hoped will turn out better than the other produce of Salamanca since Vasco da Gama. This ought to be the most interesting race of the week.

The Manchester Cup has become, not only the richest handicap of the season, but it is now the heaviest betting race of that description between the City and Suburban and the Cesarewitch. There has already been plenty of speculation on next week's contest, and the operations will be greatly extended after the decision of the Derby. Last year I plumped for Primrose II., who walked in; and he has been backed for the approaching race, but I do not fancy him on this occasion. Corrie Roy is favourite, with 9 st. 10 lb., which is 2 lb. less than Isonomy carried when he won here four years ago. "Mr. Manton's" mare was not fit when she ran for the Newmarket Handicap, in which race she would have been a good second to Victor Emmanuel, if she had been ridden out. She seems to me to be over-weighted here, for it must not be forgotten that although she won several handicaps last year, and always carried top-weight, yet she never beat anything really smart. Tonans does not appear to have a chance with 8 st. 6 lb. and I do not think that Chislehurst is any catch at the weights over this course; while prudent people will leave Borneo alone until they see how he performs at Epsom. Cameliard has been well backed because he "ought to have won" the Chester Cup. This is the sort of dreary twaddle which one hears every week about some horse or other. He had a real good chance at Chester, and here also he is "thrown in," but will be strange if something is not found to beat him. Indeed, I could now name an animal which, if all is right, will probably take the rize; but, under the circumstances, it will be more prudent to defer my selection till next week.

The Sandown Derby, on Friday (a ridiculous designation for a five-furlong race), will be worth about £2,200. The sister-to-Adelaide colt takes a 5 lb. maiden allowance, and this distance will just suit him. Superba has a 7 lb. penalty, and so also has Queen Adelaide, and they will be pretty well exhausted by their exertions at Epsom, so that Sir G. Chetwynd seems to have an excellent chance of securing this good stake if he keeps his horse fresh for it. He can surely beat Condor and Camlet. The big two-year-old race on the second day has a large entry, of which General Pearson's Red Rag colt and Cock Robin (who won two races at the last Newmarket meeting) are the best of those which have run, and the stake is not sufficiently valuable to bring out any dark animals of high calibre.

It is now definitely settled that Lord Falmouth's yearlings, brood-mares, and sires will be sold at Newmarket (in Lady Stamford's paddocks) on the afternoon of June 30, being the Monday in the July week.

MAMMON.

STOCK EXCHANGE CHATTER.

THE financial crisis in New York has not yet run its course; in fact, it has only just entered its second stage. There has, however, been less excitement in the American market. The effect of the crash in Wall-street is to some extent wearing off, and a few speculative purchases on London account gave at one time a temporary fillip to prices. But the elements of a sustained recovery are wanting. With the cut-throat policy of carrying East-bound freight at a dead loss, the chances of profitable working become more remote. "Pools" have been on their trial, and have been found a delusion and a snare. For the future, every Railroad Company in the States will have to look after its own interests without any such artificial combination. When Erie Seconds fell the other day to about 71, the "tip" was passed round to buy them by gentlemen who had had their fill of these Bonds, and didn't care if they never touched them again. The unwary fell into the trap, and bought, only to see the "good thing" transformed in an incredibly short time into a very "nasty" one. No one but a simpleton would buy Erie Bonds just now. I do not refer to the First Mortgages, for they are probably safe enough, and really represent a mortgage claim; but who, with

I certainly recommend Mr. & Mrs. Hart, 15, Stockbridge-terrace, Pimlico, S.W., as the most just and liberal purchasers of Cast-off Clothes, Jewellery, and every description of property. They punctually keep appointments, and remit P.O.O. for articles per return.

John Shaw, Share Broker, Wardrobe-chambers, Queen Victoria-st. deals at tape prices an inclusive commission of one-sixteenth.

any knowledge of facts, would lock away such rubbish as is represented by the "quasi" Second Mortgage Bonds? There is an ugly outlook for English holders in the fact that the British Committee of Trustees has ceased to exist. My advice is, Do not meddle with Erie Stocks unless you wish to pit yourself against the heroes of the thimble trick. "Readings" have been another great card for the "bears" this account. The murder is now out, and the fall is fully justified, as it appears that the Company are in such straits for money that they are compelling their employés to accept deferred warrants for their salaries. There are some sinister rumours, too, about "Milwaukees," and knowing men are letting out "rope." I hear that an arrangement will be made with Denver bondholders for their interest falling due shortly. This line, under the new management, is said to be about the only fair and square concern in the States.

Grand Trunks are rather better than they have been. The Secretary of the Company has been badgered to death with correspondence, showing that the monthly statements were all moonshine, and did not include the increase for fixed charges on the leased lines. He is enjoying a short-lived triumph over his assailants by explaining, in his reply, that the total increase of fixed charges this half-year will be only £7,000. But, somehow, the market does not believe the Grand Trunk people, even when they have got something reassuring to tell. It is the case of "*Timeo Danaos, et dona ferentes.*"

English railway stocks are very little dealt in just now. The large dealers have migrated into the American market, where there is a better field for a "book." Under this influence, the "pork chop" division, as a very comfortable-looking group of operators is nicknamed, with an attenuated market to oppose them, have rigged up Brighton "A." By so doing, they have afforded much relief to another and more knowing set of operators, who are credited with intuitive knowledge of when to get out. There was some excitement in Great Western Railway Stock at the end of the week. Prices advanced sharply on rumoured influential purchases. It is understood by those professing to be well up in the affairs of the Company that the Directors will not issue any more Ordinary Stock in the market this half-year.

The gambling in Mexican Rails continues. The report sent them down; the last tariff return swung the pendulum the other way. Will the rise continue? I doubt it. A perusal of the report makes it evident that the dividend on the Ordinary Stock has not been legitimately earned. There is, moreover, no "bear" account to keep the price up, the "good buyers" of many months past having sold out in despair. All advices from Mexico represent trade there to be in a deplorable condition, and until the corner is rounded again the "bulls" of Mexican Rails will have to look to their differences. The Mexican Railway meeting on Monday presented a perfectly colourless exposition of the affairs of the Company, in which the favourable features were as nearly as possible counterbalanced by the unfavourable.

A COMMITTEE OF INVESTIGATION.

When the long-suffering shareholder finds that the Company in which he has invested his money has drifted into serious financial straits, the blandishments of the Directors lose their power and a Committee of Investigation is usually resorted to. This is often somewhat like locking the stable door when the steed has been stolen. After exorbitant payments for patents and promotion money, lavish expenditure, and general mismanagement, it is usually a hopeless task to pull a Company straight again. This, I am afraid, is the case with the Consolidated Telephone Construction and Maintenance Company, the shareholders in which have just appointed a Committee of Investigation, besides dispensing with the services of their Chairman, Sir Julius Vogel, at present abroad. A year ago I advised the shareholders in this Company to insist upon a return to them of whatever money had not already gone into the pockets of Directors and other such money-suckers. Unfortunately, they did not take my advice, and now they have to pay for it. It will be remembered that out of an issued share-capital of £225,000 no less than £137,000 was paid, for patents and goodwill, to Mr. Gower and the Gower-Bell combination—in other words, to the Telephone Ring. £100,000 of this sum was supposed to represent the value of this famous Combination's contract with the Postmaster-General for the supply of telephones. How this contract can ever have been valued at so high a figure I am at a loss to understand. As things have turned out, the Postmaster-General has, under this contract, only ordered 5,000 telephones, and the Directors admit that the profits from this source have dwindled down to almost nothing. To make matters worse, the Directors went into Company-promoting, and the whole capital is now locked up. Amongst other ventures, they undertook the introduction of the telephone into Austria, and actually paid another £24,000 for the Austrian concession, besides incurring other heavy liabilities. These it had been intended to transfer to a baby Company, but there is a hitch somewhere, and the would-be parent is saddled with the whole responsibility. A glance at the balance-sheet shows very few realisable assets, and I should like to know what "discount and expenses in connection with further issue of capital, £5,685," means. Perhaps the Committee of Investigation will throw some light on the subject. By the way, how could a clause providing "that no Director should be disqualified from contracting with the Company" be inserted in the articles of association? To quote the words of a shareholder, "his hair stood on end when he read it, as this opened a large field to the Directors for making profits out of contracts." For whose benefit can this clause have been adopted? It would be interesting to know whether such contracts have been made, and if so, what benefits have accrued from them.

The Effects of the Proposed Alteration of Consols from 3 per Cent. to 2¾ per Cent.—Consols: The return to Investors will be so small that many are selling for more remunerative Investments. Debentures and Preferences: In consequence of the demand for these Stocks, prices have risen so much that not more than 3¼ to 3½ can be obtained on an Investment. Investment and Trust Co.'s: These we consider the Most Remunerative of all forms of Investment, and are as Safe as Debentures and Preferences. Our May Circular and Supplement, sent post-free, contains full Information regarding these, with Special Recommendations. Abbott, Page, & Co., Stockbrokers, 42, Poultry, London, E.C.

Options.—Explanatory Pamphlet on Stock Exchange Options, post-free. John Abbott & Co., Stock and Share Brokers, 21 and 22, Palmerston Buildings, London, E.C

LONDON LIFE.

I.

MY DEAR SON,—By your determination to live the greater part of the year in London you have started on a road which may at your age lead to a high social position and gain for you the friendship and respect of the community at large or land you in a quagmire of difficulties. Your future is in your own hands, and depends upon whether you take advantage of the opportunities afforded you or succumb to the temptations of a vast city.

Henceforth your mother and sister will tell you the orthodox domestic anecdotes, and keep you duly informed of the doings of the dogs and the health of the horses, while I will devote my letters to warning you against such pitfalls as my experience teaches me are most dangerous and at the same time most insidious. Do not imagine that I intend treating you to a series of sermons. No doubt the teachings of your excellent tutors, and I trust your own instincts, to say nothing of your ample income, will keep you from anything like gross misbehaviour. But there are mistakes prompted by the ignorance of youth and encouraged by those whose business it is to traffic on inexperience, which lead to irretrievable loss of character, dignity, and position. It is from errors such as young men in town are most easily attracted to that I hope to deter you; faults that you may glide into unwittingly, even honourably, but from which you cannot be extricated without compromising yourself in the eyes of the world, and without being with justice considered a fool by such acquaintances as a gentleman should desire to cultivate.

It is from adventurers that you have most to fear. Not dusky-jowled burglars, receivers of stolen property, murderers with long knives, and such like melodramatic criminals, but sleek scoundrels, who, with shiny hats, irreproachable boots, and gaudy waistcoats, lie in wait for prey, leading it into extravagant follies for their own benefit, but who are wary enough not to overstep the boundary of punishable offences. The fact that you are an unimportant person in large London (for you are unimportant despite the *Hon.* prefix to your name) will not protect you from the machinations of these gentry. They do not stop for volunteers. Organised with foresight and ability worthy of an honourable cause, they work in gangs, making it their business to know the affairs of every young fellow in town who is at all likely to prove amenable to their plans. They will find you out, and as modesty is no failing of any of them, they will come across you by one of those multifarious accidents they can generally command. Almost the instant you arrived in town they were apprised of the fact, probably by their sharp lawyer, who knows full well your whole family history. He peruses the peerage with more regularity than he attends his synagogue, and by this time knows the extent, not only of your means, but of mine, the number of your brothers and sisters, how much of our property is entailed, and what settlements I can make of the remainder. Do not in your vanity imagine that you have been specially selected for persecution and plunder. Half a dozen expectant heirs probably come of age this month. Some sink while others swim. If one dupe of the six fall into the trap that will be set for him, he pays for his more wily compeers. Each member of the sharping fraternity ("lumberers" they are known as at Scotland Yard) has his specially appointed duty to perform. Some are told off to discover the whereabouts of the pigeon; others more presentable then come on the scene. Councils are held, and a precise plan of campaign is decided on, to be varied according to the credulity of the greenhorn. Watchers are selected who make themselves agreeable and interesting by their knowledge of men and things. If they do not at once gain the confidence of the victim, they can at least entertain him with worldly stories. Their avowed shrewdness is more deceptive than simulated stupidity. It is for them to remain in close attendance and discover the habits of the gull.

How, you would ask, could you become acquainted with persons such as I describe. The difficulty is theirs, my son, not yours, and they overcome it. First, they satisfy themselves that you are worth the candle. Even bankers' clerks occasionally require temporary pecuniary accommodation, and their I.O.U's. for small amounts are curiously negotiable without interest amongst the greediest usurers. That you keep an account with Messrs. Trois-Etoiles was not difficult to find out, since you gave your tailor a cheque on them only a few days ago; and the subordinates of West-end tradesmen can hardly keep their families and smoke tenpenny cigars on their salaries alone. Then there are, I am sorry to say, many men who started life with prospects almost equal to your own, but who, having been ruined by the follies against which I caution you, are now tools—almost accomplices—in the hands of the most insinuating class of sharpers. In return for a cursory introduction or item of information they get the price of a good dinner, the enjoyment of which would, unless for this, be indefinitely postponed.

Without the formality of an introduction you think that a stranger could hardly become known to you, still less intimately; but you may be attacked when you are least or most on the defensive. Tradesmen's travellers, jewellers, money-lenders' touts, tobacconists' young men, call on you every day. Against these, perhaps, you can protect yourself. But you cannot suspect that the smart-looking lad who familiarly slaps you on the back at the Royal Academy, addresses you by a name that is not yours, and excuses himself politely with the explanation that he thought you were Lord Tomnoddy, with whom he was at Harrow, has made no mistake, and that the situation has been deliberately thought out and planned. You can see no reason for doubting this voluble person, and though you may properly refuse his proffered glass of sherry at the refreshment-room, yet the statement that he is just off to see a cock-fight or a couple of clever novices have a turn with the gloves for a pony aside, will arouse your sporting instinct, and without an idea that you are committing a fatal indiscretion, you will

The Kaps Pianofortes, grand and upright. These celebrated instruments can be obtained at C. E. Flavell's, 26, North Audley-street, W.

Mr. Streeter, 18, New Bond-street, London, having decided to retire from the Jewellery Trade offers his Valuable Stock of Diamond Ornaments, Gem Jewellery, &c., at a great reduction. The public will therefore have special opportunities for the next few months of obtaining some of this high-class stock on advantageous terms.

find yourself bowling in the gaudiest of hansoms towards the Haymarket or Long Acre with a person who, for all you have cared to inquire, may be an Irish assassin or a Wimbledon burglar. In twelve months' time, when you may be seriously involved through this man and his fellow conspirators, you will not be able to think how on earth you took the first step to ruin. It does not take long to organise such an entertainment as will gull one so inexperienced as yourself. While a pair of four-year-old roosters are pecking each other in the back parlour of a low public-house, or a couple of fat blackguards pretend to spar with all their energy, you will be introduced to the brother of a fashionable jockey, to the morganatic husband of a music-hall songstress, to a financial agent, a decrepit prize-fighter or two, and a couple of so-called bookmakers; and in these introductions your danger lies. Amongst the shrewd, clever scoundrels they will discern your particular "weakness." May be (for, although I do not forget that boisterous bump supper that nearly got you sent down, I have not yet found out your vices) you have a latent longing to gamble at horse-racing, or you have a hankering after "ladies of the drama," or for those obsolete and cruel practices which synonymized brutality and sport. Wherever it be, your soft spot will be laid bare, and when you endeavour to return the hospitality you have received by inviting your friend of the picture show to dine at your chambers, club, or at a restaurant, he will come fully prepared with a fascinating programme for the morrow. To imagine that you will resist is to look for precocious knowledge of which I do not suspect you. Horse-racing is invariably the first bait held out. On a racecourse it is so difficult to pick out the few honest men from the scum which is the natural accessory of the pastime. A "real good thing," tipped by the brother of the jockey who is going to ride it, will surely entice you, although you do not want money in the least. Your new acquaintance, by this time your dearest friend, will offer to make bets for you. He can get a better price than the ring-men will offer a novice like yourself. You are tempted, and of course lose, little dreaming that the money you have betted has gone into the pockets of your commissioner and his confederate, who make a "book" on this occasion only for your special delectation. In almost every race there is one horse at least which cannot win, and this is the one that you, under the guidance of your astute companion, will back. If by some unforeseen extraordinary circumstance the horse should win, you will be advised to play up like a sportsman, and be encourged by worn-out stories of persons who ran one sovereign into ten thousand in a fortnight. By the end of the day you will assuredly be a loser; by the end of a week possibly in debt, and in a month seriously involved. Surrounded by blacklegs, who prove the soundness of their contentions by a scientific calculation of weights which you do not in the least understand, you will plunge to recoup yourself, and then, when at the end of your ready money, you admit that you are hard up, you will be met with the rejoinder: "You can sign your name, I suppose." Here is the first step to ruin. A solicitor will be introduced; he charges only ten per cent. to cover all his costs for doing nothing, and his client, who will be so happy to oblige, is a most reasonable person, being also content with only ten per cent. interest. That it is ten per cent. *per month*, he omits to mention, and you do not take the trouble to calculate. It is so easy to sign one's name across a slip of blue paper.

By this time you will consider yourself to be a man of the world. Your companions will persuade you that you are so, and the superficial knowledge of the details of certain swindles which no gentleman need be acquainted with will encourage the belief. Wise folk will shake their heads when they see you with companions of whom they know no ill except that they are notorious as "wrong 'uns." Old Eton and Oxford friends will fight shy of you, and you will be astonished to find that your mother's acquaintances have accidentally omitted to send you invitations for dinners or balls. Remember that although a man can be no more than a gentleman, a nobleman may be less, and the quality of the company he keeps is one index to his behaviour. Thus from talking civilly to a person who seemed to be a desirable young man, who, according to his own account, was at Harrow, and who is on back-slapping terms with Lord Tomnoddy, you find yourself not only slighted by those who should be glad to know you, but owing money from which you have derived no benefit.

You may doubt the probability of such a string of accidents arising from a source so trivial. I give you this as an illustration not of what *might* happen, but of what has occurred and does occur every day in London. The onslaughts on young men of means or expectations are so carefully considered that, if the Academy attack had proved futile, some other snare would have been set for you. If you had not bitten at racing, *écarté* might have tempted you; if not cards, behind the scenes of a burlesque theatre would have been fascinating. To these and other allurements the "lumberers" have either the key or the friendship of those who possess it. No chance of inveigling you will be missed. I have known alliances of the sort I wish you to guard against originate from the asking for a light from a cigarette, or by the apparently accidental treading on a foot. Street rows have before now been specially organised for the purpose of attracting a dupe and giving one who is seemingly an uninterested onlooker a chance of addressing to him some commonplace apropos remark. Given the thin end, the whole wedge soon becomes inserted. The hall-porter of the house in which you have chambers unintentionally assists the rascally crew. He sees no reason why he should not tell the hour you generally come home to dress, and the half-crown he receives stamps, in his estimation, its donor as a gentleman. Even the barber who shaves you may be interrogated as to your habits, and is easily, if unwittingly, "squared." Should you fall, finders, minders, bookmakers, low lawyers, and money-lenders have several hundreds, perhaps thousands, of pounds to share amongst them. If you are invulnerable, a few shillings constitute the loss. The odds are worth their taking.

Osler, 100, Oxford-street, W.—Crystal Glass and China Services; Minton's Worcester, Copelands, Wedgwood, and Crown Derby China, Chandeliers, Lamps and Wall Lights. 100, Oxford-st., W. Osler.

Spectacles scientifically adapted to assist & strengthen the weakest sights by Mr. Laurance, F.S.S., Oculist Optician, 1a, Old Bond-st.

Do not think that I would advise you to be suspicious of the world, or to be morose, ungenial, or exclusive. Make, by all means, as many friends as possible, but let them be such that you could fearlessly introduce to your family. See as much life as you can in London, but always recollect that seeing life does not necessarily mean seeing its most disreputable phases. Beware of encouraging strangers. You can be civil and courteous without becoming cordial. Your mother and sister unite in love to you.—Believe me, always your affectionate

FATHER.

QUEER STORIES.

LADY ADELAIDE'S DERBY-DAY.

LADY ADELAIDE MONTREVOR was a somewhat faded beauty of five-and-thirty, or thereabouts, though no torture would have dragged from her the admission that she was more than six-and-twenty. Seventeen seasons had played considerable havoc with Lady Adelaide's charms. Her once brilliant complexion had sadly deteriorated under the influence of late hours and the constant use of cosmetics. Her face had become thin and angular, her teeth had begun to show an unpleasant tendency to project, and her figure had lost its once seductive roundness. But Lady Adelaide was a woman of determination and pluck, and she had long ago made up her mind that what was wanting in nature should be supplied by art.

Without entering further into particulars, it may be enough to say that her Ladyship's toilet was a very difficult and lengthy process, and that one of her most essential requirements was a perfectly discreet and confidential maid. Good servants, however, are hard to find, and when Brown, who had been in Lady Adelaide's service for nearly ten years, took it into her head to marry a prosperous young publican, Lady Adelaide was at her wits' end how to replace her. At last, after she had tried a dozen maids in six months, and was on the verge of despair, a friend recommended to her notice a certain Miss Prudence Burton, who seemed in every way fitted for the delicate position. Miss Burton was the daughter of a Nonconformist clergyman, who had left her practically penniless. She was, according to her introducer, quick, neat-handed, and clever, and what she wanted in experience she more than made up for in discretion.

"I only hope she will suit," sighed Lady Adelaide's mother, the Countess of Fixton; "it's perfectly dreadful to put up with the creatures you have had lately. That wretch Jones, the other day, made your eyebrows quite different lengths, and I am almost certain Sir Thomas noticed it."

Sir Thomas, it may be said, was an Australian millionaire who had come over to England to look for an aristocratic wife. He was a somewhat vulgar old gentleman, with a taste for jewellery and large-patterned clothes, who talked very loud, and ate and drank somewhat more than was good for him. But Lady Adelaide could not afford to be particular, and Sir Thomas was at present the idol of her dreams.

Old Point Lace.—Hayward's, Experts, Dealers and Purchasers of Old Lace, 166 and 168, Oxford-street, W.

After a lengthy interview with Lady Adelaide, Miss Burton was duly engaged, and she speedily justified the good character that her new mistress had received with her. At first, indeed, it was a little trying to her ladyship's feelings to be obliged to point out the precise use of the various bottles and pots which were kept carefully locked up in a cupboard in her bedroom, but the new maid accepted every revelation with such a delightfully matter-of-fact air that the task soon became a positive pleasure.

"Poor thing," sighed Lady Adelaide, sympathetically, "a little knowledge of this sort may be very useful to her some day. Her face might be made positively good-looking; though heaven forbid that she should think so, and try to get married, like Brown!"

Miss Burton never forgot anything she had once been told, and she speedily became an adept in the mysterious art of making up her mistress. Her taste in dress was, moreover, surprisingly correct; and such was the success of her efforts, that people began to remark that in a subdued light, tempered by rose-coloured lamp globes, Lady Adelaide occasionally looked quite young and pretty.

When Miss Burton had occupied her situation about a month the object of Lady Adelaide's ambition was accomplished. Sir Thomas Jenkins was so overcome by the combined effects of the Fixton champagne, an unusually successful toilet, and the sentimental influences engendered in the conservatory of the Fixton mansion, that he made an offer of his hand and heart to Lady Adelaide, and, after a proper amount of maidenly hesitation on her part, was accepted. The course of true love promised, in their case, to run exceedingly smooth, and for a week or two all was harmony in the mansion in Grosvenor-square. Sir Thomas was quite as attentive as a gentleman of his age and habits could reasonably be expected to be, and his presents were numerous and costly. Lady Adelaide's looks and temper both improved materially under the softening influence, and Miss Burton found her situation much less disagreeable than it had been.

One day, however, when Lady Adelaide returned from a drive in the Park she found her mother crying in a subdued and ladylike fashion over an open telegram.

"Good gracious, mamma dear, what is the matter?" cried Lady Adelaide. "Any one dead?"

"No, my dear; but poor, dear Algernon—read this," answered the Countess.

Lady Adelaide took the telegram, and read:—

"From the Dean of Christ Church to the Countess of Fixton,—I regret to inform you that Lord Algernon Montrevor is seriously ill with typhoid fever."

"What are we to do?" cried Lady Adelaide. "How unfortunate!"

"Do? why, start for Oxford at once, of course," said the Countess. "We can't leave the poor boy to be looked after by scouts, and bed-makers, and such like horrible people."

"I suppose we must go," said her daughter, "but it is

To Make a Really Excellent Plum Cake.—Take ½ lb. butter and ½ lb. white sifted sugar; beat these with the hand well together to a cream; add four eggs, one at a time, and well beat each one with the butter and sugar; lightly mix in 1 lb. of flour, previously mixed with one teaspoonful of Borwick's Gold Medal Baking Powder; then lightly mix with the whole ½ lb. of sultanas. Bake at once, thoroughly.

really very inconvenient. Algy always had a knack of doing everything at the wrong time. I don't quite see why I need accompany you though, mamma, do you?"

"Adelaide!" said the Countess, with much dignity, "I am really surprised at your want of feeling. Of course you must come too."

"But what is to become of poor Sir Thomas?" sighed Lady Adelaide, with an effort to look sentimental.

"Sir Thomas is not exactly a boy," answered Lady Fixton, somewhat spitefully; "and I suppose he can take care of himself. You can't possibly stay here alone; and your sisters are all so abominably selfish that I don't believe either of them would come up to chaperon you. Besides, whatever would people say if Algy were left to look after himself"

This last argument was conclusive, and Lady Adelaide resigned herself to the inevitable, feeling exceedingly vicious towards the unlucky patient. The same evening Lady Fixton and her daughter, accompanied, of course, by Miss Burton and an army of servants, found themselves established at the Randolph Hotel.

Lord Algernon Fixton was exceedingly ill, and as typhoid is at the best a slow disease, there was not the smallest chance of the mother and daughter being able to quit their present quarters for some weeks to come. This enforced absence from London, and the separation from her elderly lover, were exceedingly irksome to Lady Adelaide. Sir Thomas had never shown any signs of wavering in his fidelity, but she had had too much experience of the inconstancy of man to place an altogether implicit reliance on his affections. He was, it was true, nearly sixty years old, but he considered himself quite a young man, and had a very strong predilection for pretty faces—a weakness which Lady Adelaide had often noticed with considerable uneasiness. Under the circumstances, she did not at all like the idea of Sir Thomas being alone for a month or six weeks in London, but she could not leave her brother, and her gallant swain, when she delicately suggested in a letter that he might take up his residence temporarily at Oxford, showed not the slightest disposition to act upon the hint.

Moreover, Lady Adelaide detested hotels, and was bored to death by the few University personages who called upon her mother. She called the place itself abominably dreary, and declared that it was impossible to buy the most trifling article at any of the shops; in fact, she divided her time between writing letters to Sir Thomas, and in thinking of all sorts of odds and ends which were absolutely essential to her comfort, and which must be procured on the shortest notice from some London tradesman. Many of these articles were things which could not be properly described in a letter, and so it came about that Miss Burton, who was the only person she could trust in such delicate matters, was frequently dispatched to London in quest of a pair of gloves of a particular shade, a scent of some complicated nature, or an entirely new and unequalled toilet requisite. Miss Burton rather liked these expeditions, for her days at Oxford, owing to Lady Fixton's depression and Lady Adelaide's bad temper, were the reverse of cheerful. On most of her trips she was entrusted with an affectionate note to Sir Thomas, which she was strictly enjoined to deliver into his own hands. It therefore became necessary for her to call frequently at Sir Thomas's club or chambers, and wait for an answer to the dainty missive.

One day Miss Burton was sent to London with quite a sheaf of notes to deliver. Lady Adelaide had been somewhat more bored than usual, and had written to corset-makers, dressmakers, perfumers, and jewellers, ordering indiscriminately all sorts of mysterious articles. Miss Burton also had the usual note for Sir Thomas, and happening in the midst of her commissions to pass through Pall Mall, she stopped her hansom at his club to deliver it. Five minutes after the note had been handed to the hall porter, Sir Thomas rushed out in a remarkable state of excitement.

"What on earth is this that you have given me?" he cried, regardless of appearances.

"I don't understand you, sir," said Miss Burton.

"Why look at this!" continued the agitated Knight. "It's an order for a palpitating—palpitating *what?*" he screamed.

"Dear me!" said Miss Burton. "I'm afraid there must be a mistake—your letter must have been put into the wrong envelope."

And, opening the rest of her undelivered notes, she speedily found the missive which had been intended for Sir Thomas.

"This is yours, Sir Thomas," she said, handing it to him.

But the worthy Knight was still absorbed in the contemplation of the paper in his hand. "And she wears a——" he muttered, slowly, and he turned on his heel and walked back into the club.

Miss Burton did not wait for an answer, but drove off to finish her commissions, bursting into uncontrollable laughter as soon as her cab had gone a safe distance from the club. Naturally enough, she did not dare to tell Lady Adelaide of this exceedingly untoward incident, and was obliged to account for Sir Thomas's remissness in not answering his ladylove's note by saying that he was out of town for the day. Lady Adelaide was much annoyed; trifles had a singularly potent effect in ruffling her, so a day or two later Miss Burton was again despatched to London provided as usual with the inevitable billet-doux.

This time Sir Thomas was not at his club, so as she had strict orders not to return without an answer, Miss Burton went round to his chambers in Jermyn-street.

She gave the note to the porter, and waited for an answer in the hall.

"Sir Thomas will be glad if you will walk upstairs, miss," said the man, reappearing.

Miss Burton obeyed, and was shown into a well-furnished room, where Sir Thomas sat at a writing-table, twirling Lady Adelaide's note round his fingers.

"Sit down, my dear," said the Knight, in a fatherly manner. "I want to speak to you."

He paused a moment and then resumed: "Lady Adelaide seems rather a high-spirited young lady, eh?"

Miss Burton did not feel at all well disposed towards her

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mistress, who, two days before, had so far forgotten herself as to box her ears, so she replied:

"Well, she is *rather*, Sir Thomas."

"Exactly so; leads you the very deuce and all of a life, I suppose?" said Sir Thomas, familiarly.

"She has been a little put out at not hearing from you this last day or two," replied the lady's maid, demurely.

"Oh, indeed!" said the Knight, with a distinct approach to a wink. "She's very fond of me, you think?"

"Very," answered Miss Burton, with a scarcely perceptible smile.

"You'd like me to answer this note, wouldn't you?"

"Yes, I certainly should," replied the lady's-maid.

"Very well, I will; I should be sorry to get you into any more scrapes."

And Sir Thomas scribbled a brief answer, and handed it to his fair visitor.

"Good-bye, my dear," said Sir Thomas, staring very hard at her, and extending a substantial fist.

Miss Burton was somewhat embarrassed by the unusual honour, but she took the proffered hand and was rewarded by a squeeze which nearly elicited a scream.

The days at Oxford passed away wearily enough for the noble family of Fixton. Lord Algernon's attack of typhoid, though never positively dangerous, was extremely troublesome, and neither prayers nor entreaties from Lady Adelaide could induce the Countess to leave him. Lady Adelaide became gradually more and more irritable; in fact, she treated Miss Burton so badly that if it had not been for her occasional visits to London, she would most certainly have given notice to leave.

"Don't you think it is rather imprudent of you, my dear, to send Burton so often to clubs and chambers and such like places?" inquired the Countess one day.

"Good gracious, no, mamma; why on earth should she not go?" answered her dutiful daughter. "I should like to know what servants are for!"

"You may please yourself, of course, Adelaide," said her mother; "but I must say I think Burton much too good-looking to be trusted about in London alone, so often."

"I don't profess to be a judge of persons in that rank of life," answered Lady Adelaide. "By the way, how is Algy this morning?"

"Going on splendidly; in fact, he hopes to be able to go to the Derby, which, I hear, comes off in a fortnight."

"I suppose we shall have to go with him?"

"Certainly; I could not think of trusting him out of my sight so soon; he would be sure to do something terrible."

"Well, the Derby is a bore, but anything will be a desirable change after this awful place. I must ask Sir Thomas to meet us. You will write to Sophia to put us up?"

"As you please, my dear," answered the Countess, glad to get rid of the subject.

So, Lady Adelaide wrote an unusually playful and affectionate note to her future husband, bidding him meet her at her brother-in-law's house, near Epsom, on the appointed day, while her mother sent word to a married daughter that she and Lady Adelaide would stay the night with her, in fulfilment of a long-standing promise.

Sir Thomas answered at once that he would be delighted to obey his betrothed's orders, and Lady Sophia intimated that she and her husband would be glad to see Lady Fixton and Lady Adelaide as suggested.

Lady Adelaide felt that after so long an absence she must do her best to make a favourable impression upon her future lord; and the choice of a suitable costume for the eventful day caused her much anxious deliberation, and the long-suffering Miss Burton many extremely bad quarters of an hour. That young lady, though somewhat pre-occupied and absent in her manner, seemed, however, perfectly satisfied with her lot; and even Lady Adelaide was forced to confess that it was almost impossible to ruffle her singularly equable temper. But as the day of the Derby approached, Miss Burton showed unmistakable signs of anxiety and nervousness, which somewhat surprised her mistress.

Early on the morning they were going to leave Oxford, Miss Burton appeared with a very long face.

"The gloves, my lady, don't match your dress by at least two shades."

"Goodness me! how provoking!" said her mistress. "What an idiot that man must be! There's nothing for it but for you to go direct to London and get some more, and then join us at my sister's."

"Very well, my lady," said Burton, meekly.

So the maid departed, and Lady Adelaide was left to superintend the arrangements for leaving Oxford with very inexperienced assistance.

It was nearly dinner-time when Lady Fixton and her son and daughter arrived at Lady Sophia's, and Lady Adelaide at once retired to her bedroom, and sent for Miss Burton. To her great astonishment and disgust, however, she heard that that young person had not yet put in an appearance. Lady Adelaide was perfectly furious. Strange maids she always found to be clumsy and stupid, and she strongly objected to revealing the secrets of her dressing-room to more people than she could help. There was, however, one consolation—the party was small, and Sir Thomas was not expected until the following morning. So she arrayed herself as best she could, and went down to dinner, conscious of looking by no means her best, and in an extremely bad temper.

The evening passed, and morning came, but still no Miss Burton, and not a word from Sir Thomas. Lady Sophia's villa was about three or four miles from the course, and her husband's drag had been requisitioned to convey the party thither. The hour for starting approached, and Lady Adelaide's feelings can only be imagined, not described. Everything went wrong with her; exasperating strings gave way in unexpected places, glove buttons came off, and shoe-laces broke at the most critical moment. The Countess came into her daughter's room to hasten her movements.

"My dear, you really must come. Sir Thomas will be sure to meet us on the course; and everybody is waiting."

"Bother Sir Thomas and everybody else!" said Lady Adelaide, on the verge of hysterics. "Oh, that wretched Burton! I believe I could strangle her!"

But invectives were useless, and Lady Adelaide was

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obliged to finish dressing as best she could, and to follow her mother downstairs.

"Jump up, Adelaide!" growled her brother-in-law; "we shall miss the first race as it is."

She mounted the drag with no little difficulty, and at length they started. Her ladyship felt cross, miserable, and bored to the last degree. The Derby did not interest her in the least, except as a means of showing off her attractions to the best advantage; and, as neither Miss Burton had appeared to adorn her, nor Sir Thomas to admire her, she felt she would have been much better at home. They arrived on the course at last, and the men grumbled deeply at being so late, especially as they were obliged to put up with a very inferior position at the end of the line of drags.

The race preceding the great event had just been run, when there was a stir among the crowd on Lady Adelaide's left. A smartly appointed mail phaëton was advancing with difficulty towards the line of carriages. By means of a liberal distribution of bad language and coin of the realm, the driver managed to pilot his vehicle into an open space not far from the drag on which Lady Adelaide sat. The noise attracted her attention, and she glanced languidly downwards. The sight she saw made her gasp with horror. There sat a rosy-faced old gentleman arrayed in gorgeous holiday attire, with a gigantic buttonhole and a white hat, and beside him appeared to her ladyship's outraged vision an exceedingly well-dressed and attractive young lady, whose features were horribly familiar to her.

Turning in an almost fainting condition to Lady Fixton, she gasped, "Look, mamma, there's Sir Thomas with Burton by his side. What can it mean?"

"It means, I expect, my dear, those journeys to London," added the Countess, with a reproachful look. "But see—Sir Thomas is coming this way with Burton on his arm."

And sure enough he walked up to the side of the drag, and making a polite bow, calmly remarked: "Lady Adelaide, allow me to introduce to you my wife—though I fancy you have met before."

GIRLS' GOSSIP.

DEAREST AMY.—We went to the meet of the Four-in-Hand on Wednesday, and saw the usual crowds. The day was magnificent, though the heat was very great. We soon found our way to the chairs under the trees. I wonder the man who lets the chairs out does not have some hundreds of them sent up to the immediate vicinity of the Magazine on Meet days, where they would be at a premium. It is so tiring to stand, even if one has secured a front place and can lean against the rail. And the gravel is of that peculiarly irritating, "scrunchy" sort that makes a grating noise under the feet, and adds immensely to the heat of a very hot day.

An apparition that attracted much attention was that of a half-clad child, who was led along by a fashionably dressed woman. The small creature's garments were of costly materials, but of the most abbreviated description. Her limbs were almost quite uncovered, and so were her poor little shoulders. A maid walked behind her with a cloak; a necessary precaution with such a style of costume when east winds are lingering about. Can you imagine any mother making such a painful object of her child? If it was done for the sake of attracting attention it was highly successful, for every one was asking, "Have you seen that poor child with scarcely anything on?"—reminding one of Hans Breitmann's "Wassermädchen."

Another striking object was a being dressed in a most portentous check of enormous size and alarming colours. Imagine the brightest stripes of red and blue, crossing each other in squares of about a quarter of a yard, and then exercise your fancy with the exigencies of fit, and the consequent eccentricities of the check, with an angle cut off here, a diagonal slice there, and some other sort of conic section wherever one looked!

We saw a couple enjoying a flourishing flirtation under the trees, before the crowd poured down upon them from the Magazine. We agreed that when a gentleman feels an indomitable desire to kiss a lady's hand, a spot of more seclusion might with advantage be found. However, a very large sunshade, when skilfully managed, affords an agreeable privacy, especially when the trunk of a tree shelters the loving couple on one side.

I saw a pretty white frock, made of book muslin, and flounced to the waist, each flounce being edged with Valenciennes. The whole skirt was gathered round the waist and fell in graceful folds, which were all drawn slightly to the back. The bodice was gathered, too, and a band of black velvet formed a belt. A small black bonnet and a black lace parasol accompanied this dress, which was probably half-mourning. We noticed two or three French muslins. Nothing looks cooler or prettier than these, but the majority of laundresses *will* put too much starch in them. Tussore silk is much worn now. I liked one I saw in the Park, made with a perfectly plain skirt gathered in at the waist, and edged with a wide band of brown velvet. The bodice was gathered down the front over a brown velvet waistcoat, and a sweet little brown velvet stand-up collar was lined was mauresque lace. The small bonnet worn with this had a crown of satin straw, was edged with brown velvet, and trimmed with yellow marguerites and mauresque lace of the exact tint of the tusser. Gauntlet gloves of tan-coloured French kid, and a tussore silk parasol clouded with much lace, completed a distinguished-looking, but by no means costly, toilet.

We went to the first performance of "Chatterton" on Thursday afternoon, and found ourselves among a crowd of celebrities, literary, dramatic, and artistic. Miss Lingard was looking charming in a sort of travelling hat with a shady brim, encircled by grey gauze, which tied in wide strings under the chin. Her cape was one of the woven bead sort, of which I told you last week. I knew Mr. Bancroft at once, though he has shaved off his delightful moustache. And only to play the part of that detestable Falkland! How wrong it is of him! Mrs. Bancroft was in black. Miss Emmeline Ormsby looked attractive in her blue satin dress, lace petticoat, and Gainsborough hat. It was very nice to see Mrs. Huntly in a comfortable, good-natured part again, but we are so accustomed to associate her with wicked ones that her very voice seems to have a muffled menace in it, as when she said "deary" to poor Willard in "The Silver King." He was there, too, looking extremely unlike Father Clement. Maud wept over the sad fate of the "marvellous boy," but I felt irritated. Why did he not look on the table and find the money, the appointment, and the letter from his high-born love, *before* he took the poison. But that is the worst of an historical play. The end is a foregone conclusion.

I told you about my pretty red tea-table that Maud gave me. Well, I have bought a chair to match it, and have secured a sweet thing in coralised wicker-work. That is the name they give the wicker chairs and tables that are japanned in the same bright red as the tea-tables and trays. We saw many tempting things. Fancy, blinds made of willow bamboo, on which beads are slung. They sway about in the breeze, and exclude the sun, while they admit the air; the whole effect is deliciously cool. Some of the Madras muslin curtains are things of

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beauty. There is one set with a design of butterflies in soft, bright colours, and a dado in which the tints are repeated. Some of the shades of greenish-blue and salmon-pink in these curtains are perfect. The Crete muslin ones are striped across in tones of moss-colour and pale peacock-blue. I think the Madras muslins make pretty short blinds, slung on the broad, brass rods that are so much simpler, as well as handsomer, than any other means of fastening them to the windows.

I should have liked to furnish our house all over again. Carpets are both prettier and cheaper than they have ever been before. As to chairs and tables, what a difference there is nowadays from the old-fashioned affairs one still sees in many houses! We liked a chair made like one of the old Roman seats, only with a back to it, as suiting better modern spines. The *pouff* chairs and couches are very tempting. A novelty consists of two small arm-chairs fastened together, but both of them movable, so that each can be turned in any direction, independent of the other. A delightful seat to quarrel and make friends in. They can be wholly detached, if wished. The *tête-à-tête causeuse* ought to be called the suitor's seat. The interlocutors face each other most comfortably, instead of sitting side by side as on the ordinary couch.

You would have liked some of the Persian and Indian portières we saw, the colours are so beautifully mingled in them. There is rather a draught in cold weather, under our dining-room door, so I am going to have a brass rod fixed above it on the inside, with rings, and have a portière. These hangings look so very much prettier than doors that persons of artistic perceptions almost always adopt them now. You will understand I wish you to infer that *I* am a person of artistic perceptions! I am also having the double doors, just inside our hall doors, taken off the hinges till the autumn, and Madras muslin curtains hung up instead. They will look light and pretty during the summer, with all our ferns and other greenery behind them.

Lilla says that the linen bought at the time of her marriage is wearing out most disgracefully fast. We asked her why she does not try Belfast for her new purchases in this direction, and she is going to do so, and has commissioned the Mahons to send her patterns and prices. You know Belfast is the very centre of the linen trade. We have had all our house and table linen from there for many years, as it is much cheaper than what we can get in London, and wears, if anything, better.

Charlie went over with the Mahons, and Amy is to join them next week, when Mrs. Mahon returns. Think of me, solitary here! They were going by the pleasant Barrow route, intending to stay some days in the Lake country with some friends. I was asked too, but we could not both leave the dear pater to the tender mercies of Aunts Jemima and Selina, and as Charlie is there, I knew Amy would like to go.

The last time we trusted our poor dear father to the care of the aunts, he was really a pitiable spectacle when we got home again. His features had assumed quite a mournful cast. His two sisters had tyrannised terribly over the household. He never had his after-dinner sleep; they never gave him his own arm-chair for a single instant. If he went to the library, one or other of them followed him, to "keep him company," they said. They were always late for breakfast, and appeared at that meal in a disagreeable *déshabille* as regards the coiffure, known as "second-best fronts." They had *their* favourite dishes for dinner, not *his*, and he declared he would have been driven to marry again if we had not come home when we did. You can imagine how we petted him and comforted him, and what resolutions we made never to leave him alone again with our poor, selfish old maiden relatives.

I hear, dear, that there has been an outbreak of small-pox among the poor girls of the Princess Louise Home, and that they are sadly in need of funds to meet the necessary expenses. Do you know any one rich enough and kind enough to contribute? If so, give them Sir Wm. Rose's address—32, Sackville-street, W.

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I shall have all about the Shakespearean Show to tell you next week. I hear rumours of a lovely Rosalind, an enchanting Beatrice, and a fascinating Margaret of Anjou. The affair will at least be a good study of costume, which reminds me that I have not been to the International Health Exhibition since the opening day. I hear the various departments are pretty well forward now, so I shall honour the place with my presence before long for your benefit.

A lady who is an expert in the gentle art of angling has designed a fishing costume, which has the unusual merit of being pretty as well as practical. It is to be seen at Redfern's. The material of which it is made is Cheviot tweed, light, but waterproof. The ingeniously-contrived skirt is double from the knees downward, the under part being quite short, over gaiters and knickerbockers. The upper part, when let down, forms a graceful skirt, just comfortable walking length. This is useful for getting to the scene of action. When the river is reached, and business begins, the upper part is turned up and fastens on the hips by means of leather straps. The underside is then found to be furnished with two liberal pockets. An edging of some two inches of brown leather protects the edges of the petticoat. The jacket is also edged with leather, and is made double-breasted. Straps of leather are placed on the shoulder, to relieve the *pêcheuse* from the dragging weight the fishing-basket would otherwise be. A very becoming hat, made of the Cheviot and bound with the leather, completes a very business-like and becoming costume, which is also suitable for shooting or for a walking expedition.

I have been reading "Sketches of Social Life in India," by C. T. Buckland. Oh, how I should *love* to go to a Sonepore race-meeting! Fancy ten long days, beginning at seven in the morning and ending somewhere in the small hours, of living in tents, dancing, tennis, winning boxes of gloves, and general flirtation. How perfectly enchanting! Such lovely things never happen in England. The writer of the book seems to have the social grammar and dictionary at his finger-ends. I think I should rather like to marry a Bengal indigo-planter. Do you know one, dear?

If your cook is clever, and you want for luncheon something more refined than the inevitable home-made plum-cake, try the following recipe for gâteau-mousseline:—

Mix in an earthenware vessel the yolks of three eggs and four spoonfuls of pounded sugar; stir well up for a quarter of an hour; add little by little two spoonfuls of potato-flour; mix well for another quarter of an hour. Beat up the whites of three eggs into froth, mix gently with the paste, and work it all up together. Now pour your paste into the mould, previously well buttered and powdered with sifted sugar. Cook it in the kitchener, keeping the fire rather low. Flavour with lemon-peel or pulverised vanilla. When served, the cake must be well covered with pounded sugar.

If you ask any old Indians to luncheon, and want them to remember you in their wills, try them with this dish. It is called kabobs:—

Have some raw mutton cut in smallish dice, rather less than an inch square, and not too thick. Have some thin silver skewers, or, failing these, small wooden skewers, but these should be carefully smoothed with sand paper, or small splints *may* get into the meat. Put on to these skewers, first, a bit of meat, then a bit of green ginger sliced *very* thin, then a bit of fat, then a bit of onion. Then begin again with the meat, green ginger, fat, and onion—*Da capo!* till you come to nearly the end of each skewer. Have ready, on a plate, some curry powder (I should always recommend Halford's), a little flour and some salt. Mix thoroughly. Roll your kabobs *well* in this, and fry for a few minutes till thoroughly done. Serve very hot on *the skewers*. Rice to be served in a separate dish. These are dry kabobs. If preferred they can be cooked in regular curry sauce, which could have been saved from a former curry. Always to be eaten with boiled rice.

"Imitation Crab" is one of those counterfeit presentments that are better than the reality.

Take the *white* meat of a roast or boiled fowl, and mince it very fine *with the liver*; about six tablespoonsful in all. Chop up very small, and mix well together, two tablespoons of pounded cheese, a couple of moderately-sized onions, and four or five green chilies (*the skins only*); then add one spoonful of anchovy sauce, one of Harvey, and a large spoonful of mustard, two of mushroom catsup, some black pepper and salt, and three spoons of oil. Mix all this

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well. It is an excellent relish with bread and butter. When green chilies are not to be had, red pepper must be substituted, in moderation.

If the French are less fond of animals than we are, at least must we confess the Parisiennes spare no expense when there is a question of dressing up their pet doggies. A few days ago, Lily paid another visit to the celebrated dog milliner in the Palais-Royal, and writes me word that wonderful preparations are going on there in expectation of the general exodus of the fashionable world in the second week of June. Every dog of a certain social standing has his travelling-box, with different drawers for his paletots, harness, collars and boots. Yes, *boots!* Quite at the bottom of the box are his gutta-percha bathing-tub, his brushes, sponges, soap, woollen rubbing towels, and rice-powder, if the complexion of the proprietors be white or fair. For travelling at night, or in cool hilly countries, there are plaid coats, buttoning well over the chest; for rainy days mackintoshes, either white or black, with a natty little hood, taking the ears in most comfortably. Tussore dust-cloaks are provided (for walking in country roads during the drought), trimmed with creamy lace; doggie's name being embroidered on the side. And last, not least, tiny goloshes for wet weather or for walking on moist sandy beaches! The young lady who showed all these wonders to Lily stated that her four-footed customers had taken to their little boots with the utmost delight. I must say I should like to see a few of these fashionable dogs taking an airing in full costume.

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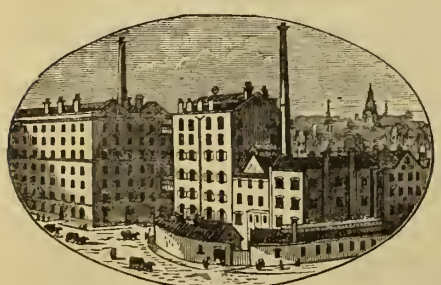

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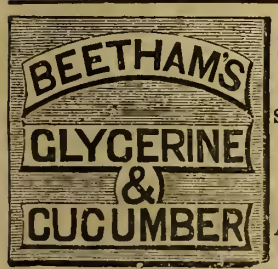

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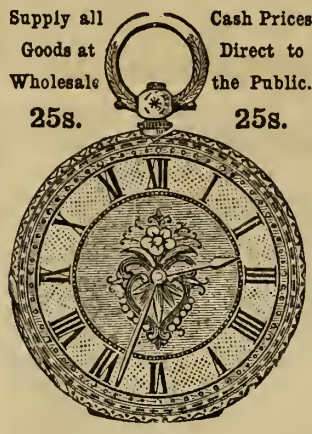

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That portion of stock redeemable on the 1st July, 1915, will be consolidated with the existing Queensland Government £4 per cent. stock; that redeemable on the 1st July, 1924, will be inscribed as a separate stock.
The dividends on the stock will be payable at the Bank of England half-yearly, on the 1st January and 1st July, and six months' interest, calculated upon the nominal amount of stock, will be payable on the 1st January, 1885.
The books of the stock are kept at the Bank of England, where all assignments and transfers are made; and holders of the stock are able, on payment of the usual fees, to take out stock certificates to bearer with coupons attached, which certificates may be re-inscribed into stock at the will of the holder.
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By the Act 40 and 41 Vic., ch. 59, the revenues of the colony of Queensland alone will be liable in respect of the stock and the dividends thereon, and the Consolidated Fund of the United Kingdom and the Commissioners of her Majesty's Treasury will not be directly or indirectly liable or responsible for the payment of the stock or of the dividends thereon, or for any matter relating thereto.
Tenders may be for the whole or any part of the stock, and must state what amount of money will be given for every £100 of the stock. Tenders for other than even hundreds of stock, or at a price including fractions of a shilling other than sixpence, will not be preferentially accepted. Tenders are to be delivered at the Chief Cashier's Office, Bank of England, before two o'clock on Friday, 30th May, 1884. Tenders at different prices must be on separate forms. The amount of stock applied for must be written on the outside of the tender.
The minimum price, below which no tender will be accepted, has been fixed at £98 for every £100 of stock.
The £1,439,000 stock, expiring 1924, will be allotted to the tenders at the highest prices as far as may be practicable. Requests for stock of either date in particular cannot be regarded.
A deposit of 5 per cent. on the amount of stock tendered for must be paid at the same office at the time of the delivery of the tender, and the deposit must not be enclosed in the tender. Where no allotment is made the deposit will be returned, and in case of partial allotment the balance of the deposit will be applied towards the first instalment.
In the event of the receipt of tenders for a larger amount of stock than that proposed to be issued, at or above the minimum price, the tenders at the lowest price accepted will be subject to a pro rata diminution.
The dates at which the further payments on account of the said loan will be required are as follows:—
On Friday, 6th June, 1884, so much of the amount tendered and accepted as, when added to the deposit, will leave seventy-five pounds to be paid for each hundred pounds of stock;
On Tuesday, 19th August, 1884, £25 per cent.;
On Tuesday, 2nd December, 1884, £50 per cent.
The instalments may be paid in full on or after 6th June, 1884, under discount at the rate of 2½ per cent. per annum. In case of default in the payment of any instalment at its proper date, the deposit and instalments previously paid will be liable to forfeiture.
Scrip Certificates to Bearer will be issued in exchange for the provisional receipts.
The stock will be inscribed in the Bank books on or after the 2nd December, 1884, but Scrip paid up in full, in anticipation, may be inscribed forthwith.
Applications must be upon the printed forms, which may be obtained at the Chief Cashier's Office, Bank of England; of Messrs. Mullens, Marshall, & Co., 4, Lombard-street; and of the Agent-General for the Government of Queensland, 1, Westminster-chambers, Victoria-street, S.W.
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HOP

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To the Queen.

Table Waters.

OUR PUZZLES.

RULES.

1. The sum of £2. 2s. will be given every week for the best Epigram, Conundrum, Lipogram, Bouts-Rimés, or whatever the announced subject of the competition for the week may be.

2. The Puzzle Editor reserves the right, however, of dividing the above sum between two or more competitors, or of withholding the prize, should exceptional circumstances render such a course desirable.

3. The decision and award of the Puzzle Editor must be considered final and irrevocable, and, for obvious reasons, no appeal from his critical judgments can be entertained.

4. In every instance the Prize will be given in money, subject to no condition whatever, except the publication of the winner's real name and address in this journal.

5. Competitors will be allowed eight days for the composition and despatch of their efforts; but all such communications must, at the latest, be received at the Truth Office by the first post on Friday morning in the week succeeding the publication of the subject for competition.

6. Not more than one Prize will be given in a Quarter to the same competitor.

7. All New Contributors are Required to Forward with their First Answers their Real Names and Addresses for Registration; such names and addresses will not be published except in the case of Prize-winners.

8. The *nom-de-plume* chosen by competitors should not exceed 12, and must under no circumstances consist of more than 14 letters.

9. Competitors must on no account change the noms-de-plume they have once assumed.

10. On the announcement of the Prize-winner's *nom-de-plume*, the successful competitor must write and make formal application for the Prize, stating the address to which the cheque must be sent. Any competitor failing to do so within three months of winning the Prize will forfeit all claim to the same.

11. No communication can be received on post-cards, by telegraph, or by hand. They must all be sent by the time named above, all post letters addressed—

PUZZLE EDITOR OF "TRUTH," Carteret-street, Queen Anne's-gate, S.W.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 274.—PREDICTIONS FOR AUSTRALIANS' FIRST CRICKET-MATCH.*

O. E. O. (Oliver Edward Osborn, 18, Addison-gardens, N., Kensington, W.)	£0 14 0
Flirt (See Rule 10)	0 14 0
Sille (E. Bedford, Esq., 9, Mecklenburgh-square, W.C.)	0 14 0

* Through an oversight last week I failed to notice that Sille, as well as O. E. O. and Flirt, had sent in the total No. 212. The prize has accordingly to be equally divided amongst three instead of two competitors.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 275.—SUGGESTIONS FOR "TRUTH" PUZZLES.

Ne Quid Nimis (No application received; see Rule 10)	2 2 0

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 276.

Some of last week's Anagrams will have struck the readers of these pages as being exceedingly apt and ingeniously turned. Ne Quid Nimis, for example, who is necessarily *hors concours* owing to his success in Competition 275, sent up two on "The Rivals" which are strikingly appropriate when the incident which marked the first night of the revival at the Haymarket is considered. Very good, also, are those by Dora, Fiction, Toddles, Roggee Shuet, Crystal Palace, and Ellaet. Amongst other Anagrams I would select for special mention are those by Prima Donna, Gipsy, Guinea Pig, Rose Island, Boo, Sphinx, Walter (aged 16), Guelder Rose, Veritas, Friar Tuck, Simla, Nell, The Long 'Un, Bob Ridley, R. M. E., Observer, and Nil. I would specially allude, too, to the exceptionally elaborate Anagram sent in by Squelette, who has used upwards of ninety letters in constructing a curiously appropriate sentence relating to the play of "Claudian." This, as a *tour de force*, is very interesting, and Squelette is to be congratulated on his patience and ingenuity. It now only remains to announce the name of the prize-winner in this competition. Ne Quid Nimis is out of the competition, as I have said, and this leaves me in a position to award the prize to Nutshell.

Prize Anagram.

"The Rivals," Richard Brinsley Sheridan, Theatre Royal, Haymarket—Ah! rather trivial comedy! Bah! Art, rashly tinkered, rarely shines.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 273.

I have not forgotten this competition, but it has been such an unusually difficult one to decide, that delay has been unavoidable.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 279.

The subject for this week's competition will be as follows. Amongst the suggestions made for future Puzzles by "Darwin," was the casting of the characters of a well-known Play from the *personnel* of the House of Commons. Let the Play chosen, then, be the "School for Scandal," and the Prize of Two Guineas will be given to the Competitor who shall best succeed in

Casting it for an Imaginary Representation: First, with a Set of Dramatis Personæ Chosen from the Government Side of the House; and Second, from the Members Sitting Amongst the Opposition on the Left Hand of Mr. Speaker.

All the characters in the usual acting version of Sheridan's Comedy must be assigned; and for this occasion, the parts of Lady Teazle and other feminine characters must be sustained by male performers.

Answers to Correspondents.

*** The real name and address of Monkendons, winner of Prize No. 272, are Samuel Plumbe, Esq., Monkendons, Maidenhead.

Dora.—Many thanks for your suggestion, which I feared, however, would be too difficult for general competition.

Walter Cook.—Your anagram on "George R. Sims and Henry Pettitt's 'In the Ranks,' Adelphi Theatre—Their play is great, strong, intent, and deep—hits the mark here," is very good, but it reached me too late to be published last week.

Scythe.—Your prediction came to hand later.

F. Dunsford.—All Guernsey and Jersey letters received during Friday will be included in the current competition.

Roggee Shuet.—I have duly noted the misprint, which was not your fault

G. G. Repton (Knickerbocker Club, Fifth Avenue, N.Y.)—Your prediction of 350 runs was duly received; but, as you will have seen, it was considerably out.

Agnostics.—I do not see my way to making the restriction you suggest. You will have seen, however, that I have given such a Puzzle as you refer to.

Puzzle (Suez).—In this particular instance it so happens that your answer *was* in time; and I wish I could see a way for always including answers from abroad in the weekly competitions.

Sille.—You will be debarred from taking another prize for one month only.

Sans Changer.—I cannot trace your "Suggestions," I am sorry to say.

Sam Slick.—Thanks for your letter.

Simla.—Yes, I find on re-examination that your answer is as you state it to be.

Pseudoun (2).—I quite understand your explanation, but please choose some other *nom-de-plume* to prevent mistakes.

Kittifonia.—I complied with your request with the greatest pleasure.

THE PUZZLE EDITOR.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 277. ASSORTED SPECIMENS—GOOD AND OTHERWISE

VERBAL TRANSFORMATIONS, OR "DOUBLETS."

*** The following Specimens include, it will be seen, several transformations, in the making of which the rule laid down has not been strictly followed.—Puzzle Editor.

Docenter
Decenter
Receuter
Resenter
Resented
Repented
Repeated
Replated
Replaned
Replanes
Replants
Anatedignus.

Or if "Repeuter" be allowed as a word, the transformation can be effected with 10 links; thus:—

Docenter
Decenter
Reoenter
Repenter
Repented
Repeated
Replated
Replaned
Replanes
Replants
Anatedignus.

Diverted
Divested
Devested
Revested
Retested
Retented
Repented
Repeated
Replated
Replaned
Replanes
Replants
Anatedignus.

Brighton
Brighten
Blighten
Blighted
Slighted
Alighted
Slow Time.

Bankers
Banters
Batters
Betters
Setters
Settees
Settles
Settled
Anatedignus.

Settler
Setiles
Poowong.

Settees
Setters
Betters
Butters
Butlers
Buglers
Eastbourne.

Flatter
Flutter
Fluster
Bluster
Blusher
Blushes
Brushes

Crashes
Clashes
Plashes
Plaster
Platter
Flatter
Flutter
P. P

Charles is given to *bluster*.

Charles
Charges
Charger
Charter
Chatter

Clatter
Flatter
Flutter
Fluster
Bluster
E. F. Lactem.

Freshet
Fresher
Flesher
Flusher
Fluster
Flutter
Flatter
Clatter
Chatter
Chatted
Chanted
Chanced
Chancel
Channel
Toddles.

Fellows
Bellows
Bellews (surname)
Bellers
Belters
Betters
Batters
Battery
Daphnis.

Petted
Patted
Patter
Matter
Master
Masher
Poowong.

Plates
Slates
Slaves
Slaver
Shaver
Shover
Shoved
Shovel
Poowong.

Garden
Harden
Harder
Carder
Calder (surname)
Caller
Taller
Toller
Roller
H. G. N.

Wicked
Winked
Winker
Winner
Sinner
Dora.

Castor
Caster
Baster
Basted
Bested
Belted
Belled
Bleasby.

Thames
Shames
Shares
Stares
Stores
Storms
Stormy
David.

Lesson
Lessor
Cessor
Censer
Censer
Center
Canter
Goldin.

Tracts
Traces
Trades
Traded
Graded
Gladed
Glided
Bobus.

Flakes
Slakes
Stakes
Stares
Stores
Storms
Stormy
Bandbox.

Sharks
Shares
Shores
Stores
Stones
Atones
Atoned.
A. A. A.

Lasses
Passes
Pastes
Paster
Poster
Porter
P. P.

Mister
Master
Masher
Basher
Bather
Bathes
Bathos
Sam Slick.

Cottar
Cotter
Potter
Potted
Patted
Parted
Parsed
Harold.

Hunger
Hunter
Punter
Putter
Patter
Pattee
Pattle
Harold.

Gratis
Grates
Graves
Groves
Gloves
Glover
Plover
Boo.

Turret
Turrel
(A cooper's instrument)
Burrel
(a variety of pear)
Barrel
Little Margaret.

Plover
Glover
Gloves
Groves
Graves
Grates
Gratis
Nutshell.

Halter
Falter
Faster
Master
Masher
Mashed
Massed
Missed
Squash.

Barbel
Barber
Barter
Baster
Master
Masher
Rasher
Little Margaret.

Masher
Master
Paster
Poster
Porter
Kathleen.

Butler
Butter
Mutter
Muster
Master
Taster
Skedaddle.

Flower
Glower
Glover
Gloves
Groves
Graves
Skedaddle.

Slipper
Clipper
Clapper
Clasper
Clasher
Slasher
Skedaddle.

Dresses
Cresses
Crosses
Skedaddle.

Put *Cloves* into *Brandy*.
Cloves
Gloves
Groves
Graves
Graces
Traces
Tracts
Traits
Trains
Brains
Braids
Brands
Brandy
E. F. Lactem.

Get *Trunks Packed*.
Trunks
Trucks
Tracks
Traces
Braces
Braves
Braver
Beaver
Bearer
Beaker
Beaked
Peaked
Pecked
Packed
E. F. Lactem.

Black
Blank
Blink
Brink
Brine
Trine
Trite
Write
White
Bob Ridley.

Bloom
Broom
Brook
Crook
Croak
Creak.
Bob Ridley.

Stork
Stark
Stare
Stale
Shale
Whale
Poowong.

Honey
Holey
Holes
Poles
Pales
Palls
Poowong.

Stare
Stark
Stack
Slack
Clack
Clock
Poowong.

White
While
Whale
Shale
Stale
Stalk
Stack
Slack
Black
Daniel.

Rider
Rides
Riles
Miles
Mills
Fills
Falls
R. G. N.

Crown
Brown
Brows
Grows
Glows

Gloss
Glass
Dora.

Boots
Boats
Coats
Chats
Chits
Chins
Shins
Shies
Shoes
Dora.

Stage
Stags
Stays
Slays
Plays
Dora.

Truth
Troth
Broth
Booth
Booty
Booby
Lies.

Truth
Strut
Strum
Trump
Tramp
Trams
Traps
Trips
Homer nods :
What's the odds,
When virtue slips
And Truth trips ?
Bingo.

Brand
Bland
Blank
Black
Block
Clock
Bleasby.

Black
Slack
Stack
Stark
Stare
Share
Shale
Whale
While
White
First Fault.

Truth
Troth
Wroth
Wrote
Write
White
Skedaddle.

Drive *Goose* into *Water*.
Goose
Loose
Lonse
Rouse
Route
Routs
Roots
Hoots
Hosts
Costs
Casts
Cases
Cares
Hares
Hates
Hater
Water
E. F. Lactem.

Let *Truth alone*.
Truth
Troth
Broth
Booth
Boots
Blots
Plots
Plats
Plate
Slate
State
Stare
Store
Stone
Atone
Alone
E. F. Lactem.

Masks
Masts
Marts
Mares
Fares
Faces
Pippin.

Moses
Poses
Posts
Pests
Jests
Jesus
Pippin.

Pawn
Dawn
Darn
Dark
Hark
Hack
Hock
Hook
Rook
Pippin.

Bolt
Bold
Bald
Bale
Pale
Pace
Lace
Lack
Lock
Pippin.

Good
Gold
Bold
Bald
Bale
Bile
Vile
Old Darbdi Stoll.

Mind
Bind
Bond
Bony
Body
Pippin.

Hand
Band
Bond
Fond
Font
Foot
Pippin.

Bolt
Boot
Book
Look
Luck
Pippin.

Kiss
Miss
Moss
Most
Moot
Boot
Blot
Blow
Pippin.

Hate
Have
Hove
Love
Kathleen.

Mint
Lint
Line
Lime
Limb
Lamb
I. G. N.

Whig
Whin
Thin
Tiny
Tony
Tory
S. G. N.

Bird
Bard
Card
Care
Cage
Dora.

Gold
Hold
Hole
Hone
Lone

Line
Ling
Ring
Dora.

Ring
Wing
Wine
Wile
Will
Bill
Bell
Dora.

Boy
Bay
Ban
Man
Dora.

Lion
Loon
Loan
Roan
Roar
Dora.

Gladstone
Loadstone
Roadstone
Doorstone
Moorstone
More stone
Nore-stone
Nortstone
Northstone
Northcone
Northcote
Resolute.

Bucket
Bucked
Backed
Backer
Banker
Bunker
Burden
Sunder
Sender
Fender
Norfolk.

Beggar
Garble
Bangle
Mangle
Mantle
Esa.

Shallow
Hallow
Sallow
Fallow
Callow
Mallow
Allow
All
Aloe
Slow
Low
Sloe
Low
Lo!
Tale Quale.

Palace
Place
Lace
Lice
Lick
Dick
Dot.

Teetotaler
Toiler
Royal
Roll
Oil
Ale
R. M. E.

President
Precinct
Present
Prest
Priest
R. M. E.

Government
Garment
Gaunt
Gone
Gun
Nun
R. M. E.

"Men's laughter" may be evolved from "Manslaughter" by changing *one* letter only.
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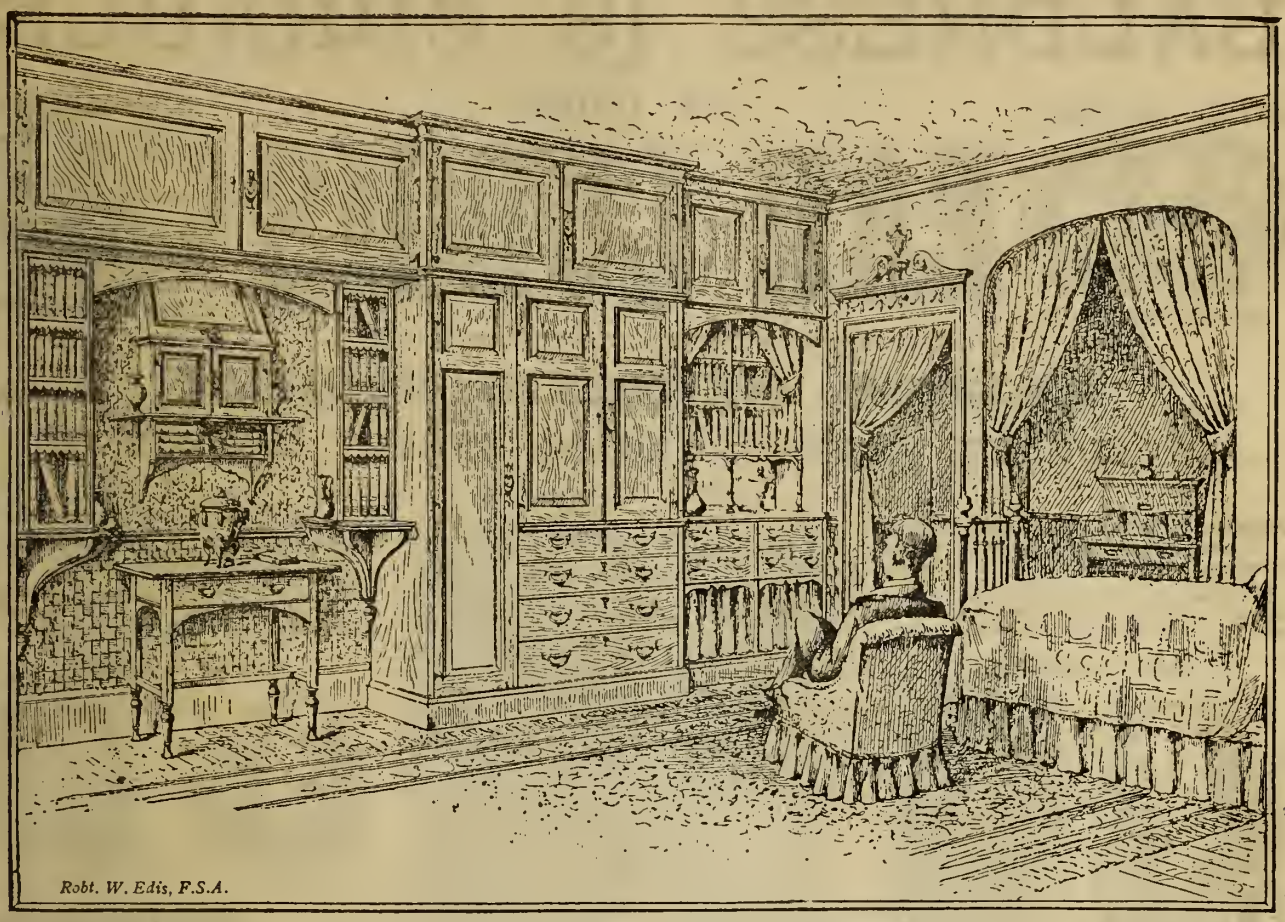
Tennyson (Princess, Can. II.)



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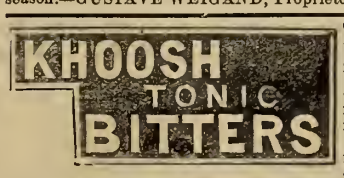

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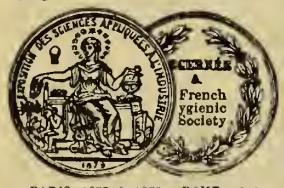

EAU LODOIS

PARIS, 1875 & 1879; ROME, 1870. PHILADELPHIA, 1876; NAPLES, 1875

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The following are from Testimonials received during the past few weeks, and the originals, together with many hundreds, can be seen on application:

EAU LODOIS.

BEFORE USE. AFTER USE.

"Worthing, Sussex, March 17th, 1884.

"Dear Sir,—My hair is weak and falling off, and I have been advised by a friend who has been *very much* benefited by the use of your Eau Lodois and Pomade Trichophile, to write to you and procure the remedy for myself. I shall be much obliged by your forwarding to my address one small bottle of the Eau, and also one small bottle of the Pomade Trichophile, as I have a small bald patch. P.O.O. please find enclosed for 11s. 6d. After giving your valuable remedy a fair trial, I shall endeavour to call upon you myself.—Yours truly, "K. H."

"Worthing, April 26th, 1884.

"Mrs. H. will thank Mr. Lodois to send her another small bottle of Eau Lodois, for which P.O.O. for 6s. is enclosed. Mrs. H. has used *one* small bottle, and is told by friends that small hairs are distinctly visible on the bare patch at the top of her head; but the old hair still continues to fall off. What does Mr. Lodois recommend for stopping that? Mrs. H. will be glad of any suggestion, as her hair is very thin and weak."

"Stoke Newington, N., March 19th, 1884.

"Dear Sir,—I have great pleasure in expressing my entire satisfaction of your successful treatment of my hair, and am very happy to inform you that it is completely restored to more than its former thickness and natural glossy appearance; and considering the thinness to which it was reduced before I came to you, I am only too happy to recommend any one who may have lost their hair to avail themselves, like myself, of the benefit of your thoroughly efficacious system of cure.—I remain, dear Sir, yours truly,
"Mr. Lodois." "A. F. A. L."

"Tunbridge Wells, March 2nd, 1884.

"Dear Sir,—Please find enclosed P.O.O. for another bottle of Eau Lodois. Having gone by your instructions, the result is—hair much thicker at back and top of head, the forehead is covered with fine down, just distinguishable, which I suppose will eventually develop into hair.—I am, Sir, yours truly,
"Mr. Lodois." "W. F."

Monsieur LODOIS

Respectfully solicits all those who are bald, and desire to renew the natural covering of the head, to consult him any day, between ten and five o'clock, at the rooms of the Society, 56, CONDUIT STREET, REGENT STREET.

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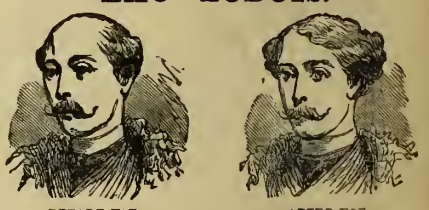
The following are from Testimonials received during the past few weeks, and the originals, together with many hundreds, can be seen on application.

EAU LODOIS.



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"Mr. J. Lodois,—Since I received your Eau Lodois and pomade I have used them as directed, and find my hair growing on wonderfully, except across my temples; the crown of my head has been remarked by many regarding the improvement in places where I was almost bald. Please inform me if I shall continue treatment as before. I inclose 21s. for a large bottle, and 6s. for No. 2 pomade, the balance you may use for stamps, or to send me whatever else you think I may require.—And remain yours respectfully, "J. P. F."

"Darlington.

"Dear Sir,—Please send me a 5s. Pomade Trichophile, and oblige.

"The Eau Lodois is doing wonders. "J. C. B."

"North Camp, Aldershot,

"Sir,—Please send me one bottle of Eau Lodois, as I find it doing me a great deal of good. I enclose money for same. "J. J.
"Sergt. 18th Royal Irish Regt."

"Mr. J. Lodois, 56, Conduit-street."

"From Mr. Gillespie, Druggist, Dornoch.

"Dear Sir,—Be so good as to send me three large bottles of Eau Lodois, for which cheque inclosed. I may mention that all my patients' heads are progressing favourably, thanks to your invention.—Yours sincerely, "J. Gillespie."

"Mr. J. Lodois, 56, Conduit-street, London."

From a Major in India.

"Dear Sir,—On receipt of this please send to Messrs. Henry Ring & Co., Cornhill, the following articles. . . My hair is growing fast on the top of my head, and will soon, I hope, be thick and strong. —I am, dear Sir, yours faithfully,
"W. E. T., Major.

"Mr. J. Lodois, 56, Conduit-street."

"A Troop, 5th Lancers, Dublin, January 6th, 1884.

"Sir,—I enclose P.O.O. for 6s., and please send by return post one small Eau Lodois. The last received has considerably improved growth of my hair.—Yours, &c. "S. L."

PRICES OF THE EAU LODOIS: 4 oz. liquid (for one Month's treatment), **6s.**; 8 oz. liquid (for Two Months' treatment) **12s.**; 16 oz. liquid (for Four Months' treatment), **21s.**; securely packed and forwarded to any part of the world, with Pamphlet and Directions for Use, upon receipt of remittance, payable at London, to

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• TRUTH •

"Cultores Veritatis Fraudis Inimici."—*Cicero.*

No. 388. Vol. XV. Thursday, June 5, 1884. Price Sixpence.

ENTRE NOUS.

It is all but settled that the Princess of Wales is to hold two Drawing-rooms for the Queen at Buckingham Palace during the first week in July, and the Prince will hold two Levées at St. James's about the same time.

The statement of a contemporary that there will be two Concerts at Buckingham Palace next month is purely speculative and conjectural. As at present arranged, there will be no State entertainments this year.

Seeing that even the Court mourning for the Duke of Albany expired nearly a month ago, the Queen is not particularly well advised in stopping all sorts of public functions. The prohibition of the Lord High Commissioner's large evening party at Holyrood has caused much grumbling in Edinburgh, and a still wider discontent was excited by the announcement that the annual review in the Queen's Park was not to take place. The yearly summer show of the Prince Consort's Association at Windsor is also forbidden. The Royal family is numerous enough to form a small regiment, and it is rapidly increasing. If, then, this sort of public penance is to be ordered whenever a death takes place, the time will come when the country will be in a state of permanent mourning.

The weather has been perfection at Balmoral since the Queen's arrival, but her Majesty's excursions have been confined to one drive up Glenmuich to the Linn, by way of Birkhall, and another to drink tea at the Glengelder Shiel. The absorbing event of last week at the Castle was the arrival of Mr. Boehm's bronze statue of John Brown, which is a life-size representation of "the Highlander" in his Celtic attire. It has been placed, after much absurd consultation, on a fairly conspicuous site in the grounds, within view of the windows of the Castle. Mr. Boehm was commanded down to Balmoral to superintend the arrangements, and he remained at the Castle for several days. It is reported that he is to be made a K.C.B., in acknowledgment of his artistic success in producing so accurate a likeness of "J. B."

A nonsensical statement has been made by a contemporary that the Duke of Hesse's marriage with Madame de Kalomine "was annulled" because the Pope "had not sanctioned the lady's divorce." The Pope had no more concern with the matter than the Archbishop of Canterbury. There was no religious ceremony, because the Grand Duke exercised his prerogative as Prince-Bishop of Darmstadt, and signed an edict formally dispensing himself and his bride from the necessity of the rite. The civil marriage (at which the bride was given away by her brother, Count von Hotten-Czapski) was, and is, entirely binding, and cannot be got rid of without special legislation, which, under the circumstances, it is impossible to contemplate. The acquaintance between the newly-married couple has now existed for several years, but what everybody indignantly asks at Darmstadt is, first, What did they want to marry for now? and secondly, "Having married so deliberately, what on earth does the Duke now mean by trying to get rid of his spouse?"

Prince Victor is now quite independent of his tyrannically-disposed paternal relative. Empress Eugénie has settled twelve hundred a year upon him, and his aunt, Princess Mathilde, has come forward with the same sum. The latter also has undertaken to defray the cost of furnishing his bachelor's lodgings.

The putting off of the review in Dublin was felt to be a grievance. It is trying to the Irish only to know Royalty as a depriving system. Having dutifully mourned the Royal Prince's death for the prescribed period, they naturally wished to rejoice as usual over the many Royal blessings that are spared to them.

The social duties of Viceroyalty, like those of Royalty, "spring eternal," independent of the coming and going of seasons. Even when living in the seclusion of the Viceregal Lodge, Lord and Lady Spencer enjoy by no means an idle time. Besides the more serious arts and sciences, all those with which society amuses itself have to be patronised. On Tuesday, Lady Spencer, with a large party, was at the Gaiety Theatre, to see Mary Anderson's performance. On Friday she was entertained by the "dowager deans" of the Ladies' College, and distributed prizes to the "girl graduates" in the afternoon. On Thursday, Lord and Lady Spencer were present at the rifle-shooting match between the Viceregal and Garrison teams at Clontarf, Lord Spencer and Sir R. Hamilton taking part in the contests.

The Shakespearean Bazaar was—to judge by the opening day—about as dismal a gathering as a human being can imagine in his darkest mood. The Albert Hall with its tiers of boxes looked a desert. In the well in the middle were the stalls, consisting of about a dozen booths. The vendors struck me as considerably outnumbering the pur-

chasers. Round and round these booths crowded several hundred persons, some in costume and some in ordinary garb, and two out of every three appeared to be intent upon selling something. Over each booth was an inscription setting forth what it represented, but the charaders did not stay in their booths; they roamed about and visited each other. To realize the *tout ensemble*, a person has only to fancy what a costume ball would be in the day-time, at which costume was not *de rigueur*.

To put on a fancy dress is a very different thing from being able to wear one. I did not observe one single character who, beyond the costume, even pretended to be what he or she was supposed to represent. There was a Cardinal with a crozier. He walked round, stiff and solemn. He was not a very young man, and what had induced him to array himself in scarlet was evidently weighing on his mind. There was another man in armour, accompanied by a lady in a Greek dress. In his arms he carried a doll. He pointed to it, and murmured something about half-a-crown. So melancholy was this pair, that they seemed to be performing a penance almost too heavy for them to bear. I presume, however, that they were enjoying themselves.

The ladies, too, with bare arms and necks, and with limp drapery flapping about them, would have excited my sincerest sympathy had it not been that they made this exhibition of themselves of their own free will. Some of them, and some of the Juliets, and Rosalinds, and Portias, and Nerissas, and Ophelias may have been pretty; but the disadvantage of a garish and ill-made dress awkwardly put on and awkwardly worn, and of the rouge and the pearl-powder, which they seemed to consider as necessary adjuncts, got the better of nature. As for the men, I do not think that I ever saw such a collection of guys.

Here is another phase of "crack-brained charity":—

Dear Sir. — There is one point in connection with the fashionable touting for Charity's sake that deserves, from its hardship, to be ventilated. West-end shopkeepers have already, as is at least well known to middle-class people, burdens almost too heavy for them to bear; but they are now threatened with an overwhelming one, which is cast at their doors by upper-crust patrons of Medusa-headed Samaritans.

Every week brings me two or three urgent and heartrending appeals for the gift of goods for charity fairs. One lady, understanding that it is the practice of quality to beg, thanks me in anticipation for the case of attractive knick-knacks she prays that I will send her. Another calls, and not having been satisfied, declares that she will go to every shop in the street! A third, writing from the country, says that her mamma having purchased something at my establishment once upon a time, hopes that I will be liberal to her charity. Often they come in shoals, turning over articles for sale, and saying, "Can't you give us this, and can't you give us that?" as if my place were the centre for distributing a Government grant, instead of a heavily-taxed warehouse. Would it not be more to the point if these enthusiastic ladies canvassed a little amongst their "own set"? And why should we tradespeople be asked to hide our charitable inclinations under a bushel in order that ladies of rank may flaunt "theirs" in fancy costumes?—Yours faithfully, A West-end Tradesman.

I hear that it is intended to raise the subscription to the *Etablissement* at Boulogne from 25 to 58 francs for the season, and that this subscription is not to include balls and concerts, but only the usual performances of the outdoor band. The wisdom of this step is questionable.

A New Club, called "The Wellington," is being formed, and the large house in Grosvenor-place, which has frequently been let for balls, has been secured. Why these premises have been so long empty is a mystery, for the situation is an excellent one, but there will have to be a lot of money to back the new establishment, as the rent and expenses of such a house will be enormous. The upper floors are to be turned into bedrooms for the use of the members.

There will be general regret at the announcement which I am enabled to make, that Mr. Lowell proposes shortly to retire from the post of American Minister in London.

Lord Houghton, who has returned from Egypt in greatly improved health, arrived at Fryston Hall last Thursday.

The Duke of Richmond has gone to Homburg for a month to take the waters, from which he derived much benefit two years ago. The Duchess and the Ladies Gordon-Lennox are at Goodwood, where they have been residing for several months.

Lord and Lady Waterford have arrived in town from Curraghmore, where they have been staying since they left their temporary residence in Cheshire at the close of the hunting season.

Mr. and Mrs. Scott-Murray have been entertaining a party since Friday at Danesfield, their charming place near Marlow, including the Duke and Duchess of St. Albans.

Lord and Lady Wolmer have taken a place at East Liss, near Petersfield, within a drive of Lord Selborne's charming residence at Blackmoor.

Gladys Lady Lonsdale has been staying in Paris during the last month. Lady Hilda Higgins has been with her, and they were joined last week by Lord and Lady Randolph Churchill.

Lady Rolle left Bicton on Friday for Exeter, after a residence of nine months, and came on to London on Saturday, intending to stay in town for about six weeks. Lady Rolle, who is in her eighty-eighth year, is in very fair health, and in full possession of all her faculties.

Mr. Armitstead, M.P., is entertaining a large party of members of the House of Commons at his romantic lodge on Loch Laggan, Inverness-shire.

The Dowager Duchess of Buccleuch is residing at Boxhill, and has lent Ditton Park to Colonel and Lady Mary Trefusis.

Mr. Frederick Lehmann has taken Hedsor Place, Lord Boston's beautiful residence on the Thames, just below Cookham. The grounds of Hedsor adjoin those of Clieveden.

"Tonga maintains its reputation in the treatment of neurlagia." —*Lancet*. "It has proved effective in all those cases of facial neuralgia in which we have prescribed it."—*Medical Press*. In bottles at 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d. & 11s. Allen & Hanburys, London; and of all Chemists.

The General Stock Exchange, Lim., 48, St. James's-st., corner of Piccadilly.—Private special telephonic and telegraphic communication with the City and other business centres. Great convenience to West-end and Country Clients. Every class of Stock Exchange business transacted. Moderate commissions. Telephone No. 3722.

The Duke of Devonshire is spending Whitsuntide at Chatsworth.

Mr. Vanderbilt, who has been over in Paris for a week, staying, with his son, at the Hôtel Bristol, leaves Liverpool to-day on his return to New York.

Lord Alexander Lennox left Cowes last week in his steam yacht *St. Agnes* for a cruise off the coast of Holland. Lord Francis Lennox was also on board.

Prince Albert of Monaco's schooner *Hirondelle*, which has just completed a refit at Gosport, left on Saturday for Havre, whence she is to sail in a few days for the Baltic on a three months' fishing cruise.

Lord Airlie has let the deer forest and grouse moors of Tulchan, Glenisla, to Sir William Edding, who has taken these excellent shootings (about the best in Forfarshire), for a term of years at an annual rent of £1,150.

A dry-air store has been constructed by Lord Fitzhardinge at the Berkeley Castle farm, with the object of ascertaining whether it is practicable to store butter when it is 1s. per pound, until winter, when it would fetch 2s. As meat is kept fresh and sweet in stores constructed on the same principle, there seems no reason why butter should not be preserved in the same way.

I last week said that the steamer *Oxenholme* carried the most valuable consignment of live stock that ever left Liver pool. A correspondent writes that the agents for Mr. C. W. Cook of Chicago, shipped in June last, by the Dominion Lines s.s. *Missisippi*, a cargo of pedigree Hereford Cattle, for a foundation of a herd of Herefords, on his farm Brookmont, Odebolt, Iowa, which cost, exolusive of freight and all other expenses, £10,385. 12s., whereas those I referred to cost but £8,000. I gladly make this most important correction.

The career of Dr. Strousberg, who has just died a pauper at Berlin, was more curious than edifying. He came over to England as a stowaway, and he obtained employment as a compositor on a provincial journal. He was next heard of as the keeper of a sort of night-house in London. Returning to Berlin, he was employed as a translator at the British Embassy. An English contractor had obtained a concession for a Prussian railway, and had expended considerable sums in preliminary surveys, &c. He came to Berlin, and was recommended at the Embassy to employ Strousberg in investigating the real value of the concession. Strousberg reported that it was valueless, and then obtained it for himself. This was the origin of his fortune. He afterwards obtained contracts to make railroads in Roumania. Certain bonds were to be issued with a Roumanian guarantee as soon as the railroads were completed. The bonds were printed and placed in a strong box. Strousberg and two trustees each had a key of the box, which could only be opened with the three keys. The intelligent financialist caused two false keys to be fabricated, opened the box, abstracted the bonds, and sold them. A number of Prussian grandees were compromised in this swindle, and to avoid exposure, Prince Bismarck forced the Roumanian Government to arrange the matter. Strousberg had a huge house in Berlin, and entertained largely. A few years ago he came over to London and took a house in Grosvenor-place with a view of shining in London society. In this, however, he failed. He then engaged in some Russian speculations, which ruined him.

I regret to hear that Lord Falmouth's health has not been satisfactory of late, and his condition causes some anxiety to his family and numerous friends. Every one will hope to hear of his speedy and complete recovery, for he is universally liked and esteemed, and is one of the most popular landlords in Great Britain.

Sir Frederick Johnstone made his first public appearance, since his long and dangerous illness, at Epsom, and he was heartily welcomed and warmly congratulated on his recovery.

There is a ruinous "frost" in the letting of Ascot villas this year. The Duke of Portland, Lord Cork, Lord Rosebery, Lord Hothfield, Mr. Chaplin, and the Duke of Hamilton have all taken houses for the week; but the people who usually pay their year's rent out of their race-week profits are in despair, for it is evident that the meeting will be unprecedentedly dull, and that many of the usual visitors will con tent themselves with going down on Tuesday and Thursday while hundreds of "society" geese, who go to Ascot merely because it is the right thing to do, will stay away altogether. The Royal Stand will be closed, the enclosure will be desolate, for there will be no Royalties, and smart toilettes will be few and far between. I am glad, however, that we shall be spared the depressing spectacle of that very meagre pageant, the "semi-state" procession.

Mr. Hammond, the owner of St. Gatien, began life as a Newmarket stable-boy. In process of time he became too heavy to ride, and he then took to touting, and, as he was blessed with keen eyes and sharp wits, he quickly won a considerable sum of money, developed into a professional backer, and, from that chrysalis state, blossomed forth as the owner of a stud of race-horses. Mr. Hammond, during the last few years, has won upwards of £80,000. He has been very lucky, and as a proof that he is favoured by fortune I may mention that he netted a large sum over Dutch Oven's Leger. Mr. Hammond was able to back his horse to win a heavy stake without much outlay, as St. Gatien was at 33—1 after the Two Thousand. I hear he wins £30,000 by St. Gatien, and in addition he had £500 on Harvester. Sir John Willoughby has not cleared more than £3,000 on the week. He would have won a good stake by Queen Adelaide. The Danebury commission for Busybody was £2,500.

By the victory of Harvester the name of Willoughby becomes enrolled for the first time amongst those owners of horses who can claim to have possessed a winner of "The

Screens, with tea-cup shelf on each fold, from 21s. A large variety of screens in Japanese leather paper, needlework, stained glass, and hand-painted in all sizes and styles.—C. Hindley & Sons, 290 to 294, Oxford-street, London.

Minton's China.—Thomas Goode & Co., Artists and Designers in Porcelain, South Audley-street Grosvenor-square.

Blue Ribbon of the Turf." Although the Willoughby family do not occupy a large space in the annals of the Turf, the name is honourably distinguished in other walks of life, both Sir John Willoughby's father and uncle having been Members of Parliament. Sir John's father, who successively represented Yarmouth, Isle of Wight, and Evesham in Parliament, was for many years a distinguished Member of the Bombay Government. It was to a large extent owing to his exertions in the matter, that the dreadful practices of infanticide and suttee were suppressed throughout Western India.

Horses that are entered in large and important races are, to a certain extent, public property. It seems, therefore, somewhat strange that—as was the case at Epsom—they should be withdrawn if their owner loses a relative. Would not the requirements be met were they under these circumstances to run with their jockeys in mourning?

When Lord Rosebery was leaving Hanley the other day, a crowd of working men assembled round the door of his compartment, and just before the train moved off, a rough head was thrust in at the window, and then came the unexpected question: "Say, Master Rosebery, can ee tell us what 'll win Derby?"

A week or two ago I commented upon the extraordinary apathy shown by the police on Epsom Downs, in calmly looking on while the mob administered Lynch law to real or supposed welshers. At the Derby I witnessed a scene which was positively a disgrace to a civilised country. Two men were literally hunted about the Downs and the adjoining fields like wild beasts, their clothes were torn off their backs, and I afterwards heard that they had been brutally beaten, and narrowly escaped with their lives. Now I do not sympathise with welshers, but I mentioned a case the other day in which a perfectly innocent man was set upon by a gang of roughs, robbed, and half murdered, because he had been accused of welshing. It is perfectly evident that if the police will not interfere to stop this sort of thing, the practice will become universal, and no one will be secure from robbery and violence.

Little Duck's trainer was so overjoyed at his unexpected triumph in the French Derby, that he rushed up to the Duc de Castries, placed his arms round his neck, and kissed him heartily on both cheeks, and after Cannon had dismounted he had some trouble to avoid a similar manifestation of affection.

The Australian cricket bubble has again been pricked, and a very second-rate eleven of gentlemen have beaten the team by four wickets. Though no one admires the pluck and skill displayed by the Australians more than I do, I am specially glad that they were unsuccessful at Lord's last week, for I think their conduct in objecting to Price, the umpire, simply because they disagreed with one of his decisions the previous week, was unjustifiable. From what cricketers tell me, Price is a thoroughly straightforward man; and, admitting, for the sake of argument, that he may have given a wrong decision, it is certain it was through an error of judgment, and not from causes which would justify his being objected to. If every umpire who gives a decision contrary to the ideas of the person interested is to be considered incapable, the days of cricket are numbered; and I am sorry that such excellent exponents of the game as the Australians should attempt to deal it so grievous a blow. Their notion of every eleven having its own umpire is too preposterous to be discussed.

So far as the play was concerned, there were several points of interest. On the Australians' side, Scott, who made one or two mistakes in the field in his first innings, fully atoned for them by the plucky way he batted in the second innings, when he was well backed up by Palmer, who also bowled excellently throughout. Spofforth's mishap was most unfortunate, as at the time it occurred he was bowling wonderfully well. I cannot understand, however, his being so totally disabled.

On the English side Grace batted very steadily, and Ridley and Vernon made useful though somewhat lucky scores. The finest cricket, however was shown by W. W. Read, and A. G. Steel, the latter of whom, proved himself to be about the best all-round cricketer we have. I don't know what has come to C. T. Studd. He seems to have quite lost his nerve; and yet he, of all men, ought not to be frightened of the Australian bowling. Christopherson bowled well, and Ridley's underhands seemed to regularly puzzle the colonists. County elevens would do well to remember this.

One thing is certain, unless the team can obtain a greater measure of success than has attended its efforts up to the present, there will be a decided falling-off in the important item of gate-money; and if once one of these tours turns out a financial failure, we may have to wait a considerable time before we see another Australian eleven on English cricket-fields.

The victory of Oxford over Lancashire by 36 runs was a very creditable one, for although the county were not playing their strongest batting team, their full bowling strength was available, and Crossland, Barlow, Nash, Watson, and Briggs make up a very formidable array of bowling talent. The features of the match were Kemp's admirable innings of 95 and 43, while Buckland's 28 and 26 not out ought to ensure him a place in the eleven. Nicholls took five wickets in the first innings of Lancashire, and Whitby five in the second. It is worthy of note that in the second innings of Oxford four men failed to score, and eight of the eleven only made 17 runs between them.

When the M.C.C. made 481 against the Australians, the week before last, the score, a great one in all respects, was chiefly remarkable for the fact that three centuries were, for the first time in a first-class match in England, obtained in a single innings. Curiously enough a repetition of the phenomenon occurred immediately afterwards, when three

I certainly recommend Mr. & Mrs. Hart, 15, Stockbridge-terrace, Pimlico, S.W., as the most just and liberal purchasers of Cast-off Clothes, Jewellery, and every description of property. They punctually keep appointments, and remit P.O.O. for articles per return.

The Marden Deer Park Yearlings are out of the dams of John Day, Polaris, Vacillation, Cambyses, Bonnie Marden, Meldon, &c., &c. See also page 846.

members of the Yorkshire eleven, Bates, Hall, and Grimshaw, all scored over a hundred runs against Cambridge University.

Judging from what has been seen of University Cricket up to date, Oxford has decidedly a better chance than Cambridge in the great match now so rapidly approaching. The new cricket hero, T. C. O'Brien, ought to be able to punish the moderate bowling of the Cantabs severely, considering the free and easy way in which he treats Spofforth, Boyle and Co, and M. C. Kemp, the Oxford captain, is really exhibiting brilliant form this season.

A Belgian town has just paid a somewhat doubtful compliment to Sarah Bernhardt. A street in the Commune of St. Gilles has long been known as the Rue St. Bernard, but a laicising Municipal Council has determined to suppress the St. and to name it Rue Sarah Bernhardt. The reason alleged by the Council for this choice is that the street in question is long and very narrow, and is accordingly in keeping with the personality of the great actress. I hope Madame Bernhardt will feel flattered.

I am asked to state that Mr. J. Nutcombe Gould will give a recitation of the "Merchant of Venice," at the Steinway Hall, on June 11, on behalf of the Art for Schools Association, which is in need of further funds to carry on its work of placing good prints, etchings, &c., within the reach of the managers of Elementary Schools.

The Prince of Wales visited the Munkacsy Exhibition on the day after he returned to Paris from Royat, and expressed himself as greatly struck with "Calvary." H.R.H. has subscribed for two proofs of this grand picture.

Madame Taglioni has left several manuscripts of most interesting anecdotes—in fact, regular memoirs, furnishing very curious revelations about the society of Berlin, Vienna, and Paris in 1840; also some piquant details concerning the Belgian Court in the time of King Leopold I. It is yet undecided whether they will be published.

Miss Frances Power Cobbe begs me to say that she believes the advertisement in the "agony" column of the *Times*, which we copied in last week's issue, refers to a person of the same name who died in London a few years ago. Miss Cobbe has no "brother George," and her late father, Charles Cobbe, of Newbridge, D.L., left the Army early, and never reached any higher grade than that which he bore at Assaye—a lieutenant in the 19th Dragoons.

In Mr. Joseph Hatton's amusing and readable book, "Irving's Impressions of America," Mr. Irving is made to observe :—"The accent of your great actors does not strike me as different to our own." This is hardly as it strikes most people. I never yet heard an American actor or actress whose accent did not betray their nationality. Hundreds of times Americans have asked me whether I perceived that they were not English? I always answered that I did not, as I presumed that I was expected to make this reply. But what always surprises me is that Americans should wish to pass as English. A Scotchman is more or less proud of his accent, and why should not Americans be proud of theirs?

Who shall say that even the staid compositors of the *Morning Post* are devoid of a sense of humour? On Friday last, there appeared side by side in that newspaper the reports of the dinner of the General Theatrical Fund and of a meeting of a society known as the "Theatrical Mission." At the former gathering, the Chairman, one Henry Irving, made the following remarks :—

> It has long ceased to be a maxim, even in fastidious circles, that "going on the stage" is the last phase of social deterioration. . . . . We stand erect and confident in the good opinion of our fellow citizens, sure that our art has received its worthiest award from the highest civilisation of the time.

At the latter, a certain Dr. Gritton observed that :—

> One of the principal objects of the Mission was to arouse the members of the theatrical profession to a sense of the evil character of such a mode of life. . . . . He was grieved to know that any one called to the ministry could either say or do anything calculated to encourage a belief that the stage could be either elevated or purified so as to become a moral or educational teacher.

The article in the *Fortnightly Review* signed "G." is a clever *jeu d'esprit*. The style of Mr. Gladstone is so exactly imitated, that the *Times* at once swallowed the hook, and announced that its author was the Prime Minister.

More than 90,000 copies of Hugh Conway's story "Called Back" have been sold during the last six months.

The Crown Prince of Austria-Hungary is the latest addition to the list of Royal authors, an account of his visit to the Holy Land three years ago having just been published at Vienna. The book is got up with an exceptional amount of luxury, "worthy (says one of the critics) of the rank of the author."

Prince Frederick Charles of Prussia is, also, about to publish an account of his recent travels in the East. The work, which is to appear at Frankfort-on-the-Oder, will be splendidly illustrated from drawings taken by a member of his suite. It is understood that the narrative has been prepared for the press by Professor Dr. Brugsch, who accompanied the Prince on his tour.

Princess Louise is engaged on a statue of the Queen, which is to be placed in one of the niches of the newly restored west-front of Lichfield Cathedral.

The Master of Baliol has written a very graceful little memoir of the late Mr. Arnold Toynbee, who probably had a greater influence than any one else in the place on the younger generation of Oxford men, and was a great favourite of "the Master's." The memoir is published by way of preface to a volume of Mr. Toynbee's lectures and speeches —chiefly on economic subjects.

It is intended to raise a Memorial to the late "Bob" Grimston. The precise form has not yet been decided upon, but it is pretty certain to be in some manner connected with Harrow School.

Iron Wine Bins.—The original makers. Medal and Five Awards, Sydney Exhibition, 1880. Farrow & Jackson, 16, Great Tower-street; 8, Haymardet, London. Illustrated Price Lists post free.

Old Point Lace.—Hayward's, Experts, Dealers and Purchasers of Old Lace, 166 and 168, Oxford-street, W.

The scholarship examinations of the South Wales College are being held this week, and I am glad to hear that over a hundred young men and women have entered for the competition. It seems to have been a happy idea to throw them open to both sexes, for your young Welshwoman has a firm belief in her ability to do at least as much as the men, whether with brain or muscle.

Why Dr. Acland, of Oxford, should have been made a K.C.B. it is difficult to understand, unless it is because he attended Prince Leopold when he was at the University. Dr. Acland is not a man of any marked eminence in his profession, and his services as Regius Professor of Medicine have been literally nothing. That such a distinction should have been conferred on him is thought at Oxford to be absurd, and, indeed, scandalous, for, during the last twenty-seven years, all he has done has been to draw nearly £2,000 a year, and deliver *one* lecture, when it has been demanded. It is entirely owing to his reprehensible supineness that the medical school at Oxford has fallen into utter contempt, while at Cambridge a man has every facility for study. The fact is that Dr. Acland has made his richly-endowed chair a perfect sinecure, and he deserves a reprimand rather than an honour—if, indeed, a K.C.B.-ship can be regarded as worth having after one has been conferred upon the Duke of Albany's house steward.

The Scotch General Assembly enjoyed two field-days last week, when the case of a missionary who had got into trouble in India came before the House on a motion for his dismissal. The reverend gentleman defended himself in a speech of nine hours' duration, which was well seasoned with invectives. On Friday Dr. Scott, a venerable "Father of the Church," replied for the Missions' Committee, in an oration of four hours, in the midst of which a scene took place which it may be hoped is without parallel in the annals of ecclesiastical courts. Dr. Scott was reading a number of letters bearing upon the case, when he came to some which he announced were so indecent that he did not like even to comment upon them, and so he suggested that they should lie upon the table. There were, however, loud cries of "Read" from the ministers and elders, so Lady Aberdeen and her friends hastily left their seats near the throne, and were followed out by all the ladies in the galleries. The Moderator then suggested that the public should be entirely excluded, and, to the great and loudly-expressed dissatisfaction of the mob of pious auditors, they were turned out, many of the clergymen having to be almost forced from the hall. Afterwards there was some very violent speaking—so violent, indeed, that if Mr. Peel had been in the chair, a number of reverend and learned members would certainly have been suspended. In the end the dismissal of the missionary was carried by a large majority, and he at once announced his intention of resigning all connection with the Church. He protested warmly against the finding, and intimated that he would seek justice in the Law Courts. The proceedings are by no means calculated to improve the prospects of "the work of conversion" in India.

Roper Frères & Company's 1st Quality extra dry Champagne.
Roper Frères' 1st Quality medium dry. Of all Wine Merchants

Professor Westcott has postponed his first turn of duty at Westminster Abbey till the long vacation, and Archdeacon Farrar is the Canon in residence this month, and preaches on Sunday afternoons.

Dr. Butler, of Harrow, is to preach the sermon at the Bishop of London's ordination, in St. Paul's Cathedral, next Sunday morning.

The Rev. T. Helmore writes :—

72, St. George's-square, S.W.

Sir,—As the senior Priest-in-Ordinary of her Majesty's Chapels Royal, I trust you will allow me space for a brief and grateful reference to the remarks in your paper for May 29 last, on our choral music at St. James's Palace. You are just in allowing a fair share of credit to those musical services which a contemporary writer hopes will be improved. There is, however, little, if anything, in human art entirely incapable of improvement, and one may, without any "unwarrantable innuendoes," hope with the *World* that "the great improvement" you are so good as to state to have been effected "here during the last few years," may, under new auspices, go forward more and more towards such perfection as is possible.

We are to be congratulated on the appointment of a sub-dean who is already familiar with the routine of Chapel Royal duty, and whose numerous qualifications for the office are not exclusive of those musical abilities, as well as sympathies, which naturally, and according to all correct precedents, are indispensable for the due discharge of its full responsibilities.

I am happy to add that it is a misapprehension that the sub-dean has no control over the music.

He occupies in the Chapel Royal the same position, and exercises the same directing powers over the services in all respects, as the precentor in a cathedral.

Formerly the sub-deans elect had to prove their musical qualifications for their high office by singing a solo anthem in the chapel service. It is only the unhappy disregard of the vocal art in relation to Divine worship which gradually led to the too-frequent appointment to choral posts of honour in the Church of men musically disqualified to hold them.

Several papers, in commenting on the death of the lamented Dean of Bangor, add that "he ought to have been a Welsh bishop." There has only been one vacancy in the Welsh sees during the last ten years, and that was eighteen months ago, when Llandaff fell to Mr. Gladstone by the death of the venerable Bishop Ollivant. The see would certainly have been offered to Dean Edwards (whose appointment was confidently expected in the Principality), but for the fact that the state of his health rendered it utterly impossible for Mr. Gladstone to recommend him. The idea was reluctantly abandoned by the Prime Minister, for he greatly admired the dean, who was frequently his guest at Hawarden.

Last week, the Archbishop of York went down to Winchester to preach the anniversary sermon of the Church Missionary Society in the Cathedral. There was a large congregation, but it did not respond very liberally to his Grace's appeal, for the offertory only amounted to £19! The fact is that the C.M.S. is far from popular, for most of the missionaries live abroad in far more luxury than do nine-tenths of the beneficed clergy at home; and as to the practical result of their labours (?), I should imagine that each convert must have cost a sum that would startle even the credulous people who waste money on these chimerical crusades, and who would do well to read Mr. Lawrence Oliphant's amusing sketch, "Piccadilly," in which the C.M.S. extravagances are unsparingly exposed.

The Duke of Norfolk is about to erect a convent for the order of Poor Claires at Crossbush, near Arundel. It will be a prominent object for many miles round, as the tableland on the top of Causeway Hill has been selected as the site.

The meeting of the British Association at Montreal, in August, is likely to be a great success. Over 900 members have applied for tickets, and it is anticipated that a still larger number of "outsiders" will take advantage of the cheap fares to visit Canada. An exhaustive round of excursions has been arranged for the amusement of the enterprising *savants*, who are likely to enjoy a real good time. Lord Rayleigh is President for this year.

At Christie's, last week, a pair of Sèvres *jardinières* sold for 1,550 gs., a price which is calculated to negative the idea that we are living in a period of universal "depression." Although hospitals and charities may complain of a falling off in their receipts, it is clear enough that people have plenty of money for the gratification of their own fancies.

The managers of George Heriot's Hospital, at Edinburgh, have lately been advertising for a gatekeeper, and no fewer than six hundred applications have been received from persons in almost every station, and representing almost every profession and trade. The post is worth £52 a year, with house, and certain allowances.

Mr. J. J. Astor has subscribed £40,000 towards the endowment fund of the New York Cancer Hospital.

I gladly publish this letter as to the expenses of collecting and managing the Hospital Saturday Fund; but I still venture to think that it would be advantageous if the two Hospital Funds were placed under the same management. The mistake in connection with the Saturday Fund is that an appeal is made on a given day to the working men of London, asking them to subscribe. Now a shilling, or even a sixpence, is a serious consideration out of a week's money to men who earn probably only a pound or so a week. Yet these very men would gladly give a farthing a week all through the year. A little quiet, unostentatious working would do far more good than the public display which is now indulged in:—

In Truth of this date (May 29) you have a paragraph about the average expenses of the Hospital Saturday collection, and you state it, as it has been stated, as averaging 19 per cent.

It was 30 per cent., and now is about 11. At first the work had to be extended at considerable unproductive cost; now that is not so much required, and twice as much is collected at about a third of the cost; the work, except that of the efficient secretary, is all voluntary, and extends over the whole year. It has been further suggested that we should amalgamate with the Hospital Sunday Fund. Though we wish this fund all success, we cannot subject our organisation to theirs, or place what is mainly a working-class movement under the direction of the Sunday Fund. We are making further arrangements to reduce expenses.

The following refers to the fund for giving dinners to poor School Board children:—

Dear Sir,—I have the pleasure of acknowledging with renewed thanks an additional cheque for £28. 17s. 4d., being the amount of further subscriptions received by Truth from those who have thus given substantial proof of their interest in our movement for the poorer Board School children. Enclosed I send formal receipt.—Yours faithfully, Henry E. Allen, Treasurer.

44, Marlborough-hill, N.W., May 27, 1884.

Since publishing last week's lists of subscriptions, I have received £9 from L. V., to be divided between the fund for "Feeding Robins," Miss English's fund, and Lady Violet Greville's Lying-in Hospital. I have also received £2 from E. B. (Malta) for the above hospital.

Miss English wishes me to acknowledge for her the receipt of £1 from "Faith."

I hear from Edinburgh that the Royal Company of Archers have elected Lord Lothian to be their Captain-General in place of the late Duke of Buccleuch; and Lord Rosebery becomes Major-General of the corps in the room of Lord Lothian.

It is gradually dawning upon the official mind that Lord Cranbrook miscalculated the results when he introduced the Deferred Pay System. The boon, however, having been given, cannot be withdrawn. It can only be hoped that it proves as much an incentive to enlistment as it is a direct encouragement to the soldier to refuse to extend his service beyond twelve years. To tempt men to enter the Army and then to tempt them to leave it is the principle on which the Deferred Pay System is founded.

Two recent pamphlets by Captain C. W. White, written on the same lines as the article on "Army Organisation," in the April number of the *Quarterly Review*, have attracted much attention in the military clubs. They are remarkable as a testimony to the lamentable waste and mismanagement of our military administration. Germany spends less than £18,000,000 a year on her army, and can put into the field, ready and equipped for war, in ten days, 2,000,000 trained soldiers. England spends more than £16,000,000 on the 500,000 men who form her army—two-thirds of whom are Militia and Volunteers, who were lately described by Lord Wolseley as being no better than "men with muskets."

The proposition is to abolish the present joint control of the Army by a Secretary of State and a Royal Duke, and to substitute for it a purely military administration, including the appointment of a soldier as Secretary of State for War. In Continental countries a military man is always in this position, and there seem to me many reasons why the head of the War Office should possess technical knowledge, which no civilian could ever hope to acquire. The War Minister, however, whether civilian or soldier, must be in the Cabinet, and distinctly responsible to Parliament. There can be no question of a return to the former system, by which Parliament voted the money for the army, and the Sovereign spent it. The army is not the Queen's army. It belongs to the nation, which pays for it, and uses it, and, therefore, ought to control it.

If a soldier were appointed Secretary of State for War, the position of the Duke of Cambridge would have to be modified. His Royal Highness could not continue to serve under a Minister who would be one of his own military subordinates. This difficulty might be overcome by his handing over his duties as head of the Military Department of the War Office to the Adjutant-General. The Duke could still remain the nominal head of the Army, and command it (in the same way as the Emperor William commands the German Army) through the War Minister. By this arrangement, his Royal Highness would be relieved of his executive duties, which, with advancing age, must be onerous to him. He would occupy, too, a higher and more dignified position than he does at present, and one more in accordance with the position in the State assigned by the Constitution to members of the Royal Family.

A comparison of the expenses of the French War Office with those of the establishment in Pall Mall, show how much cheaper military administration is in France than in England. There are 463 permanent officials employed at the French War Ministry, at an annual cost of £90,197. There are to be 650 permanent officials (excluding servants and door-keepers) employed this year in our War Office, at a cost of £242,257.

I have received the following from a military correspondent:—

Apropos of the £1,105,500 paid by the subalterns of the army for their commissions previous to the abolition of purchase, I wonder when an answer is to be vouchsafed to the memorial of the retired non-purchase captains, submitted to the Right Hon. the Secretary of State for War, in May, 1882. Up to the present time these gentlemen have been unable to get any reply whatever. Even if the Government could not give them the very modest increase of pension asked for, I am at a loss to understand on what principle the rank given to both their seniors and juniors is withheld from them.

The Royal yachts, *Alberta* and *Elfin*, which have gone into dock at Portsmouth for an overhaul, are under orders to be ready for service by the end of the month. They will be required to convey the Court to Osborne during the second week in July.

I have often drawn attention to the favouritism indulged in at the Admiralty; but, by the appointment of Sir A. Cooper Key's son to the Royal yacht, the authorities have positively succeeded in beating their own startling record of jobbery. Had the young fellow shown any great zeal or aptitude for his profession, no one would have begrudged him the good fortune of having as a father an autocrat at the Admiralty. But when such prizes as appointments to the Royal yacht are held out to young officers of the navy as inducements to study, it is indeed scandalous to find that an officer who has passed a very poor examination is preferred to those who have passed with honours. The certificates gained by this sucking Nelson run thus:—Seamanship, 3rd class; torpedo, 3rd class; navigation, 3rd class; gunnery, 2nd class. Note—There is no fourth class. It would be interesting to know on what grounds other than gross favouritism this appointment can be justified.

The Channel Squadron leaves at the end of this week for Bantry Bay, under the command of the Duke of Edinburgh, and is to stay there for torpedo practice (which this year will be unusually elaborate) till the second week in July, when the squadron will return to Portland. It will probably afterwards proceed to the Baltic for a cruise of about ten weeks.

I hear that the vessels of the Reserve Squadron are not to go either to the Baltic or to the Mediterranean, but are to proceed by Heligoland to the Shetlands, and then home by the west coast of Ireland.

At Naples, the other day, a steel torpedo boat was launched, which had been built there for the Italian Government by Messrs. Pattison. In her trial trip she not only accomplished the stipulated speed (twenty miles per hour), but did twenty-one and a half miles, which, I believe, is a long way the best time on record.

"Liberty" Art Fabrics.—Original designs for Curtains, Chintz, Upholstery, and Furniture Stuffs. Patterns post-free. Regent-st., W.

Mr. Rothery, the Wreck Commissioner, I have no doubt, is a very well-meaning person, but the sentences which he occasionally passes upon erring or incompetent officers of vessels seem to an ordinary mind absurdly lenient. Last week, for instance, he investigated the causes of a collision between the *General Havelock* and the *Peace*, the latter, a fishing coble, having been run down by the former, and two of her crew drowned. Mr. Rothery and his assessors were of opinion that both the master and the mate were to blame for negligence, and added that the owners could not escape responsibility, as the vessel had been sent to sea insufficiently manned. In other words, the master and mate had been guilty of something very like manslaughter, but Mr. Rothery merely suspended their certificates, the one for six months, and the other for three. Of course, the owners, who alone profited by the insufficiency of the crew, escaped scot-free.

I do not, myself, have frequent postal communications with persons on the West Coast of Africa, but I observe from the *Lagos Observer* that there is great complaint of letters between Lagos and the places on the River Niger being opened in transit, in order to afford amusement to the carriers. I suppose that the journey is dull, but even admitting this, it is somewhat of a strong measure for the postmen to wile away the tedium of the way by reading the letters confided to them.

The following letter about cube sugar is interesting:—

Stonewall, Lancaster.

Sir,—In answer to your recent inquiry in Truth, respecting cube sugar and the squares, perhaps you will not think it officious on my part if I try to explain the difference in them. Cube sugar is manufactured by Henry Tate & Sons, of London, of pure cane sugar, which gives it that hardness and grain; it is made by a patent process, for which they paid £10,000 to a Frenchman. The squares are made in France, and sent over in one hundredweight cases; the sugar from which they are made is mixed with beetroot, which makes it much softer than the cubes, and therefore easier to break. If you compare them together you will find that the cubes sparkle, and look better; in fact, it is a far better sugar in every respect. As regards sweetness and appearance, I may say that the French squares are very little thought of in the trade, though they are cheaper in price. If you care to buy any, I can tell you where they are to be got in cases, but where they are sold retail in London I cannot say.—Yours respectfully, M. Baxter.

Sneezing as a pastime—as who should take snuff—and sneezing as a necessity—as who should catch hay-fever—are widely different things. Dr. Morell Mackenzie, of throat celebrity, has therefore come to the rescue of all martyrs to hay-fever. He has published a pamphlet on the subject, not merely with a view of inducing people to take advice, which I believe is the object of most medical pamphlets, but with the view of giving information, and even advice itself, very much to the purpose.

The information is curious and exhaustive. Hay-fever, it seems, like influenza and cholera, did not occur in Europe in the good old times—it was one of the many blessings in the shape of brand-new diseases reserved to gladden the hearts of nineteenth century doctors, and to lead patients to them, literally through their noses. I will not dwell upon the description of this irritating complaint, which the doctor gives at some length and with considerable gusto. Those who have got hay-fever can do without it, and those who have hitherto escaped need not be harrowed up before their time. Bostock, in 1819, first described it; Elliotson

did so in 1831, and after him Phœbus, of Giessen. Helmholtz gave his views in 1869, and he was followed by many others, and now Dr. Morell Mackenzie takes up the parable in 1884.

There seems to be little difference of opinion about the cause. It is the pollen of certain grasses and flowers, and the sovereign remedy is to keep away from these. Dr. Mackenzie differs from the great Helmholtz in the importance which he assigns to quinine, which I had always supposed to be a specific; but I must add that he is very prodigal in stating his own remedies. He recommends with the utmost confidence, and in great detail, valerianate of zinc in combination with assafœtida, in pills of one grain of val. of zinc and two grains of compound assafœtida pill, doubling the dose at the end of ten days or a fortnight. He also alludes to tincture of opium in cases of hay-asthma, and recommends an inhalation of benzoin, together with an insufflation for the nose of (powdered) one-sixteenth of a grain of morphia, and one grain of bismuth. It is seldom one meets with advice half so practical. Generally, such pamphlets only hint darkly at vague preparations, give no quantities, warn people of the danger of attempting to dose themselves, and advise the sufferer to call in a physician without delay.

I gladly publish the following letter, although I hardly consider that it makes matters much better. It is clear that the bacon was "not good," and when a committee, appointed by the Guardians themselves, admit this, I don't think one need be much surprised that the labour-master said it "stank," or that the pauper refused to eat it. Am I to infer from the last paragraph in his letter that the Rev. R. H. Hadden considers that a man who "not long ago" "did his eighteen months for an assault," is specially qualified to digest, and, in fact, enjoy, food, even though it is "not good?" Mr. Ramsbottom, the Master, may be a most "kind and painstaking man," but it is clear that he occasionally, at all events, has a peculiar way of showing these excellent qualities:—

The Parsonage, Bishopsgate-st.
June 1, 1884.

Sir,—A paragraph in last week's Truth is calculated to inflict an unmerited injury upon the master of the City of London Workhouse. Will you allow me, as one of the guardians of the City Union, to say that a kinder and more painstaking official does not exist? I never yet knew him to be guilty of any "tyranny" to the people under his charge, and I do not believe that he is capable of it. Permit me to give the result of the inquiry ordered by the Board into the incident upon which you commented:—"The Committee report that, having seen several of the inmates and officers, they are of opinion that a small portion of the bacon cooked and served on Tuesday, May 20, was not good. They find that Turner had complained to the labour master, who was serving, that his bacon was bad, but did not wait to have it changed. He admitted to the Committee that he lost his temper, and that he also lost his temper when in prison, and was punished for it; there were times when he could not help doing so. The Committee recommend that the Medical Officer be requested to examine Turner as to his state of mind. The Committee desire to say that the evidence given by the persons before the Committee does not justify the remark of the labour master before the magistrates that the "bacon stank." It may be worth while to add that the individual whose fastidiousness and impatience have caused all this trouble, not long ago "did" his eighteen months for a violent assault upon an old man.—I am, your obedient servant, R. H. Hadden.

International Health Exhibition.—In referring to Messrs. Fry's Exhibit of Cocoa and Chocolate, *The Grocer* says:—"Their goods are displayed in an exceedingly attractive style—the Chocolate Creams and similar articles of Confectionery are offered to consumers in the most dainty form, and the boxes in which they are placed are quite works of art. They turn out nothing but the best.'

I observe that what is called Thought-Reading is coming to the fore again. That arrant humbug, Irving Bishop, writes to propose to prove that crime may be detected by his going blindfold to a place in which property has been concealed. He is to be attached to a Member of a Committee of his own choosing by a piece of wire! This is the man who read a note at a meeting in St. James's Hall, the number of which was "alone" known to a friend of his. The proceeds of this meeting were to be given to a charity in Chelsea. Several hundred pounds were taken at the doors. Has the charity yet received the proceeds? I believe not.

Mr. Stuart Cumberland is also giving "thought-reading" *séances*. As I understand it, this gentleman makes no sort of profession of supernatural or "mysterious" powers. His allegation is that the subject, when his hand is grasped by the "thought-reader," gives an indication to him through the muscles equivalent to the "hot" or "cold" of the game where a piano is put in requisition. This is perfectly conceivable. Supposing a person thinks "Yes," the word half forms itself, and a slight accompanying gesture also forms itself. There is therefore a contraction of the muscles, which can be felt by any one who is in contact with the subject. Take, for instance, the attempt to read the numbers on a bank-note. The operator grasps the hand of the subject. He begins to form a figure on a slate. If it be the wrong number there is no muscular movement; if it be the right one a slight muscular movement can be distinguished, which is the physical effect on the idea "he is right." Let the first number be a three; the operator begins with a flourish, which may be the upper part of a three or of a five. He feels no movement; he, therefore, knows that the number is neither three nor five, and converts the flourish into a straight line. If, however, he feels the movement, he knows that the number is either three or five, and continues generally making a mark, which may either be read as a three or a five. A seven and a four, and many other numbers lend themselves in the same way to this vagueness of outline. If the operator and the subject were both blindfolded, and if the former were not allowed to obtain any indication by questions and remarks, it would be impossible for him to write the number of a note in any case, and this proves the absurdity of thought-reading being anything more than following closely an affirmative involuntary muscular action.

Finding a concealed object is even more simple. All that the operator has to do is to follow the line of the least resistance. Contact, however, is necessary. When a man pretends that he can arrive at a result by holding a piece of twine that is attached to the subject, it is certain that he is a humbug, and that he is merely performing a trick by means of collusion.

A case at Bradford Police-court last week helps to throw a certain amount of light upon the system of General Booth. Jane Johnson, aged eighty-six, was charged with being drunk. She had been convicted more than 200 times, but the magistrates let her off on her promising to go home to Easingwold and reform her manner of life. The old lady

complained bitterly of the shabby manner in which she had been treated by the "General." When she was in London Mr. Booth made her, she said, "the top officer, and top officers ought to get top pay, but she never got a halfpenny." This is manifestly unjust, for if the "General" parades converted drunkards, thieves, prizefighters, and such-like persons, he ought to help them in a substantial manner to lead a new life.

That a man would do better not to get drunk, and when his wife locks him out of his home threaten to stave in the door, would be admitted by all. But that a person who does this ought to be imprisoned for a month with hard labour would hardly command the same universal consent. This, however, I gather from the *Hastings and St. Leonards News* is the opinion of the magistrates of Battle. A master butcher of Staplecross, named Harris, had been attending a village club. He took more liquor than was good for him, and when Mrs. Harris refused to open the house door to him, he threatened to beat it in. He was neither abusive to the police nor aggressive to any citizen. The Battle Bench, however, condemned him to a month's hard labour, refused to allow him to appeal, and he was dragged from the dock to the cells to undergo his sentence. This is clearly a case for the Home Secretary's interference.

Ladies who are annoyed by the offensive attentions of prowling cads would do well to notice a case at Knaresborough Sessions last week. A farmer named Hardisty was summoned by Miss Wright and her sister because "with intent to annoy, insult, and frighten the complainants he did secretly lurk about the house where they dwell . . . . and did persistently follow them about and use provoking language, and otherwise behave himself in an offensive, insulting, and alarming manner." The farmer, it appeared, was enamoured of Miss Wright, and pestered her with his attentions, until she scarcely dared to go out alone. For his several offences he was fined sums amounting to about £7, and was bound over to keep the peace for six months. There are dozens of blackguards in London whose whole apparent occupation is to follow and insult unprotected ladies, and if a few of these were given in charge it would, I think, have a very salutary effect upon the others.

Two men who sold a painted sparrow, on the pretence that it was a canary, have been sent to prison by the Lord Mayor for three months' hard labour. Two women, who were given the charge of three children, and were proved to have starved and ill-treated them, beaten them, and reduced them to a frightful state of emaciation, have been sentenced, at the Middlesex Sessions, to one week's imprisonment and three months' hard labour respectively. It is evident that, in the eyes of the law, it is more wicked to paint a sparrow and sell it as a canary than to half kill three children.

The Essex magistrates and the Chief of the Police in that county have recommenced their raid against Sunday traders at Southend. Sarah Sykes was fined 5s., with costs 8s. 6d., for selling sweetmeats, and various other "lawbreakers" were similarly dealt with. Considering that Southend is a great place for Sunday excursionists, and that flies and tramways ply for hire, this persecution of small traders who have a hard struggle to make both ends meet is a little too mean. If a gentleman may drive down on a drag to Greenwich and dine sumptuously on Sunday, if beer and spirits may be sold in every public-house on his outing on that day, it is not easy to see why selling a brandy-ball is a crime.

The President of the New York Bar Association, who, it seems, is prosecuting Ferdinand Ward for his peculations and frauds upon the Marine Bank, &c., recently asked, on cross-examining the mendacious Ferdinand, the following question, which doubtless sums up that culprit's iniquities:—"Was not the real nature of your business that it consisted in discounting a fanciful prospect of imaginary profits to be derived from fictitious contracts founded on manufactured artificial contributions of altogether imaginary money?" To which the culprit-witness, who was unable to account for a sudden deficit of over £300,000, pithily, if not flippantly, answered in American slang, "That is a conundrum. Give it up."

"General Grant needs a guardian rather than a ward" is the latest New York *mot*.

Messrs. Henry Pease & Co., of Darlington, who have for a long time been among the leading woollen manufacturers in the North, have relinquished their business, and sold it to a new firm, who are to be known as "Henry Pease & Co.'s successors."

Lord Coventry has made provision in his agreements with his tenants to guard against a serious oversight in the Act of last session, *i.e.*, compensation for corn consumed during the last year of tenancy which has been grown upon the farm. There is no allowance for this item under the Act, which only provides for compensation for feeding-stuffs consumed on the farm, which have been grown elsewhere. Lord Coventry stipulates that a tenant who intends to consume his home-grown corn during the last year of his tenancy shall give due notice, in order that the steward may satisfy himself as to the amount of corn to be consumed. This arrangement has given very great satisfaction on the Croome estates, and it is a pity that a short Bill cannot be introduced to make such compensation universal.

"There is some good even amongst the worst of mankind, for the Dynamiters have endeavoured to blow up a Conservative, not a Liberal club," I heard an ardent Liberal observe. This, however, is but a poor consolation; indeed, I question whether the rascals are really actuated by any such refinements. Probably they threw the dynamite down the area of the Junior Carlton Club simply because it is easy to evade observation in St James's Square.

Fortunately, however, dynamite in small quantities is less dangerous than gunpowder; it explodes up and down, instead of scattering. If a dynamiter were ready to

Rimmel's Toilet Vinegar, tonic, refreshing, 2/6. Aromatic Ozonizer, a natural air purifier, 1/. 96, Strand; 128, Regent-st.; 24, Cornhill.

risk his life, he would be far more dangerous than he is. A man is sent over to England and told to do something. For this he receives a sum of money, and, naturally, whilst he is ready to risk the lives of others, he is disinclined to risk his own. He therefore commits his crime in a sneaking, half-hearted fashion. Up to now, not one single person has been arrested for throwing dynamite who seems to have been actuated by anything beyond mercenary motives.

The instigators take good care to keep themselves out of harm's way. Some are perhaps fanatics, but others find it pleasant to live on money collected from dupes. With the latter the outrages are mainly advertisements. If nothing were done, the subscriptions would fall off.

It is, no doubt, difficult for the American Government to deal with these men, when they are residing in the United States, however indignant they may feel at the hospitality of their country being so grossly abused. Still, American public men ought to take counsel as to the best mode of ridding the United States of these scamps, or rendering them innocuous.

The mistake which Government made when first "atrocities" commenced was to fancy that the leaders of the Land League were in some way connected with them, and until they get this notion entirely out of their heads they will never get to the bottom of the matter. When Mr. Parnell was in prison, the funds of the Land League were in the hands of Mr. Egan, in Paris, and there was, perhaps, some looseness in donations to associations of so-called patriots, who might have abused the confidence which was placed in them; but since his liberation, Mr. Parnell has insisted upon knowing how every penny is expended, and not even by accident can any of the Land League money have fallen into bad hands.

In a letter to the *Times*, Mrs. Garrett Anderson explains that women ought to have the franchise because being, "as a rule, on a higher moral plane than men, they would vote less from a party point of view than from a desire to support the men who best command their confidence upon questions involving moral rectitude." If this means anything, it means that women are not the equals of men, but their superiors, and it would, therefore, if pushed to its logical consequences, land us in an Amazonian Government. Women are not, as a rule, on a higher moral plane than men, and they possess no special attributes to enable them to decide which men ought to command confidence as the exponents of moral rectitude. Speaking generally, women are a good deal more easily humbugged than men; and many a Stiggins makes an exceedingly good thing of commanding their confidence upon questions involving moral rectitude.

A good deal is to be said both for and against giving women votes. We are tending towards manhood suffrage; but if this were to include womanhood suffrage too, the women would be at an advantage, for there would be more female than male electors, partly because more women than men are born, and partly because more men are always absent from their country than women.

The Amendment to the Franchise Bill, of which Sir Edward Watkin has given notice, for the purpose of repealing the Septennial Act and re-establishing Triennial Parliaments, has been several times the subject of discussions in the House since the Triennial Act was repealed in 1716. As long ago as the year 1734 a similar resolution was brought forward by Mr. Pulteney, and was rejected by a majority of only 63, in a House of upwards of 400 members. Alderman Sawbridge also brought forward the subject for sixteen or seventeen consecutive years. In the years 1833, 1834, 1837, 1849, a like resolution was made by Mr. Tennyson D'Eyncourt, and in the latter year it met with success, the House of Commons, by a majority of five, giving leave to introduce the Bill. The last time the question was discussed was in the year 1875, when Dr. Kenealy, "the member for Stoke," brought it forward.

One strong argument in favour of Triennial Parliaments certainly exists, and should not be lightly overlooked. If the Liberal electors of Hythe had an opportunity of selecting their representative every three years, it is more than probable that the House of Commons would be without the presence of that worthy Baronet of most flexible opinions who now so consistently misrepresents the opinions of his constituents.

Ministers are warned by the *Times* that if they persist in a policy which will enable us to leave Egypt, they will be ejected from office by an outburst of popular indignation. Again and again Mr. Gladstone has stated that this is his aim. Again and again has he assured his countrymen, and through them Europe, that he would never have meddled in Egypt, had it not been for certain covenants entered into by his predecessors with Tewfik, and that, having set this Humpty-Dumpty on his legs and given him a fair start, he intended to withdraw. Why, then, is the *Times*, and why are the Conservatives, so surprised at what is taking place? Their confidence in the Prime Minister seems to have been a confidence that he has been guilty of the grossest falsehoods, and that he meant precisely the reverse of what he said.

Mr. Gladstone came into power on the specific assurance that he was opposed to the Jingo policy of his predecessors, and that he was especially opposed to any species of British Protectorate over Egypt. His foreign policy and that of his predecessors are antagonistic. If he is merely to be allowed to remain in office so long as he carries into effect a policy which he believes to be not only scandalously immoral, but contrary to the true interests of the country, it is highly improbable that he will accept power under such degrading conditions.

When we occupied Egypt with an army, we did so with the assent of Europe, after having, jointly with the Continental Powers, signed a Protocol, by which we bound

"Royal Charter" Champagne.—Wachter & Co., shippers to H.M. the Queen and H.R.H. the Prince of Wales by special appointment

ourselves not to derive any separate benefit by the occupation. How, then, possibly, can it be said that we have acquired rights through this occupation?

This "rights" doctrine is a new development of Jingoism. Up to now we have been told that we must remain in Egypt, because we had assumed responsibilities to Europe. It is only since it has been discovered that Europe does not want us to remain there, that the "rights" theory has been put forward.

We have no "rights" there. We have, like other Powers, interests. But just as we should object to any one of these Powers converting their interests into a Protectorate, so do they naturally object to our doing so. No one dreams of re-establishing the Dual Control, but Europe very rightly is opposed to this Dual Control being converted into a British control.

As regards the Egyptians, there is not one single native who wishes us to remain. Thanks to us, the debt has increased, the fellahs are oppressed, and everything is going to wreck and ruin. I congratulate the Egyptians upon their patriotism. My advice to them is to "Boycott" all Europeans who seek to exercise sway over them, and to refuse to pay taxes so long as there is a European army of occupation in the country. The worst domestic tyranny is better than the best of foreign rules.

What has really weakened the confidence felt in Mr. Gladstone by his followers is that he has conceded too much to his opponents. Let him clearly enunciate his Midlothian policy, and act upon it. He will find that the country will enthusiastically support him. If he falls it will be because he distrusts his own popularity, and pays too much attention to the speeches of Mr. Forster, Mr. Goschen, and other so-called Liberals, who cannot conceive that a Liberal Government ought to be in office if they do not either form part of it or direct its councils.

Only a little before the last General Election the very newspapers which are now loud in their indignation at Mr. Gladstone not obeying their decrees, assured us that the country was with them. The General Election told a very different tale. There is not one man in favour of our remaining in Egypt one day longer than is absolutely necessary, who was not in favour of Lord Beaconsfield's "spirited foreign policy." Is there one single Liberal constituency in the country who would return a Liberal whose vote had aided to place the Conservatives in power, because Mr. Gladstone has proved true to his own policy and declined to become a Jingo?

No one will have been surprised to hear that a new Mahdi has appeared on the scene, and the only interesting thing will be to see how soon we shall be told that we must "smash" him. It is said, I see, that he has the power of making himself invisible at will, and that, as soon as his enemies approach him, he vanishes into thin air. Herein he exactly resembles the other bogeys whom the Jingoes set up from time to time to frighten us.

When we are told by Conservatives that the entire country is in a state of wild enthusiasm respecting General Gordon, this is but a figure of speech. All hope that he will not fall a victim to his self-willed folly; but here the "enthusiasm" begins and ends, the general opinion being that the Government never did a more foolish thing than in sending this Quixotic Dugald Dalgetty to the Soudan.

Let us consider facts. General Gordon is a man who has two excellent qualities: 1, he despises money; 2, he despises death. But if we look into his career, we find that he loves adventure, is ready to take service with any barbarian or despot who wishes to destroy the lives of other barbarians, and does not hold himself, like his prototype Dalgetty, bound to make his employer's interests his own.

He first came to the front in China. He entered the service of the Emperor of China, and carried on military operations against the Taepings. But on what moral grounds has an Englishman a right to slay Chinese at the bidding of a Chinaman? For all that is known to the contrary, the Taepings were in the right and the Emperor in the wrong. Be this as it may, one thing is certain, that the Taeping revolution was suppressed with horrible cruelty.

Then we hear of him taking service with the Cape Government, and becoming its Commander-in-chief in a war against the Basutos. But, having accepted this post, he went over, bag and baggage, to the Basutos. In Egypt he accepted the Governorship of the Soudan from the Khedive Ismail, and then proceeded to slay and destroy all Soudanese who would not acknowledge Ismail as their ruler.

Lastly, having accepted a mission to induce the Soudanese to allow the Egyptian garrisons to withdraw peacefully from the Soudan, he has sought to convert this into a desultory campaign against the Soudanese, and has written to say that his employers will cover themselves with indelible disgrace if they do not send him troops to shoot down Bedonins and to "smash the Mahdi."

As to his religion, the "Christian" hero never has pretended to be a Christian. To judge by his own utterances, he seems to be a sort of a Deist, regarding his own will as that of the Deity.

It is full time that we should ponder over the above facts. Hero-worship is all very well. In the present age, when love of money is so prevalent, one admires a man who does not care for it, whilst personal bravery always commands respect. But we must not run away with the notion that we are bound to regard a man who possesses these two qualities as a being of supernatural virtue, or to consider that black becomes white at his bidding.

Vanity Fair says:—"Mr. Benjamin is still the Prince of Ulster and Stalking-Coat Makers." Ulster House, Conduit-street, W.

"Liberty" Arabian Furniture and Decoration. A new Sketch-book post-free. Liberty & Co., Chesham House. Regent-street, W.

SCRUTATOR.

"CHATTERTON."

It is impossible to feel much sympathy for the diseased genius of the boyish British poet Chatterton. He was an intelligent compounder of literary fraud, who for years passed off upon the credulous forged manuscripts, purporting to be original documents, and in his spare moments he composed poetry, scarcely one line of which is remembered. He went out of the world wailing, because he was allowed to starve, a circumstance mainly brought about by his juvenile conceit and unconquerable arrogance. It is surprising, therefore, to find the precocious boy brought forward as the hero of a romantic legend. Hitherto no one has idealised him, save Mr. Wallis, who made him the sad figure of a striking picture, stretched out dead, on his pallet bed, with the towers and chimneys of busy London seen through the open window. The "Endymion" of John Keats, though inscribed to the memory of Thomas Chatterton, is not personal to his loss or very much concerned with the fallen star, as is the case with the "Lycidas" of Milton, the "Adonais" of Shelley, or, later on, the "In Memoriam" of Alfred Tennyson. "Endymion" is a panegyric of nature rather than of Chatterton. Messrs. Jones and Herman however, think otherwise, and they have pretty skilfully represented the precocious Bristolian as a romantic, perfervid youth; visited by lovely ladies of title who leave him love-letters and ten-pound notes; a railer at ingratitude and defender of poesy, an infatuous Rechabite, who refuses to go round the corner and get drunk with Ned Boaden at a Holborn tavern, and who, after swallowing a bottle full of arsenic, puts his house in order, and is an unconscionable time in dying. Considering the space of time to be occupied, the little play as it stands, is clever; as a specimen of stage rhetoric, it is certainly attractive; but such a play and such a subject would have been impossible without an actor. That actor it has found in Mr. Wilson Barrett, who is gradually mounting by leaps and starts to the very foremost place in the first class of his art. Mr. Barrett, it must be remembered, has little to unlearn. He has been a good actor all his life: he has had an experience that falls to few of his brethren, and it is only recently that his ambition has had vent, and that he has been able to show what he can do. From the acting of such characters as Claudian and Chatterton, so dangerously approaching the dramatic monologue, it is possible to see why the public taste was detached from plays of psychological interest and literary merit. It was because, for the most part, the actors since Macready had not the intelligence to understand them nor the power to illustrate them. The poetical and literary drama, as it is called, was extinguished when actors began to mouth, and rant, and patronise, and attitudinise, and to take Shakespeare under their protection. It is earnestly to be hoped that Mr. Wilson Barrett will not be spoiled, for he is the least affected and most eloquent actor on the stage. He can make the dullest play go, because he galvanises it with his own nervous individuality. There is nothing maudlin, or tearful, or sentimental about his style; there is the true ring in his passion—a sincere thrill in his grief. For instance, there is a speech in this play on the advantages of poetry, not a bit better written than a hundred speeches that could be quoted from the contemporary drama; not more eloquent than any passage that could be selected haphazard from a newspaper description or a magazine article, and yet it stirs and thrills the audience by means of the magnetic influence of the actor. Mr. Jones and Mr. Herman should go down on their knees and thank the actor, at any rate, for speaking that which is set down for him intelligently, and so that it can be comprehended. What would have been the effect of the dream-speech in the "Silver King" or the poetry speech in "Chatterton" if they had been muttered and mumbled as most words are on the English stage? They would not have been heard or noticed. Mr. Wilson Barrett has the conspicuous advantage that he knows how to speak. Hitherto he has escaped the attention of the imitator. He is not included in the series of "Imitations of Popular Actors." This shows that his style is untricky and his manner unobtrusive. Surprise is expressed that he should wish to play Hamlet. I don't see why he shouldn't, except that we have been pretty well dosed with Hamlets recently, and the critics would all air their views an the subject *ad nauseam*. When he next turns to Shakespeare I should advise him to take up "Antony and Cleopatra." He would make an admirable Antony, and the play lends itself to sumptuous decoration. As to Cleopatra—well, if I may judge by a very powerful recitation by Mrs. Bernard Beere of Story's poem, descriptive of the loves of this impetuous lady, I should say that the modern Fedora could easily realise—

> One sitting on a crimson scarf unroll'd,
> A queen, with swarthy cheeks and bold black eyes,
> Brow-bound with burning-gold,

and could even, to the satisfaction of the modern sensuous school and the fleshly poets, interpret the difference between her "dull, cold-blooded Cæsar" and the very impetuous gentleman, her Roman Antony, her "mailed Bacchus" who "leapt into her arms contented there to die." By all means let us have "Antony and Cleopatra" with suggestive musical interludes, selected from the "Tristan and Isolde" music of Wagner, and a descriptive analysis by the married Oscar Wilde! It would draw all London.

STAGE WHISPERS.

Mr. Irving can have no reason to complain of the reception he met with on Saturday last. Both he and Miss Terry were rapturously received; in fact, of all the enthusiastic welcomes they have been favoured with, none can have been more gratifying to them than that of Saturday. Mr. Irving made the inevitable speech, from which I was glad to hear that he is not going to build a theatre on the Embankment; but that he is going to produce "Twelfth Night." The alterations in the cast of "Much Ado About Nothing" are, as a rule, improvements. I was pleased to find that, regardless of the lengthened absence of the majority of the company in America, none of them seems to have become infected with the slightest "foreign accent."

One play at the Criterion is pretty much the same as another. Mr. Charles Wyndham is perpetually the victim

Minton's China.—A visit to Messrs. Goode's Depôt in South Audley-street will at once show the immense superiority of their collection, both as regards taste, extent, and lowness of price.

of untoward circumstances. He usually goes out with Mr. Blakeley when his wife happens to be away from home, and gets into some unfortunate scrape. He either meets a fascinating widow, sups with a seductive siren, knocks down a policeman in the defence of virtue, or does something that necessitates the use of a whole armoury of falsehood. One lie leads to another, and the greater the mendacity the more the audience appears to be amused. It does not much matter whether the ordinary domestic scare occurs in "Brighton," or "Fourteen Days," or "The Great Divorce Case." Mr. Wyndham being the best actor of eccentric light comedy of his day, and having well drilled a thoroughly good company, it is not extraordinary that the Criterion, which is, since the alterations, the most convenient, best lighted, and—*mirabile dictu*—the best ventilated theatre in London should be the popular resort of after-dinner playgoers. A theatre where you can drop in at nine o'clock and be sure of a good laugh is an institution not to be despised. Strange to say, Mr. Wyndham and his company have returned from America far better actors than when they went there. Like the Australian cricketers, they know how to play together. There is a place for every one and every one is in his place. Mr. Blakeley is one of the funniest old men on the comic stage, and it would be difficult to find better comedians than Mr. Giddens and Miss Rorke. But I wonder how long Mr. Wyndham will be able to play on the one string, and to represent with such ability the matrimonial scapegoat. I see that he intends to produce the "Tête de Linotte," a farcical play that I saw a few years ago at the Vaudeville, in Paris. It struck me then as one of the most amusing plays of the kind I had ever seen, but, then, Mr. Wyndham is not to play in it. That is a mistake. Mr. Wyndham should never, under any circumstances, be out of the Criterion programme. He is as necessary in Piccadilly as Mr. Toole is in King William-street. There is a very amusing character in the "Tête de Linotte" of a Portuguese lady-killer or masher. For this M. Marius is engaged—a clever and capable actor, who, having lost his voice, ought to find a permanent home at the Criterion, where he will be very useful.

That very pretty opera, the "Mascotte," gains immensely on its revival by having for its heroine Miss Florence St. John. It contains the prettiest airs that Audran ever wrote, but hitherto they have lacked the requisite expression. Miss St. John is an ideal Mascotte, and until the heat of the weather makes theatre-going an impossibility, this clever lady ought to draw all London to the Comedy. Miss Ada Wilson is not a Kate Vaughan, it is true, but she dances prettily and with taste, without imitating the stale steps of the columbine and harlequina. For years past stage-dancing has been taught by ballet-masters wedded to the same old system. They would not depart one step from it. As a consequence, the movements that should appear spontaneous have been dull and mechanical. Miss Vaughan and Miss Wilson learned the rudiments of their art under a good master; but for the rest they use their own natural intelligence. Arthur Roberts is exceedingly funny, but I do wish he would give his hands a rest. It becomes monotonous for an audience to be perpetually treated as though they were deaf and dumb.

The management at the Avenue Theatre is eccentric indeed. First of all they tried comic opera, then French farce, very badly done, and now it is hoped that London will be attracted, at the loveliest time of the year, to a very hot theatre, in order to see a dreary play. Miss Lydia Cowell would be a useful actress in a good company. She has taste and intelligence, but to put her up as a star in such a play as Mr. Mortimer's version of the "Petite Fadette" of George Sand in such weather as this is really a sublime exercise of credulity. The idyllic play is all very well for the critics, but the general public will not have it. A summer or so ago such actors as Febvre, Got, and Reichemberg played "L'Ami Fritz" to empty benches at the Gaiety, and "L'Ami Fritz" is not only the most charming dramatic poem the stage has received in modern times, but it was acted to perfection. How, then, can it be expected that Miss Lydia Cowell can fill a theatre in hot June that has only recently rung the changes between showy French opera and silly French farce?

The fact is, that the managers are at their wits' ends to know what to do to play to their expenses from now until August. The shutters are being put up at the Olympic, where an ambitious lady is reported to have lost no less a sum than thirteen thousand pounds in a few short months, and in the course of that time she has not produced one successful play. It must be convenient for authors to receive nightly fees, and for artists to be provided with weekly salaries; but it is a curious form of ambition to pay out of your bank three or four hundred pounds a week in order to distribute orders to the butchers, bakers, and candlestick-makers who hang on to the skirts of amateur management. Undeterred by the collapse at Her Majesty's and at the Olympic, Mr. C. Brookfield intends to tempt fortune by taking the Haymarket Theatre for a summer season. I wish him good luck, but he had much better keep his money in his pocket, put on a light coat, and spend his holiday at Boulogne. No doubt, however, he is a dramatic philanthropist, and desires to provide his brother and sister artists with salaries in the dog-days, instead of their having to be idle. Mr. Brookfield will revive old comedy, and he has secured the services of Mrs. John Wood and of Mrs. Bernard Beere.

Mr. Augustus Harris has wisely let Drury Lane to a mammoth troupe of negro minstrels, who made their first appearance on Saturday. There can be no doubt as to the variety of the entertainment they offer, but it is somewhat devoid of originality. A novel acrobatic performance by a Mr. McNiel is, however, well worth seeing. As a rule, however, the summer theatrical season is desperately dull. The revival of Robertson's "Play" at the Court appears to be a desperate venture. The only other dramatic excitement in store for weary London is the appearance of Sarah Bernhardt at the Gaiety as Lady Macbeth.

Almond's Hotel, situated in the best position of the West-End and close to the theatres, parks, &c., is now re-opened. A spacious Salle à Manger and Ladies' Drawing-room have also been added, hot and cold baths and many single bedrooms. Special attention directed to sanitary arrangements. Clifford-street, Bond-street, W —J. R. Roy, Proprietor.

Mr. Streeter, 18, New Bond-street, London, having decided to retire from the Jewellery Trade offers his Valuable Stock of Diamond Ornaments, Gem Jewellery, &c., at a great reduction. The public will therefore have special opportunities for the next few months of obtaining some of this high-class stock on advantageous terms.

MUSIC.

This week has hardly been so prolific as usual in high-class concerts. The Philharmonic was, of course, the most notable. As I predicted, the Hall was crowded, and Bottesini created a *furore*. He was recalled four times after the performance of his astonishing "Concerto" on the double bass. His taste is as exquisite and his execution as faultless as ever. The great player was not easily coaxed into an encore; however, at the last recall he came on with his unwieldly instrument and gave his celebrated rendering of "Nel cor più," with variations, in his peculiarly stupendous manner, which left me wondering as of old where the harmonics could come from, although I have a tolerably good acquaintance with the production of harmonics on stringed instruments. Mr. Cowen's new symphony was carefully and sympathetically rendered under the composer's own *bâton*—a very efficient one. It reminded me more than once of the great master who wrote the "Isles of Fingal" and the "Scotch Symphony." It is a good work, in Mr. Cowen's well-known style—not by any means sensational or over-stimulating. Mdme. Essipoff played Chopin's "Concerto" admirably, and I must say that Mr. Cowen's effective conducting made me wish that the Philharmonic would choose their man and stick to him, and let him be as good as Cowen—why not Cowen?

Hallé's chamber concerts continue to draw, and Sarasate's last concert was well attended on Saturday; but the Derby week is fatal to a good many entertainments. So is Whitsuntide—in London, at least; in fact, there has been a general postponement of benefits till Thursday, when, however, there is to be a burst of musical performances. The Richter Concert at St. James's Hall, in which Berlioz, Wagner, and Liszt figure prominently, Miss Josephine Agabeg's concert at St. George's Hall, and Mrs. Dutton Cook's at Princes' Hall. The "Meistersinger," by the way, opens the German Opera series at Drury Lane on Wednesday. On Friday we are to have Sir Julius Benedict's jubilee performance of his "St. Peter,"—a long and rather dull oratorio, with some good choral writing, and a good many vocal platitudes. The next day the veteran's fiftieth annual concert will take place at the Albert Hall. This can hardly fail to attract. Sir Julius would have done better to have had two big "mixtures as before." Musically, no doubt, the thing is bad, but the public like these sort of musical Irish-stews. A testimonial is being got up for Sir Julius, as he has lost money. I am told that Dr. von Bülow, to show his appreciation of the extent to which Sir Julius had benefited the cause of music generally in his generation, contributed the large sum of—*sixpence*. Few—none, in fact—have had the courage to follow his example. *Tant mieux*. It is a sad thing, when a man who has worked very hard and very long, ends by losing his money. It would be sadder if people, as a rule, did not contribute more than sixpence to his compensation fund; but in spite of the eloquence of Lord Lathom and Herr Kuhe at the Mansion House last week, the fund shows a tendency to stick at about £1,700. Not so bad either.

Pauline Lucca continues to be the chief draw at the Italian Opera, though there is an evident desire to push Biro de Marion. The "Africaine" was given on Friday with a good cast, and "Lucrezia" on Saturday. There was no performance on Whitsun-Monday. Every one is looking forward to next Monday, when Mozart's "Nozze" is to be repeated with the same strong cast which drew the house full to repletion on the last occasion. It is to be hoped that Madame Sembrich, who has been suffering from indisposition, will have sufficiently recovered to do justice to herself and her very arduous part. Albani and Lucca left nothing to be desired last time, and they were admirably supported by Cotogni and De Reszke. Signor Bevignani deserves great praise for the resolute manner in which he is fighting for the Italian cause. The two most successful nights have, however, not been Italian nights—they have been Mozart's ("Nozze") and Bizet's "Carmen," in Italian, of course, yet not of Italy. *Sic vos non vobis*—that little joke of Virgil's—seems indefinitely elastic.

THE NATIONAL HEALTH SOCIETY.

"Honour to whom honour is due." The Health Exhibition is, no doubt, a good enterprise; but its success—nay, its very existence—is largely due to a much less ambitious agency,—I allude to the "National Health Society." Had not people got thoroughly anxious about their health, the water they drank, the food they ate, the clothes they wore, the houses they lived in, no Health Exhibition would have had a chance. These are the questions at which, for some years past, the National Health Society has been pegging away—"all up hill." Fortunately, it has been backed by Ernest Hart, Dr. Richardson, Ray Lankester, and his able and indefatigable sister, Fay Lankester, as well as other zealous sanitarians.

I have run my eye over a prospectus of its achievements, and I am forcibly reminded that each one of its "hobbies" was at first coldly received, if not ridiculed. It has now got itself accepted as a necessary, or at least a second necessary, of life. The cheap or gratis lectures on infectious diseases, food, cookery, and ventilation, we used to be told, nobody wanted and nobody would listen to; but the Health Society has spread a net-work of them throughout London, and the poorest of the poor have been induced to listen. The leaflets, too, (instead of tracts), health almanacks, recipes, hints for the house, &c., which it was declared the poor would never read, are now to be met with thumbed, and treasured, and hung up in many a reeking slum and alley.

Health teaching in schools has also received a new impulse from the special prizes offered by the Berners-street committee. Open spaces have been discovered, and new lungs for London opened up. Seats for weary pedestrians have been provided along metropolitan highways and thoroughfares, while the whole of the Smoke Abatement Agitation was got up by the National Health Society. Special attention has been called to hygienic dress; and not a minute too soon. Indeed, I hope that the battle of health against fashion will continue to rage until tight stays, agony boots, and, let me add, chimney-pot hats are utterly abolished. I have no desire to cheapen the enterprise of the Big Show; still, it is but just to remember, as we look at the crowds of carriages and fashionable throngs, who has paved the way, who has fought the up-hill fight in obscurity.

Osler, 100, Oxford-street, W.—Crystal Glass and China Services; Minton's Worcester, Copelands, Wedgwood, and Crown Derby China, Chandeliers, Lamps and Wall Lights. 100, Oxford-st., W. Osler.

THE BARREL ORGAN.

Tune.—Shylocks in Shops.

[Another circular has been sent to me by the Secretary of the Early-closing Association, asking me to again insert an appeal on the subject of Early Shopping. Former appeals, it is stated, have effected considerable good, so with a view of aiding still further a work which undoubtedly aims at salutary results, I most readily supplement Truth's previous efforts in a similar direction.—Ed. Truth.]

"If you 're shopping, pray shop early, oh! shop early, ladies, dear!
Nor make long lives of labour still more hopeless and more drear.
'Tis but little that we ask you; still, if we your hearts can touch
For those who toil and moil in shops, 'twill mean so very much.

"But we always *do* shop early," p'rhaps our readers will reply,
"And our carriages in Bond-street after four you rarely spy."
An assertion that we welcome with much pleasure, whilst we pray
All you ladies who thus answer, to lend help another way.

For example, you have servants, and these servants you allow
To go out and do *their* shopping—will you kindly, then, avow
At what hour it is you send them? Can you truthfully deny
'Tis at night, and late at night, too, that their requisites they buy?

Here's a chance, then, for improvement you cannot embrace too soon;
Let your time for servants' shopping not be night, but afternoon,
And you will not only foster early closing by the change,
But from many risks and vices your domestics will estrange.

Large employers, too, of labour great assistance might convey,
If the thousands of their workmen they'd but one day earlier pay;
Since, with wages paid on Friday, there would no occasion be
For that Saturday late shopping, which we now perforce must see.

For it is not only westward that late hours in shops prevail,
But from north and south and eastward comes a yet more piteous tale;
Comes a plaint of greater sadness from the hapless slaves who toil
'Midst dark scenes of greed and squalor, from which stoutest hearts recoil.

Give the workmen's wives a chance, then, and we know they 'll do their best
That the counter-slaves of London may have light and hope and rest;
Hearts which know what want and pain are these are ever first to feel,
And, assured of their assistance, 'tis we utter our appeal.

Nor do we make it only to the public; tradesmen, too,
If they are but in earnest, might what Mercy asks them do.
Let them *all* agree in granting this small favour we demand,
And in what way they can suffer it is hard to understand.

If the public find their shops shut when they seek them late at night,
It is certain such experience will to earlier hours incite.
All the tradesmen need is union—let them once on this agree,
And the situation's master they perforce must shortly be.

But there doubtless are exceptions; some on harsh exactions bent,
In their greed for fortune will not to early hours consent.
Very well, then, if 'tis found that such mean hucksters do exist,
Who, with cruel spite, on claiming their whole pound of flesh insist;

If there be such petty tyrants, to such cruel courses prone,
'Twould be well their lust for lucre should be far and wide made known;
And we willingly Truth's columns as a pillory would use
For those selfish shop-bred Shylocks who their power and place abuse.

And one word of final counsel to all those who wish to see,
The victims of these Shylocks from their tyranny set free;
Let them, then, in their attacking, not essay too wide a field,
But in district after district strive to make the tradesmen yield.

Let them London take in sections, and in each secure the names
Of those who view with favour their Society's good aims;
And by dint of thus dividing the great task they undertake,
They will find themselves more likely to a final triumph make.

NOTES FROM PARIS.

CROWN JEWELS—WHO'LL BUY.

"Fuit Ilium!" When I saw to-day the Tuileries demolished, and the Crown jewels on view previous to their sale, I mentally repeated the above hackneyed quotation. I can't say that I did so in a mournful spirit. The Tuileries have had their day, and the last wearer of the Crown jewels had her fling for twenty years. But my point of view, I own, was not that of my numerous country men and women, who are here to visit Paris under the personal guidance of Mr. Cook. I made three turns round the octagonal stand on which the regalia are placed, less for the purpose of studying the gems than of gathering the impressions of "Cook's lot," and also of other English of higher quality who went to gaze, mourn, and adore. Yes, to adore. Adoration was mingled with their gaping admiration. Figurately speaking, they were on their knees before the Crown jewels, and looked at them with that *recueillement* which is to be observed in devout persons who are engaged in contemplating *le bon Dieu dans le saint sacrement.* I could but think as I watched them that Henry VIII. prematurely weaned his good people from the broad-bosomed Church of Rome. Reverence for the noble army of Saints and Martyrs was not dried up; it only flowed into new channels. Catholic nations have dropped the worship of old symbols, while we still adore Lords and Kings. We are not satisfied with prostrating ourselves before our home-bred nobility and Royalty, but when we go abroad and see the corpse of an exotic Monarchy, we grow sentimental over it. There is hardly any thing in the French regalia which bears the venerable stamp of time. There are very few things which are masterpieces of the jeweller's art. I do not suppose there are half-a-dozen objects which are of ante-Revolutionary date. Louis

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Quinze gave to his numerous mistresses the jewels that bedecked his mother, grandmother, and his great grandmother, the Medician Mary. What the sirens did with them nobody knows. The Directory, with almost culpable good nature, let the daughter of Louis Seize take off with her to Vienna all the bejewelled paraphernalia of the Dauphine Marie Josèphe of Saxony, daughter-in-law of Louis Quinze and of Marie Antoinette.

The eight diadems, the numerous brooches with spray pendants, the combs to match, the stars, the bracelets, the *rivières*, the bows, and so on, which adorned the Empress Eugénie and the Empresses Josephine and Marie Louise, are not remarkable for exquisite taste, and are in no wise superior to the gems in which the late Mesdames Musard and de Pavia used to shine forth at the Opera-house. They are on the whole inferior to the Spanish regalia which Isabella II. dispersed at the auction mart, and to the jewels of the Russian and Brazilian crowns. The remarkable objects are a collar of the St. Esprit, a sword of Oriental workmanship sent to Louis XVIII. by the Dey of Algiers, some foreign Orders, some antique clasps and buckles, and the Regent—which is too big to be a graceful object in a feminine *parure*. The diadems, in point of design, are very much on a level with those paste ones which are to be bought for theatrical uses in the Passage Jouffroy. The quantity of money locked up in them is very great, but less prodigious than our countrymen and women whom I saw gazing at them this morning fancy. The diadems and gems to match them, in which there are sapphires and pink stones and pearls, were bought for Marie Louise, and the Duchesse de Berri, who also was suffered to carry off in 1830 the contents of caskets to which she had not the smallest right.

The Empress Eugénie was the chief pearl fancier of all the exalted ladies who resided at the Tuileries since the Year I. She also ordered the Gothic diadems in which she fancied she resembled Blanche of Castille, St. Louis' mother. The probability is that if the Fourth of September had not come so suddenly, the Emperor would not have left much of the regalia behind him. The girdle copied from the one that adorned a pretty actress in the "Biche au Bois" is a band of diamonds with a gold network falling from it, the meshes of which are held together by large pear-shaped pearls. This net is bordered with a deep fringe formed of delicate gold chains, which each end in a brilliant and an oblong pearl. A quantity of First Empire jewels were broken up to form it, and it was only worn once. Rochefort having laughed at it in *Le Nain Jaune*, it was thrown aside in disgust. The Duchesse d'Angoulême, though a woman of harsh and masculine features, and the Duchesse de Berri liked to bedeck themselves with the gems of the regalia. Marie Amélie wore caps at her balls, and a lace or gauze scarf round her shoulders, so that she hardly ever troubled the conservator of the Crown Jewels. Her eldest daughter-in-law, the Duchesse d'Orléans, was in widow's weeds from 1842 to 1848. The Duchess de Nemours was sometimes allowed to adorn her neck with the pearls, because her husband had the rank of prospective Regent of the Comte de Paris. Eugénie blazed perpetually in the *joyaux de la couronne*. She never blazed more than on the day on which the news arrived from Queretaro of Maximilian's execution. I saw her on that occasion, the most prominent figure in a grand pageant, which took place in the Palais de l'Industrie. She proved her cousinship to M. de Lesseps by her diplomatic capacity to hide under a gay countenance and exhilirant manner the tempest of grief and mortification which must have been sweeping through her soul. Just as she entered the Sovereign's waiting-room, the telegram was brought to her, and the Emperor, of the Mexican tragedy. He felt that it was the beginning of the end, was prostrated with the blow, and dragged himself up to the Imperial platform more dead than alive. The Empress showed, in a remarkable degree, that elasticity which so often enables women to bear up against disasters which crush their husbands. I never saw her more radiant than when she advanced between the Sultan and the Emperor. She was in white satin, and rays of sunshine darting in through a slit in the awning played on her diadem and struck a jewelled collar of Abdul Aziz. She had brilliants on her neck, on her corsage, and on her skirts. And yet she was not apparently weighed down with them, but moved with erect though supple carriage, and light, even gait. The Imperial Prince took the Emperor's hand. He knew nothing of Queretaro, and was in black velvet knickerbockers and those crimson silk stockings which gave him a malady from which he later on nearly died—the aniline that reddened them having poisoned his blood. Behind were the Prince of Wales and the Hereditary Prince of Prussia, the Count and Countess of Flanders, the present King and Queen of Sweden, old Queen Christina and her handsome daughters, Clotilde and Prince Napoleon, Mathilde Anna Murat, and bald, burly "Camdux," in his uniform of Field Marshal of the British Army. The Duke of Edinburgh was also of the party. In the evening all the Majesties *in esse* and *in posse* danced and supped at the British Embassy, where Lady Cowley gave a farewell ball. That *fête* must have been a station of the Cross to the Imperial couple, and one saw that it was so to the Emperor. He and the Queen of the Belgians alone betrayed gloomy spirits: she was thinking of a sickly son, and he had not got over the blow he received in the course of the day. I recognised the diadem in the Crown jewels which the Empress wore on that occasion. The Prince of Wales was on her right and the sailor Prince on her left. King Leopold was at an end of the table; and how he ate and drank and laughed! So did the English Royalties also; and when the piper of the Duke of Edinburgh came in and played a jig which was enough to break the drum of every ear, the Empress kept time to it with her hands and arms, and an upward and downward movement in her chair. The diadem nearly fell off. Lord Cowley, who was standing behind her Imperial Majesty, did not, however, venture to aid her in setting it steadily on again, although there was no lady of honour near. A wet-blanket countenance was that of the Grand Duchess Mary of Russia, who stared as if she saw a ghost. The Duke of Edinburgh had beside him a nice little Princess of Leuchtenberg. But he was too much absorbed in his gastronomic impressions to pay her any

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attention. There was joyous after-supper dancing, in which the Sovereigns did not join. What a lot of water has flowed under the Pont Neuf since that Exhibition pageant and Embassy ball! Next day Paris knew why the Prince and Princess Metternich were not in the gay and festive scenes I have been describing. I had heard the evening before of the tragical news which kept them from it, and which immensely heightened my interest in the vain show that passed before my eyes. Silence was kept about the fate of Maximilian out of kindness to Lady Cowley and consideration for the exhibitors who had met at the Palais de l'Industrie, to be rewarded.

An Anglo-American paper has accused me of being last week unkind to American ladies, and said that I ought to be ashamed of myself. I am neither penitent nor blushing, The ladies I spoke of are not American in either law or feeling. They turned their backs on honest Jonathan and his brethren to marry, for the sake of wholly worthless titles, French *gommeux*. Because I admire American ways, I dislike women who, from motives of paltry vanity, dis-Americanise themselves.

SPORTING NOTES.

THE most ardent craving for "sensations" must have been satisfied last week. The Derby is a disgusting subject, and I shall content myself by expressing a very decided opinion that Queen Adelaide ought to have won. I do not for a moment impute any blame to Webb, who rode her admirably, but the filly was a good deal interfered with, and she must have lost at least ten lengths by having to come round her horses. In fact, we shall find out before the season is over that with the exception of Queen Adelaide the field was composed of mere platers—that is comparatively speaking; and regarding the lot in the light of candidates for classic honours, St. Simon could give 21 lb. to the dead-heaters, and beat them easily. It was mean and paltry, and altogether sordid to divide a Derby, and a rule should be passed to prevent such a deplorable and unsportsmanlike ending to a great race on any future occasion. Mr. Hammond (who clearly ought to have won the Lincolnshire Handicap, in which St. Gatien had only 6 st. 3 lb.) would have done well to fight out the battle, as Harvester seemed decidedly groggy after the race. Sir John Willoughby and Captain Machell have been abused in terms which cool people would regard as harsh if applied to Jonathan Wild or Barry Lyndon. On this subject I shall have some remarks to offer next week, but, in the meantime, the grand result of the week's sport is to impress one with a very strong conviction that the Duke of Portland and the other magnates of Heath House must be exceedingly stupid people, or they would not have let Busybody leave the stable. The ignorance and folly and absurdity of the writers who insisted that no horse could be worth 8,000 gs., or any such sum, except to "gamblers," is proved by the fact that the filly has already won over £6,000 in stakes, and it is very probable that next week she will win at least £5,000 more, and if she broke down to-morrow she would fetch, at the very lowest estimate, £3,000 as a brood mare.

The bookmakers must have been crazy to back the field against Busybody, for whom the Oaks was a certainty unless she fell down, as Superba manifestly wants time, and Queen Adelaide (as I observed last week) might be ignored after her severe race on Wednesday. The honours of the week fell to Thebais, as at the Spring Meeting, for her victory in the Royal Stakes was as brilliant a performance as can be found anywhere in the Calendar. She ran 50 lb. better than the four-year-old Corunna, who had been highly tried. Several weeks ago I mentioned Rosy Morn as certain to win the Woodcote, if he ran, and he walked in. This colt, who is by Rosicrucian—Bonnie Katie, is the joint property of the Duke of Portland and Lord Charles Beresford. He was bred at the Sandgate Stud, and was sold as a foal to Mr. Chaplin for 430 gs. At last year's Blankney sale he fetched 2,000 gs. He had been very well tried, and will win plenty of races, although I doubt whether his career will be a prolonged one. Porter made a rare bargain for Mr. Cloëte when he bought Cherry for him. She won the Grand Prize in a canter, having all the worst of the weights; and it is evident that a blunder was made when she was withdrawn from the One Thousand in favour of Sandiway. Cherry, who is sister to Energy, was bred at Yardley, and cost 1,000 gs. as a yearling. She is in the Park Hill at Doncaster, and the Great Challenge Stakes at the Newmarket Second October Meeting.

After the Epsom running, the Sandown Derby on Friday seems to lie between Queen Adelaide and Superba, each having to carry 9st. 3 lb. The race, which is run over five furlongs, will be worth about £2,200. Mr. Gerard will hardly think it worth while to send St. Médard to Paris for the Grand Prix, after his complete and ignominous collapse last week, and Queen Adelaide is likely to be kept for her valuable English engagements, so that it looks as if Lambkin would be the only representative of this country in this great "International" contest, in which nothing will run this year from America, Germany, or Hungary. Under any circumstances I should regard this race as a match between Little Duck and Fra Diavolo, and although M. Aumont's colt may be expected to show better form every time he runs, as, of course, he is only now recovering from the pernicious effects of the dose which was administered to him in the spring, I shall anticipate the success of the winner of the French Derby, who will be well suited by the extra distance, as stamina is believed to be his strong point.

The Marden Park yearlings, twenty-four in number, will be sold at Sandown on Saturday, and I hear from competent and disinterested critics that they are really a remarkably good lot. The excellent performances of Little Duck ought to prove a capital advertisement for the See Saws, of which there are seven in the catalogue. A filly by See Saw out of Princess Louise Victoria (Mr. Cartwright's famous strain) is a really grand yearling; and so, also, is the filly by Beaudesert — Venice. The filly by Palmer—Lady Peregrine ought to race if there is anything in a pedigree, and I hear a good account of the colt by Blair Athole—Sartorelle, whose dam is a daughter of Mr. Savile's fine stayer Uhlan. There are a brother to

The Marden Deer Park Yearlings will be sold at Sandown Park on Saturday, the 7th inst. at 12.30. The yearlings are out of sisters to George Frederick, Dollar, Scottish Chief, Sefton, Queen's Messenger, Pall Mall, and Musket, &c., &c. See also page 832.

the speedy Polaris, a colt by Doncaster—Fame (sister to Queen's Messenger, and bought out of the Mereworth stud), a colt by See Saw—Hedge Rose, of whom his breeder evidently has a very high opinion; and a colt by Beaudesert—Breakwater (dam of John Day). Mr. Hume Webster should have a really good sale, as bidders ought to be stimulated by a recollection of the number of winners which the stud has already turned out this season.

Last week I threw over the then favourites for the Manchester Cup, and expressed an opinion that the prize would be taken by a certain outsider, which I deferred naming from prudential considerations. The animal in question was Florence, and I need hardly add that there would have been no necessity to make a mystery of the matter if one could have foreseen that St. Gatien would divide the Derby.

ASCOT.

Unless there is a lot of rain during the next few days, the Ascot meeting will be a comparative failure, as owners will be afraid to run their horses on the hard ground. It is to be hoped, therefore, that there will be a heavy fall, as there is a most promising programme, the best for several years past. The Prince of Wales's Stakes on Tuesday, which will be worth over £2,000, will be *the* race of the week if Harvester (9 st. 5 lb.), Busybody (9 st.), and Scot Free (9 st. 1 lb.) all run, as it will be a good Leger trial. The field might also include Mr. Chaplin's Departure's dam colt (8 st. 3 lb.), Loch Ranza (8 st. 10 lb.), Royal Fern (9 st. 1 lb.), Beauchamp (8 st. 3 lb.), Wild Thyme (8 st. 10 lb.), and Cambusmore or Garb Or (8 st. 3 lb.) Busybody ought to beat the lot cleverly. Unless Queen Adelaide runs for the Grand Prix, Busybody will hardly be started for the Coronation Stakes (£2,300), as she would have to give 14 lb. to Sir John Willoughby's filly, who will be well suited by this course. Magdalen (sister to Wandering Nun), who ran for the first time in the Epsom Grand Prize, has a 7 lb. allowance, but even this would not enable her to beat Busybody, who, however, will find it difficult to give 14 lb. to Sandiway. Queen Adelaide is also in the Ascot Derby (about £1,200), in which she meets Brest and Loch Ranza at weight for sex, and she has to give 7 lb. to Beauchamp and Cambuscan, or Garb Or. The Three-year-old Biennial (O.M.), £750, cannot be missed by Superba, who has only Talisman and Departure's dam colt to beat, and there are no penalties or allowances. Mr. Chaplin's colt, however, must have a good chance for the St. James's Stakes (£1,800), if he is worth keeping in training, as he has nothing better to beat than Talisman (who must be an arrant rogue, to judge from his Derby running) and Royal Fern, the last having 7 lb. the worst of the weights. The three-year-old heat of the Triennial (about £600) should be a good thing for Waterford, who has nothing to beat except Talisman and Lynette colt (both 7 lb. allowed), Royal Fern, and Ishah.

As St. Gatien has no engagements, I should think that Mr. Hammond will enter him for the Vase, in which, however, he would have a 10 lb. penalty. Archiduc seemed so stale after the French Derby that it is hardly likely that we shall see him at Ascot, but I hope he may have been entered for the Goodwood and Jockey Club Cups, which close this week. Keir will probably take a lot of beating for the Vase if his owner decides to run him, and I should certainly stand him to beat St. Blaise, who would have a 10 lb. penalty. "Mr. Manton" would also have an excellent chance with Corrie Roy. The Gold Cup will probably bring out Thebais, Tristan, St. Blaise, and St. Simon. If the Duke of Portland's colt can stay this distance, of course he will win at these weights; in my opinion Thebais will be his most troublesome opponent. The Alexandra Plate is a second edition of the Cup; with St. Simon and Thebais omitted. Faugh-a-Ballagh is not likely to repeat his victory of last year, and I am disposed to anticipate the success of Mr. Manton's representative (Corrie Roy or Keir). The Rous Memorial on Thursday (New Mile) has Queen Adelaide (7 st. 13 lb.), Lambkin (7 st. 9 lb.), Quicklime (9 st. 5 lb.), Departure's dam colt (7 st. 4 lb.), St. Médard (7 st. 9 lb.), Royal Fern (8 st. 2 lb.), Bonnie Charlie (7 st. 4 lb.), Tristan (9 st. 8 lb.), Chislehurst (8 st. 10 lb.), and Lucerne (7 st. 9 lb), or Talisman (7 st. 4 lb). The new Biennial (O.M.) should fall to Lucerne, who won the first heat last year. He has only Hauteur and Rookery to beat. The New Biennial (T.Y.C.) has a number of "dark" two-year-olds, while the three-year-olds include Prince William, Kinfauns, Richmond, Wild Thyme, and Brest. The All-Aged Stakes looks a certainty for Geheimniss. The Hardwicke Stakes (£3,160) will be the most valuable race of the week. The field may include Quicklime, Harvester, Busybody, Scot Free, and Tristan (all 10 lb. extra), and Talisman (5 lb. allowed), Waterford, and St. Médard. This looks a good thing for Busybody.

Lonely is the best of the public lot in the Two Year Old Biennial on Tuesday; but there is a very good entry for this stake, including some of the gems of Lord Falmouth's team, and three of Mr. Manton's rarely-bred ones, amongst whom is a colt by Sterling—Fräulein, who I hope will exhibit a vast improvement on the form of the early produce of that costly mare. The name of Lord Chesham appears here for the first time. He enters the colt by Glowworm—Our Mary. Mr. Houldsworth has a brother to Spring Morn and a sister to Royal Fern. Mr. Peck enters a half-brother (by Muncaster) to Superba, who, by the way, won this race last year. The Triennial on Wednesday has the 2,550 gs. Goldsmith, a half-brother (by Springfield) to Chippendale, a filly by Petrarch—Vex, a half sister (by Plebeian) to St. Blaise, a sister to Talisman, and colts by Sterling—Apology, and by Camballo — Mandragora (dam of Apology). The New Stakes (£1,500, the most valuable two-year-old race of the week) will no doubt fall to Rosy Morn, who has a 7 lb. penalty. Mr. Manton's entry includes the brother to Thebais and Clairvaux. After Rosy Morn, the best of the "public" lot is Vacillation. It is high time that a really rich two-year-old stake was added to the programme—a race with £1,000 added, and Middle Park Plate conditions. At present the only two-year-old events in the Calendar which are worth £2,000 and upwards are the Middle Park Plate and the Whitsuntide Plate at Manchester. There is plenty of money at Ascot, so that the meeting ought not to fall behind in any particular.

Army and Navy Hotel, Victoria-st., S.W., is probably now the best Hotel in London. Table d'hote 6 to 8. Cookery excellent.

The Bazaar of Oct. 28, says that Mr. & Mrs. B. Phillips, Manchester House, 36, Thayer-st., Manchester-sq., W., are the most Liberal Buyers of all kinds of Clothes, Uniforms, Jewellery, Gold, Silver, &c. Money orders sent for parcels. Appointments kept. Cash only.

MAMMON.

ON THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

THE American market is still in a very dangerous condition. There are occasional heavy rebounds in the prices of Stocks, but the level of quotations subsequently sinks to a lower depth than before. There will be no sustained rise until after a period of heavy investment buying. I doubt if such a period is even approaching yet, and until it is at hand the "bears" will remain masters of the position. The last settlement showed a marked scarcity of some of the more speculative stocks, but this, as the account progressed, became less pronounced, as holders jumped at the opportunity of rescuing something out of the fire, and accepted the "backwardations" offering. One of the many "wise saws" of the Stock Exchange has it that the greater the "back" the greater the fall. I have seen this so frequently exemplified in practice that I am disposed to attach more than gossip importance to it.

Lake Shares have been a nasty "spec." for the Bulls. This Company has the Nickel Plate Line slung round its neck, which is a "dead horse" as far as revenue prospects are concerned, and as big a "job" as was ever foisted upon any body of shareholders. The parent line, thus weighted, and in order to bolster up its dividend, is constrained to have recourse to the veriest cheeseparing, in which capital, it is said, is doing the business of revenue. The catagorical replies of the President of the "Reading" to the "heckling" of the London shareholders were deemed satisfactory, but I cannot share this view. Any soft word which turneth away wrath is prized by the long-suffering shareholder. President Klein's message is full of hope, but that will not pay dividends. Nor will it serve to get rid of the bad bargain which the Company is now smarting under in the acquisition, upon preposterous terms, of the Central of New Jersey Line. Union Pacific and Central Pacific shares are going down with a run, because the United States Government wants to mulct them in increased taxation to such an extent as to throw their dividend into jeopardy. I hear that President Jewett is to be "asked" to retire. The "salary grab" will, no doubt, be repeated by his successor. Any man with a knowledge of the past history of the Erie would be more than an American if he did not "feather his nest" while he had the power.

Unified have been kicked about like a football. The market has for some time been in a "flabby" condition. The opportunity was, therefore, embraced by a canny Scot, better known by his "Trunk" operations, to sell a very large quantity of his stock. The market took fright; rumours became rife that there was to be an International Control with a lower dividend, and that we were to evacuate. The conception of the plot was smart, and the wire-pullers scored once again, the unfortunate bondholders, of course, being the victims.

Mexican Threes have been galvanised into a little life by the intelligence that the Government have succeeded in "raising the wind," to a certain extent, for their more pressing needs. Will the bondholders participate in any of the money borrowed? Certainly not. The Mexican Republic will only pay interest if it is lent the money with which to pay it. Some "knowing men" are buying Paraguays on the strength of the improving prospects of that country, while the reports from the Uruguayan Republic are construed as singularly favourable, not to say glittering. The respite for the Anglo-American shareholders has been short-lived. The new cable is being rapidly completed.

The English Railway Market has worn a holiday appearance. The "pork chop" division have seen reason to repent of their purchase of Brighton "A's," and have been the principal sellers. The "takes" of the line are eminently disappointing to a "bull." The prospects of "Districts" are considered favourable, on the great success of the Health Exhibition. I hear bad news of North-British. The surface of the market is calm, but, *au fond*, there is something wrong. I do not like the relations between capital and revenue of this Company.

THE LAW OF LIQUIDATION.

Much nonsense is talked about this law. It was based upon the doctrine that administrative expenses must necessarily come before interest on debt, just as the working expenses of a railroad must come before payment of interest on debentures, because, without the former, no portion of the latter could be earned. In considering the Egyptian question in its financial aspect, this doctrine must not be lost sight of. The fellahs must not be overtaxed, and all ordinary and extraordinary administrative expenditure must be a first charge. If anything remains, this, and this alone, should be paid in interest on the debt. I believe that Sir Evelyn Baring estimates that the excess would in good years allow for the payment of about 2½ per cent. on the Unified Bonds.

I am assured, but I cannot vouch for the accuracy of my information, that the basis of our arrangement with France is as follows:—There is to be an International Commission, each Great Power in turn nominating the annual President. England gives up a portion of the interest on her Suez shares. English occupation is to continue for three years. Foreigners are to be taxed. No alteration is to be made in the interest on the debt. If this be so, it is a step towards a reduction, for the Commission will soon find that it is impossible to extract more than a quart of liquor from a quart bottle; and it will certainly be impossible to collect taxes sufficient to meet administrative expenses, and to pay 4 per cent. on the Unified Bonds. One great advantage of the arrangement will be that it will put an end to the nonsense of the Jingo organs, about our taking advantage of our position in Egypt to acquire territorial or other "rights" there.

INVESTMENTS.

Hardly a day passes without my receiving letters, of which the following is a specimen:—

I must first beg your pardon for troubling you about the following matter, and also say, that if I knew any one who would give me the desired information, I would not bother you, knowing, as I do, that you have so many other duties to perform. Being a constant reader of Truth, I have been waiting some little time, hoping to obtain the information I require under the head of "Mammon." Having, by dint of great perseverance, saved between two and three hundred pounds, I am anxious to invest it where it

Options.—Explanatory Pamphlet on Stock Exchange Options, post-free. John Abbott & Co., Stock and Share Brokers, 21 and 22, Palmerston Buildings, London, E.C

John Shaw, Share Broker, Wardrobe-chambers, Queen Victoria-st. deals at tape prices at an inclusive commission of one-sixteenth.

will not only be tolerably safe, but where there is a fair chance of adding a little to it.

I notice that "Canadian Pacifics" are selling at about 48, and I understand the Canadian Government guarantee 3 per cent. for ten years, and the Company 2 per cent. for the same period. If this is so, it struck me as being a good investment at the price, and I thought you would tell me whether such is really the case; and, if so, whether you think the Company will be able to pay 2 per cent., or whether there are other charges which may prevent them doing so. Also, if you think there is any prospect of the Company paying dividend on these shares after the Government guarantee has ceased.

I may say I have purchased 200 Stock of Grand Trunk Third Preference, but feel indisposed to do any more in that way; they cost me 33⅝.

I must again beg pardon for troubling you, but hope the reasons I have given will suffice.

Now, I confess that if I had, by dint of great perseverance, saved £200 to £300, my first object would be to put it in such securities that its loss or diminution would be practically impossible, and to endeavour to add to my store by further perseverance. A grateful nation caused a hideous statue of the Duke of Wellington, seated on a still more hideous horse, to be made, and placed it on an arch in the most conspicuous spot in the metropolis, because he won the battle of Waterloo. If only people would take to heart his Grace's dictum, that high interest means bad security, he would be more worthy of a statue as a financial benefactor than as a successful General. Why did my correspondent buy Grand Trunk Third Preference Shares? What does he know of this Canadian railroad, except what he sees in interested puffs? If he had had an opportunity to learn the real state of things, he would have discovered that the various securities of this Company were forced up to an abnormal price by speculative manœuvres, and that as a dividend-producing asset a Third Preference Share is worth about as much as a rainbow. As for Canadian Pacifics, it is very possible that this railroad eventually will pay a good dividend, but this will be a matter of years; and between a perpetual guarantee, and a guarantee for ten years, there is the widest difference. Four per cent. —or, indeed, perhaps I ought to say a trifle under 4 per cent.—is the maximum interest which can be obtained with real safety by persons who are not in the position to themselves look into the intrinsic value of securities. If they stick to 4 per cent., they will probably in the long run be richer than if they incur the risks of looking for more. Some years ago a friend of mine died. He was regarded as a most successful speculator, he had exceptional opportunities of being "in" good things, and money rolled into his coffers every year from his own particular business. When he died, he was worth above a million, and his executors had the curiosity to make a calculation to see whether he had really made more by speculation than he would have done had he invested the profits of his business in Consols. They found that the result would have been much about the same thing.

More than once I have suggested to those who want high interest with reasonable safety, that their best course would be to buy Greek bonds. I have been reading the last Budget of Greece. I am confirmed in my estimate. Intrinsically I should say that a Greek bond for £100 is worth more than either a Russian or an Italian or a Hungarian bond of the same nominal value. Why the former are lower than the latter can only be because persons do not take the trouble to go into intrinsic values.

BRAZIL.

Every now and then there is an attempt made by some speculator to depreciate Brazilian securities in the market by explaining that the country is on the high road to bankruptcy. It always fails; but for a moment it disquiets holders of these securities. What are the real facts? In 1840 the average revenue of the country was £1,890,000. In 1860, before the construction of railroads, it had increased to £5,000,000. It is now—mainly owing to the agricultural development, due to the construction of railroads—£13,000,000. The foreign debt amounts to £24,866,000, and the railroads are worth more than this—the Don Pedro alone being worth more than half this sum. A few years ago a general law was passed by which the Government was authorised to give guarantees costing the country about one million sterling, in order to expedite public works. Some of these may not pay at once the full guarantee, and consequently may be a burden on the State, but they indirectly increase the resources of the country by far more than the difference between what they earn and the guarantee. On the whole, therefore, I should say that holders of Brazilian securities need be in no fear of either a market fall in their price or of default in interest. We are told, it is true, that since the laws which are eventually to put an end to slavery have been passed, the richest provinces of the empire are decreasing in wealth. But statistics are against this; the foreign trade of Brazil is larger now than it was six years ago, and the exports exceed the imports by about 22 per cent.

THE AUXILIARY ARMY AND NAVY STORES.

I do not precisely see the object of this Company, as an offshoot of the Army and Navy Stores, except to enable the Directors of the one to pocket salaries as Directors of the other. The net profit on the year appears to be £4,502, and the Directors' salaries amount to £3,955, or, in other words, upon the capital of £77,088 the profit is £8,457, of which nearly one-half goes to the Directors. This is essentially co-operation in the matter of participation of profits betweeen Directors and shareholders. The business of these Stores seems to consist of selling food, boots, flowers, millinery, and furniture. The meat is neither cheaper nor better than what can be obtained at butchers'; and as regards furnishing, the stores were recently called upon to send in an estimate to a club, as against those of furniture establishments, when the Store estimate was considerably in excess of that of the furniture establishments. In the amount of profit is included £956 as premiums on certain shares, whilst, on the other hand, the "preliminary

The appreciation accorded by the highest circles during the last sixty years to Jewsbury & Brown's Original and only Genuine Oriental Tooth Paste proves the efficacy of this refined toilet luxury. It is compounded of rare and fragrant herbs in an especial manner known only to the sole proprietors and manufacturers, Jewsbury & Brown, Chemists, of Manchester. Its use keeps the teeth and gums in a state of preservation and soundness to old age, while its rare aromatic properties render the breath always exceedingly pleasant. It retains its invaluable properties in all climates, and can be obtained through all perfumers and chemists at home and abroad.

Pfungst's Extra Quality Champagnes, old landed, can be obtained at the House of Commons Rest., Hotel Bristol, Claridge's Hotel, Café Verrey, Grand Hotel, Woods' Hotel, First Avenue Hotel, Holborn Rest., Palmerston Rest., Stock Exchange (Mabey's), Ship and Trafalgar, Greenwich, and Star and Garter, Richmond, &c.—Agents, J. L. Pfungst & Co., 23, Crutched Friars.

expenses"—whatever they may be—appear to have amounted to £4,892. Trade creditors are set down at £25,358, by which it would seem that the Stores take credit, if they do not give it; and there is an unpaid balance on building account of £1,076. On the whole, I would rather be a director than a shareholder of this company.

THE LAND MORTGAGE INVESTMENT AND AGENCY COMPANY OF AMERICA.

This is a very comprehensive title, but it was never meant to cover mortgage investments on cattle ranches in Indian territory, where no valid title deeds are obtainable. Yet that is what the directors appear to have embarked in of late, presumably because they could not obtain a (to them) satisfactory interest in a safer way. No wonder that the shareholders took alarm and that the hostile committee, to which I have already referred, insisted on an extraordinary general meeting being summoned.

At this meeting the shareholders put in a strong appearance, those stormy petrels, the parsons, being well represented, as well as several "canny Scots" who came up all the way from Glasgow to be present. Publicity, however, was not courted, and although a proposal to exclude the reporters was defeated, it was resolved not to wash the "dirty linen" in public, but to appoint a committee of investigation. The latter appears to be fairly representative, although the directors would have shown greater confidence in the righteousness of their cause, so much insisted upon by the chairman, Mr. George N. Marten, if they had not so strenuously opposed the appointment of Major-General Barclay, the chairman of the hostile committee of shareholders. The names of the other directors responsible for the policy of risky investments are Lord George G. Campbell, Lieutenant-Colonel Elliot, Robert Farquharson, M.P., and B. de Courcy Nixon.

I do not know much about the circumstances which led to the Board's quarrel with the Corbin Banking Company, their agents at New York, but the circular issued by the dissenting director, Mr. W. C. Prescott, shows that Mr. Corbin refused to undertake what he considered an unsafe mortgage business in Texas, urged upon him by the directors. Mr. Prescott also stood out very strongly against the perilous mortgage investments advocated by his co-directors. They could not, however, prevail upon him to resign, except at the will of the shareholders. They, therefore, according to Mr. Prescott, resorted to the trick of passing a resolution, creating themselves a committee to transact the whole business of the Company but finance, thus shutting him out from any share in the practical conduct of the Company. Mr. Prescott then resorted to legal measures, which appear to have put a stop to these irregular proceedings. Under the circumstances there seems every reason for an investigation.

To Make a Really Excellent Plum Cake.—Take ½ lb. butter and ½ lb. white sifted sugar; beat these with the hand well together to a cream; add four eggs, one at a time, and well beat each one with the butter and sugar; lightly mix in 1 lb. of flour, previously mixed with one teaspoonful of Borwick's Gold Medal Baking Powder; then lightly mix with the whole ½ lb. of sultanas. Bake at once, thoroughly.

LONDON LIFE.

II.

My dear son,—It may have occurred to you when you read my last letter, that your father had some personal experience of the inner working of London villany or he could not have fathomed and explained the tactics of the rascals he warns you against. If so, you were wrong. Neither do I derive my knowledge from Scotland-yard, though the authorities there will, I am sure, endorse my statements. I have simply gone through the world with my eyes open and taken care to investigate any occurrence that seemed at first sight inexplicable. Occasionally I have had to employ assistance, and to give bribes, but whenever I hear of the premature ruin of a young fellow or read a report of extraordinary swindling I make it my business to master the circumstances of the cases and remember them. My experience has taught me that the first step downwards by any road is never altogether unconnected with conceit. Boys want to be "somebodies" without doing anything to warrant their elevation. In seeking popularity they achieve notoriety, but between the two there is a vast difference. While it is right that you should strive to make good friends and to become a favourite with them, it is unnecessary that your actions should be made more public than you can help.

No doubt you will dine at restaurants and visit music-halls. These are reasonable amusements, and are, with theatres, about all that town affords, but while at these places you should not be anxious to reveal your identity. You will be spared many an inconvenience and indignity by concealing it. The fact that you are the son of a nobleman will soon ooze out at any public resort you may frequent, and I therefore strongly recommend you not to identify yourself with a particular haunt of recreation or refreshment. Of course, you will only dine at restaurants when tired of your Club, or when you have no social engagements. It is certainly amusing to watch the different types of men and women who make the fortunes of waiters and restaurateurs, and although you may be justly inquisitive concerning those who make themselves unduly conspicuous, try, by avoiding ostentation, to evade the curiosity of others. Any one may be an example to you, and by prudence you can learn more from fools than from wise men. It takes a long time to discover that a man is wise. A fool is all anxiety to reveal himself at once. As a rule, he succeeds.

It is needless that the waiter who serves your dinner should learn your name. You are independent of it, if, as I presume, you pay your score before leaving, and do not require the Swiss to address you loudly as *Sir* Charles, for the information and admiration of his other customers. Most waiters think that the son of a Peer must be a *Sir*. And they air the honorary title they confer on you to the aggrandisement of themselves and the establishment they serve. A young gentleman looks very ridiculous in a public dining-room when the manager bows and scrapes to him, addresses him as My Lord, and, with as much ceremony

Riding Habits.—Specialty of John Redfern & Sons. Ladies' Tailors by Appointment to H.R.H. the Princess of Wales, 26, Conduit-street, London, W. Also at Cowes and Paris.

as a City Marshal, precedes him to his table. In consideration of the deference paid to his rank, Viscount Scavenger orders about twice as much dinner as he requires, and showers silver on all the servants of the establishment, thinking that by these means he is becoming a very popular young nobleman. He little dreams that, as soon as his back is turned, the manager and waiters laugh at him in their sleeves, and congratulate themselves on the success of their own cunning. Compare his manners with those of the gentleman who sat unobtrusively in a corner, ate precisely what he required, sufficiently fee'd the waiter, and retired unescorted and unnoticed by an army of harpies.

Accidental and unfortunate acquaintances often commence in restaurants, for people seeking fools to utilise for their own purposes frequently find them in such places. Lumberers, usurers, and touting tradesmen make a practice of dining wherever they are likely to meet smart young fellows who may become customers. Politeness and unnecessary hospitality distinguish them. Arriving late one evening, you may find the room full, and you cannot be so ungracious as to decline the proffered seat at the table of a stranger who is dining alone, nor can you refuse a civil answer to his remarks about the weather or the soup. Presently he will tell you that he is a jeweller, and frankly admit that he is not ashamed of his business, and that he will be happy to give you credit for any orders you may honour him with. If you do not buy anything, at least you can look him up in the afternoon and have a brandy and soda. Or perhaps he is a usurer, or a tout for one. If so, he will explain, in a rigmarole story that you do not understand, how he saved some wayward youth by a subtle system of life-insurance from the clutches of the money-lenders, and suggest that if you ever require assistance, No. —, Sackville-street is the place to obtain it advantageously, &c.

I do not, my boy, suggest that a tradesman or a money-lender should not dine at a restaurant if he chooses. He may be respectable or not; but those who without encouragement talk to you in public places about their own business, generally do so with a view of finding out yours. Once they know your name, it is easy for them to discover your position and means. And a difference in sex must not make you more careless in picking up acquaintances. Liaisons contracted in these places, commencing, perhaps, with the civility of returning a handkerchief that has been dropped, apparently accidentally, cannot always be severed without inconvenience, delay, and untoward expense.

Like restaurants, hotel bars, and third-rate clubs, music-halls are the hunting-grounds of lumberers, money-lenders' touts, and disreputability of all sorts. Very likely the Viscount who has dined himself into notoriety considers it a further tribute to his importance that directly he comes in, the Chairman of the Piccadillian shakes him by the hand and makes room for him in a conspicuous seat. A singer, too, whose suggestive songs have secured for him a high salary, stops a moment in the hall to tell him a spicy anecdote, and thus my lord becomes more noticeable than the performers themselves. Even the proprietor of the hall leaves his business to shake hands with his titled customer. But although Mr. Proprietor appears to be a great man here to-night, surrounded as he is by his own satellites, you should not forget that he is only a publican, who is allowed, under the strictest police supervision, the privilege of a singing-room at the back of his bar. His civility some may think worthy of friendly recognition; in fact, I once saw the proprietor of an unsavoury music-hall being entertained at a select club in St. James's-street by a wealthy Earl, and conversing and drinking with him on equal terms. It is but fair to the licensed victualler to admit that he did not look the more ridiculous of the two. But the hospitality was ill-timed and badly placed.

You will find that you can enjoy yourself as much alone and unobserved in a corner of a music-hall, as if the whole staff, from the Boneless Bounder of the Bosphorus to the boy who sells programmes, were on terms of most intimate friendship with you. You have everything to lose, they have nothing. In achieving fame as a "good fellow" amongst them you are bound to make acquaintances of the most unsuitable description—men who, contemptible themselves, flatter all your vices and follies, thinking they are honoured by being in your company. Persons worth knowing will not allow themselves to be picked up indiscriminately, while those whose acquaintance is valueless will take every opportunity to force it on you. If the entertainment provided at music-halls suits you, by all means go to them. Your intellect, at least, will not be overtasked by the songs of an Elephantine Comique, or the evolutions of a flying trapezist. Listen and look, but by unobtrusiveness repel the advances of affable strangers.

Beware, too, of rowdies; a music-hall is their favourite resort; and before you have time to escape you may find yourself in the middle of a free fight, started by some jovial humorist for the simple purpose of what he thinks is diversion. Having been talking with some of these people five minutes previously, you cannot now slink away, and next day your mother and myself may be disgraced by seeing your name in the police reports, in company with those of a horse-coper and a swell-mobsman, under the heading of "Riot in a Music-hall." Formerly, rowdyism was a favourite method of acquiring notoriety. A youth of high degree who was tried in a police-court for creating a disturbance in a public place used to look upon himself as a hero. Foremost amongst those gentlemen who sought amusement at night by shouting at the tops of their voices in busy thoroughfares, who delighted in door-knockers and revelled in broken windows, were medical students. But I doubt whether amongst the celebrated physicians of to-day you will find any names that were popularised by rioting. It is the satisfaction of cads, not gentlemen. The time of Tityretus, Hawcubites, Mohocks, and Nickers is long past. Even Crutch and Toothpicks are forgotten, and Mashers are practically dead. Do not encourage their revival. Although the expression "bonneting a Charley" may sound chivalrous, the more commonplace term, "assaulting a constable," has the same meaning, and looks disreputable in print. Yet this is the kind of recreation that is encouraged by companions who, if you do not repel them, will attach themselves to you in wine-bars and singing-rooms. They will tell you stories of the "young bloods" of twenty years ago, and help you to emulate the feats of Lord Fortybob, whose only claim to recollection is that he paid away in nine months a hundred

and thirty pounds in fines. If you are foolish enough to yield, and are unlucky enough to be caught, your Mentors gain a sure step in your confidence. They procure for you bail, assist you to a lawyer, and generally busy themselves about your trouble, so as to place you under an obligation which you cannot be so ungrateful as to forget when it is their turn to ask a favour. In the long-run you will find that the privilege of adorning yourself in a policeman's helmet, or proclaiming from the eminence of a lamp-post that your "name is Norval," is an expensive mode of amusement, and not worth the money, irrespective of the loss of reputation such absurdities must entail.

There are many young men who love a row, and who by their obtrusiveness and impertinence invite brawling in public. Wise men, however, avoid disturbances; and I must admit that I fail to recognise that the possession of two black eyes is compensated for by the knowledge that the author of them, probably a half starved cab tout, is suffering from a couple of broken ribs in a metropolitan hospital. By all means enjoy yourself, but be master of your own amusements, and do not be forced into blackguardism under the false impression that it is diversion. By passing your time like a gentleman, with your social equals, you will extract from London life the maximum of happiness with the minimum of inconvenience.—Believe me, always your affectionate

FATHER.

QUEER STORIES.

THE MAN IN THE CORNER.

I HAD been spending a few days in the West of England, and was returning to town and hard work again. I travelled by the "Flying Dutchman," which train I entered at Bath. As the smoking carriage was inconveniently crowded, I sacrificed tobacco for the sake of room, and took my seat in an ordinary compartment, which it seemed I was to have all to myself.

Just as the train began to move, however, my solitude was broken in upon. The door of the carriage was thrown open, and a man sprang hastily in. Before he closed the door behind him another followed in still greater haste. As the carriage passed the guard, who waited on the platform, ready to jump upon his van, he gave the breakers of by-laws an injured look, but said nothing. In another minute we were dashing along at top speed.

Wondering how people could be so unphilosophical as to run time so closely, and risk life or limb for the sake of a minute, I turned to look at my travelling companions. The first comer had thrown himself into a seat opposite me, at the end of the compartment furthest from the platform. He was a tall, strong man of about forty, dressed in a dark tweed suit. His face was strikingly handsome, and his remarkably brilliant eyes at once attracted my notice. The second man, who sat in the opposite corner, was of very different appearance. He was short and stout; his attire was plain black.

As neither of my companions made any remark to the other as to their narrow escape of missing the train, I concluded they were unacquainted, and that their simultaneous late arrival was but chance.

After travelling some little way in silence, the tall man asked very politely if I objected to smoking.

"Not at all," I said; "light up by all means."

"I am ashamed to make such a request, but could you give me a cigar? I came away in such a hurry that I left my case behind me."

I handed him a cigar and a match, and then, as the third occupant of the compartment raised no protest, I followed my opposite neighbour's example, contentedly enough.

A small civility like this generally breaks the ice which exists between English travellers, so as we smoked we conversed on various topics. My new friend was a fluent and polished speaker, and was evidently well up in the questions of the day, many of his remarks concerning which showed originality and shrewdness. I congratulated myself upon meeting with so pleasant a companion.

The man in black did not join in our conversation, so we took no notice of him for a while. At last, happening to look once or twice in his direction, I found that although his eyes were half closed, he was watching us intently, but furtively.

This inspection did not seem to trouble my new friend, but I, who am of a somewhat nervous temperament, found this fixed and inquisitive gaze positively annoying. Thinking that its cause might possibly be our breach of good manners in smoking without having asked his permission, I expressed a hope that our cigars were not offenders.

"Not in the least," he said quietly, but with his eyes still turned towards us. My friend in the tweeds leant over to me. "Please don't take any notice of him," he whispered.

"Do you know him, then?"

"Oh, yes; I know him very well indeed. In fact, I must apologise for bringing him into a carriage which was occupied. He is a madman—you needn't be in the least alarmed."

"A madman!" I said, startled by the information so coolly given.

"Yes. I am taking the poor fellow up to town. Let me introduce myself. I am Dr. Wolfe, of the Southmead Asylum. Perhaps you have heard my name?"

Of course I had; and as he spoke I looked at him with growing interest. Dr. Wolfe and his admirably-conducted establishment were all but world-renowned. Now I understood why I had noticed the piercing brilliancy of his eyes. It was the power of these organs which gave him that extraordinary influence over his charges which he was reported to exercise. As I looked at his strong limbs, and noted his self-possessed manner, nervous as I am, I felt no uneasiness in travelling with a maniac, so long as the doctor was with us. Nevertheless, it was unpleasant to be stared at so.

"How came it you so nearly missed the train?" I asked, still in a whisper.

The doctor smiled.

"One of the poor fellow's peculiarities—until a train is in motion he will not enter it—even then he will only follow me. I am obliged to humour him; but, of course, you

Sir H. Knight, the late Lord Mayor says: "The 'Tenacious' Rubber-Soled Shoes are very comfortable, are especially valuable for Boating, Tennis, &c., where a firm foothold and protection from damp are desired."—H. Randall, 40, Poultry, E.C.

understand that my men were behind him to make sure that he really did come after me."

As he spoke he gradually raised his voice to its ordinary pitch. No doubt the eminent man knew his own business best, but it struck me it was injudicious to speak so freely of his patient's idiosyncrasies whilst the poor fellow was within earshot.

"Can't he hear us?" I asked, doubtfully.

"Yes; but he does not understand a word we say. One form of his mania is that he fancies himself some one else. He would never imagine we were discussing his case. I dare say at this moment he is Sir Isaac Newton, Mr. Spurgeon, or Henry Irving."

Thus assured, I ventured to glance at the madman, and for a moment our eyes met fairly. In spite of Dr. Wolfe's assertion, the expression in the unfortunate being's eyes told me he comprehended every word that was spoken. The strange look he flashed upon me was full of a maniac's cunning. I again began to feel nervous, and wished that the doctor would look a little closer to his patient.

However, I resolved to make the best of it. I turned my back on the unhappy man, and tried to think no more about him, but to enjoy to the full the advantage of conversing with the pleasant-spoken and celebrated Doctor Wolfe.

"You have a great many patients under your care?" I asked.

"A great many," replied the doctor, with a graceful wave of his cigar. "The responsibility is enormous—enormous."

"It must be," I said. "Your patients are of all ranks in life, I suppose?"

"From the very highest. I have now four Dukes under my care."

"Four Dukes! Ah, foreign ones, I suppose?"

"Three are foreign. The fourth is the Duke of ——" (here he whispered a great name to me). "He is commonly supposed to be dead, but the truth is he has been with me for ten years."

Dr. Wolfe might be skilful, but he certainly was not discreet. However, it might be he was joking, and that his Duke was but a self-styled one.

"What painful histories and irresponsible criminals you must have met with in your experience," I observed.

"Terrible! terrible! The finest careers, the happiest lives wrecked, sir—wrecked by the demon of insanity. Our poor friend in the corner," he added, in a voice of deep sympathy, "has an awful past. He went to bed one night as sane, apparently, as you or I. In the morning they found him raving and deluged with blood. He had cut the throat of a wife whom he adored, and strangled his twin babies, who were sleeping in the same room."

I shuddered at the horrible tale, and, with morbid interest, glanced once more at the poor wretch near us. Again I caught that eye, full of diabolical cunning. Mad he might be; but he was clever enough to deceive even the learned doctor as to his obliviousness to what was passing around him. Heavens! I would not have spent five minutes alone with that homicide for a fortune!

I could not help feeling curious as to the state of mind of a creature who had done such a fearful deed. "Does he feel no remorse?" I asked.

"None—they never do. He's happy as the day is long. Strange, isn't it?"

"Very strange, but very merciful. Is his case hopeless?"

"Oh, dear, no. I can cure any madman with my treatment. Indeed, I am now perfecting a new system, which I mean to try on a large scale. The result will, I am sure, be so successful, that one day I shall open the doors of my asylum, and restore three hundred men and women to the outer world."

I wished him all success, but thought that if self-confidence and appreciation of one's own skill were necessary in order to rise in the profession, Dr. Wolfe must be somewhere about the top of the tree.

"I suppose all the cruel old treatments are now done away with?" I asked.

"Utterly exploded. Rational treatment, kindness, indulgence even—that's the only way to succeed. I myself find music one of my most useful agents. I have musical-boxes all over the place; each of my keepers is taught to play the flute or some other instrument. The effect on my patients is simply marvellous."

"Saul or David or some one was soothed by music," I said, wonderingly, "so I suppose it must be good for a troubled mind."

"Simply marvellous; especially when we hit upon the melody suitable to the case. One lady, a victim to religious mania, can only be soothed by 'Yankee Doodle'—the most violent of all my patients weeps like a child when his keeper tootles 'Come into the garden, Maud. Strange pyschological fact, isn't it?"

"Very," I said, doubtfully, and wondering if Dr. Wolfe, casting aside professional gravity, were practising on my credulity. He took no notice of my unbelieving accent, but continued puffing his cigar so serenely that I was forced to think he spoke in good faith.

The poor murderer in the corner still gazed at us intently. I scarcely liked to put the question to the doctor, but I felt, in case of the wretch growing restive, I should like to know his favourite melody.

"Do you find insanity on the increase or on the decline?" I asked.

"Most decidedly on the increase. Even now I am thinking of building a new wing, to accommodate the people who will sooner or later occupy it."

"May that need not be due to your great reputation?" I suggested—professional men dearly love a compliment like this.

The doctor waved his hand in assumed self-depreciation. "Not altogether," he said. "There are men and women by the hundred—apparently in full possession of their senses—whom I have known for years, and marked as some day coming—let us hope for their own sakes—under my care."

"But, Dr. Wolfe, surely you cannot foretell insanity in sane persons!"

"Most undoubtedly I can. That is one of my greatest discoveries; allow me—one moment."

He leant forward, and for the space of half a minute, looked straight into my eyes. I was too much surprised to

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speak. Then, resuming his former easy attitude, he asked, with an air of commiseration—

"Any of your family insane?"

As I stated before, I am a nervous man. The perspiration formed on my forehead. My heart beat rapidly.

"No; none at all," I stammered. Yet, even as I spoke, it flashed across my mind that I contributed yearly a small sum towards the maintenance of a distant relative, one whom I had never seen, but who had been in an asylum for many years.

"You are quite sure?" asked the doctor, with a puzzled air.

I trembled in every limb as I confessed to having a third or fourth cousin who was mad.

"Ha! I was sure of it," said the doctor, in a compassionate but triumphant voice. "There it is—another proof of the infallibility of my predictions. You must always go a long way up the pedigree to find the source. Now, if you will trace back——"

"Good Heavens!" I cried. "You can't mean to tell me that I shall ever go mad, Dr. Wolfe?"

"Certainly you will, unless you happen to die first," he answered, cheerfully. "I never met with a case I could diagnose more satisfactorily. But what then? Come to me; you will be kindly treated, and most likely will be happier than you are now. Meanwhile, let me take down your name and address; and if you can give me another cigar, I shall be much obliged."

I sank back unnerved and speechless. My eyes were riveted on the speaker's face as fixedly as I have seen a felon's eyes riveted on the face of the judge who has just drawn on the black cap. Words will not describe the state of my mind. I believe there is no man living who, in some crisis, some misfortune, some deep grief or mental depression, has not asked himself the question, "Am I losing my wits?" or "May I not lose them?" Who, then, can wonder at my horror and despair when I heard the greatest authority in England—the man against whose fiat there could be no appeal—declare that I was destined to go out of my mind? I seemed to be in a ghastly dream, and as I lay quivering and gasping with fright, I saw, or fancied I saw, a twinkle of fiendish exultation in the eyes of the silent lunatic at the other end of the carriage.

The bland doctor—the bearer of the bowstring—took no notice of my natural agitation. He simply held out his hand for the expected cigar. I positively hated him. I tried to frame a prayer that when the awful hour which he so surely predicted did come, my particular mania might be homicidal, and that the nearest and most convenient throat to cut might be that of Dr. Wolfe.

At last I faltered out:—

"But you may be mistaken: the wisest are liable to err."

"I never make a mistake; certainly I could not mistake such clearly-defined symptoms as yours. Why, my dear sir, I can look into the eyes of a child in the cradle, and say, 'If that child lives, and if I live long enough, I shall see it put under restraint.' That is why I must enlarge my asylum—so many cases which I marked down in early infancy are now getting due."

This was perfectly awful! I gaped helplessly at the glib speaker. I felt like one in a mesmeric trance.

"And let me tell you," continued Dr. Wolfe, dropping his voice to a confidential whisper, but gradually speaking louder as he proceeded, "it is not only so far as regards human beings that I have the power of detecting the sleeping symptoms. In the brute creation—nay, even in inanimate objects, I can find them, and foretell what must happen. My journey to town to-day is partly to inform the President of the Board of Trade that I have detected undoubted symptoms of approaching insanity in the huge steam-roller used in Bath to crush the stones into the roads—symptoms of the worst, the most dangerous type. The consequences will be frightful when the machine's mania is fully developed. I ask you, sir, did you ever picture a steam-roller in a frenzy—the destruction to life and property when such a ponderous mass of metal becomes uncontrollable, and exercises its stupid strength to the detriment of respectable citizens? Who is to check it? They may send for me, but what can I do? What padded room will be strong enough to restrain its mad and unreasoning rage? No, sir, not a moment must be lost. Immediate steps must be taken, and it will be my duty to urge Mr. Chamberlain to issue an order for its destruction before its fury renders it too late."

As he finished this extraordinary statement, I heard something very much like a chuckle proceeding from the other corner of the carriage. I turned, and once more encountered the eyes of the supposed lunatic. In a second I knew the whole truth. Fool that I was to have been bamboozled by an artful madman, let alone frightened out of my senses by his ridiculous assertions. Even the feeling of relief I experienced did not compensate for the annoyance of having been so completely tricked. The conditions of the two travellers were absolutely reversed. The glib, self-styled doctor was the patient; the poor creature whose hands were said to be red with the blood of his amiable wife and twin babies was either Dr. Wolfe himself or some one in his employ. Now that the scales had fallen from my eyes, it was curious how different the man in the corner looked; and I cursed my stupidity in misreading his knowing glances.

The expression of relief which crossed my face doubtless showed my late tormentor that he had committed himself. He relapsed into silence, and pretended to sleep; though no doubt his fertile, but erratic, brain was busy hatching some other preposterous scheme, in order to facilitate the escape which I felt sure he was trying to effect. I said nothing, but awaited the upshot with some anxiety. Looking at his powerful frame, it seemed doubtful if the united strength of myself and the man in the corner would suffice to overpower him if he turned restive.

I knew we must be getting very near Swindon. The impostor must also have known it, as he began to fidget about. Presently he whispered:—

"In case the poor fellow grows troublesome, I may rely upon you?"

"Undoubtedly," I replied. Just then the shrill whistle sounded.

"Do you happen to have a key about you?" he asked. "I should like to lock the door this side."

"The door is locked," I said, leaning my arm on the window-sill. At the same time I noticed that the man in black had edged up two seats nearer to us.

As the train steamed slowly along the wide platform, an elderly man, with a face full of anxiety, peered into our carriage; then, laying his hand upon the door-handle, he ran side by side with us until we came to a halt.

"Swindon! Swindon!" shouted the porter. The tall man began to show signs of great agitation. He glanced from door to door, twisted his fingers nervously, then, turning his eyes to me beseechingly, tried to stammer out a few words. Suddenly he made a dash for the door. I stood up ready to render what assistance I could. My aid was not wanted. The man in black barred the way fearlessly, and, grasping the other by the arm, said sternly:—

"Now, Mr. Leicester, no nonsense! Sit down at once!"

His words had a pitiable effect upon the madman. He cowered into a seat and covered his eyes with his hands. Poor fellow! I forgave him freely for all the pangs he had caused me.

The carriage door opened, and the man in black exchanged a reassuring nod with the gentleman outside.

"Now, Mr. Leicester," he said, in kinder tones, "if you will behave yourself we will go up and dine with my old friend, Dr. Smith, and return by an evening train."

He led his unresisting patient from the carriage. On the step he turned: "Could you wait until the next train?" he asked. "I should like to see you and explain matters."

I waited. In half-an-hour's time the man in black reappeared. He was profuse in his apologies. He told me that business had that morning taken him to Bath station, where, just as the train was about to start, he caught sight of one of his patients (who had evidently evaded his keeper) entering a first-class carriage. Without a moment's hesitation, he followed him as he ran down the platform, calling out to his man to telegraph to Dr. Smith, at Swindon, to meet him with help. The rest I knew.

"Is he violent?" I asked.

"Sometimes. It was just touch-and-go when the train stopped. I was glad to see him sit down again."

"But why not have stopped the train at once?"

"Then we must have had a scene. I know you will pardon me when I say that such an outburst on his part might absolutely destroy what chance of recovery he has. I only act in my patient's interest, so you must forgive me."

He made this request so earnestly that I forgave him unreservedly.

"Besides," he continued, "it is only now and then he shows insanity. I thought you would find him simply an agreeable and intelligent companion. For a clever man he is, and, had his reason been spared, he would have ranked high as an imaginative writer; unluckily, to-day, with some idea of facilitating his escape, he took to romancing and tried to stand in my shoes. Had you not found out the truth, I believe the reports you would have spread about concerning my system would have ruined me." And the doctor laughed heartily.

"Good-bye," he said, shaking my hand. "When you come again to our parts, be sure and call upon me, if only"—here his eye twinkled—"to be assured as to the state of your mind, and the chances against those sleeping symptoms ever developing."

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LETTERS ON BOOKS.

My dear Daisy,—I have just returned from doing the Academy—the most exhausting of all the exhausting duties of the season. Fancy sitting down to a banquet at which every kind of fish, flesh, fowl, fruit, and vegetable was served to you higgledy-piggledy—a slice of pineapple with a slice of salmon, and cheese, chicken, and chow-chow all on one plate! In what suicidal dejection from indigestion would you rise the next morning! Even such a banquet is the Academy, where the most incongruous pictures are presented to you side by side, and you try to take them in, one after another, with the result of utter prostration from mental dyspepsia. But now suppose that *all* the pictures sent in for exhibition were accepted by the Academy, accommodated in its galleries, and submitted to the judgment of its critics and for the entertainment of its visitors—who could survive the feast? But such an Academy for novels is Mudie's,—apparently. Nothing that any one chooses to write seems to be too feeble, foolish, or preposterous for its charitable shelves. Indeed, according to the judgment of a famous French novelist, which I have just read in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, it is the silly and senseless English novels which pay Mudie best, for the ungallant reason that his best patrons of fiction are young ladies! I can fancy that I hear Mr. Sinclair sighing out Shakespeare upon your reading this to him, "And so they are; alas that they are so!" Suppose that the *Academy* pictures were selected by a plébiscite of young ladies in their teens, what amazing productions would be hung upon the line in Burlington House! Let such works as you find in demand at Mudie's *Academy* of novels answer. "Fair Helen" (1), for instance, or "Omnia Vanitas" (2), or "Loved" (3). I fear to say anything against "Fair Helen" after this "Avis au Lecteur" flung at the reader in its preface: "This effusion was completed last October. This remark will be appreciated by those who are acquainted with London society as at present constituted. Any errors in English, French, or German which may occur are not mine. Kindly reviewers read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest." Doesn't it seem modelled on Peter Quince's staccato prologue? "Loved" and "Omnia Vanitas" are society novels, with the same foolish and vicious aristocratic puppets, the same goody moral, and the same single merit—each is in one volume.

Do you like novels whose scenes and characters are foreign? I do, at least for a change. They are not only more picturesque, as a rule, but more credible also; since the darkness of distance, like the gloom of the gloaming, predisposes you to credulity. Here are three of the kind, all of which I can recommend to you,—"Vestigia" (4), "La Fortunina" (5), and "Zero" (6). In "Vestigia" and "Zero" you need this darkness of distance to help you to believe in the attempts to assassinate Princes, in which the hero of the former and the heroine of the latter are actively or passively concerned. Both are stirring stories; and the pictures of Leghorn and its people in "Vestigia," and of Monte Carlo and its scenes in "Zero," are admirably drawn. In "La Fortunina" it is to Genoa and its neighbourhood you are transported, and its characters seem to be as vividly and picturesquely drawn from Italian life as its

(1) "Fair Helen: an Ower True Tale." By William Graham, author of "'Neath Southern Skies," "Two Fancies," &c. 3 vols. (London: F. V. White & Co.) 1884.
(2) "Omnia Vanitas." (London: Hurst & Blackett.)
(3) "Loved." By G. L. (London: Remington & Co.)
(4) "Vestigia." By George Fleming. 2 vols. (London: Macmillan & Co.)
(5) "La Fortunina." By Mrs. Comyns Carr. 3 vols. (London: Sampson Low & Co.)
(6) "Zero." By Mrs. Campbell Praed. 2 vols. (London: Chapman & Hall.)
(7) "Victims of a Legacy." By J. F. Pullan. 2 vols. (London: James Blackwood & Co.)
(8) "The Leavenworth Case." By Anna Catherine Green. (London: Alexander Strahan.)
(9) "Dawn." By H. Rider Haggard. 3 vols. (London: Hurst & Blackett.)
(10) "An Old Man's Love." By Anthony Trollope. 2 vols. (London: William Blackwood & Sons.)
(11) "Meadow Sweet; or, The Wooing of Iphis. A Pastoral." By Edwin Whelpton, author of "A Lincolnshire Heroine," &c. 3 vols. (London: Smith, Elder & Co.)
(12) "Bethesda." By Barbara Elbon. 3 vols. (London: Macmillan & Co.)
(13) "Beatrix Randolph." By Julian Hawthorne, author of "Dust," "Fortune's Fool," &c., &c. 2 vols. (London: Chatto & Windus.)
(14) "Old Boston." By A. De Grasse Stevens. 3 vols. (London: Sampson Low & Co.)
(15) "The Gold-Headed Cane." Edited by Dr. William Munk, F.S.A., Fellow and late Censor of the Royal College of Physicians. (Messrs. Longmans.)
(16) "The Dailys of Sodden Fen." By the author of "Four Crotchets to a Bar." vols. (London: Bentley & Son.)

scenery from Italian landscapes. I am afraid you will not approve of the pivot of the plot; but, if Mrs. Comyns Carr has not been discreet in the choice of the keystone of her story, she has shown a good deal of delicate discretion in her management of it.

I am not sure that you will like "Victims of a Legacy" (7), which is at once too preposterous and too pathetic for one with your keen sense of the sad and of the absurd. The superfluity of naughtiness of the Rev. Paul Rammage, and the preposterous endowment of the "mission for stirring up dissensions in Eastern harems," are too extravagant for a dream; yet the absurdities of the story do not destroy your interest in it, or your sympathy with the extreme sufferings of its heroine.

Nor will you care greatly, I think, for either "The Leavenworth Case" (8) or "Dawn" (9)—two stories of the sensational class. "The Leavenworth Case" is a drawn-out and ingenious riddle of an exciting kind, in which the reader is posed for five hundred closely-printed pages with the one question, "Who killed Cock Robin?" Don't you think that novels with a murder for their sole centre of interest are mistakes, if for this reason only, that you get enough and to spare of such stories in the newspapers? A novel should do for the mind what a holiday tour does for the body—refresh and recruit it through a healthy change of atmosphere, scene, and surroundings; and a story which is but a newspaper murder case "writ large" is wholesome neither in itself nor as a change of scene and subject.

"Dawn" is more of a change, but will be thought a change for the better only by patrons of the cock-pit and the prize-ring—to you its rather brutal sensation scenes will be repellent. Has the author, I wonder, never heard of Sheridan's comment on the line (occurring in a play offered for his acceptance)—"Drip, drip, drip"—"God bless my soul! here's nothing but dripping!"? If he had he would hardly have printed the line, "Drip, drip, high and low—Staccato," in the poem of the heroine's which he praises so highly.

It is sad enough when a great man—Sheridan, for example—survives his great fortunes; but it is sadder still when he survives himself—

> "In life's last scene what prodigies surprise,
> Fears of the brave and follies of the wise?
> From Marlborough's eyes the streams of dotage flow,
> And Swift expires, a driveller and a show."

Such was something like the feeling I had about Anthony Trollope upon reading the last of his books, the unfinished "Land-Leaguers." It was such an extremely feeble production that I felt it would have been much better suppressed in the interests of its author's reputation. Failing its suppression, however, his representatives have done, I think, the best thing for his fame in giving last to the world a novel which was written two years before his death, "An Old Man's Love" (10). In it the flame flickers up once more before it sinks down in the socket; for, though the novel cannot of course be classed with any of the Chronicles of Barset, it takes a fair place in the second rank of its author's works. Certainly, no one but Trollope would have attempted, and few, besides him, would have contrived to make so much out of the meagre materials employed. The story is absolutely without plot and incident; without a striking character or a thrilling situation, and yet it interests you, you cannot tell how, from the first page to the last. Virtually, the only characters with whom you have to do are an old gentleman, his ward, and his housekeeper; and your interest is centred solely in the struggles of the housekeeper to give up the old gentleman; of the old gentleman to give up his ward; and of his ward to give up her lover. *Voilà tout!* For the fatuous and vulgar curate and his only less fatuous and vulgar *fiancée* are impertinent in both senses of the word. Yet, out of these meagre materials the hand of the master, which had not yet lost its cunning, weaves a story which, if never exciting, is certainly never dull.

Here is another book which I am sure you will thank me for recommending to you, appropriately named "Meadow Sweet; or, the Wooing of Iphis. A Pastoral" (11). You see I give you the title in full, for it suggests the character of the story as appositely as the name Meadow-sweet expresses the character of the flower. It is an exquisite Lincolnshire pastoral, and as wholesome and happy a change from the so-called society novel as is the change from the stifling air of a ball-room to that of the spring fields at dawn. Mr. Whelpton seems to know the Lincolnshire folk *by heart*, whereby I mean not by head merely, but lovingly and sympathetically; and his portraits of the old farmer, of his friends, of his wife and daughter, and of her suitors, are Nature itself. You especially, in your present plight, my dear Daisy, ought to sympathise with the exquisitely-drawn scenes of courtship. By all means get the book and judge for yourself.

Do you like novels of the American school? If you do, you will probably appreciate "Bethesda." It is not, however, a good specimen of that school, and I cannot say myself that I care for its rather strained and sickly sentiment. How do you like conversations of this character?—"The ultimation of Buddhism is self-extinction; the ultimation of Christianity is self-realisation, as Christ showed it to us. In him we have the infinite grown out of the finite; the absolute 'being' out of the limited 'becoming,'" &c. Doesn't it remind you a little of "The Vicar of Wakefield" and our old friend Ephraim Jenkinson, with his "Anarchon ara kai atelutaion to pan"? &c. But "Bethesda" is unquestionably clever, and of great promise as the first book of a new writer. You will find more to your taste, probably, two other American stories, Mr. Julian Hawthorne's "Beatrix Randolph" (13) and "Old Boston" (14), an historical novel of the American Revolution. Mr. Julian Hawthorne, who always revels in wild and violent improbabilities, tries in "Beatrix Randolph" to persuade you that his high-principled heroine could be induced for money to personate in a New York opera-house the most famous of prima-donnas, and that such a personation could be attempted with success and with impunity! Just fancy any one personating Patti in New York for weeks successfully without Patti or the public having an inkling of the fraud! Yet this is at least as credible as that such a girl as Beatrix is described to be would consent to lend herself for money to play this unprincipled game. Nevertheless, "Beatrix Randolph," in spite of its outrageous violations of probability, is an interesting story, and has the additional and unusual recommendation of being short.

You are adjured to have "the generosity and magnanimity to view the faults and virtues of 'Old Boston' through the kindly medium which the halo of a hundred years ago sheds upon all crude efforts of to-day." Doesn't that sound to you somehow like a sentence out of "The Looking Glass Land?" If "Old Boston" were written a hundred years ago, or if it were being read to-day in the Elysian Fields by folk who lived a hundred years ago, its "crudeness" would be softened by the enchantment of distance. But, how can a book written to-day be seen through a halo of a hundred years? Yet, truly, it isn't crude at all, but a really admirable and interesting historical novel, "pleasingly instructive," I would say, if the words hadn't leaden associations for you.

An instructive and lively little work is "The Gold-Headed Cane" (15), by Dr. William Munk, Fellow and late Censor of the Royal College of Physicians. It seems that in the library of the College is a gold-headed cane, which, after reposing peacefully in a cupboard for upwards of fifty years, has recently been brought to light, and is now exhibited under a glass case. The interest which attaches to this relic of the days when fashionable physicians invariably carried a cane as a sort of distinctive emblem of their office, is due to the fact that the gold-headed cane is engraved with the arms of Dr. Radcliffe, Dr. Mead, Dr. Usher, Dr. Pitcairn, and Dr. Baillie, to whom it successively belonged. All those celebrated physicians occupied in turn the post of Resident of the College of which Dr. Munk is a devoted and distinguished disciple, and the record of their careers affords an excuse for some pages of instructive and entertaining chit-chat, interspersed with lively anecdotes about the personages and customs of the day in which they lived. The little book is well worth reading.

One more book I may commend, before I close, to your notice, "The Dailys of Sodden Fen" (16). It is what I should call a strong book, its characters being thoroughly thought-

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out and vividly presented, and its stirring incidents vigorously described. I have no hesitation in recommending it to you. But I must really close now, for I feel as I did on my return from the Academy, prostrate from mental dyspepsia, after devouring so many and such mixed dishes.—Believe me, ever yours, dear Daisy,

JESSIE RAINE.

GIRLS' GOSSIP.

DEAREST AMY,—I promised to tell you all about the Shakespearean Show this week, but I feel rather unequal to describing the dresses. I know, for instance, that a coif goes on the head, but I have not the smallest notion what particular sort of head-dress it means, nor have I the faintest idea what to call a coiffure resembling a strawberry punnet, in its "lengthened sweetness long drawn out." Some of the men had painted their cheeks and Indian-inked their eyebrows in very ridiculous style, but comparatively few of the ladies, I am glad to say, had done so. It seems that Mr. Val Prinsep had said that a little rouge was a necessity, but I venture to differ. Fancy Richard III. or King John wearing paint on their faces! It was quite a relief to see a beautifully clean man in spectacles and a ruff, without a particle of even powder about him.

Can you imagine a man having the unblushing effrontery to sell his own photograph? Such a phenomenon might have been seen by the naked eye on at least the first day of the show, and perhaps on the others too.

Among the number of quaint dresses, my memory has succeeded in retaining only two or three. Two very pretty and quaint-looking sisters wore black velvet bodices and white chemisettes, with curiously-shaped little white caps. The three witches from Macbeth presided over the caldron which was, in reality, a sawdust "dip." Their high witches' hats had snakes curled round them, and at intervals, whenever they happened to think of it, these amateur witches carried a broom each. I soon moved away from their stall, however, for I was so tired of hearing people try to make a successful pun about witches and bewitching. Margaret of Anjou wore a most successful costume. The petticoat must have been of the same kind of brocade that Enid's dress was made of, where the "lovely shoaling blue played into green." The ground was of the most delicious shade of soft blue, and the design consisted of large flowers in pale gold. The dress was made of peacock blue velvet, cut square, and filled in with gold tissue. The crown of jewels supported a head-dress of similar tissue, which floated back, leaving the hair visible.

You must forgive me if I break down in the details, for it is really a confusing thing to hear Ophelia telling some one that "that cushion is a great bargain," instead of remarking that the owl was a baker's daughter. It is also calculated to upset the most collected mind to see Hamlet, in his sables, waving an open sunshade above his velvet cap, and asking people to buy tickets for a raffle. "The Prince of Denmark is madder than ever," said Charlie. Some one in the forest of Arden wore a lovely gown of pale blue brocade, scattered over with small pink blossoms, and a skirt of brown velvet. I could not see Touchstone anywhere, nor Audrey. There were no trees in the forest, but we were not particular. There was a picture of Sir John Falstaff on one of the stalls, with a jug in his hand. A ball was hung near, and whoever succeeded in hitting the top of the jug, and thereby ringing a little bell, received a prize. What these prizes were I cannot tell you. I had not sufficient enterprize to try the "three shies for a shilling" myself, and the articles were handed to the winners wrapped mysteriously in brown paper, so that I could not even peep. Juliet, with her back hair down and carefully crimped, made a better saleswoman than Shakespeare would have imagined of his "fair Capulet." A young man with no covering whatever upon his arms, and in an earth-coloured felt hat, looked an airy butterfly thing as compared with the steel-clad warriors of King John, with their hideous caps furnished with ear-pieces. I heard that no one would consent to be Richard III., on account of the hump and the unsatisfactory leg, but I believe there was a Shylock somewhere about. He was probably getting an ice for Portia at the stall of the Merry Wives of Windsor, or carrying a cup of tea to Nerissa—a more pleasing occupation than haggling over a pound of flesh.

We laughed till we cried over a most amusing comedietta acted by Mr. and Mrs. Beerbohm Tree, up in the tiny theatre. It was delightful to hear the former explain in an epigram that "matrimony is a luxury that makes divorce a necessity," which was followed by a remark from his wife that "wedding cards ought not to be printed in silver, but should have a mourning edge, and 'In memory of poor Miss Blank,' with a little 'R.I.P.' in the corner."

Apropos of appeals, I am going to beg a little bit. Do get some subscriptions for a poor lady and her children, who are in direst need at the present moment. The lady is the widow of an officer in the army, who died of consumption four years ago, leaving her with four children, their ages ranging from fourteen to nine, without any provision whatever. The eldest girl is paid for by friends at a home, where she is being trained as a governess, and the eldest boy is earning fourteen shillings a week in an office at the Great Northern Railway Station. This sum represents the total income of the three children and their mother, who is partially paralysed. Of course, they cannot live on it. Friends subscribed £75 a year for them till lately, but losses have obliged them to discontinue this. They will have to go into the workhouse unless somebody helps. Just think of it, Amy dear. *The workhouse!* You know that means pauperising the children, besides the daily miseries it signifies to a gentlewoman accustomed to the refinements and the privacies of a happy home. I am sure you will help her if you can. Mrs. Francis Jeune, of 37, Wimpole-street, will be glad to receive subscriptions, and give, if necessary, full particulars of the case.

I am looking forward to Sandown, but I most sincerely trust that the weather may be warmer. It makes *such* a difference in one's enjoyment of that delightful place. Besides, when wraps and coats are worn, one can't see half the pretty frocks, and I hope to have several to describe to you in my next letter.

I saw a pretty arrangement for holding flowers, and an original one, the other day. A spade, a rake, and a hoe are crossed, like the supports of a gipsy kettle, and with the business ends uppermost. These support a large Zulu hat turned upside down, and with the straw gilt. Fitted with a zinc tray, this forms a practical as well as a pleasing flower-holder. I think the handles of the gardening implements are gilt too. It was designed by Francis Robins, the artistic dressmaker. He has made Miss Fortescue's gowns for her new part in "Our Boys," and she looks lovely in them. One is in the colours of the Household Brigade. The skirt has wide box-pleats of dark blue cashmere, between which can be seen flat pleats of cardinal. The bodice fits like a glove to her pretty figure, and has a stand-up collar with three little ornaments in red braid upon it. The tunic is draped in a new way. How shall I explain it? The folds come down from the left side, and when they reach to about a quarter of a yard from the ground, the material is turned back, showing a lining of cardinal, and is draped in precisely similar folds on the right side. In striped flannel, and with a looser style of bodice, this would make a lovely boating costume.

Miss Fortescue's other dress is of a pale but warm fawn-coloured cashmere and blue silk of a delicate shade. The silk forms the petticoat, over which are flounces of lace exactly matching the fawn or coffee-coloured cashmere. This, over the blue, has the happiest possible effect. The cashmere is then draped in soft folds on the side where the least lace is, and at the back. A sweet little bodice is made of the cashmere, with short basques upon which the lace is turned up, high on the hips and narrow at the front and back.

I also saw a printed delaine of extraordinary design, consisting of Chinamen in various attitudes scattered all

Old Lace.—The finest collection in London at A. Blackborne & Co.'s, 35, South Audley-street, Grosvenor-square.

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over it. Another novelty is the broché alpaca for dust-cloaks, but I think the prettiest are those made of tussore silk, trimmed with red or brown ribbon, and provided with a "jelly-bag" hood at the back.

Miss Craigie Halkett's wedding is to be at St. George's on Wednesday, the 11th of this month. I shall go, and tell you all about it.

Nellie went to see Oscar Wilde's wedding, and was immensely amused, on arriving at the church (St. James', Sussex-gardens), to find that the bridegroom had given orders that none should be admitted unless they had his card. Of course, it is quite right that a certain portion of the church should be set apart at weddings for the friends of the bride and bridegroom; but for a man to issue his commands as to who shall, and who shall not, be admitted to a public place of worship is a little *too* ridiculous. Nellie got in, however, notwithstanding her being unprovided with Mr. Oscar Wilde's visiting-card. She says the bride's dress was pretty, chiefly on account of its perfect simplicity. Her veil was peculiar, being of gauze or open-meshed spun silk, or something unusual. The bridesmaids' harmonies of terra-cotta and primrose were spoiled by white hats and feathers. Nellie says it was the funniest thing in the world to see the contracting parties and the best man posing in studied attitudes during the ceremony. Fancy a man being married with his head on one side, like a "tired" lily, his hand on his hip, and his legs disposed according to a preconcerted arrangement. The bridesmaids carried lovely lilies. Lady Wilde "snatched" her new daughter to her heart with some effusion, and the bridegroom kissed the bride with much calmth and coolth in the presence of a somewhat limited congregation.

I am going, on Tuesday evening, the 10th, to see some Indian tableaux at the Princes' Hall. They are in aid of Medical Missions to the women of India. I can't say I'm quite clear as to the nature of a "medical mission" but Papa says it is an excellent thing, and he has bought four stalls. The tableaux are to be given on the Wednesday afternoon as well. They will illustrate the life of an Indian woman, and are to be arranged by Mr. Val Prinsep. I fancy they will be very interesting. There is to be even a suttee, which, I hope, will not be too realistic.

Kitty writes from New York, apropos of the custom now prevailing there, among elderly and bald-headed men, of decorating their heads by means of pictures. She tells me of another absurdity now in vogue among the younger men, the so-called "dudes," namely, that of having the portrait of some reigning belle delicately outlined on the forehead between the eyes. This can be erased by the use of some chemical, which does not injure the skin, so that, as their fancy changes, a new likeness can be traced upon the forehead. What won't men do next?

The Caledonian Society's ball seems to have afforded a field-day to the rather numerous class of persons who "take by mistake" fans, mantles, and other articles, mildly described in appealing advertisements as "not their own."

The following recipe will be appreciated now the hot weather is coming on. It is called "Lemon firm":—

Steep the thinly-pared rinds of eight lemons in a pint of water for twelve hours. Strain and dissolve in it three-quarters of a pound of caster sugar, the juice of the lemons, and the well-beaten whites of *seven* with the yolk of *one* egg. Boil it over a slow fire, stirring it constantly *one way*, till it is like a thick cream. Pour the mixture into a glass dish.

I cannot remember if I ever sent you the recipe for "Country Captain." It is a very favourite breakfast dish in India—a country in which the palate becomes highly discriminating:—

Cut a fowl in pieces, and rub the pieces *well* with fine salt and curry powder; put them into a frying-pan with some sliced onions, and butter and fry till well done. You must be careful to keep the fowl of a golden colour.

Another favourite Indian dish is Burdwan Stew:—

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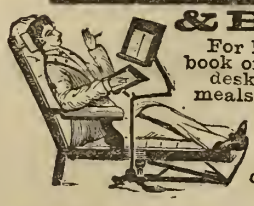

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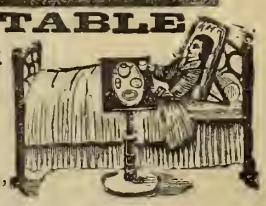

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OUR PUZZLES.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 276.—ANAGRAM ON THE NAME OF PIECE AT A LONDON THEATRE.

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"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 273.

At last, then, I am able to announce the result of this competition—one of the most troublesome to decide, I may add, that recent experience has provided. After sifting down the "Specimens," it became at first necessary to compare the completed paragraphs, word by word, with the original (which, I may say, was published inaccurately on May 1, several words having been included for which no dots appeared in the skeleton paragraph); and this process, I need scarcely say, was a most tedious one. At last, however, I have gone through the whole of the answers received, and the result I may at once state is that ST. MICHAEL'S has gained the prize, his complete version of the Skeleton Sentences having been curiously correct for a rendering in which so much depended on the chance choice of the words used in filling up. ST. MICHAEL'S version was one of those published on May 1, and I need not reprint here, it being sufficient to state that, of the discrepancies noticeable between his paragraph and the original, the greater part consisted of such minor difference as the use of "its" for "the," "often" for "usually," and so on. ST. MICHAEL'S, I may add, was most closely followed by MICAWBER JUNIOR, who was within three marks of the winner, and close behind him came FRIAR TUCK, PRIMA DONNA, UBIQUE, ALTIORA PETO, NE QUIN NIMIS, BUNO BUNO, THE BAILEY, BANDBOX, LACUNARY, IKEYMO, DINAH, LADYFERN, ELMA, MAS. POYSER, C. L. B. STARKEY, LITTLE JOHN, J. MCGREGOR ALLAN, DAVIN, BOB RIDLEY, BLOBBS, and PSYCHO, in the order named. Also well up in the competition are LEMON, EXCALIBUR, THEODORA, JACKDAW, LEMONADE BOTTLE, ESA, FLEETWOOD, PHILBIRENE, ALLEBAM, and many of the other competitors for whose names I cannot find space, managed to fill up the given skeleton with commendable accuracy. Altogether, the paragraphs were decidedly well done, and the winner is to be congratulated on a success only achieved after so close a struggle with his nearest competitors.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 277.

The making of Doublets afforded a chance for ingenious changes which several of our competitors turned to good account. Thus to drive a "goose" into the "water," to get "trunks" "packed," to put "cloves" into "brandy," &c., &c., as E. F. LACTEM did, was to give a special point to the transformation effected. PIPPIN, too, in changing a "kiss" into a "blow," a "hand" to a "foot," a "pawn" to a "rook," &c., showed commendable ingenuity; which was a characteristic of BOB RIDLEY'S, W. DANIEL'S, and FIRST FAULT'S change of "black" to "white"; DORA'S "boots" to "shoes"; KATHLEEN'S "hate" to "love," &c. But, in looking out for the prize winner, there are, of course, other points to be considered, viz., the length of the words changed and the number of links employed in their transformation. The task evidently becomes exceedingly difficult when words of more than seven letters are transformed, and I doubt if any Doublets have been effected in which the words contained nine or more letters. There is one other point which has to be considered; in a perfect Doublet, the two extreme words should differ in every letter, and it is because in "Brighton" and "alighted" four of the letters are identical, that SLOW TIME'S transformation of the one into the other by using four intermediate words only, cannot be deemed a very successful Doublet. ANATEDIGNUS, it will have been seen, makes two efforts with words of eight letters; but I am sorry to say that, ingenious though they are, they cannot be passed as perfect Doublets. Thus, in his first effort, though there is an obsolete adjective, "Docent," in "Nuttall's Dictionary," I do not think the comparative "docenter" can be passed; and, even if it were allowed, and the comparatives "decenter" and "recenter" permitted, I fail to find any verb "replane" from which "replaned" and "replanes" could be derived. Similar objections apply to the second and third Doublet, in each of which the words objected to recur. I quite appreciate the patience and perseverance ANATRIONUS has shown in these attempts; and I much regret that I cannot regard the results more favourably. I now come to the Doublets made up of seven-lettered words (the only other eight-lettered one was SLOW TIME'S already alluded to), and of these there are seven. Two of these complete the change by the use of five intermediate word-links; thus, POOWONG changes "Flatter" into "Brushes," and P. P. "Crashes" into "Flutter." But it will be seen the penultimate letter is the same in each of these words, and the "e" in "Flatter" and "Crashes" remain unchanged throughout, a fault which makes these particular Doublets imperfect. One of the others, E. F. LACTEM, employs eight links to change "Charles" to "Bluster," TODDLES twelve to transform "Freshet" to "Channel," the fault just mentioned being repeated in these Doublets also. DAPHNIS changes "Fellows" into "Battery" with the use of six links, but one of these is "Bellows," given as a surname, which I cannot consider a fairly formed link. There are thus left only the two seven-lettered Doublets of ANATEDIONUS and EASTBOURNE; and, as they both succeed equally well, the one in changing "Bankers" into "Settled," and the other "Settles" into "Buglers," the fairest course, I think, will be to divide the prize equally between them. Of the other Doublets I need not speak further than to add that RESOLUTE, TALE QUALE, DOT, R. M. E., and several others failed to quite understand the conditions of the given puzzle.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 280.

The excitement which has attended the Australian cricketers' progress in previous seasons is again being manifested in so marked a manner, that no apology is necessary for making cricket the subject of one of our weekly competitions. It has been decided, accordingly, to offer the current prize of two guineas to that competitor

WHO SELECTS THE BEST REPRESENTATIVE ELEVEN TO PLAY FOR ENGLAND IN A MATCH, ALL ENGLAND VERSUS THE AUSTRALIANS.

The Eleven may be composed of cricketers taken from the ranks of either gentlemen or professionals, it being the competitor's object to make up what he considers the very best available Eleven of English cricketers. He must choose, of course, cricketers who are still before the public, and it is a strict condition of the competition that only eleven names shall be sent in. No alternative players must be mentioned.

With a view of securing a proper judgment in this matter, the names of the various Elevens received will be submitted to the critioism of a practical cricketer of large and varied experience, and the decision will virtually rest with him.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*** The real name and address of FLIRT, winner of a third of Prize No. 274, are Miss EMILY CEULLAN, Langley Lodge, Sutton Valence, Staplehurst.

*** The real name and address of NE QUIN NIMIS, winner of Prize No. 275, are the Rev. WALTER BEGLEY, East Hyde Vicarage, near Luton.

SMYTCHE.—I found out the omission you refer to in checking the Anagrams, and on looking at the copy found that you only put "A"; but it was obvious that it should have been "Arthur." For your excellent suggestions, accept my best thanks. I have no doubt they will in some shape prove available as a subject for a puzzle competition.

DIANA.—Your prediction for the Derby must have been forwarded to TRUTH in mistake.

SQUELETTE.—I have looked at your amended Anagram with much interest, and you have certainly improved it considerably by your later efforts. As it now stands, the sentence, "By these hapless, these infernal horrors, dramatic renown is extorted, and a singularly æsthetic sympathy," which you have made from the words, "The play of 'Claudian,' by Messieurs Henry Herman and W. G. Wills, and others, at the Royal Princess's Theatre, in Oxford-street," runs much more smoothly, and is an anagrammatic *tour de force* which merits the attention of those interested in such things.

E. T. BOOTH.—Many thanks for your suggestion, which had already been thought of, you will see.

SPIRINX.—Your Doublet turning "Father" into "Sister," thus—"Father, Falter, Fitter, Setter, Sister"—was too late.

OXALIC ACID.—So, too, was your Doublet turning "Harder," by means of the links "Harder" and "Larder," into "Ladder."

GEORGE AUSTIN.—I noticed the use of the extra letter, and found, on reference, that you were in no way to blame for it.

THE PUZZLE EDITOR.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 278. ASSORTED SPECIMENS—GOOD AND OTHERWISE.

CENTOS ON THE SEASON, COMPOSED OF RHYMES FROM TWELVE POETS.

All nature laughs, the groves are fresh and fair,
(Pope's "Pastorals," Spring, line 73)
The skies are cloudless, and the meads are gay;
(Sir William Jones's "Laura.")
Pure laughs the light, and balmy breathes the air;
(Mrs. Heman's "Modern Greece.")
What scenes of glory burst and melt away!
(Rogers' "Epistle to a Friend.")

The gentleness of heav'n broods o'er the sea—
(Wordsworth's "Miscellaneous Sonnets," xxx.)
The ants, the bees, the swallows, reappear;
(Shelley's "Natural Appearances of Rturning Spring.")
The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea;
(Gray's "Elegy in a Country Churchyard," line 2.)
How like a dream is this I see and hear!
(Shakespeare's "Two Gentlemen of Verona," act v. scene 4)

And while the sun doth now more gently play,
(Fletcher's "Lily and the Rose.")
In placid beauty groves and fields appear;
(Goldsmith's "Traveller.")
All Nature feels her renovating sway,
(Bloomfield's "Shepherd's Life.")
With what a glory comes and goes the year!
(Longfellow's "Autumn.")

H. MARSH GREEN.

Come with thy sun and sky, thy leaves and showers,
(Lawrence's "Welcome to May.")
Full of fresh verdure and unnumbered flowers.
(Thomson's "Effects of Spring.")
Type of eternal life! thrice blessed spring!
(Burleigh's "Spring.")
When she puts forth the life of everything
(Ben Jonson's "Underwoods." To Lord Weston.)
The trees begin to bud, the glad birds sing,
(Massinger's "Welcome to the Forests Green.")
Upborne at evening on replenish'd wing,
(Wordsworth's "Excursion." "Despondency Corrected.")
Through paths of light, refresh'd with starry dew.
(Moore's "The Grecian Girl's Dream of the Blessed Islands.")
All tendrils green, of every form and hue,
(Keats' "Adonias Sleeping.")
The ants, the bees, the swallows reappear,
(Shelley's "Returning Spring.")
As they had wont in May from year to year.
(Dunbar's "The Assemblage of Beasts and Flowers.")
While with the morning sun the meadow glows,
(Gay's "Rural Delights.")
The dawn of bliss! the twilight of our woes.
(Campbell's "Hope Triumphant in Death.")

JANET.

Twine the rich blossoms of the laughing May,
("The Blind Girl," by Mrs. Sawyer.)
Music and sunshine throng her scented way.
("The Woods," by E. Maturin.)
The broken streamlet flows in silver light,
(Southey's "Ode to Contemplation.)
Spurning the gross control of wilful might;
(Akenside's "Pleasures of the Imagination.")
And like a dream of beauty glides away.
(Sarah H. Whitman.)
The winged people shun the scorching ray.
(Anon., Southgate's "Noble Thoughts.")
Now Winter's bleak and gloomy reign is o'er,
(Southey's "The Times.")
Come, bright skies, to me, as they came before.
(W. D. Moir.)
The angels on the golden banks recline,
(Wm. Sotheby's "Summer.")
The purple-streaming amethyst is thine.
(Thomson's "Summer.")
The forest sunwood glistens green and high.
(George Hill's "Spring," Athbone's Ed.)
How beauteous Nature does with Nature vie!

PRIMA DONNA.

I draw the breath of life in English air,
(Johnson's "London.")
A coil ungrateful to the tiller's care.
(Dryden's "Ah, and Ach.)

Lo, what huge heaps of littleness around!
(Pope's "Moral Essay," iv., 109.)
And murders, horrors, perjuries abound.
(Thomson's "Liberty," 333.)
The statesman, lawyer, merchant, man of trade,
(Cowper's "Retirement," 5.)
With all the freaks of wanton wealth arrayed.
(Goldsmith's "D. V.," 260.)
Those prudent heads that with their counsels wise
(Spenser's "F. Q.," i.)
Oft to the moon upturn their happy eyes,
(Lytton's "K. A.," iv., 84.)
Lest their own judgments should become too bright.
(Byron's "Ch. H.," iv., 93.)
While Salisbury stands the test of every light;
(Lady Winchilsea's "Noc. Rev.")
While he, to saving, all his powers applied,
(Crabbe's "The Borough," letter 13.)
The jest and earnest working side by side.
(Tennyson's "Princess," 227.)
Synoek.

A SPRING MORNING SOLILOQUY.

A dewy freshness fills the silent air!
(Southey's "Thalaba.")
From groves and meadows all impearl'd with dew,
(Bernard Barton's "A calm morning.")
New springs of life are springing everywhere!
(Mrs. Browning's "Casa Giudi Windows.")
When first its virgin tints unfold to view,
(Goldsmith's "E'en have you seen.")
The morn with tepid rays unfolds the flower,
(Dr. Johnson's "Winter," lines 1 and 2.)
The smelling violet hidden in the green.
(Tennyson's "Dream of Fair Women.")
Spirit of Nature! all-sufficing Power!
(Shelley's "Queen Mab," VI. 97.)
Full many a glorious morning have I seen
(Shakespeare's "Sonnets," xxxiii.)
Waked by the circling hours with rosy hand,
(Milton's "Paradise Lost," vi. 3.)
How Nature shines in livelier colours dress'd!
(Shenstone's "Early Love of Poetry.")
What heaven hath done for this delicious land,
(Byron's "Childe Harold," I. 15.)
For ever blessing, and for ever blessed!
(Prior's "Charity.")
Squelette.

How many things by season seasoned are;
(Shakespeare's "Merchant of Venice.")
How the four seasons in four forms appear.
(Dryden's "Ovid.")
Spring hangs her infant blossoms on the trees,"
(Cowper's "Tirocinium.")
Perfume floats by on the soft southern breeze."
(Eliza Cook's "Spring.")
The flowers of earth find a second birth;
(Horace Smith's "The Flower.")
The sun is in the heavens and life on earth.
(Byron's "Lara.")
The valleys, hills, and woods in rich array,
(Carew's "Approach of Spring.")
When opening buds salute the welcome day.
(Pope's "Temple of Fame.")
But now the clouds in airy tumult fly,"
(Parnell's "The Hermit.")
When Heaven and earth as, if contending, vie.)
(Thomson's "Spring.")
Thus we salute thee with our early song;
(Milton's "Ode VIII.")
I come, I come! Ye have called me long.
(Hemans's "Voice of Spring.")
Harold.

Fiction may deck the truth with spurious rays,
(Addison's "Campaign.")
When Fools imprudent dare the dangerous gaze.
(Crabbe's "The Patron.")
Free social life, and polished manners fair,
(Thomson's "Liberty.")
I tell thee, life is but one common care.
(Prior's "Solomon," Book III.)
Ah! friend, to dazzle let the vain design!
(Pope's "Moral Essays," Epistle II.)
What dreary change, what ruin is not thine!
(Dyer's "Ruins of Rome.")
To moil all day, and merry-make at night.
(Gay's "Shepherd's Week, The Ditty.")
When I step forth to hail the morning light,
(Wordsworth's "Sonnet," xi.)
All the world's bravery that delights our eyes
(Cowley's "Hymn to Light.")
So many hollow compliments and lies,
(Milton's "Paradise Regained," Book IV.)
Where wealth accumulates and men decay.
(Goldsmith's "Deserted Village.")
O for the dove's swift wings, that I might flee away!
(F. Hemans's "Forest Sanctuary.")
Serac.

The village maid steals through the shade,
(Scott, 183.)*
Where Nature moulds the dew of light;
(T. Lodge, 11.)
One lovely hand she stretched for aid,
(Campbell, 180.)
When first she gleamed upon my sight.
(Wordsworth, 174.)
She looked at me as she did love
(Keats, 190.)
Angels alone, that soar above.
(Lovelace, 80.)
Such was that happy garden-state,
(Marvell, 91.)
So soft, so calm, yet eloquent;
(Byron, 174.)
A springy motion in her gait—
(Lamb, 230.)
Again she stretched, again she bent,
(Gray, 110.)
And walked with inward glory crowned,
(Shelley, 223.)
That was so large, and smooth, and round.
(Southey, 210.)
Bob Ridley.

* All taken from the Golden Treasury of Songs and Lyrics, the numbers given being the pages on which the quotation occur.

This freshe May that is so bright and shene,
Chaucer's "The Merchant's Tale.")
When spring adorns the dewy scene;
(Moore's "Odes of Anacreon," xli.)
Some Richmond Hill ascend, some send to Ware,
("Childe Harold," canto i.)
Verge to one point, and blend for ever there.
(Shelley's "Queen Mab.")

Hark the loud revel wakes again,
(Scott's "Rokeby.")
Forgets both joy and grief, pleasure and pain;
("Paradise Lost," book ii.)
Footing it in the dance that Fancy leads,
(Cowper's "The Progress of Error.")
In courtly balls, and midnight masquerades.
(Pope's "The Rape of the Lock.")
Hours had passed away like minutes, and before I was aware,
(Longfellow's "The Belfry of Bruges.")
I looked, and I longed, and I wished in despair,
(Thackeray's "The Cane-bottomed Chair," ballad.)
And toasted the lass with the golden hair,
(Hood's "Miss Kilmansegg.")
Ah, such is hope, as changeful and as fair.
(Coleridge's "Sonnet to the Autumn Moon.")
Vol-au-Vent.

Slow melting strains their queen's approach declare,
(Gray's "Progress of Poetry.")
Solemn and slow ye rise upon the air;
(Ann Radcliffe's "To the Wind.")
For Lycidas is dead—dead ere his prime—
(Milton's "Lycidas.")
Soars from the dim world and the bounds of time.
(Mary Howitt's "Thoughts of Heaven.")
The nursling of thy widowhood, who grew.
(Shelley's "Adonais.")
Ah, gone for ever! take this last adieu!
(T. Ticknell "On Death of Addison.")
Roll round strange years, swift seasons come and go,
(Author of "John Halifax" "Summer Gone."
And peaceful science gilds the plains below.
(Gorgiana, Duchess of Devonshire's "Mount St. Gothard.")
Thou an Egyptian puppet shall be shown,
(Shakespeare's "Antony and Cleopatra," act 5, scene 2.)
But wander to and fro by ways unknown.
(Spencer's opening stanzas of "Faërie Queen.")
He rules with wide and absolute command,
(Anna Letitia Barbauld's "Hymn.")
While fitful gusts rave like his clam'rous band.
(Joanna Baillie's "Grave of Columbus.")
Simla.

So forth issew'd the seasons of the yeare.
(Spencer on "Spring.")
Fresh leaves and flowers deck the dead season's bier.
(Shelley's "Picture of Spring.")
The budding flow'ret blushes at the light,
(Chatterton on "Spring.")
In that world, for ever fair and bright.
(G. W. Doane's "Spirit of Spring.")
Ash, fir, and oak, with many a young acorn,
(Chancer's "Morning Ramble in Spring.")
Feels the fresh world around him, and each thorn,
(J. Dyer's "Shepherd's Occupation in Spring.")
By Nature strewn o'er valley, hill, and field;
(J. Wilson's "Meditations on Spring.")
And the oak's tender leaf was of em'rald and gold.
(Heber's "Spring Journey.")
Now, while the bird thus sings a joyous song,
(Wordsworth's "May Morning."
I come! I come! Ye have called me long!
(Mrs. Hemans's "Voice of Spring.")
And with it comes a thirst to be away,
(N. P. Willis's "Reflections on Spring.")
Far, far remote from boys and their rough play.
(Clare's "Joy of Village Minstrel.")
R. M. E.

Now is the May of Life careering round
(Samuel Rogers' "Childhood," line 46.)
The lark's loud song is in my ear.
(Lady Dufferin's "The Irish Emigrant," line 11.)
Life's guileless pleasures and its griefs profound,
(Alarc Watts' "The Firstborn," line 7.)
Like blinding sparks of gold in sand.
(S. H. Bradbury's "What shall I do to win her hand," line 27.)
All Nature lives, as they may learn who will,
(John Harris's "Nature's Life," line 1.)
Its prospect ever bright and new;
(Wm. Calcott's "The Twilight Hour," line 32.)
Be this thy faith and consolation still,
(John Critchley Prince's "The Darkest Hour," line 39.)
When rivers rage and rocks grow cold,
(Christopher Marlow's "Nymph's reply to Shepherd," line 6.)
Sweet Spring! Thou com'st with all thy goodly train,
(William Drummond's "To Spring," line 1.)
Ah me! the blooming pride of May,
(Matthew Prior's "The Garland," line 29.)
Youth calls the graces there to fix their reign,
(Thomas Parnell's "An eulogy to an old lady," line 15.)
For present pleasures soon are o'er,
James Beattie's ("Retirement," line 79.)
Wayward Thing.

Now Nature hangs her mantle green,
(R. Burns's "Lament of Mary Queen of Scots.")
And all the earth is gay;
(Wordsworth's "Recollections of Early Childhood.")
O, sweet the jasmine's buds of snow,
(Lord Lytton's "Light and Darkness.")
On a bright, clear, summer day.
(Thomas Hood's "Lines," 1st verse.)
Mark the fair blooming of the hawthorn tree,
(Browne's "The Hawthorn.")
Hark to the singing birds, the humming bee.
(H. G. Adam's "Flowers of May.")
In florid beauty, groves and fields appear
(Goldsmith's "The Traveller.")
Along the winding way;
(Browne's "Woods in Autumn.")
With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,
(Milton's "Woodbine and other Flowers.")
Calm is the noon of day.
(James McPherson's "Ryno and Alpin.")
Oh, joyous time! through verdant meads to rove,
(T. L. Merritt's "Humble Flowers.")
Now is the time for those who wisdom love.
(Bruce's "The Time of Flowers.")
Georgina.

Child of the Sun, refulgent summer comes,
(Thompson's "Seasons—Summer.")
With vernal lives that blossom but to die,
(Goldsmith's "Traveller.")
Those blazing suns that dart a downward ray,
(Goldsmith's "Deserted Village.")
And infant winds their tender voices try.
(Cowley's "Davideis.")
O! who can tell the sweets of May Day's morn,
(Clare's "Village Minstrel.")
That passes all he sees unheeded by;
(Cowper's "Retirement.")
And still new beauties meet his lonely walk,
(Akenside's "Pleasures of Imagination.")
That teach the rustic moralist to die.
(Gray's "Elegy.")
Reluctant shall I bid thee, then, farewell,
(Mrs. Barbauld's "Ode to Spring.")
Who shall contend with Time—unvanquished Time.
(H. R. White's "Irresistible Time.")
While, each soft scene of summer beauty fled,
(S. Rogers's "Pleasures of Memory.")
Are in the heart, and heed not space or time.
(Lowell's "To the Dandelion.'
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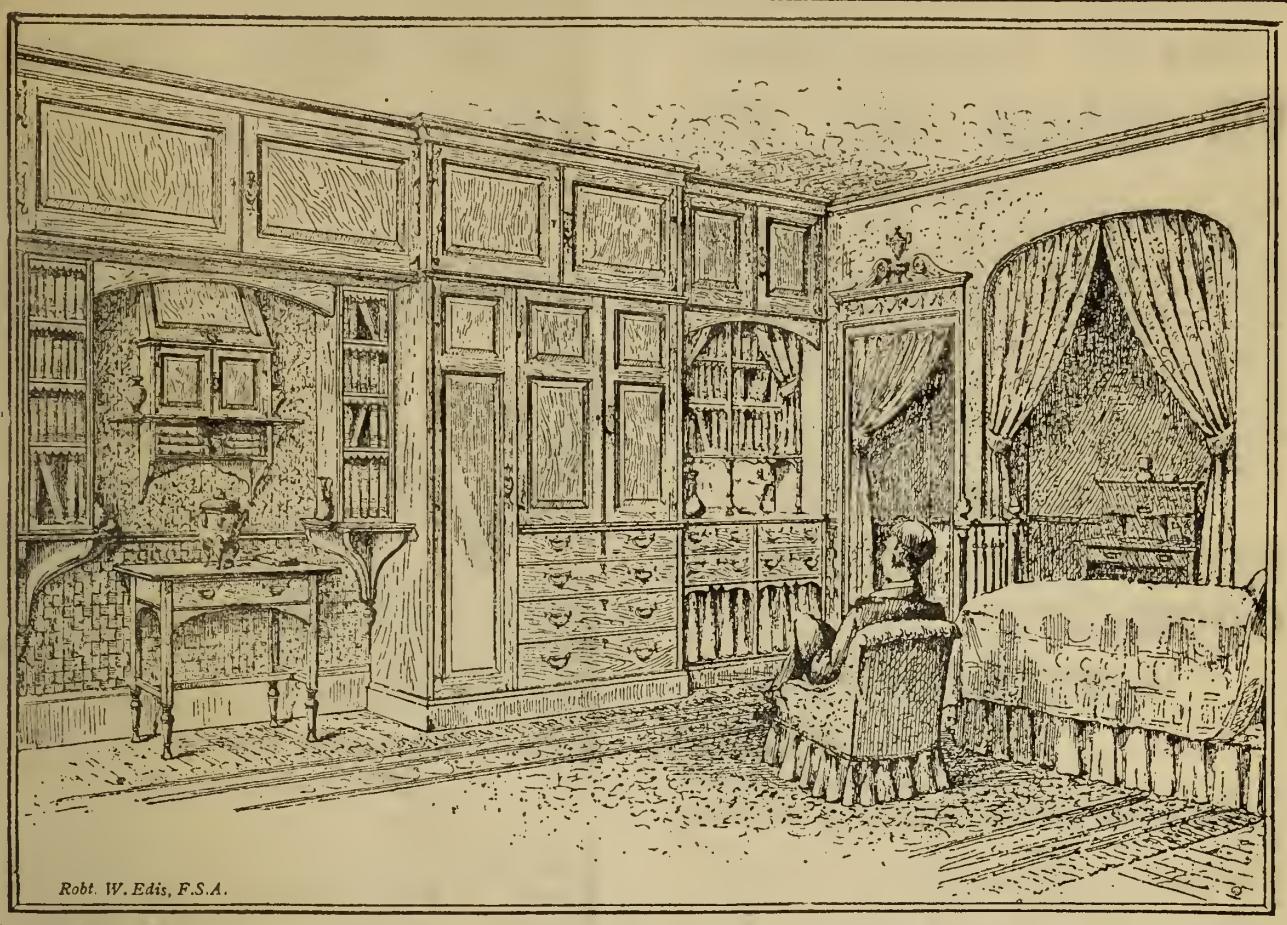

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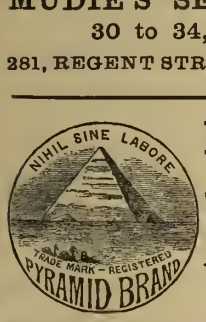

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• TRUTH •

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ENTRE NOUS.

THE Queen has finally decided that no Drawing-rooms are to be held this year, and it is doubtful whether even a Levée will be permitted.

THERE is a dead-lock about the appointment of a Lord-in-Waiting in succession to Lord Torrington. The Queen desires to have Lord Bridport, her senior Equerry, and to make the appointment a permanent one, as was Lord Torrington's. Mr. Gladstone naturally wishes to appoint a Peer who professes Liberal opinions, and he is strongly supported by Lord Sydney. Sir Henry Ponsonby has been despatched by the Queen to the Prime Minister to endeavour to arrange the difficulty, but as nothing has come of his mission it seems probable that no successor will be named until one side or the other gives way.

THE Prince and Princess of Wales will return to England from Germany early in the week after next, and they will then reside at Marlborough House for a month. It is not yet decided whether there will be the usual Royal party at Goodwood this year, and it is doubtful whether the Prince and Princess will pay their customary visit to Cowes. The Prince will probably take a fortnight's cruise down Channel in his schooner, the *Aline.* Their Royal Highnesses are to arrive at Abergeldie Castle about August 16, and they will remain in Scotland till the beginning of October.

ON Monday last week the Prince, accompanied by the Marquis du Lau, visited the studio of M. d'Epinay, the sculptor, who has sent an exquisite recumbent statue of Musset's "Marion" to the Salon this year. The Prince was greatly amused by a statuette (almost a caricature) of the painter Meissonier impersonating Neptune, with a most exaggerated beard.

THE King of Denmark and the Prince of Wales will go over to Ems from Wiesbaden on an early day in order to have an interview with the German Emperor, who is to reside there till about the 28th.

I UNDERSTAND that the Prince has promised to preside at the annual dinner of the 10th Hussars, which is to be held on the 30th, at Willis's Rooms.

THE Duchess of Edinburgh is to return from Russia early next month, and after a short stay at Clarence House she will go to Scotland to rejoin her children, who are now residing at Abergeldie Mains, which has been lent to the Duke and Duchess by the Queen. The Duke will take a couple of months' leave of absence in August, and I hear that he and the Duchess will then occupy Birkhall Lodge, which the Prince of Wales has placed at their disposal. Birkhall is about nine miles from Balmoral, in Glenmuick, and within an easy walk of Ballater. The Duke and Duchess are not going to pay their customary visit to Coburg this year, in consequence of the unpleasant nature of their relations with the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha.

DURING the last few days it has been stated in half the papers in the country that there is much talk at the Court of Berlin about a marriage which has been arranged between Prince Wilhelm of Würtemberg and the Princess Beatrice. This news comes from an imaginative "own correspondent" at Berlin, and is pure fiction from beginning to end. There has been no "talk" of any kind whatever about Princess Beatrice's marriage to anybody, and she is no more likely to marry the Prince of Würtemberg than King Tawhiao. I believe H.R.H. has never even seen the Prince who has so recklessly been announced as her future husband. Prince Wilhelm has come to England for the purpose of visiting his sister-in-law, the Duchess of Albany, and the Princess of Waldeck and Pyrmont.

IT is announced from Berlin that the German Emperor is about to despatch a member of his staff to England, charged with a special mission to the Queen, the precise purport of which is unknown. I believe that the object of sending the messenger is to announce to her Majesty the approaching betrothal of the Hereditary Prince of Baden (grandson of the Emperor) with Princess Hilda of Nassau. This engagement has been brought about by Prince Bismarck, and it is really an important political event, as it signifies the reconciliation of the Duke of Nassau with the Court and Government of Berlin. Except the King of Hanover, the Duke suffered more severely than any other Prince from the war of 1866, and there can be little doubt that his surrender, and that of his powerful and wealthy party, will speedily be followed by that of the Duke of Cumberland. The Princess will have an immense fortune, which will be acceptable at Carlsruhe.

THE understanding between the German Government and the Duke of Nassau is momentous in another way, for, presumably, it signifies that Prince Bismarck does not intend to allow the daughter of the King of the Netherlands to succeed to the Throne of Holland, but that, failing the Prince of Orange, he proposes to establish the Nassau family at the Hague. The Duke is the last representative

of the great House of Orange, and is the heir to the Dutch Throne, but the King desires to divert the succession to his own daughter.

Last Thursday, Prince Henry of Hanau, son of the Landgrave of Hesse-Cassel and great nephew of the German Emperor, was received into the Roman Catholic Church with much pomp and ceremony. The ex-Queen Isabella of Spain acted as Godmother by proxy.

Madame de Kalomine and the Grand Duke of Hesse have come to an amicable understanding. She is to be created Countess von Romrod, after the Grand Duke's Jagd-Schloss, near Jugenheim, and is to receive £25,000, and a life income of £1,000 a year. It is stipulated that the Countess is not to reside either in Germany or in England. The Hessian Landtag has been prorogued, *sine die*, in order to prevent any public discussion of this very discreditable business.

Paris was swarming with English visitors last week, including the Duke and Duchess of Norfolk, the Duchess of Manchester, Lord and Lady Gosford, Lord Charles and Lady Alice Montagu, the Duke of Hamilton, Lord and Lady Wimborne, Lord Wolverhampton, Lord Hartington, Gladys Lady Lonsdale, Mr. and Lady Hilda Higgins, Mr. Chaplin, Sir Henry James, Lord and Lady Randolph Churchill, Sir John and Lady Stanley Errington, and Colonel Oliphant.

Apropos of English names and titles, their eccentric distortion by Frenchmen has been frequently a matter of comment and amusement, but the latest specimen is well worthy of record. At the bathing establishment of Vichy an enterprising and "eminent" chiropodist has enrolled himself into the ranks of the British Knighthood, and Hirschler by name, now styles himself "Sir Hirschler, C.B." The latter portion of the title is at all events appropriate.

Next month a "lightning" train will commence to run between Paris, Berlin and St. Petersburg. It is to consist of two vans, a restaurant, a saloon, and a sleeping-car, which last contains a bath-room. The carriages have been exhibited during the last fortnight at the Silesian station in Berlin.

The Viceregal visit to the North of Ireland is definitely fixed for the 18th inst., when Lord and Lady Spencer proceed to Belfast.

On Whitsun-Monday Lord and Lady Spencer, with a Viceregal party, were present at the Philadelphian and University cricket match in the College Park, Dublin. The attendance was small, owing to the rival attractions of the Metropolitan Race Meeting at Baldoyle on the same day, a meeting, by the way, marked by two unhappy casualties—the death of a jockey, who fell dead from his horse at the winning-post on finishing a race, and the death of an unfortunate young man who was thrown off the platform at Baldoyle Station and crushed by the train.

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The marriage of Mr. G. Murphy, of the Grange, co. Meath, to Lady Mary Plunkett took place last week at Killeen Castle, in the private chapel, Lord Fingall giving away the bride. Only a small party of relatives and friends were present on the occasion. Lady Henrietta Gradwell, who was married just a month before, curtailed her honeymoon in order to attend her sister's wedding.

Most of the papers have reported Oscar Wilde's wedding, but not one has mentioned the fact that the full name of the bridegroom is Oscar Fingal O'Flaherty Wilde.

The officers of the *Royal Adelaide*, the flagship at Devonport, gave a most successful afternoon dance on Saturday, which was very largely attended by the "society" of the station and district. The upper and middle decks were used for dancing, and the main deck was arranged as a drawing-room. The decorations were very elaborate and tasteful. Lord Mount-Edgcumbe lent the officers a number of shrubs and plants from his conservatories.

It appears that the Windsor Prince Consort Association, which is estalished to give prizes for cottage gardening, long service, good conduct, &c., will not meet this year, owing to the following intimation:—"The Queen thinks it would be better to have no meeting of the Prince Consort's Association this year."

The Duke of Cambridge has been staying down at Bath during the last few days.

Lord and Lady Cork are staying this week at Down Place, Colonel Harford's residence on the Thames, near Monkey Island. It has not been usual for the Master of the Buckhounds to reside during the race week at such a distance from Ascot, but as there is no procession to arrange and lead, and no Royalties to receive, Lord Cork's duties this year will be quite nominal.

The Duke of Westminster has rejoined the Duchess at Clieveden, after a short visit to Eaton Hall. They have no party this week.

Lord and Lady Bath have arrived in town from Longleat, and leave in a few days for Germany. They will remain abroad for about six weeks. The expedition is undertaken for the benefit of Lord Bath's health, which has been somewhat shaken by his last very severe attack of gout.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Brassey received a large party at Preston Hall last week for the Maidstone Show, and Lord Holmesdale entertained a few friends at Linton Park. Lord and Lady Falmouth's party at Mereworth was confined to members of the family, and included that most popular of Cornish parsons, Mr. Boscawen.

Lord and Lady Pembroke are expected to return to Wilton House early next week from the Mediterranean. Lord Pembroke's health has been quite restored by his cruise.

Rowland's Kalydor cools and refreshes the face during hot weather and eradicates Freckles, Tan, Sunburn, &c. Of chemists.

The Duke and Duchess of St. Albans have gone to stay with Baron and Lady Diana Huddleston at The Grange, Ascot, for the race-week.

Mrs. Meynell-Ingram returns home next week from the Mediterranean, where she has been cruising for the last five months in the schooner-yacht *Guinevere*.

Mr. C. A. Thellusson has laid up his yacht *Boadicea* at Gosport, in consequence of his continued illness. She had been recently fitted out, and has been lying off Ryde since the middle of May.

Edmund is wrong in saying that Sir John Ennis's father, the first Baronet, was a self-made man. He was nothing of the kind. Sir John Ennis's grandfather was the founder of the fortunes of the family. Realising a large fortune as a Dublin merchant, he, in the early part of the present century, purchased a considerable amount of landed property in Westmeath, including Ballinahowen Court, Athlone, the family seat. He died in the year 1834, and left his only son, who was created a Baronet in 1866, a considerable estate in land, besides personal property to a large amount.

Mr. W. H. Smith was staying at Exeter last week with the object of visiting his estate at Rewe, where he has just built a village club for the inhabitants at a cost of £600. Mr. Smith purchased this property from Lord Ilchester about six years ago, and he has built a great number of model cottages, has renovated all the farm-houses and buildings, and has laid down new drainage.

Colonel Farquharson has converted a considerable extent of the great deer forest of Invercauld into a cattle-grazing. Last week several hundred head of stock were turned out on the ground, which is entirely enclosed by wire fencing. It marches with the forests of the Duke of Richmond (Glenfiddich), Lord Fife (Mar), and the Queen. It is hoped and expected that many other Highland landlords will follow Colonel Farquharson's example, as it is well known that in forests which are solely appropriated to deer, the grass becomes wretchedly poor, whilst under this system the wild land will quickly be brought back into rich grass.

Sir John Ramsden has let the fine deer-forest of Ben Alder, Inverness-shire, to Baron Schroeder. This forest, which extends over 35,000 acres, was for many years the favourite hunting-ground of the late Lord Henry Bentinck. The grouse-shooting is poor, but the stags are very numerous, and are exceptionally fine and heavy, the breed both on this ground and on Ardverikie having been improved by the importation of stags from English parks. Last year Lord Manners killed seventy, the number to which he was restricted. There is capital fishing in Loch Erocht, and the lodge is on the shore. I understand that Baron Schroeder has taken Ben Alder for five years, at £3,000 a year.

I mentioned last week that Sir William Edding had taken a lease of Tulchan Forest, Forfarshire, from Lord Airlie. He has also rented Glencally, which is "on the march" with Lord Airlie's ground, from Sir John Kinloch, which gives him one of the best of the smaller deer forests and one of the most productive grouse moors in the Highlands. There is a capital lodge on each shooting. Glencally was rented last year by Mr. A. H. Brown, M.P.

Mr. A. Morrison's far-famed flock of Hampshire Down sheep, nearly 2,000 in number, will be sold off at Fonthill on July 30 and August 8. Mr. Morrison has taken 130 prizes with his sheep during the last few years.

Herr Schroeder, a well known German agriculturist, has been in England during the last month for the purpose of buying choice sheep and pigs. He purchased a number of Southdown rams from the Prince of Wales's flock at Sandringham, and several Shropshires from Mr. Loder, M.P. at Whittlebury. For pigs he patronised the famous herd of Mr. Spencer, of Holywell Manor, Cambridgeshire.

Mr. Spencer has also sold a number of his Yorkshire pigs for exportation to Buenos Ayres.

The Tinwald and Torthoswald estates in Dumfriesshire, the property of Lord Queensberry, which were offered for sale at Edinburgh about three weeks ago, have been sold for £220,000, to Mr. James Jardine, of Dryfaugholm. The reserve price at the auction was £230,000. The properties extend over 8,000 acres, and the net rental is £7,500 a year.

Lord Kilmorey has sold his Shavington estate in North Shropshire to Mr. Heywood-Lonsdale. It extends over about 2,000 acres, and has been in the family since 1506, when it was purchased by Sir Robert Needham. Mr. Heywood-Lonsdale, who previously owned a large property in the same neighbourhood, will probably contest North Shropshire for the Liberals at the General Election.

There has been a tremendous felling of timber during the last few months on the Popham estates, in Somersetshire. Mr. Popham found it necessary to fall back on his ancestral oaks in order to pay the succession duties on inheriting the estates, which, I hear, amounted to nearly £40,000. The grandfather of the present Lord Orford defined timber as "a natural excrescence for the payment of debts."

Mr. Froude-Bellew, the Master of the Dulverton Foxhounds, has sold his pack to Lord Guilford.

The estate of Dangu, in Normandy, the property of the late Count Lagrange, is for sale in three lots. The mansion, gardens, and park, extending over 180 acres, are offered at £10,000; one farm of 520 acres at £12,000; and another of 540 acres at £12,080.

An unprecedented event took place on Wednesday at the Auteuil races. Just before the great steeplechase, as the horses were being saddled, a sheriff's officer, accompanied by the *commissaire de police*, went up to Beasley,

Woods' Hotel (within Furnival's Inn, Holborn, E.C.) has been considerably modernised and improved. Families and Gentlemen will find in this Hotel *home comforts*.

who was about to mount Comte Erdödy's horse, Eyrefield's Pride, laid his writ on the animal's back, and declared that "the execution was put in." At the same time, he stated he should lay a claim to the money-value of the prize, if the horse should win it. The race then went on. Count Erdödy seemed very indifferent to the whole proceeding, and it is said the horse in reality belongs to an Austrian Archduke, who runs it under the Count's name.

Special orders have been sent by the Queen that nobody is to be permitted to enter the Royal Stand at Ascot this week, and all the blinds are to be kept drawn down; nor is any one to be allowed to view the races from the top of the building.

The cricket-match between the Gentlemen and Professional Jockeys will take place at the Ranelagh Club on Saturday next. Amongst the former are Lords Queensberry, Gordon, and Marcus Beresford, the Hon. G. Lambton, Captain Middleton, and Messrs. Owen, Coventry, and Cunningham; and the latter include two Goaters, two Marshs, Custance, I'Anson, Cannon, Jennings, and Adams.

On Wednesday and Thursday the Americans played the Gentlemen of Ireland on the cricket-ground at the Viceregal Lodge. The players were entertained at luncheon by Lord Spencer. Lady Spencer each afternoon dispensed tea to a select circle.

I am asked to publish the following facts:—

1. The Australian team received the whole of the gate-money for the two matches played at Lord's. No deductions of any sort were made for expenses, and the eleven had luncheons and drinks for nothing.
2. The cheque they received was for £1,344. 17s., for which their representative did not even say thank you, although every one had done all they could to conduce to their comfort.
3. It was suggested that, the pecuniary result being good for them, they might give something to the Benevolent and other funds which the M.C.C. patronise, but no satisfactory reply was given.

When the Australians went to play Lancashire, last Thursday, every one was wondering whether they would object to Crossland's bowling, the majority expecting, and a large number hoping, that they would do so. Whether it was that Crossland carefully refrained from laying himself open to suspicion, or whether the Colonials held the county so cheaply that they could afford to let its trundlers throw as well as bowl, or again, whether it was from personal regard to Mr. Hornby, who is honestly satisfied as to the man's fairness, one cannot tell; but the fact remains that Crossland bowled without being no-balled, and that, although he got some wickets, the best Colonial batsmen made pretty light of him. Can it be that the Antipodeans, having made themselves so unpopular by numerous unnecessary complaints, exercised forbearance in this instance in order to somewhat retrieve their character for sportsmanlike complaisance?

Last year's Marlborough captain, E. H. Buckland, has probably made himself secure of his place in the Oxford Eleven by his fine bowling performance against the M.C.C. (7 wickets for 17 runs), and by his excellent batting against Lancashire. As to bowling, the Oxford team of 1884 is far above the average, Whitby, Nicholls, Page, Buckland, and Bastard being a really useful quintet, and it will be strange if one of the five, at least, does not come off at Lord's. Since his big score for the Freshmen, A. R. Cobb has done little to justify his retention in the Eleven, but he is a brilliant batsman in reality, and Kemp shows good judgment in not dispensing with so good a man because he is temporarily out of luck.

The Cambridge men have at length done something to revive the drooping spirits of their friends by defeating a strong team of Gentlemen of England, after an exciting match, by twelve runs. Studd, Bainbridge, Wright, and Paravicini all scored well for their University; while, in the second innings of the Gentlemen, Topham took seven wickets for sixty-two runs. The result of this match is likely to increase considerably the interest in the Inter-University contest, which has up to now seemed a certainty for Oxford.

For general fishing in the river Thames the season commences on Monday, the 16th, and the reports state that a goodly supply of fish awaits the skill of the angler. Several fine Thames trout have been captured, some weighing as much as eleven pounds, but up to the present no fish has been landed to equal the fifteen-pounder of last year, and which, by the way, may be seen stuffed in the National Fish Culture Department of the Health Exhibition.

The Thames Angling Preservation Society deserve the thanks of all anglers for the trouble they have taken for the protection of the roach spawn at Eel Pie Island, on the tideway, and the satisfactory results in the shape of myriads of small fry ought to encourage them to much greater exertions next year.

There are some complaints on the part of riverain residents between Richmond and Teddington with regard to the improvements of the navigation of the river which have been commenced by the Thames Conservators. The residents say that they think that a stone-facing along the bank will not be rural. Were there a choice between this facing and a grassy slope, it is conceivable that the latter would be preferable; but a stone facing is far better than a mud bank. Without this facing, too, it would be almost impossible to dredge a wide channel, and if this be not done, boating will almost cease.

The splendid colonnade or peristyle of old Burlington House has now been lying prostrate by the riverside in Battersea Park ever since 1867. In that year, what Gay in his "Trivia" called "Burlington's fair Palace," was pulled down. Mr. Beresford-Hope pleaded for the colonnade; it was not, therefore, scattered or destroyed, but was floated down the river, and has been lying ever since—the stones all numbered ready for re-erection—just opposite Cheyne Walk on the other side of the river. I never visit these ruins without a feeling of shame and astonishment that a city so sensitive to the exact position of the Wellington statue, and so eager to re-erect

Important Sale of first-class Harness Horses, with grand action, and Hacks of superior quality, at Theobald's Farm, Stockwell, 19th June, the property of Mr. George Cox, in consequence of termination of lease, and premises required for building purposes. Catalogues and particulars of Messrs. W. & S. Freeman, Aldridge's.

Army and Navy Hotel, Victoria-st., S.W., is probably now the best Hotel in London. Table d'hote 6 to 8. Cookery excellent.

at enormous cost an arch of quite inconsiderable beauty, should leave these historic stones to cold neglect and mouldering decay. The elaborate details, crowns, and monograms are fast getting blurred, "made weak by time and fate." Let me, therefore, plead for their speedy re-erection as an entrance to Battersea Park out of the broad boulevard that lines the Thames between Chelsea and Battersea Bridges. The site is unique, and the architectural effect would be one of the finest on the banks of the Thames.

The following letter is curious :—

Sir,—May I ask your notice of the following, as I think Truth is the only channel where it would find a chance ?

Passing along the Strand yesterday, my attention was caught by a little picture in the centre of the window of Mr. Attenborough's shop, at the corner of Adam-street, Adelphi.

The picture in question contains a group of three or four children, of which the principal figure is firing a little cannon. As the picture was painted by myself, exhibited at the Royal Academy, purchased there at the private view by Mr. John Knowles, of Pendlebury, Manchester, a private buyer of repute, I naturally examined it a little, and was, or ought to have been surprised, to see the name of Mulready neatly forged at the bottom of the picture, which appeared to have been otherwise tampered with.

As I have on previous occasions seen pictures of mine so tampered with at different dealers, and as I find that a representation of the fact to the shopkeepers is no security to either the artist or the public, I have on this occasion taken a different course.

The facts of the case, some of which you can verify for yourself, and the others which I can verify, are incontrovertible. The picture was engraved on wood, by Messrs. Butterworth & Heath, of 356, Strand, who would identify it in a moment. J. W. Dell.

Personally, I am in favour, as I said last week, of the Government acquiring really valuable works of art, such as some of the Blenheim pictures, even when the expenditure would be rather large; but I cannot agree with Sir W. H. Gregory's suggestion in the *Times* that the Chancellor of the Exchequer should be empowered to issue terminable annuities for the purpose. If the alternative were between losing the pictures and increasing the National Debt, I should certainly say that we must let the pictures go. Works of art are luxuries, and it would be decidedly demoralising for the country to buy its luxuries on credit. To pledge the credit of one's descendants in this way would be as bad as selling one's ancestors, like Charles Surface.

Dr. Holmes, the Queen's Librarian at Windsor, has lately discovered in one of the cupboards in the Print Room, a large number of very fine drawings of the Elgin marbles, which were executed in Greece about 1810, for the Dilettante Society. They were sent to Carlton House in 1813 to be inspected by the Prince Regent, and were not returned, and some years later, having been forgotten, they were removed to Windsor, where they were stowed away in the library, and there they have remained for about sixty years.

Lord Brabourne, too, has discovered, at his country house in Kent, some two hundred letters, written by Jane Austen to her niece, the late Lady Knatchbull. They were hidden away in a box of old family papers which had not been opened for many years, and were labelled "Letters from my dear aunt, Jane Austen." They are to be edited with a view to their publication in the autumn.

Screens, with tea-cup shelf on each fold, from 21s. A large variety of screens in Japanese leather paper, needlework, stained glass, and hand-painted in all sizes and styles.—C. Hindley & Sons, 290 to 294, Oxford-street, London.

A little while ago I called attention to Mr. Anstey having filched his plot in "A Giant's Robe" from a novel called "Singleton, Dragoon and Dramatist," and the same charge was made by the *Spectator* and the *Academy*. "A Giant's Robe" has now come out in three-volume form with a preface. But Mr. Anstey wisely preserves a profound silence as to the charge brought against him.

Mrs. Langtry was recently sued in New York by one of her company for breach of contract. The verdict was in her favour, but "Mr. Daniels, the dry goods merchant," who, as foreman of the jury, announced the finding, added :—

There is some talk in the papers about Mrs. Langtry's fascinations. I want it distinctly understood that there is none of this nonsense here. We are all married men, and the verdict is in her favour only because justice is on her side.

According, therefore, to Mr. Daniels, the dry-goods merchant, female fascination has no effect on married men, and any one engaged in litigation with a pretty woman ought to challenge every bachelor on the panel. I am afraid, however, that on this side of the Atlantic the dictum hardly holds good, and that husbands are just as susceptible as bachelors. The judges of Phryne were old men, and probably married men.

Here is an odd advertisement, which I take from the *Glasgow Herald* :—

Royalty Theatre.—Special Notice.—As certain Glasgow papers have expressed their disapproval of the Gentlemen's Evening Dress worn by the Ladies who impersonate the Mashers in "Silver Guilt," Mr. Cowper begs to announce that he has procured some Kilts, which will be worn in addition to the trowsers complained of.

I am requested to state that a benefit *matinée* will be given on June 26, at the Avenue Theatre, in aid of the funds of the East London Hospital for Children, at which a new comedy-drama, entitled "Sister Grace," and founded upon incidents in hospital life, will be produced.

The Bayreuth Festival plays of "Parsifal" will take place on July 21, 23, 25, 27, 29, 31, and Aug. 2, 4, 6, and 8.

A spectacular opera-bouffe, entitled "Le Grand Mogol," is to be the great autumn production at the Paris Gaîté. The *mise-en-scène* is to be magnificent, and there are to be many entirely novel effects.

The Meiningen Theatrical Company propose visiting the United States next year.

Anton Rubinstein has settled down at Dresden for a few weeks, and hopes to find leisure to finish an opera while there.

The third annual dinner of the Italian Club dei Fagiolai took place on Tuesday last week, the thirty-sixth anniversary of the proclamation of the Italian Statuto. All the Italian musical celebrities were present, including Cotogni, Marconi, Durand, Scalchi, Mackenzie, the author of "Colomba," Costa, Vannuccini, Palloni, Lebano, Mattei, Cirillo, Bottesini, Vizielli, Samuelli, Masi, Dami, Deusa, Erba, Albanesi, Lisei, the repre-

Rimmel's Toilet Vinegar, tonic, refreshing, 2/6. Aromatic Ozonizer, a natural air purifier, 1/. 96, Strand; 128, Regent-st.; 24, Cornhill.

sentative of Ricordi of Milan, and a host more. The president of the Club, Signor Roberto Stuart, was enthusiastically applauded in his two toasts—"The Queen and Royal Family," and "King Humbert and the fair Queen Margherita of Italy." The banquet was purely Italian, and was naturally, seeing of whom the company principally consisted, followed by a concert.

The Rev. Charles Graham has published the story of Mr. Reade's conversion. With regard to theatres Mr. Graham writes:—

> Early in 1880, Mr. Reade asked my advice in relation to his connection with the theatre. My reply was that he had now found a new Master, from whom it was both his privilege and duty to seek guidance. Soon after, he said to me, "I have now cut off my right hand, and cast it from me. I am done with the theatre." But here it is only right to say that in the meshes of that evil net, he allowed himself to be again entangled. Of his sin in this entanglement my valued friend soon became convinced. Confined to his room by one of his severe bronchial attacks, I called on him, when immediately he said to me, "I have backslidden from God; I have returned to the world. Is there no mercy for me?" I pointed him to the examples of Daniel and Peter.

It is somewhat remarkable that with these singular views as to the iniquity of all connection with theatres, Mr. Reade should have, in his own epitaph, described himself as a dramatist.

Worcester has been much agitated lately by the Sunday question. Five weeks ago the Town Council resolved to open the Hastings Museum, which is under their control, for three hours every Sunday afternoon. Their action was in every way justified by the result. During those three hours the institution was visited by more persons than during the whole of the other days of the week; and the visitors were nearly all of a class who could not attend at any other time. Their behaviour, too, was all that could be wished.

The Sabbatarians, however, paid no heed to these facts. They held meetings, at which they made up for lack of numbers by extravagance of language, and passed resolutions condemning the course adopted by the Council, which several reverend gentlemen predicted was likely to result in the establishment in the City of what is, with convenient vagueness, termed the "Continental Sunday." So much noise did the Sabbatarians make, and so much influence did their clerical leaders exert, that the Town Council last week, by a majority of two votes, resolved to again close the museum on Sundays. More's the pity.

One of the most amusing cartoons that have been exhibited for some time in "Shrimpton's," at Oxford, is that of Mr. Horton, about whose proposed appointment to examine in Divinity there was so much excitement a few months since. Mr. Horton, although a Nonconformist minister, has the good sense to dress like anybody else; and, in explaining this to his flock at Hampstead the other day, he is reported to have said, "I will wear no clothes to distinguish me from my Christian brethren." The cartoon exhibits him accordingly with his clothes conspicuous by their absence.

The dinner of the Palmerston Club at Oxford last Saturday was a great success, and the large attendance shows that all young Oxford is not Conservative, as a writer in the *National Review* this month seems to imply. The proceedings this year were strictly private; but I shall not be breaking any confidences by saying that the speech of the evening was Mr. Goschen's. He replied for the "Houses of Parliament," and his speech, which had clearly been prepared with great care, made a great impression. Amongst the old members present was Lord Lymington, the original founder of the Club.

For the "Dons" to request an undergraduate to "go down" is, unfortunately, a very common occurrence at the Universities, but for the undergraduates of a College to require one of the "Dons" to be thus dismissed is a decidedly new departure. Such, however, I am told, is what has just been done at one of the Oxford Colleges, where the undergraduates first smashed the windows of the objectionable "Don's" house, and then despatched a deputation to the Warden to ask that he would dispense with the services of the said "Don" for the future, as they could not "stand" him any longer. The Warden's answer to this very embarrassing request ought to be interesting.

A Reader in English Law is much wanted at Cambridge, but there are no funds available at present for a stipend. Professor Sidgwick has, therefore, offered to pay £300 a year for four years, in order that a Reader may be appointed before next term. Of course, his generous offer has been gratefully accepted.

I see a good many suggestions as to the appointment to the Provostship of Eton. I would suggest that the salary should be reduced. The Provost has nothing to do, and for this a salary of £2,000 per annum and a house are almost too high pay.

When I was at Eton, Dr. Hodgson was Provost. His specialty was that he had been Byron's friend. After him came Dr. Hawtrey, and he was succeeded by Dr. Goodford. In the case of both these latter gentlemen the Provostship, with its handsome salary, was a species of honorary retiring pension of Head Masters.

Dr. Goodford was, in my day, an assistant master. I was delighted when I was "up to him," because he was a man of what are called the good old ways. On one morning each week the boys had to recite several lines of Homer, and on another morning several lines of Virgil. Goodford made each boy say exactly five lines, so that no boy learnt more than the five lines which a very simple calculation showed him would fall to his lot. The Doctor was an excellent classic, and he naturally disliked the classics being murdered by dunces. When the form, therefore, was engaged in translating, he only called up those boys who were not likely to make an untoward exhibition of themselves. I believe that I was once called up, but the experiment was never repeated.

In those times there was none of that snobbery which, according to report, exists now at Eton. Then men did not give their boys large amounts of pocket-money in order to enable them to ingratiate themselves with lords. We learnt, it is true, nothing. Modern languages, mathematics, science, &c., were as unknown to us as to

Antique and Decorative French, Italian, and English Furniture and Old Tapestries, &c.—J. J. Duveen 181, Oxford-street.

naked savages. We were supposed to devote ourselves to Latin and Greek; but not one in a hundred of us could translate a sentence of either into English. As small boys, we were fagged and bullied; as big boys, we bullied and fagged; and this entirely without any ill-feeling, but because it was a time-honoured custom. Dr. Hawtrey, the Head-Master, flogged us often; but far from objecting, it was felt that there must be something wrong about any boy who never had been flogged. The flogging was public, and it was open to any one to attend the ceremony who pleased. If a boy under the operation cried, all the spectators groaned. I remember one boy piteously appealing to the Doctor—an august being arrayed in silk and gold chains—not to flog him. With a wave of his hand to the spectators, Dr. Hawtrey said, "Certainly not, if you object. I will leave you to your young friends." His young friends, on this, led him down into the quadrangle, and played at football with him for half-an-hour.

An Oxford correspondent writes to say that the office of Regius Professor of Medicine at Oxford is not a sinecure, "as Dr. Acland spends generally three to four hours a day at the Museum," and that the reason for the medical school at Oxford being in a lower position than it should be is "due to the opposition which has been offered for many years to all grants from the University."

I am sorry to hear that Canon Lyttelton is lying very seriously ill at Gloucester; prayers were asked for him on Sunday in the Cathedral, and also in Hagley Church. Lady Frederick Cavendish is staying with her uncle.

Edmund is right in praising the Bishop of Derry's sermon at the Salisbury Choral Festival, for it was eloquent, interesting, and appropriate; but he does not seem to be aware that what was, perhaps, the finest passage in the discourse was cribbed from one of Bacon's "Essays." The learned Bishop of Salisbury was present at the service, and if he were well enough to follow the preacher, I am sure he must have detected his right reverend brother's plagiarism.

The Bishop of Durham preached a magnificent sermon in Wells Cathedral last week, at the Triennial Festival of the Theological College. Nothing in its way could be finer than his sketch of the past history and present position of the Church of England; concluding, as it did, with an eloquent and impressive exhortation to the clergy and students, of whom there was a very large attendance.

The Reverend H. M. Fletcher, Rector of Grasmere, has issued the following proclamation to his parishioners:—

I do not intend after Christmas, 1884, to bury with the Church Service the body of any person who has lived and died here outside the communion of the Church. If you have broken all through your lives the Law of the Church, which requires you to communicate three times a year at least, and shall have died without expressing your repentance and contrition for this disobedience, common sense must show you that you have forfeited all claim to the service of the Church.

Why do all the papers describe Mr. Harford, the Minor Canon of Westminster, as "Canon"? They might just as well refer to him as "Bishop" Harford, for he has quite as much right to the one designation as to the other. Mr. Harford is not popular at the Abbey, because whenever he occupies the pulpit at the morning service he preaches for at least forty-five minutes, and his sermons are intolerably dull and commonplace. He lately got into trouble with the Chapter, as on two occasions, having presumably preached himself into a state of oblivion, he forgot all about the Communion Service, and abruptly dismissed the congregation, with the result that there was a most unseemly confusion, and most of the people left before the offertory could be taken.

Here are one or two of the questions set by the Reverend J. F. Twisden in the Elementary Examination for Junior Students of Social Science in Ireland. Surely, however simple at bottom the questions may be, an examiner should be able to state his meaning more clearly and more tersely.

What is the position of the centre of gravity of the following bodies, each being of uniform density:—(*a*) a rod or straight line, (*b*) a circular lamina, (*c*) a triangular lamina?—A circular lamina weighs 9 ounces; a thin straight wire as long as the radius of the circle weighs 7 ounces; if the wire is placed on the lamina so as to be a chord of the circle, the centre of gravity of the whole will be at a distance from the centre of the circle equal to some fractional part of the radius; find that fraction by construction or calculation.

A body can turn in one plane round a fixed point; what circumstance will determine the direction of the reaction of the fixed point when the body is kept at rest by that reaction and two other forces acting in the plane? A square board ABCD is capable of turning freely in its plane, which is vertical, round A; it is held so that AB is vertical by a force acting along BC; find the reaction of the fixed point at A and the force along BC in terms of the weight of the board; find also the line along which the reaction acts.

When a body is placed on a plane, and is acted on only by gravity and the reaction of the plane, what condition will determine whether it will topple over or not? A cylinder whose height is three times the diameter of its base, stands on a plane horizontal at first, but afterwards inclined to the horizon at a gradually increasing inclination; supposing the friction sufficient to prevent sliding, find the construction or otherwise, at what inclination the cylinder will topple over. If a cone whose height and base are equal to those of the cylinder had been placed on the same plane, why would the cone stand after the cylinder had toppled over?

The *Army and Navy Gazette* stated the other day that it was doubtful whether 1,000 Marines could be collected at the present moment from the three chief naval ports, and that the Admiralty has been obliged to make a reduction of ten per cent. in the numbers serving on board the guardships. This state of things clearly cannot go on. If it be the fact, as it seems to be, that the Marines are the only arm equal to the kind of duty which has recently been imposed on them, it is time the fact was realized, and the force re organized on a different footing. The idea at present seems to be to employ the Marines to do the dirty work of the army at the expense of the efficiency of the navy.

Fearful and wonderful are the ways of the War Office. One of the principal reasons for adopting the kharkee uniform was, as I understood, to prevent the men from becoming the easy targets for the bullets of their enemies, which they have hitherto been when arrayed in scarlet and pipe-clay. Last week, however, the Dorset Regiment were paraded in their new clothing at Aldershot, and it almost seems as if we have fallen from the frying-pan into the fire. The uniform itself is practically invisible at a little distance, but the men wore glaring white belts, which could be seen about a mile off. The colour can, of course, be changed, but it is truly remarkable that the obvious fact that white is the most conspicuous of all colours should not have occurred to official wiseacres before the belts were issued.

Vanity Fair says:—"Mr. Benjamin is still the Prince of Ulster and Stalking-Coat Makers." Ulster House, Conduit-street, W.

A number of Tory papers have thought proper to assert that Baker Pasha's friends cannot expect "this Government" to restore him to his rank in our service. The truth is that there is an obstacle, and an insuperable one, in the fact that the Queen is resolutely opposed to this act of grace, and will not hear of it. There is no reason why the Ministry should be accused of undue harshness, for it is a question which practically rests with the Queen, and she has a very strong opinion on the case.

In the Navy Estimates there is an item of £511 for special payments to the Paymaster-in-Chief, who is employed in "revising the Admiralty Instructions." As no "instructions" of any description have been issued for nearly four years, the duties of this officer must be purely nominal. The item, therefore, seems to demand explanation.

It is officially stated in all the daily papers that the Duke of Edinburgh never applied to the Admiralty to be sent to the Baltic in command of the combined Channel and Reserve Squadrons. This is a very disingenuous contradiction. Of course, the Duke never made an official request on the subject, but it is nevertheless perfectly true that he privately expressed his wishes to the Admiralty, and, as I stated a fortnight ago, he was refused principally in consequence of the opposition of the Admiral-Superintendent of Naval Reserves, who did not relish the idea of being superseded in the command of the Squadron. The Duke was unable to urge the point, because some sharp official suddenly recollected that a few years ago, when H.R.H. was Admiral-Superintendent of Naval Reserves, there had been a notion of combining the two Squadrons, and he had then strenuously opposed the plan. I hear that the letters which were then written by the Duke furnished a complete answer to the views which he now holds on the subject.

The following, on the vexed question of Admiralty appointments, is from an officer of high rank in the Navy :—

Sir,—I am glad to see that you are calling attention to the appointments to, and promotions from, the Royal yacht. The injustice and utter absurdity of the present system require to be fully exposed. Of course, her Majesty should have a yacht, and that yacht should be the best vessel that naval constructors could design, and should be fitted with every possible convenience and luxury. The vessel should (equally without question) be officered and manned from the Royal Navy, and the pay and position of those serving in her should be such as to make the appointments desirable and sought after; but that the commander, lieutenants, and sub-lieutenants should by so serving obtain certain promotion is an injustice to other officers, and an absurdity from a professional point of view.

Take the present Commander May, who has lately been appointed. This officer was transferred from the *Polyphemus* to the *Victoria and Albert*.

In the former ship he never went to sea, and in the latter he will certainly never do so, for it is ridiculous to call an occasional run across the Channel, or from one English port to another, "going to sea." In three years Commander May will, under present regulations, be promoted, and will doubtless then be appointed to command a ship, his special qualification being that as a commander "he never went to sea."

So with the Lieutenants Milne and Battenberg. These officers are qualifying for promotion by "never going to sea," and after two years each in the Royal Yacht they obtain promotion as a matter of course. Sub-Lieutenants the same. The three officers lately appointed will learn nothing and do nothing for three months, and then be promoted over the heads of officers of longer and better service, and who are in every way more qualified for and deserving of promotion.

The great hardship is that these officers (commander, lieutenants, and sub-lieutenants) thus promoted take the place of other officers who have earned promotion by long and good service, but for whom vacancies cannot be found, as the places are filled by Royal Yacht promotions. R.N.

I am glad to see that some atonement has been made to Commander Parr, who was in command of the *Lively* when she was wrecked, and who was afterwards, though in no way to blame for the disaster, dismissed his ship. He will shortly assume the command of the *Frolic*. The absurd sentence on Commander Parr ought to have been reversed at the time, but we must be thankful that the Admiralty has condescended to recognise the mistake at all.

Mr. William M. Gonagall, of Dundee, has forwarded to me two poems in print, and tells me that I have his permission to publish them in Truth. My readers will regret that they are too lengthy for my columns, when they have perused the following extracts. The first are from a poem on the death of Prince Leopold :—

Alas! noble Prince Leopold, he is dead!
Who often has his lustre shed,
Especially by singing for the benefit of Esher School,
Which proves he was a wise Prince, and no conceited fool.

Methinks I see him on the platform singing the Sands o' Dee,
The generous hearted Leopold, the good and the free,
Who was manly in his actions, and beloved by his mother,
And in all the family she hasn't got such another.

He was of a delicate constitution all his life,
And he was his mother's favourite, and very kind to his wife,
And he had also a particular liking for his child,
And in his behaviour he was very mild.

'Twas on Saturday the 12th of April, in the year 1884,
He was buried in the royal vault never to rise more,
Until the great and fearful judgment day,
When the last trump shall sound to summon him away.

At half-past ten o'clock the Seaforth Highlanders did appear,
And every man in the detachment his medals did wear;
And they carried their side arms by their side,
With mournful looks, but full of love and pride.

The Coffin was borne by eight Highlanders of his own regiment,
And the brave fellows seemed to be rather discontent
For the loss of the Prince they loved most dear,
While adown their cheeks stole many a silent tear.

Then behind the corpse came the Prince of Wales, in Field-Marshal uniform,
Looking very pale, dejected, careworn, and forlorn;
Then followed great magnates, all dressed in uniform,
And last but not least the noble Marquis of Lorne.

Her Majesty was unable to stand long, she was overcome with grief,
And when the Highlanders lowered the coffin into the tomb she felt relief;
Then the ceremony closed with singing "Lead, kindly light,"
Then the Queen withdrew in haste from the mournful sight.

The following verses deal with the battle of El-Teb :—

Ye sons of Great Britain, I think no shame
To write in praise of brave General Graham!
Whose name will be handed down to posterity without any stigma,
Because at the battle of El-Teb he defeated Osman Digna.

They kept up their fires all the long night,
Which made the encampment appear weird-like to the sight;
While the men were completely soaked with the rain,
But the brave heroes disdained to complain.

Then breakfast was taken about eight o'clock,
And when over, each man stood in the ranks as firm as a rock,
And every man seemed to be on his guard—
All silent and ready to move forward.

Then they passed by the enemy about mid-day;
While every Arab seemed to have his gun ready for the fray;
When a bullet strikes down General Baker by the way,
But he is soon in the saddle again without delay.

Then the British charged them with their cold steel
Which made the Arabs backward for to reel,
But they dashed forward again on their ranks without dismay;
But before the terrible fire of the musketry they were swept away.

Oh, God of Heaven! it was a terrible sight
To see and hear the Arabs shouting with all their might;
A fearful oath when they got an inch of cold steel,
Which forced them backwards again and made them reel.

By two o'clock they were fairly beat,
And Osman Digna, the false prophet, was forced to retreat,

After three hours of an incessant fight;
But Heaven, 'tis said, defends the right.

And I think he ought to be ashamed of himself,
For I consider he has acted the part of a silly elf,
By thinking to conquer the armies of the Lord
With his foolish and benighted rebel horde.

I SEE that with a view of supplying a practical knowledge of geography, it is proposed to establish a British Commercial Geographical Society in the City of London. The Royal Geographical Society, in Savile-row, furnishes information of a large and varied kind, but the special objects of the proposed society do not enter into the proper domain of the Royal Geographical. Seeing the extraordinary ignorance that exists amongst commercial men on the subject, I should think such a society ought to prove highly successful. A centre of reference in the City is bound to be useful.

A GENTLEMAN writes from the Junior United Service Club :—

Sir,—I am very pleased to see that you are exposing the Army and Navy Store bubble. You were quite correct in what you stated about the furniture department. I am on the Committee of my Club, and, when we got estimates for covering and renovating our furniture, Maple, whom we employed, and who gave great satisfaction, estimated to do the work for £665. 10s., and the Auxiliary Stores wanted £1,082. 16s. 11d. for the same work. Some months ago I wanted some Lincrusta-Walton for my house. I went to Walton and got his book. Armed with this, I went to the Auxiliary Stores and asked their prices. I found them exactly the same. From these prices the stores got twenty-five per cent. discount, which they pocketed, giving *no advantage whatever* to the purchasers. I ordered some window screens (stained glass). When the bill came in it was so exorbitant that I declined to pay. They made a very lame excuse, and took off 25 per cent. I wanted some brass hooks to hang my pictures; they asked me 4s. 9d. a dozen. I went to the first ironmonger's I came across, just out of Victoria-street, and found the price 3s. 6d. a dozen for the same article. When I taxed them with it they were most impertinent. I went to Elliot's, the flower-shop in Victoria-street, and priced their ferns; they were 9d. each. The same day these ferns were 1s. each at the Stores. Formerly, when I wanted furniture, the Army and Navy Stores gave me a letter to a City house, where they took off 20 per cent. from their already very moderate prices. Now we are denied that privilege, in order to drive us into the arms of the Auxiliary Stores, who charge the same prices as Gillow, and have by no means the same taste. This amalgamation with the Army Stores has been effected without in any way consulting the wishes of the Army and Navy shareholders, and is much to their disadvantage, depriving them of many privileges.

I HAVE been trying to find out where Australian or New Zealand mutton is to be bought, because I am indignant at West-end butchers calmly selling it for English mutton and at English prices. At Smithfield market both are on sale wholesale at about 6d. per lb. But it is not every one who wants a sheep or has time to go to market. At Messrs. Buckingham Brothers', 171, Thames-street, New Zealand mutton is sold retail. The price is 10d. per lb. for legs, and from 6½d. to 8½d. for other parts, and delivery is made within the Metropolitan Postal District at 4d. not exceeding 18 lb., and 6d. not exceeding 35 lb. This mutton, I can guarantee, is excellent; indeed, a good deal better than the average English mutton. Why New Zealand is better than Australian mutton is that in Australia they have a great deal of the Merino breed of sheep, whereas in New Zealand there is a large proportion of "South Downs," "Lincolns," and other of our best-eating breeds. The difference in price between English and New Zealand mutton ought to be about 2d. per lb. in favour of the latter. To many this is a consideration. Why, then, do they not buy "New Zealand"?

A PLEASANT little story is related by a correspondent of an agricultural journal. It is stated that a few evenings back a constable at East Retford observed seven worn-out horses proceeding to the station from the direction of Doncaster. A cart accompanied them, in which were the carcasses of three dead horses. It was mentioned by a man who was with them, that the whole lot were consigned to Hertford, where they were to be converted into meat pies for the London market. One of the animals could only breathe through a tube fixed in its throat. It may be hoped that the local authorities at Hertford will investigate the matter.

MESSRS. PATEY & Co., milksellers, Ferry-street, Lambeth, were fined last week for supplying the paupers in St. Pancras Workhouse with milk adulterated with 20 per cent. of water. How long had this been going on? Another curious question is, whether the master and the officials of the workhouse were also treated in the same way by Messrs. Patey, or whether there was one milk-can for them and another for the paupers?

ENGLISH tourists in Paris are generally delighted with the cheapness of the wine, but their satisfaction would be a good deal tempered if they always knew its ingredients. The following, it appears, is the recipe for wine for the Parisian market :—"Pour into a cask a quantity of water, to which add potato-juice, barley-juice, sugar, yeast, vinegar, cream of tartar, violet-roots, elder-blossoms, bleaching liquid, and glycerine. Vary the names of the wine according to the different proportions in which the ingredients are used." I certainly do not wonder that the Government is considering what further steps it can take to check the growing habit of making wine without the interference of the grape.

AT Berlin, the inhabitants are busy preparing a petition with the hope of putting a curb on the piano-playing nuisance. The plan is to obtain from the authorities a decree stating the hours during which the pianists will be forbidden to annoy their neighbours. In view of the condition of the walls of so many of our modern buildings, it might be well if a similar petition were promoted in this country.

THE roasting alive of several unfortunate wild animals at the East London Aquarium makes it more than ever obvious that very stringent regulations ought to be adopted as to the keeping of such creatures in confinement. It is really time something was done to protect these unhappy creatures from showmen, tamers, and such-like individuals, who, at present, are at liberty to starve, torture, or suffocate them at pleasure, merely because they are not "domesticated." An attempt was made this session to bring these animals under the laws protecting domestic animals, but the Bill was promptly blocked by a Conservative.

The appreciation accorded by the highest circles during the last sixty years to JEWSBURY & BROWN's Original and only Genuine Oriental Tooth Paste proves the efficacy of this refined toilet luxury. It is compounded of rare and fragrant herbs in an especial manner known only to the sole proprietors and manufacturers, JEWSBURY & BROWN, Chemists, of Manchester. Its use keeps the teeth and gums in a state of preservation and soundness to old age, while its rare aromatic properties render the breath always exceedingly pleasant. It retains its invaluable properties in all climates, and can be obtained through all perfumers and chemists at home and abroad.

I am surprised that so blatant a humbug as Mr. Irving Bishop should have found men who would take the trouble to witness his nonsense. However, it would seem that the clergy have so little to do that they are ready to be hauled about the streets attached by a string to a "thought-reader," like a monkey to an organ-grinder. In this guise Mr. Irving Bishop one day dragged about a Canon, and the next day Mr. Stuart Cumberland dragged about a Vicar.

Several hundred pounds found their way into Mr. Bishop's hands, when he gave a *séance* at St. James's Hall for a hospital, not one pound of which has been handed over to the hospital. I regard the man, therefore, as a person who would rob a penny from the tray of a blind beggar. He has all the belongings of a charlatan, and any one the least acquainted with conjuring is aware that when a person offers to be blindfolded, and, as an additional precaution, agrees to put a sack over his head, the sack is merely worn so as to enable him to push aside the bandage over his eyes. The simple-minded Canon who was experimented on was told to write on a piece of paper the object which was to be discovered. The paper disappeared, and the object was speedily found. It would have been odd if it had not been. The attempt to read a bank-note was a failure, as it is always likely to be whenever proper precautions against collusion are taken.

Mr. Cumberland does not profess to read thoughts. He derives his knowledge from voluntary muscular action. A divine and two friends were sent by him to hide a pin. Then the divine and Mr. Cumberland were attached together by a piece of string, and they speedily bore down upon the pin. Probably some one watched the three hiders when they were concealing the pin; for, unless the ecclesiastic indicated the way by tugging at the string, no muscular action, voluntary or involuntary, could have guided Mr. Cumberland in his search.

"Thought-reading," therefore, remains what I have always said that it is. It is the old "hot-and-cold" game —muscular action replacing the piano. I have vainly offered the whole crew of thought-readers, clairvoyants, and other such mystery-men, to bet £1,000 to £100 that not one of them would be able to tell me the number of a bank-note enclosed by me in an envelope, so long as the envelope does not leave my hands. This practical offer disposes of the pretensions of these seers. Most of them exhibit their tricks for money, and consequently it is not within the bounds of probability that they would not become the possessors of my £1,000 if they could. When I offered the bet, I was told in several newspapers that I was a Philistine. If a Philistine means a man who declines to be humbugged by pseudo-philology, pseudo-art, and pseudo-philosophy, and who, whenever he can, likes to bring all this trash to a test, I am one.

The Wallingford Board of Guardians appear, from an account which has been sent to me of their proceedings, to have been exceedingly indignant at Truth having called attention to the case of a tramp named Davis, who took so unfavourable a view of their hospitality that he insisted upon dying. The Chairman of the Board, one King, "was eloquent upon newspaper scribblers," the Reverend W. R. Baker said that he would not condescend to notice Truth, and the Reverend W. H Young proposed a vote of censure. The Chairman then remarked:—

> Why should our own poor be inconvenienced by tramps? The man [the victim] came here. There is a room generally large enough for our wants, and the master does the only thing he can for them—provides them with a rug.

As for the food, the Master said:—

> Before you altered the diet, the tramps had six ounces of bread and a pint of gruel and soup when they came in. At breakfast, they used to have another six ounces of bread and a pint of gruel. At dinner, they had eight ounces of bread and one and a half ounces of cheese. Now the gruel and the soup are knocked off; we give them eight ounces of bread night and morning, and at dinner they get cheese.

This, with a rug to sleep on, is not particularly generous fare, but it would seem that there is to be a change for the better, as—

> Mr. Henley suggested that in future when the casual ward was full, the others that came should be put in the "itch" ward.

Coroners may, as a rule, be very worthy individuals, but they are somewhat apt to misunderstand their position, and to act as if they, and not the juries over whose deliberations they preside, had to return the verdict. An inquest was held last week, at Scarborough, on the body of a man who was found drowned near the Spa. It appeared that he had been much depressed of late because his married son had gone away with a woman and left behind a wife and family without any means of support. The Local Board of Guardians had ordered the deceased to contribute four shillings a week towards their maintenance, which had reduced him to poverty. The jury returned a verdict that he had drowned himself whilst in a state of temporary insanity, through the pressure of the Board of Guardians. The Coroner, however, refused to accept the verdict, and induced the jury to change it for one of "Found drowned." Guardians are certainly not infallible, and I do not precisely see why juries should not be permitted to censure their actions. Jurymen are quite as likely to form a correct judgment on such a case as coroners.

The ways of London are not invariably ways of pleasantness, neither are they, at all times, paths of peace. A common habit of swinging and twirling umbrellas or walking-sticks may, as Alderman Carden opines of whistling, "indicate a light heart." But after all, the specific gravity of that organ is of small interest to any but the owner; and it is no comfort to a man who gets his eye poked out, that the weapon which inflicted the injury was in the hands of a man with a heart the weight of a feather.

It looks as if the difficulties of School Boards and their officers are increasing rather than diminishing, and it is daily becoming more and more evident that before long something very like free education must be introduced. At Driffield, the other day, an unfortunate man applied to the Guardians for help in paying school-fees. He had a wife and six children, and was in receipt of the magnificent wage of nine shillings a week. Three of his children

"Liberty" Art Fabrics.—Original designs for Curtains, Chintz, Upholstery, and Furniture Stuffs. Patterns post-free. Regent-st., W.

Minton's China.—Thomas Goode & Co., Artists and Designers in Porcelain, South Audley-street Grosvenor-square.

had been sent to school regularly, the fee being threepence a week each, but of late he had fallen into arrears with the payments. After some discussion, the guardians refused the application on the ground that the man was receiving a "full wage." The Driffield Guardians are, presumably, competent judges of a "full wage," and may have been justified in acting as they did, but it is evident that school-fees, however moderate, press with undue severity on the very poor. This man, for instance, had been paying no less than 8½ per cent. of his entire income in fees, and there is no doubt that even harder cases frequently occur.

I should imagine that the following situation is not yet filled up. If, therefore, it tempts any young lady, she might obtain it by an immediate application.

Dear Truth,—Last week an advertisement appeared in the *Times* for a governess for a seaside engagement. A young lady (relative of mine) answered, and received the following reply, which, it occurs to me, might be interesting to some of the many young girls of good family, but reduced circumstances, whose misfortune it is to accept the task of governessing. If you think it worth reproducing, pray do so. Following is the copy.

Madam,—Before arranging an interview I will state my requirements clearly. A gentlewoman who will sleep with two girls of nine, see to their baths and dressing, brush their hair, mend their clothes, and keep them in thorough good discipline, disobedience and rudeness never being tolerated to anyone whatever. Arithmetic, French, English geography, music, needlework, German for one girl. Two little boys of seven and five I teach myself, but wish the elder assisted in learning his lessons, Latin and English. He will, however, be absent three out of the six weeks. You will be with us from July 25. The younger will be your charge in playtime, and you may be asked to take his lessons occasionally and to take some constantly when the elder returns. One little girl is troublesome, all the others exceptionally good, and *all* bath night and morning, and dress themselves entirely, too; but you must see that the girls do it properly, and see that all brush their hair and wash face and hands for Church and before all meals. Lessons begin at 7.45; breakfast, 8.30; dinner at 1; tea, 5; supper, 8.15; children going to bed at 7. We are frightfully punctual. I require brisk, orderly work, close application, and very clean habits. We live very comfortably, and all fare alike. I propose to pay your third class travelling expenses, your laundry, and a guinea to cover seaside wear and tear.—Yours faithfully, F. A. Paterson.

Heatherdown, Ascot, May 29, 1884.

"Kleptomania" used only to be the name for stealing when the thief was well-to-do or well-connected, but it seems to have gone down the social scale a little lately, for I noticed a day or two ago that a servant-girl, charged before the Hammersmith police magistrates with stealing a bottle of brandy and a pair of gloves, set up the defence that she was a "kleptomaniac." She was, said her counsel, a most "respectable person"—by which he appeared to mean that she was possessed of some money in the Funds, and therefore, he argued, she could not have "stolen" the goods in question. I cannot admit that this is at all my experience; indeed, I should say that no persons are more anxious as a class to appropriate other people's goods than bondholders. The magistrate seems to have shared my views, for he promptly committed the "kleptomaniac" for trial.

At Govan Police Court, last Wednesday, a school-teacher named M'Ginnis was fined fifteen shillings for a violent assault upon a scholar. The boy had been severely beaten about the head with a stick, and had a wound two inches long in his cheek. The cause of the fray was somewhat singular, being a difference of opinion as to the correct parsing of the word "from," which the boy said was a preposition, while the teacher declared it to be an intransitive verb. On this occasion, apparently, the schoolmaster was very much abroad indeed.

So it is decided that the Treasury Solicitor is to do the work of the Public Prosecutor and his own! The latter functionary has enjoyed for some time his *otium cum* a salary, and it is suggested that if his office be abolished, he ought to have compensation. This is how the Estimates are yearly swollen. A man is given an office: it is found to be unneeded, and he enjoys a handsome retiring pension for the rest of his life, which is, in these cases, almost always prolonged indecently.

Mr. Escott has been obliged to retire to Paris for a week or two, in order to avoid the questions and the chaff which the "G." article has elicited.

It is a good instance, by the way, of the entire ignorance in France of the ins and outs of English politics, that when Mr. Gladstone had denied the authorship of the "G." article in the *Fortnightly*, the Havas Agency should have attributed it to Mr. Goschen!

A correspondent writes:—

It is mentioned in several newspapers as a "curious fact" that till last week Lord Salisbury had never visited Devonshire since he was a little boy at school at Brixham, before he went to Eton. As a matter of fact, Lord Salisbury never went to a school at Brixham. It was his elder brother, the late Lord Cranborne, who was for some time under the charge of the Rev. Henry H. Lyte, the well-known rector of Brixham, and an uncle of mine was his fellow-pupil there.

The editor of the *Western Daily Mercury* (Mr. Whitfield) has published in pamphlet form four very telling letters to Lord Salisbury, which have completely neutralised any ill effects from his lordship's recent visit to Plymouth. Lord Salisbury's views are, says Mr. Whitfield, those of the ancient Tory who wrote the Apocryphal book, "Ecclesiasticus," and who thus jeered at the Hebrew agricultural labourers and artisans of his day:—

"How can he get wisdom that holdeth the plough, and that glorieth in the goad; that driveth oxen, and is occupied in their labours, and whose talk is of bullocks? He giveth his mind to make furrows, and is diligent to give the kine fodder. So every carpenter and work-master. They shall not be sought for in publick council, nor sit high in the congregation: they cannot declare justice and judgment, and shall not be found where parables are spoken."

Mr. Whitfield might have quoted the lines of Shakespeare:—

> Remaineth none but mad-brain'd Salisbury,
> And he may well in fretting spend his gall,
> Nor man, nor money, hath he to make war.

A short time ago the *Manchester Courier* got into trouble by advantageously contrasting Lord Randolph Churchill with Lord Salisbury. The editor who had been guilty of this impiety was at once turned off, and one Muller, who had been a tutor in Lord Salisbury's family, succeeded him. I see that this Muller has been "requested" to contest East Derbyshire at the next General Election by the Conservative electors of the division: or, in other words, these electors have been ordered to accept him as their candidate. In olden times the family tutor was given a benefice and my lady's maid as a bride; now if he be a pedagogue in the family of some great Conservative, he is made the editor of a newspaper and foisted on a county as a Parliamentary candidate.

"Liberty" Arabian Furniture and Decoration. A new Sketch-book post-free. Liberty & Co., Chesham House. Regent-street, W.

A remarkable speech was delivered at a Conservative meeting at Malvern, on Friday, by a certain Rev. F. Hopkinson. According to his own public confession, this reverend gentleman is so deeply impressed with a sense of the appalling consequences which he is convinced must ensue from the wicked policy of the present Government, that he "daily thanks God" that he is the last of his race, and has no one to come after him and fall a victim to the dreadful doom which Mr. Gladstone will entail upon the country. Even Conservatives would, I should think, say "amen" to this thank-offering.

Considerable discussion has been aroused at Worcester by the prominent part Earl Beauchamp takes in the politics of the county and city. His lordship is the Lord-Lieutenant, and, whilst no one expects that he should, on that account, abstain from all party warfare, it is felt that he would better consult the dignity of his office by declining to undertake the *rôle* of an active canvasser for the Conservative candidates. He, however, holds different views. He never loses an opportunity of appearing on a political platform, and, as a Worcester paper remarked, wherever two or three Conservatives are assembled together, there is Lord Beauchamp in the midst of them. Last week he presided at two political meetings, and at the one moved a resolution in support of the candidature of Sir R. Temple and Mr. Bosanquet, Q.C., for East Worcestershire. There can be no doubt that such conduct is strictly illegal, though perhaps there are as many sinners on one side of politics as on the other.

Mr. Fawcett's scheme for enabling persons to buy an immediate or a deferred annuity at every Post-office excites the indignation of lawyers, Insurance society officers, and others *ejusdem generis*. It is, however, a most beneficial one. At present Insurance Companies give 25 per cent. commission on business procured. This, of course, comes out of the pockets of the insured. So, too, in regard to Benefit societies, many of them are rotten, owing in part to miscalculation, and in part to excessive administrative expenditure. These societies form a bond of union between their members, and it would not be desirable to put an end to them. But why should they not base all their calculations upon the Post Office tables, invest all funds at the Post Office, and merely act as intermediaries between the Office and their members? In this way, the cost of administration would be brought home to all members, and there would be no possibility of a financial collapse. My own feeling is that a sum should annually be voted to increase the annuities of those who are entitled to them after—say—the age of 60, and who have no other means of subsistence except these annuities. This would be such an encouragement to thrift, that probably the sum would more than be made up by a diminution in the poor rates.

Mr. Hope, of Luffren, who recently agreed to contest Linlithgowshire for the Tories, has retired after a careful canvass of the county, as he found that, although he was personally well received, there was not the slightest chance of his obtaining the votes of more than about one-fourth of the electors. It is probable that we shall hear of a similar wise resolution on the part of several other Tory candidates in Scotch constituencies.

Mr. Seale-Hayne, of Kingswear Castle, has consented to contest East Devon in the Liberal interest at the General Election. It is intended to "run" two candidates, and it is hoped that Mr. H. B. Samuelson, M.P., will consent to stand. He would be a strong candidate, as he is well known in this division, and resides as Chelston Cross, near Torquay, while his father has for several years occupied Lupton, the family place of Lord Churston.

Lord Henry Scott's sudden resignation of his seat for South Hants is a piece of decidedly sharp practice. It was given out a month ago that Lord Henry would retire at the general election, but there was not any idea in the county that the seat would be vacated at once. Of course, it is a dodge of the Tory caucus.

The position of the Lords in regard to the Reform Bill seems to be this: Lord Salisbury is anxious to throw the Bill out, and he has gained over Lord Cairns and the Duke of Richmond. An attempt has been made to find out whether the Conservative Peers will stand by him, and it is thought that they will. This, however, is by no means certain, for these Peers are terribly cowardly whenever they are asked to do anything which they imagine may lead the country to extinguish them.

Ulster Orangemen are in a state of frenzy at Lord Spencer having informed them that when a National meeting is announced they will not be allowed to hold one of their anti-National meetings close by on the same day, with a view of provoking a collision. For any meeting to be held in Ulster, except by these lovers of freedom, is regarded by them as an attack upon their "rights;" the truth being that they have only been able to preserve Ulster from following the National movement by a reign of terror. That they may do what they like, and that no one may do what they dislike, is their creed. The magistracy should be purged of these law-breakers. From the tone of the Orangemen in the House of Commons on Monday, it would seem that they think that if a Nationalist passes before a room owned by an Orange Lodge, the members of the Lodge have a right to shoot him down.

I have received numerous letters asking me how I can continue to call in question General Gordon's noble character? I judge a man by his actions. I see nothing noble in a man slaughtering Chinese at the bidding of a Chinese Emperor, or becoming the Viceroy of the Khedive Ismail; nor do I understand on what grounds I am to regard Gordon as a hero because he reviles his employers when they decline to send him troops to slay and destroy the inhabitants of the Soudan, although he went there on his own assurance that his influence with the Soudanese was so great, that he could induce them to release the Egyptian garrisons by peaceful means. He had a perfect right to consider that the attempt of the Soudanese to establish their independence should be crushed, but he had not a right—as an English officer—to violate his instructions with a view of forcing this policy on us. This is what he has done.

Certain Liberals, we are told, have notified the Government that their support must not be reckoned on if we do anything which may militate against our "rights" in Egypt. These "rights," it would seem, are to remain in that country against the wishes of its inhabitants and against the wishes of Europe. But who do these Liberals represent? Mr. Forster advocated this robber policy, and was promptly called to task by his constituents. Before the last General Election we were informed that the entire country looked with horror and disgust at Mr. Gladstone's anti-patriotic views. The election proved precisely the reverse, and, apart from the Conservatives and the bondholders, I do not believe that there are one thousand Liberals in the entire country who do not wish that our occupation of Egypt should come to a speedy end, or who would not be delighted to hand over to Europe the responsibilities involved in the occupation.

An agreement between this country and France regarding Egypt was come to last Friday. The terms which have been published in some newspapers are in the main correct, but wrong in detail. It will be found, I believe, that the following are the principal stipulations in the agreement:—1. England lends £8,000,000 to Egypt, repayable over a series of years, and forming a pre-preference charge on the revenues. 2. England retains an armed force in Egypt for three years, and if longer, only with the consent of Europe. 3. The interest on the Unified Debt is reduced and the sinking fund suspended. 4. A sort of Audit Board is established, at which all the Great Powers will be represented, and the President of which will be chosen each year.

The prevalent opinion seems to be that if the above articles are correct, the agreement will not be ratified by Parliament. Although no "round robin" has been signed, several Whigs have informed the Government that they must decline to vote for any concession which will weaken our paramount position in Egypt. The Radicals, on the other hand, glad as they may be that this paramount position should be weakened, will look askance on an arrangement which converts an English army into a sort of Police Force, whilst they can hardly be expected to approve of our lending eight millions to Egypt.

Should a vote of disapproval of the entire agreement be proposed from the Conservative benches, the Radicals will be in somewhat of a difficulty. They cannot approve of the occupation and of the loan, whilst, if they vote with the Conservatives and the Whigs, they will be jumping out of the frying-pan into the fire; for, if the Government be beaten and the Conservatives come into power, they would inaugurate a policy of political burglary, which might land us in a war with France, and which would justify any act of spoliation committed by a strong on a feeble Power.

It is greatly to be regretted that Mr. Gladstone has allowed his own judgment to be influenced by that of others. A Jingo policy is conceivable; so, too, is a policy of withdrawal. But the country will hardly understand a policy which is based upon not increasing our existing obligations, and which gives effect to this policy by lending £8,000,000 of our money to a bankrupt Oriental Government, and by making our troops play the part of janissaries, standing by to shoot down any Egyptian who declines to have his last coin flogged out of him for the benefit of the European Shylocks who have so long plundered him.

I am glad to observe from recent accounts published in the daily papers, that the fellahs are carrying out the excellent advice which a month or two ago I gave to a representative of the National Party who came here. It was this: "Decline to pay your taxes; if the refusal be universal, you will starve out the Khedive and any foreign administration, whether it be French or English. The persons at the bottom of all foreign interference are the bondholders and the international financialists who have robbed you for years; when once they perceive that interference means 'no money,' they will be as anxious that you should be left alone, as they are now desirous that you should be 'administered.'" "But," said my friend, "the fellah will be flogged and tortured." "You cannot torture millions," I answered. "If any one be flogged, make a fuss about it, and send over full particulars to England. There are men here who would prefer that thousands of your countrymen should be flogged to death rather than that interest on debt should be in default, or that the salary of a European employé should be in arrear; but rest assured that the majority of Englishmen do not entertain such sentiments."

SCRUTATOR.

SOME MUSIC.

Sarasate's last — positively last — concert, and Richter's last but one, were both given in St. James's Hall on Monday, the first in the afternoon, the second in the evening. As each series has advanced, the attendances have diminished, though Sarasate's "farewell" was better filled than his "last." The fact is, we are overcrowded with entertainments of all kinds; and I have often noticed that in the middle of the season, concert audiences are seldom so large as at the beginning, when people come up fresh, or as at the end, when the country cousins arrive, ravenous for everything.

The Italian Opera at Drury Lane continues its career of unabated success, in spite of the German competition. The old days of "Norma" and "Semiramide" seem well-nigh over. Preference is given to newer operas, and those are quite as often French and German as Italian. "Romeo e Giulietta" was repeated on Saturday with Albani and Cotogni. This has always been a greater favourite in France than in England. Most of us dislike to see Shakespeare touched, even in a parody so distant as Gounod's "Romeo and Juliet," but Madame Albani's delightful impersonation would reconcile me to almost anything, and I usually succumb without a struggle to M. Gounod's music, be it at "Goethe's" or the "Divine William's," or anybody else's expense.

The "Nozze," with the same strong cast as last

week, including Albani, Lucca, and Sembrich, was the great attraction on Monday, whilst the "Gioconda," on Tuesday—a very good typical opera of nearly first-rate calibre—received, as usual, a warm welcome, it being one of those stagey and melodramatic efforts often fallen back upon, and seldom in vain, for a draw, very much as theatrical managers put on "The Lady of Lyons"—a maudlin romance, which, with all its faults, is still very widely beloved and believed in by a credulous and spooney age.

From the Italian Opera to Sir Julius Benedict's Jubilee performance, or rather "Reception," at the Albert Hall, the leap is not very great. The principal opera stars, including Sembrich, Lucca, and Scalchi, shone in the musical (k)night's glory. Pardon the pun!

Apropos of Madame Sembrich, if I were a little jealous for her reputation as an artist, and therefore recommended her not to play the violin in public—not even once to please Sir Julius—I now repent me of all I said. I had not heard Madame Sembrich play. I had heard her sing. I did know how the violin *ought* to be played, and I trembled. The first *coup d'archet* reassured me. This clever Italian prima-donna, with an exquisite voice and a bravura *staccato* which seems so lately to have completely vanquished her American audiences, might have been another Néruda on the violin. As it is she showed herself a player of fine taste, exquisite sensibility, and a certain *chic*, which in her *staccato* bowing reminded me of similar passages for the voice occurring in Proch's song with variations. She sang that piece of musical fireworks with the old verve of Carlotta Patti in her best days. Her vocal *staccato* is magnificent, but I wish I could say it was free from the inevitable tremulant which is the chronic curse of the opera and the vocal epidemic of the age. Still, in every other respect Madame Sembrich is really little short of perfection as a singer. She was recalled three times—protesting mutely each time and waving denials—yet she gave in, and "vowing she would ne'er consent, consented."

Pauline Lucca, in a German song by Benedict, ill-suited to her voice, taste, and pronunciation, made a pardonable mistake in honour of the veteran pianoforte teacher. She was ineffective, but a kindly failure of that sort does no one any great harm, least of all Mdlle. Pauline Lucca. Ten compositions of Benedict in one programme are a little strong, especially as the day before the world was favoured with a whole oratorio from his facile pen. I have often thought that it would be a good plan for a composer who intends to give a miscellaneous concert to entrust the selection of his programme to a discreet friend. We should then probably get the composer's best work—and rather less of it. I could have done very well without Lindsay Sloper's ambitious arrangement from Sir Julius's "Graziella" for eight pianists and four harpists. The pianists most of them sat with their backs to the conductor, and could not see the bâton. Of course, therefore, they could not play together, and so every one "did what was right in his own eyes," with the same result as in the old days, whilst poor Lindsay Sloper stood hacking his desk with the bâton, and stamping out the time with his boots. Miss Beata Francis sang a song by Lady Benedict, and Sir Julius played a "solo" which reminded me of those tunes with variations played by the musical boxes of my youth. The piece belonged to the Thalberg epoch, and was conceived in the taste of forty years ago. Sir Julius received an enormous wreath after his solo, and made a very pretty little speech, in which he told us that for *nearly* (yes, forty-nine) fifty years he had laboured humbly in the cause of music amongst us, and that his feeble efforts had always been most kindly recognised. And so they have, and so they were by the very large audience which, if it did not crowd, at least filled the Albert Hall very comfortably on Saturday.

The German Opera, which opened last week at Drury Lane with Wagner's "Meistersinger," was followed up on Friday with "Der Freischütz." Both drew very full houses—but I am told the largest house will be for "Lohengrin." I am not surprised—it is, scenically and musically, the easiest to follow. The "Flying Dutchman," announced for the 25th, will be given on the 20th, and "Fidelio" on the 25th. This is to suit Madame Albani's convenience, and as long as the public know in good time, no one need grumble. The "Meistersinger" on the opening night was a great success. The comic part of Beckmesser, taken by Moedlinger, left, as the French say, "nothing to be desired." Herr Gudehus, as Walter, was effective, but his great part is in "Lohengrin." Wagner always said that he was the best of all Lohengrins, and he was so pleased with his impersonation that he presented him with a complete set of armour. I am rather surprised that he is not down to play Lohengrin to-night (the 11th). Frau Schuch-Proska has a very sweet voice, and good command of it, and her vivacity makes up for the want of vocal volume. Covent Garden is a little too large for a good many others besides Schuch-Proska. None of the German women dress well on the stage—or off it—which is a pity; but great praise is due to Mr. Albert Petermann, of the Ducal Brunswick Theatre, who as stage director has been of the utmost service to the German Opera at Drury Lane.

I see Herr Kuhe's concert is announced for next Wednesday, at St. James's Hall, with Lucca, Sembrich, Hollman, the violoncellist, and other sensations. Why does Kuhe drop the Herr in a programme where every one else acknowledges his own nationality?

The Musical Artists' Society gave their concert of new music (the thirty-third) at the concert-room in New Bond-street, on Saturday. Mr. Charles Gardner had his annual concert on Monday, with Mr. Brereton, Miss Ambler, and amongst others Mons. Albert, the clever young pianist, who has lately been to Germany, and who has also been letting off his youthful sentiments anent music in England in print, greatly to the disgust of English musicians. I must say that his remarks are "young"—but there let the matter end. The musical papers treat him seriously—too seriously. He is a splendid young player, but he will wield his pen more wisely when he is a little older.

I see that Lady Greville and her mother, the Duchess of Montrose, the Countess of Breadalbane, Lady William

To be Let, for three or four months, with immediate possession, a Handsomely Furnished Flat in Victoria-street, consisting of three sitting-rooms, two double-bedded rooms, a single ditto, bath-room (with bed if required), kitchen, &c., and servants' room. Has private entrance direct into the street.—For particulars apply to Messrs. Lumley, 22, St. James's-street, S.W.

Roper Frères & Company's 1st Quality extra dry Champagne.
Roper Frères' 1st Quality medium dry. Of all Wine Merchants.

Lennox, and others, are getting up a dramatic and musical entertainment at Chesterfield-gardens for the "Mothers' Hospital," Shadwell. Mrs. Kendal and Mrs. Bancroft, Mr. Grossmith, and I know not who besides, are to assist. The charity is an excellent one; it comes to the aid of poor mothers in those over-crowded centres of population at the East-end of London. It is well that rich people in the luxurious West-end should remember such mothers and try to help them.

Signor Bottesini gives two concerts on the 17th, afternoon and evening, in Princes' Hall. He leaves town on the next day.

THE BARREL ORGAN.

Tune.—How to Treat Tawhiao.

"It is intended during King Tawhiao's stay in this city, to show him as much as possible of its illimitable resources, with a view of impressing him with a sense of England's power and greatness."—*Weekly Paper.*

If the friends of Tawhiao hope for success,
In trying his feelings to strongly impress
With proofs of our insular greatness and wealth,
Of our care for the poor and the national health;
If they wish him, in short, when he sails from our strand,
To be loud in his praise of our Christian land—
Their best plan of action in any such case—
Is to keep the front door lock'd at Montagu-place.
For, once let him out, and full many a thing
That had best be concealed, will be seen by the King!

A programme might duly be made, without doubt,
But think of the risks if the King but went out—
A turn to the left hand instead of the right,
A chance deviation, a blunder, though slight,
A number mistaken in square or in street,
Might end a day's tour in fiasco complete;
And, instead of promoting our insular fame,
Might cover us all with deep national shame.
For, truth to be told, there is many a thing,
We would rather *not* show to our Maori King!

For instance, suppose that our guest, chiefs and all,
On their way to a meeting at Exeter Hall,
To hear how this land distant heathens befriends,
And, Bibles to buy them its gold freely sends;
Suppose that *en route* to hear this they should make
Their way up a pestilent court by mistake,
And should find its wan tenants with rags for their clothes,
Midst its filth and its fever, its squalor and oaths—
Would this, do you think, be an excellent thing
To display to the gaze of our Maori King?

Or say that in coming away from the City,
Where, under the charge of a fussy committee,
He had seen at the Bank all its treasure of gold,
And been led on all sides London's wealth to behold;
Say that coming from this, in his wish to explore,
He had followed a crowd through a public-house door;
And heard how, amidst all these riches untold,
A woman had died of keen hunger and cold.
Would this "Coroner's Quest," do you think, be a thing
You would like to be seen by our Maori King?

If he went to a church to which worshippers crowd,
We might well of the sight he would see there be proud;
But say he were caught, going home, in the rain,
And tried in a Gin-palace shelter to gain,
And whilst he remained there, escaping the storm,
Should seek of its inmates some notion to form—
Of the gin-sodden sots, as they slunk through the door,
And the vixens who cursed, as they haggled for more,
Would this, do you think, be a scene that would bring
Fresh praise of our land to the lips of the King?

Or say, having dined with a Bishop, and heard
That the heart of Old England is painfully stirr'd
At the thought of the rites and the dances unclean
Which still now and then 'midst the Maories are seen;
He should then, walking homeward, be caught by the tide
Which flows down the "Gay-Market," wanton and wide,
And be shocked, as he mused on the Bishop's stern blame,
At the unconcealed sin of these Shambles of Shame.
Is such an adventure as this *quite* the thing
You are willing should happen some night to the King?

He may think English ladies are modest and pure;
But pray, now, how long would this notion endure
If he once found his way to an Albert Hall show,
Or watched our grand dames to a Drawing-room go?
He, maybe, imagines our populace chooses
Some rational means when itself it amuses;
Then think how his faith in the masses would fall
If he once spent an hour at a low music-hall.
Can you say that a "lion comique" is a thing
'Twould be well to make known to our Maori King.

He may have an idea the youths of our land
Are a manly, a brave, and intelligent band;
Then what a revulsion of feeling he'd get,
If a pair of our mashers by hazard he met!
And our House of Peers he may even trust,
And think that its business is well discussed,
With a proper regard to truth and to right;
But suppose that he *went* to the Lords one night—
Could such a visit well fail to bring
Changed thoughts to the heart of the Maori King?

As it is, he esteems us a cultured race,
That has rid itself of each savage trace;
He considers us clever, and good, and kind;
But quickly, indeed, he will change his mind
If he's made the victim of civic treating,
Or goes to a "Hallelujah" Meeting;
Or should seek the ground which fair ladies cram,
When the doves are butchered at Hurlingham—
A sport which can scarcely be deemed a thing
We would willingly show to our Maori King!

No, you may be certain that if you elect
That our guest should retain for our land respect,
If you wish him to look up to us as of yore,
You must forfeit his key and bar up his front door;
For, the threshold once crossed, 'tis not easy to say
What flattering illusion will not pass away,
Or what cherished belief, be it e'er so complete,
Will survive a chance walk through a London street.
To imprison him closely 's the only thing,
If we'd keep the esteem of our Maori King!

NOTES FROM PARIS.

POOR BEATEN FLORA.

The fashionable world did what it could on Saturday and Sunday for "the Victims of Duty," and many a belle let herself be victimised rather than turn back after she had put her "hand to the plough." One of the most intrepid was the Duchesse d'Uzes. She did not go as a beauty, but in the character of a hunting Diana and the owner of those splendid staghounds which divided the honours of the Canine Exhibition with Comte de Greffulhe's boar-hounds. The Duchess on Saturday evening scorned to look for shelter, and awaited her dogs in a perfect water-spout, which she knew

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was too violent to last for a night. It was well she did so, because the ride in close vans at an hour when they are usually asleep rendered them surly and snappish. As she, Comte de Nicolay, and some other renowned dog-fanciers and amateurs of field-sports are known to have swallowed the Pasteurian theory on the prevention of rabies, her hounds, it was suspected, had been inoculated. They would have been an object of universal terror, had the Duchess not stood side by side with the whipper-in and exerted moral influence in keeping her four-legged favourites quiet. She was with them at the *curées* of Saturday and Sunday. A boar's carcass was thrown to the Greffulhe pack, and made short work of. The hounds of the Duchess were given their usual mixed meal of horse flesh and broken bones, which, to gratify the lust of the public eye, was sewn up in a stag's skin.

If the weather had only held up, the benefit festa for the Victims of Duty would have been the most brilliant extravaganza ever played on the stage of this Théâtre de Bon-Dieu, Paris. The most lovely women that the Old World and the New could furnish; the most bewildering dresses, the finest horses, the most elegantly equipped carriages, and flowers without end were to have been brought upon the scene, along with gymnastic societies, soldiers, and dragoons serving as torch-bearers. The idea that all were amusing themselves for the benefit of *Victimes de Devoir* would have given zest to pleasure. Stupid Northern people make a virtue of necessity. The French make a virtue of amusement, so that in eating, drinking, and being merry, they quiet conscience, and feel as if they were heroes and heroines. They are agreed in speaking of the notion which was put in execution on Saturday as *une idée généreuse et féconde.* I don't know about its generosity, for what did the spending of a few thousand francs apiece on flowers matter to the Rothschilds and the wives and daughters of silver and railway kings? But it was a very bright idea, and I hope when it is next carried out that the heavens will not be hung in black. Just for one hour, on Saturday, the aspect of the avenue between the Arch of Triumph and the Bois was one of exhilirating beauty. But what I did not like was to see Bourse Barons, most of whom were short and corpulent, in equipages which were turned into *corbeilles de fleurs.* M. Lévy Crémieux was not exactly the right Hebrew in the right place amid garlands of blush-roses and forget-me-nots. "The golden calf expanded into a *bœuf gras!*" was the observation of Rochefort as he saw that burly financist, Arthur Picard, rolling along with flowers all round him, and his arms filled with bouquets, which he intended to fire off in the tournament which was to come off in the avenue that encircles the lake. I can now understand why in a flower-battle in Italy all the men wear dominos of bright calico or silk. The morning or evening suit is not in keeping with roses and lilies, nor these fair blossoms with them. As the leading part of the beflowered cortége arrived at the field of battle, the rain came down and spoiled everything. It was intercepted by the garlands and bouquets, and then streamed from them in torrents. Thoroughbreds looked like sea-horses. The parasols, which were all decked out and fringed with flowers, were ruined in the twinkling of an eye. It was impossible to close them at once, and the only thing to do when hoods were up was to keep them thrust out of the doors of the carriages. Flora was to have triumphed. The poor goddess never was so badly beaten. Her most prominent votaries were the Comtesse Potocka, an Egyptian Princess, Mrs. Mitford, Mrs. Mackay, Mdlle. Réjane, and Mdme. Stern.

Father Hyacinthe, who, when he first entered on the career of a schismatic, was only actuated by love for souls and truth, now insists that the priest should live by the altar. Though his English pupils who board with him pay him handsomely, and his handful of neo-Catholics do not obtain his ministrations for nothing, he has thought well to apply for a subsidy or salary to the Budget Committee, which has refused to grant it. Hyacinthe is, to use a simile of Renan's, in the position of a man who, in a town in which there is a public fountain, offers to his fellow-townsmen for nothing the use of a well in his garden. Many of them, for convenience, availing themselves of it, he goes to the Municipality and asks them to give him a part of the fund set apart for keeping the public fountain in repair. His wife, Madame Emily Loyson, used to be a stay-maker. With the publicity her husband has attained she might outstrip every other *corsetière* in Paris if she resumed her old trade. As Hyacinthe has really æsthetic instincts, his advice would be valuable to customers desirous of giving relief to their best points. Madame Loyson and her lady-assistants might exemplify the soundness of the Pauline homilies addressed to Corinthian and other heathen ladies on the importance of gorgeous apparel to keep the individual woman beautiful for ever.

I really do not see why the staymaker should not suppress Worth altogether. Were I a member of her corporation, I should aim at nothing less, and launch a manifesto thus worded:—"Plus de corsages! Faites, mesdames, que vos corsets soient visibles." The visible corset, with an elegantly-made under-garment serving as a chemisette, or, as the French would more elegantly say, *une modestie*, would obviate a double squeezing of the vital organs, be to the eye more decent, bring out elegant contours more clearly, and enable ladies going on visits and to hotel quarters at watering and wintering places to do without those cumbersome trunks which are the plagues of all who travel with them, and of railway porters and cabmen. The visible corset would be like the nominative case in grammar, and govern the rest of the toilette. It would enforce the absence of surplusage, and be the death of all the various expedients for improving figures by means of horsehair and wadding. I do not see why there might not be an inner garment of foulard or some other light material, which would rise to the throat and cover the arms like the muslin *guimpes* of the Swiss dairymaid. In winter there might be a short, loose tunic, such as the Chinese or Japanese ladies wear. Why the laces of a corset should not be in view any more than the laces of a corsage I do not well understand. I am equally puzzled to

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make out why pectoral "advantages" (to use a French idiom), or, indeed, disadvantages, may be kept in view provided a corsage is worn, and yet why good people will be shocked when they are modestly shrouded by a well-gathered chemisette, if the corset be visible. It is not the stays which produce those peculiarities in the upper portion of stout ladies' busts, but the corsage, which must be a tighter fit in the plastic region than the corset. I humbly submit the above remarks and reflections to leaders of fashion and promoters of reform in dress. If I had the technical skill of Madame Loyson, and the advertising power of her husband, I should certainly open the campaign I suggest against the hypocritical corsage.

I have received by the intermediary of a little English "Buttons" an English translation of Heine's "Memoirs," with a preface by Doctor Thomas Evans, the renowned dentist, who has bought the exclusive right to translate the original work. I have not had time to judge of the literary merits of the preface, but in glancing over it, I found some sharp hits at hard and fast orthodox churchmen. They did not surprise me. Doctor Evans converses with Republican, and, still more, Quakerly independence, with the different members of the German Imperial family in his oft-repeated visits to Berlin. Orthodoxy has only one supporter there—Emperor William. The Crown Princess is a Freethinker with a Christian bias, and the Crown Prince desires nothing more than aid in letting in plenty of air upon the Lutheran Church. Doctor Evans thinks evidently that Heine's "Memoirs" may serve as a ventilator. There is a well-executed frontispiece engraving of Heine paralysed and propped up with pillows. *L'envoi* per Buttons reminds me that Doctor T. E. has just sent the Prince of Wales five hundred young apple and pear trees, which he had ordered from America. They arrived in good condition at Havre, but were there placed under a custom-house embargo until the inspectors appointed to keep out trichinosis, Colorado bug, and phylloxera gave them a clean bill of health. The doctor wanted them to stock an orchard of which he is the happy possessor. His plants were found uncontaminated by the hog parasite or the potato bug. But the inspectors drew the line at phylloxera, of which a single case was never heard of in an apple orchard. It was no use trying to show them that Pomona had never in her life nursed a vine parasite. All that the doctor could, therefore, do was to give the plants away to some one out of France. H.R.H. gladly accepted them for his Sandringham and Abergeldie orchards.

SPORTING NOTES.

THE doctrine of evolution affords no examples so astonishing as those of Turf development. A few months ago not more than one person in every odd thousand was even aware of the existence of Sir John Willoughby, but during the last four weeks he has positively been more talked of than any one in the country, and the sporting papers, which have enjoyed a wider popularity than any others since the turf became "a vast engine of national demoralisation," as Lord Beaconsfield describes it in "Endymion," have given him rather more space than Mr. Gladstone occupies in a purely political journal. This sort of notoriety cannot be entirely pleasant to any man who is not a born idiot, and it must be singularly distasteful to those of his relatives whose ingenuousness prevents them from appreciating all the hidden springs of motion, for the racing world has a code, creed, and jargon of its own, of which outsiders know as much as of Cochin-Chinese. I remarked last week that Sir John and Captain Machell had been abused in terms which cool people would consider harsh if applied to Jonathan Wild or Barry Lyndon, and I might have added that most of the papers which have taken their side have gone to the other extreme, and have poured out an incoherent torrent of Costigan-like congratulations. I read somewhere that Sir John Willoughby deserved to win because he played "the great game," whatever that may be. To keep a large stud, and to make the winning of great races one's paramount and absorbing object, is all very well in itself when a man has plenty of money to waste; but when it is combined with plunging recklessly, both on one's own steeds and on those of other people, the player of "the great game" is steering his little vessel towards a wreck-strewn shore. I cannot remember any one who has raced on this system who did not come to grief, and usually the grief was exceedingly serious. Sir John Willoughby's notion of keeping a small but a really good stud is excellent in theory, but there is a fundamental flaw if his principle admits of constant and heavy betting—at which he is sure to have had all the worst of it at the end of a couple of seasons. The fact is that, give a plunger time, and let him be ever so rich, he is bound to "go to the dogs" (wherever they are to be found) just as easily and surely as a Moses Primrose who has transported himself from a shop, or a counting house, or a servant's hall, on the strength of an unexpected win or a small legacy. If Sir John be wise, he will be content to have a monkey on when he has a really good thing, and £100 at the outside on other occasions, and he will considerably curtail the number of his wagers. It is a flagrant fact that the racing of nine-tenths of the owners of the present day has degenerated from a sport into a trade, and in actively following this trade, there is scarcely a week but some transaction is recorded which richly merits the mill. The truth is, that it is absurd to talk of the "sporting" of owners when the aim, end, and final cause of their racing is gambling.

The herd who obtain a reputation for almost superhuman discernment, by "spelling every name backwards," and putting on every action the very worst construction which it will bear, have enjoyed themselves vastly since the Derby. It really seems to me incredible that rational people can seriously believe that the accident to Harvester was all a "flim-flam," and that, thanks to the horse having been sent to long odds, his owner has won a very large stake,—in fact, that the whole affair was humbug. Yet this is unquestionably the opinion of the majority of people who concern

Minton's (Limited). — Minton's China. A visit to Messrs. Mortlock's extensive collection in Oxford-st. and Orchard-st. will conclusively prove the superiority of taste and lowness of price for which this house has been so celebrated during the last century and a half

I certainly recommend Mr. & Mrs. Hart, 15, Stockbridge-terrace, Pimlico, S.W., as the most just and liberal purchasers of Cast-off Clothes, Jewellery, and every description of property. They punctually keep appointments, and remit P.O.O. for articles per return.

themselves with racing affairs. Lord Melbourne's "foolometer" will certainly bring in an adverse verdict. If people would only exercise such wits as Providence may have given them, they would surely recognise how utterly idiotic and ridiculous are these wild speculations, which are all of the most scandalous kind. No man out of Bedlam would entirely stop the work of a Derby favourite for four days before the race, and Harvester being trained at Newmarket, where a beetle cannot sneeze without the fact being noticed, there is no pretence for alleging that he did work "on the sly." I have no doubt whatever that Harvester (like Hermit before him) won the race owing to his being perhaps a trifle "above himself," and it may be remembered that his sire, Sterling, was stopped just the same for four days before he won the Liverpool Cup. When Captain Machell observed after the sale of Lord Falmouth's horses that Harvester did not seem fit, Matthew Dawson answered, "Make him more fit and you will make him worse." Many horses lose races every year by doing "a thorough preparation." Highland Chief was "trained to perfection" for last year's Two Thousand, and having galloped his heart out he ran like a plater. He regained his form after a month of easy work, for we saw how he ran in the Derby, when every expert abused him as being "too big." The *Sporting Times* is quite right in describing as "a pitiable sight" a horse which goes down to the post after "a splendid preparation" with scarcely a gallop left in him; and there can be no doubt whatever that far more races are lost by horses being over-trained than by their not being trained enough.

There was a princely programme at Manchester. All was on the scale of the famous receipt given to Lady Holland at Florence for making Parmesan cheese: "Take the milk of one hundred cows"; but whether owners were afraid of the hard ground, or whether it is that there are far too many race meetings, the sport was by no means so good as it ought to have been, considering the value of the stakes. There were actually only six runners for the Salford Cup, with £1,000 added; and only five for the Whitsuntide Plate of £2,000, the richest two-year-old stake of the year, except the Middle Park Plate. The former was won very easily for Mr. Manton by Energy, whose victory disposes of one Stewards' Cup "bogey." He walked away from Boulevard, who was supposed to be in reserve for some big betting handicap. I hope this is only the first of a long series of triumphs for the "all scarlet." Rosy Morn, the Woodcote winner, was a great pet for the Whitsuntide plate, but Cora walked away from him. She was bred by Mr. Waring, and cost only 200 gs. at last year's Beenham Park sale. Cora, who had previously won a good stake at Sandown Park, is by Uncas—Gratinska, and also represents one of the fine strains of Mr. Bowes's stud.

When writing on the Manchester Cup last week I gave a plumper for Florence, and, indeed, did not even mention any other candidate. I heard on the Monday in the Derby week, from a trustworthy authority, that Florence was "sure to win" this race, but I was requested to keep the tip to myself till the owner's money was "right," and, as I am all in favour of owners having the first run of the market, I contented myself this day fortnight with cautioning the readers of Truth against the animals which were then favourites, and promised to divulge the name of my outsider on the day before the race, which I did. Florence won all the way, but Borneo would have been a good second if he had not been interfered with. Lord Rosebery and his trainer blundered egregiously when they withdrew Kinsky in favour of that arrant impostor, Caméliard. Robertson and Corrie Roy were presumably ridden out to win the place bets, for they were certainly not entitled on their merits to be second and third. I am sorry Mr. Manton was so ill-advised as to run the mare, who ought to have been reserved for the Ascot Weight-for-Age Stakes; she was manifestly overweighted, and, therefore, it was a pity to knock her about on the hard ground. Chislehurst ought to win a good race before the season is over.

The sport at Sandown Park was by no means up to the mark, considering that here again there was a fairly rich programme. Superba is not yet herself, as it took her all her time to beat Darlington in the five furlongs Derby, and his previous form is only that of a respectable plater. Gordon (the sister to Adelaide colt) must be very moderate, for he was never really in it here, although he carried 8 lb. less than the winner, and 5 lb. less than Camlet, who was third. Sir George Chetwynd should put him aside for one of the T.Y.C. handicaps at Brighton. The Beenham stud carried off the honours here as well as at Manchester. The Two-Year-Old Stake on Friday fell to Dulcimer by Symbol, bought last year at Mr. Waring's sale for 230 gs., and the Dominion Stakes on Saturday (for which Cock Robin was a great favourite) was won easily by Glance, by Beauclerc, who cost 270 gs. out of the same team, which has already turned out six two-year-old winners this season.

Mr. Waring's yearlings will be sold at Beenham next Saturday. There are thirty-nine, and I have heard a most favourable account of them. There are a half-brother (by Robert the Devil) to Cora, a sister to Rosy Cross, a half-brother (by Cremorne) to Madame du Barry, and a half-sister (by Uncas) to Glance, all of which ought to be worth particular notice.

Last year, Mr. Hume Webster sold twenty at Sandown, with an average of 252 gs., 650 gs. being the highest price. On Saturday, twenty-two were sold, and the average was 208 gs., the highest price being 600 gs. for a splendid filly by See-Saw—Princess Louise Victoria, which was bought very cheaply by Mr. Benholm; and he also got a bargain in the colt by Beaudesert—Venice at 400 gs. A very racing-like colt by See-Saw—Hedge Rose was sold well within his value to Mr. H. Wood at 550 gs., and another fairly cheap lot was the colt by Doncaster—Fame (by Trumpeter—Queen Bertha), which would have fetched four times as much as 210 gs. (Major Carlyon) if it had come up with Lord Falmouth's lot. The colt by Blair Athole—Sartorelle (330 gs., Mr. Mumford) and the brother to Polaris (270 gs., Mr. Crest) were worth the money, and C. Archer made a good deal when he bought the colt by Beaudesert—Cornelia

Important Sale of first-class Harness Horses, with grand action, and Hacks of superior quality, at Theobald's Farm, Stockwell, 19th June, the property of Mr. George Cox, in consequence of termination of lease, and premises required for building purposes. Catalogues and particulars of Messrs. W. & S. Freeman, Aldridge's.

Sanitary Inspection.—Fee, 2 Guineas. Improvement works undertaken. The Sanitary Engineering Co., 115, Victoria-st., Westminster.

for 135 gs. The team were sold below their value. Mr. Hume Webster was miserably rewarded for his enterprise in sending two mares all the way to Germany, to Palmer, for their yearlings only made 105 gs., which can scarcely have paid the "preliminary expenses." Buyers were wofully scarce on Saturday, and the prices are ominous of a disastrous season for public breeders. It is probable that many of the principal buyers at yearling sales are waiting for the Blankney and other crack teams, which will come up during the July week, and more especially for Lord Falmouth's contingent, which, I hear, are a really magnificent lot. It is very likely that the average for the Mereworth yearlings will beat even Mr. Chaplin's recent high figures.

I was as fortunate in my Grand Prix prediction as I had been in the Manchester Cup. It did not, however, require much sagacity to anticipate the success of Little Duck, who won in a common trot; and it is difficult to conjecture what can have induced so many of the writers in the sporting papers to plump for Lambkin, who on his public form could have no chance of beating the Duc de Castries' son of See-Saw. It is a great pity that Little Duck has not been engaged in the Goodwood or Jockey Club Cups; there can be no doubt that he is a far better horse than was supposed, and he is evidently a good stayer. Fra Diavolo showed just about the same form as in the Derby a fortnight before, and never for a moment did he even "flatter" his supporters, any more than did Mr. Vyner's colt, by whose defeat a large amount of English money was lost, although there was no affinity to reason in the general fancy for him.

MAMMON.

ON THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

THE American market evinces, as yet, no evidence of any change for the better. On the contrary, the last week has brought to light further financial rottenness in the appointment of receivers for the Philadelphia and Reading Company. This event, although quite expected, came as a shock to the majority of English holders, and the more so that the reassuring promises of the President would seem to have rendered such a contingency in the last degree probable. General discontent is expressed at the way in which the "Income" Bondholders of the "Reading" have been shelved in favour of the ordinary shareholders of the Central of New Jersey Company, and rumour has it that the priority shown to the latter with regard to interest payment will be contested in the United States Courts at an early date. The lease of New Jersey has been another of the *tête-montée* proceedings of Mr. Gowen, and of a piece with the folly and sanguine rashness which have always characterised the projects of that gentleman. But the British public believed in him, accepted him at his own estimation, and reinstated him as President of a Company which he has brought into bankruptcy by the most scandalous mismanagement. They must bear this last disappointment with the best grace they can, for they have been the means of their own discomfiture. New York Central have been heavily sold, because rumour had it that the quarterly dividend this time would be at the rate of only 6 per cent. The "tipsters," however, have been wrong, for the usual return has been announced. Nevertheless, the "bears" continue selling, because they affirm that the report will show the most palpable "cooking" of accounts. A serious collapse has occurred in Louisville shares on a reiteration of the ugly rumours current a short while since, and which the Company do not take the trouble to stamp out—perhaps because they are not able. There has been some "double shuffling" effected between the "Iron Mountain" Railway and the "Great Wabash," by which the former is supposed to have got the better of the bargain. I hear, however, that "Wabash Prefs" and "Denver shares" are being steadily bought on the principle that the margin for shrinkage is now reduced to a minimum, while any return of sounder times would drive them up to a much higher level. Some doubt is being expressed whether "Ohio Firsts" will ever get their next dividend out of the Erie. Any lapse of this kind will call forth all the pent-up anger of the party who set their teeth against the lease. Grand Trunks follow in the wake of the American market. The time was when they had a will of their own. It is so no longer. The feature in this market has been the heavy fall in First Preferences. Many of the holders of this stock, who had bought on borrowed money, have been obliged to sell, and "bears" have naturally made it comfortable for them while so doing. There is a nervous, uneasy feeling about the result of the half year's working which all the blandishments and soothing applications of the Board have little effect in allaying. Last year the dividend on Trunk Seconds was hankey-pankied out of the "Canada" reserve fund. What will be the course pursued now? The "Canada" shareholders are the spoiled children of the United Company. I never could see (except upon the assumption of the imbecility of the rank and file shareholders of the Grand Trunk) why so monstrous a bargain was ever made as that between the two Companies.

The home railway market has thrown off the lethargy which prevailed at Whitsuntide. The "bears" have been doing good work, and there is a general decline in values to record. The bad trade of the last six months, as reflected in the traffic returns, strengthens the belief that dividends will be disappointing. The public is, moreover, doing next to nothing, the profits of business not allowing of any free absorption of stock. Brighton "A's," one of the principal gambling counters of the market, have been lustily "banged." I see nothing to warrant a retention of even the present quotation unless the *bonâ-fide* investor steps once more into the arena, or the price is artificially supported by the action of syndicates. This latter operation is now rendered the more difficult from the fact that there is more Deferred Stock upon the market than heretofore. Cliques, moreover, do not lead the way unless they are persuaded that the opportunity is ripe for drawing the public in. There is no such opportunity at present, and, as far as I can see, no

John Shaw, Share Broker, Wardrobe-chambers, Queen Victoria-st. deals at tape prices at an inclusive commission of one-sixteenth.

Options.—Explanatory Pamphlet on Stock Exchange Options, post-free. John Abbott & Co., Stock and Share Brokers, 21 and 22, Palmerston Buildings, London, E.C

immediate prospect of its occurrence. The gentlemen of the "Pork Chop," once so intimately connected with the operations in "Brighton A's," are no longer trusted. They are floundering and out of form. It seems almost as if their early acumen and prescience were deserting them, and that the "tagrag and bobtail" of the "House" are no longer worshippers at their shrine. "*Sic transit gloria mundi!*"

That there is a "screw loose" in North British finance is becoming daily clearer, and I think it extremely probable that shareholders may have to submit to some enforced reduction in their dividends ere long. The Great Western Company's traffics, on the other hand, are showing considerable elasticity, and it is a surprise to the market how this should be so, when regard is had to the bad returns of the other "heavy" lines. The fact is that, with the exception of shipbuilding, trade in South Wales is, comparatively speaking, in a satisfactory condition. I do not like the prospects of "Sheffield." The Company is sorely handicapped with leased lines, while revenue is flagging and expenditure ever increasing. The one favourable outlook for the railway market is the prospect of a fine harvest, which would give a renewed impetus to trade, and be the means of infusing another burst of speculative activity in the autumn.

With the exception of the Peruvian "mare's nest" which "landed" the market in many thousands of loss, there has been no feature of an exciting character in the foreign market. Pending the solution of the Conference difficulty, Egyptians shift about like a weathercock. Paris controls the market more than London, which is explained by the fact that there are fewer gambling counters there than in the City, and that operations are necessarily more centred in "Internationals." I hear that the long-suffering Varna bondholder has at length the prospect of getting a *quid pro quo* for his patience. The bargain with the Bulgarian Government is shortly to be "clinched" by the acceptance of their terms. It will be a day of rejoicing to the Stock Exchange, for the Capel Court fraternity are groaning under the incubus of these bonds.

THE ARGENTINE REPUBLIC.

I have always looked with a considerable degree of suspicion on the financing of this Republic. I cannot forget that a considerable number of its loans are swindles, in the sense that the money was raised for specific public works, and that it was not devoted to these purposes. Only a very few years ago, the loans were quoted at a discount below their par value of about 70; since then much money has been borrowed, and an internal loan has been converted into an external one. The Republic, therefore, flourishes, much as the Turkish Empire did, by British investors supplying the means. If no money could be borrowed for a series of years, I greatly doubt whether these sanguine gentlemen would receive interest on their investments. Of the many wealthy men in the Republic, exceedingly few hold Government bonds; indeed, in Buenos Ayres there are no dealings in them, and they are not even quoted except on prices coming from London.

The country can hardly be called a rich one. The climate is subject to great and sudden variations. There is scarcely an *estanciero* south of Buenos Ayres that has made more than a living during the last twenty years. Hundreds of leagues are generally under water in winter, and the sheep and cattle have to be moved to high ground by rail. The really good land is scarce. A few years ago a square league of fair land could be bought for £80; at present, by means of puffing, mock auctions, &c., the league has been forced up to £4,000. Vast tracks of several hundred square leagues are held by capitalists and speculators, who are vainly endeavouring to retail them. Most of those who have bought of them have been ruined.

The Government is thoroughly corrupt. The President is one Roca. A few years ago his brother was a pauper. He is now a very wealthy man. The Presidential election comes on in two years. Roca hoped to be re-elected, but as he is so discredited, he finds this impossible, and he has put forward his brother-in-law as a candidate. In all probability the next election will culminate in some sort of revolution.

The Railway Companies are at present earning good dividends, but this is owing to excessive charges and to starving plant. There are no storehouses for produce, although this is an absolute necessity in a country where anything exposed to the wet rots, and a very large amount will be needed to build them, whilst in many places the rates amount to more than the produce will fetch. Railroads are periodically blackmailed. They are threatened, if they do not pay large sums to the Government, with expropriation. But for the last loans, the country would have had to return to a forced paper currency, and even as it is, there has been lately a large issue of small notes by the National Bank.

I give the above facts as an antidote to the puffy nonsense which is sent over from the Republic, and which is only intended to enable more money to be borrowed. Taking risks into consideration, the value of a five per cent. bond of the Republic is worth about fifty, whilst as regards the Railroads, whether with or without a guarantee, I would advise those who hold shares or obligations to take advantage of City financing houses being obliged for the nonce to maintain them at a high price, in order to sell them.

THE ECONOMIC ELECTRIC COMPANY.

The directors of this Company have distinguished themselves by the publication of a very extraordinary document. Having apparently exhausted the capital of the Company, they coolly give notice to the shareholders that, "if they would not contribute towards the loan capital before the 31st ult., they would be considered as having no appreciable interest in the Company." I do not know much about this concern, but I suppose it owes its existence to that same electric lighting mania which has begotten so many ruinous ventures. The directors, according to their own showing, "have not yet a place properly

Almond's Hotel, situated in the best position of the West-End and close to the theatres, parks, &c., is now re-opened. A spacious Salle à Manger and Ladies' Drawing-room have also been added, hot and cold baths and many single bedrooms. Special attention directed to sanitary arrangements. Clifford-street, Bond-street, W —J. R. Roy, Proprietor.

"Royal Charter" Champagne.—Wachter & Co., shippers to H.M. the Queen and H.R.H. the Prince of Wales by special appointment

fitted up where they can utilise spent spare battery fluids, instead of throwing them away." Yet they state that they have carried the undertaking through all its preliminary and experimental stages, whatever they may be, and made it a practical success. This achievement, however, appears to have required further means, for the directors go on to add that they and some few of the Company's constituents have provided the whole of the working capital up to the present time. "But," say they, "we are not philanthropists; we are plain business men, and we must ask you to treat us in a plain business-like manner," the business-like manner suggested being the loan of further funds against the handsome bonus of 25 per cent. for twelve months. In case this transaction should be criticised as unsound, the directors have already two replies ready:—"First, will the critic lend us money upon any lower terms? If he will not do so, he condemns his own criticism. If he will, why does he not make us the offer?" Why not, indeed? "Secondly, if, as is actually the case, we can make an article at a cost of 30s., and can sell it for more than 40s., it is evident that we can safely borrow the 30s. to make the article with, and can, out of the proceeds of the sale, repay the loan with a bonus." I am not very much surprised that the shareholders remain obdurate. Were I a shareholder, I should not lend these extremely "plain business men" a single farthing, for a business which is carried on with money borrowed at the ruinous interest of 25 per cent. per annum is doomed to failure.

INDIAN GOLD MINES.

The Rhodes Reef Gold Mining Company is one of the ill-fated concerns which were foisted on an over-credulous public during the Indian Gold Mine mania. The shareholders had to pay to the Devala Moyar Company £80,000 in cash and £50,000 in shares for a property situated in the Nilgiri District of the Madras Presidency supposed to be abounding in rich gold quartz. During the last three years £27,500 has been spent in mining operations, machinery, salaries, and directors' fees, and, out of a capital of £190,000, only a balance of £32,500 in Consols and cash remains. On Friday the shareholders met for the purpose of considering the advisability of winding-up the Company. Under the circumstances, I am not astonished that the meeting was tumultuous, not to say unparliamentary; for, notwithstanding the glowing prospectus and the rich samples of gold quartz shown at the time of the formation of the Company, no quartz containing gold in paying quantities has ever been discovered on the property. The directors now say that the land is practically valueless, and that, owing to the large quantity of disused machinery in the Wynaad district, no purchaser can be found for the plant. So they propose the winding up of the Company and the transfer of all its assets and property to the parent Company against a payment of 3s. 4½d. per share, amounting to £32,060 and the expenses of the liquidation. As this amount is covered by the Rhodes Reef Company's assets in Consols and cash, it follows that the Devala Moyar Company gets back again for nothing the land which it had sold to the Company for £80,000 in cash and £50,000 in shares. The voting at the meeting was very close, but when a poll was demanded, the chairman announced that he held proxies in favour of the directors' proposal for 70,000 shares. I should like to know whether among these were included the 50,000 shares given to the Devala Moyar Company in part payment. If so, they most decidedly ought not to have been used, seeing that the directors of both Companies are the same. The present case is eminently one for a committee of investigation, as proposed by a large section of shareholders. Somebody ought to be made responsible for these gigantic mining swindles. Of course, the directors had their pound of flesh, the four of them having drawn £606 for the past year. Common decency ought to have, at least, dictated the relinquishment of these fees.

LONDON LIFE.

III.

MY DEAR SON,—Of course, I advise you not to gamble. Every father would do that for his son, but I admit my inability to lay down any definite rule distinguishing gambling from playing for moderate stakes. The difference between the two is regulated by the wealth of the persons who play, not by the amounts they play for. There are millionaires, and others who enjoy stupendous inherited incomes, to whom money is, practically, no object. A bad week at Newmarket, or at the Club, may cost a few thousand pounds; but though unpleasant to the loser, it causes him no inconvenience. He need deny himself nothing to make good the money, and therefore I do not consider that he is necessarily an excessive gambler. On the other hand, a man with an income of three hundred a year, out of which he has to support a family, is, in my opinion, a desperate gambler, if in the habit of playing to win or lose thirty shillings in an evening.

Your affairs, however, interest me more than other people's. Out of your income I calculate that you can afford to throw away on frivolity and pleasure about six hundred a year. It may suit you to collect pictures or china (on this subject more on a future occasion), or to keep horses, but if you can get more gratification for your money out of cards, there is no reason why you should not play, so long as the cost of your amusement does not exceed the sum you can prudently afford to spend on it.

To ensure this, even under the most auspicious circumstances, you ought to protect yourself against playing at an unreasonable disadvantage. I do not suggest that you should be more skilful than your opponents, for it is no recommendation to be an adept in the art of gambling, and to acquire proficiency will take up time that might be beneficially devoted to healthier occupation. If, however, you cannot expect to excel your companions, you may, at least, bring ordinary

International Health Exhibition.—In referring to Messrs. Fry's Exhibit of Cocoa and Chocolate, *The Grocer* says:—"Their goods are displayed in an exceedingly attractive style—the Chocolate Creams and similar articles of Confectionery are offered to consumers in the most dainty form, and the boxes in which they are placed are quite works of art. They turn out nothing but the best.'

The Bazaar of Oct. 28, says that Mr. & Mrs. B. Phillips, Manchester House, 36, Thayer-st., Manchester-sq., W., are the most Liberal Buyers of all kinds of Clothes, Uniforms, Jewellery, Gold, Silver, &c. Money orders sent for parcels. Appointments kept. Cash only.

common sense to bear upon your card-playing, and recognise at once an antagonist with whom you are not on equal terms. By this equality, I do not mean that you should never play with a better player than yourself. Of that you must take your chance; but avoid gaming, except with those with whom you are on a pecuniary and social level. Never play with or against a professional card-player, club proprietor, or very rich man. The first will cheat you, the second can cheat you, and the third will swamp your amusement and moderate stakes in his disregard for money. To gamble at an advantage is disreputable, to play at a disadvantage is foolish. Do not allow cards to become necessary to your happiness. An hour before dinner or bedtime may reasonably be devoted to whist, écarté, or any other game, provided you play with gentlemen at respectable clubs, and for stakes that will neither inconvenience nor unduly elate you. In the long run, I do not suppose that you will win; but if you can take care of yourself where skill is combined with chance, and are neither a fool nor an impetuous gambler, there is every probability that in the course of a year your losses will not exceed what you can afford to throw away.

When opposing those who play cards from necessity, be very cautious. To win of them is cruel, to lose to them is to be thought an ass. These poor fellows—and there are many of them about—have once probably enjoyed a position at least of respectability, but, by blindly rushing into games they did not understand, they have become penniless before they learnt the tricks of the trade they henceforth have to adopt for a livelihood. Unless for the aid of a venturesome money-lender or a kind-hearted gambler, one really bad night disposes of professional punters. Having nothing to lose, they must commence by winning, or else they disappear at their first essay. Desperation teaches them the value of money, and with the capital that fortune may provide, they play carefully, and are satisfied to win small sums. But the chances of the game, club fines, and the proprietor's profit come very heavy on a man who plays every night. With him it is simply a question of time. Wrecked he must be, for not only do the necessary expenses of cards overwhelm him, but he has to live and keep up an appearance of respectability out of his gains. The floating population of adventurous gentlemen paupers is the mainstay of clubs whose sole excuse for existence is gambling. Without them, both as players and decoys, no gaming club could be started.

Until lately, baccarat was the game most popular in proprietary clubs, but it has now been suppressed by the police. In its stead have sprung up bastard variations of recognised games. Écarté, for instance, has been mutilated, and, to make it go faster, it is played three, or even one point up, instead of five. In this game the king does not score, a deprivation felt deeply by many an adroit proprietor. Vingt-et-un can be played almost on the same lines as baccarat by those who want a game in which money circulates rapidly. It is not, however, against any particular game that I warn you. Play whatever pleases you best, but not against those who not only have an interest varying with the amount of stake at issue, but who actually charge you for the privilege of opposing them.

Proprietors of clubs should not be admitted as members; in fact, it surpasses my comprehension that gentlemen should be found to meet them on equal terms. A card-club proprietor, as a rule, comes no one knows whence. He is a nameless nobody. He probably got a start by winning an extraordinary double-event bet at horse-racing, or perhaps he found a rich fool on whom he was able, undiscovered, to play tricks and thus capture a substantial stake. To a clever gambler, who has been all his life a sharper, this sudden acquisition of fortune is not wasted. He does not alter his mode of life, nor buy high-stepping horses, and eighteenth-century furniture; he seeks to increase his ill-gotten capital in business. Yet, what business does he know? None but card-playing. So he collects together a few men on the borderland of reputability, and with their assistance starts a club for the purpose of playing some game over which he can ensure an advantage. So long as he cares to play—and he will go on until his customers are penniless—fools will play against him, totally forgetting that he is probably the least reputable servant of the club staff. If you were short of one for whist I am confident that you would not send out for your butcher's assistant to come in and make up a rubber; if a sudden disappointment left an uneven number at your dinner-table, I do not think that you would fill the vacant place with your groom, nor offer the cabman who drove you to the theatre a spare seat in your box. Yet the proprietor of a gambling club is not the social superior of a butcher-boy, groom, or cabman.

Apart from social considerations, there are strong pecuniary reasons why you should not play against a club proprietor. You are charged so much for the use of cards, so much for fines if you play in restricted hours, and often a commission on the stakes played for. All this money goes into the pockets of the opponent whom you fancy you are playing against on an equality. If you buy a cigar for a shilling, he makes threepence out of it; and, on the same principle, he can do for nine anything in the club that costs you twelve.

How is it, you will ask, that people are foolish enough to play with the odds so overwhelmingly against them? In the first place, a great many of them are not aware of the facts I have just explained to you. Then there are certain men who are deeply in debt, and whose only chance of retrieving their position lies in gambling. They have, or can get, an occasional fifty pounds, and so they take their chance of running it into a few hundreds. The fact of their playing is an advertisement which delays their creditors; but not one persistent player against a professional club proprietor has ever survived more than a few years. Whenever you hear that Jack So-and-So won an enormous sum from old Broads, you may be certain that the same Jack will be a defaulter within twelve months, although in the meantime he may drive a flash buggy, adorn the Galaxy stalls, and have a brougham to meet him at the stage-door.

Since public gaming-houses have been abolished by various Acts of Parliament, the market for dexterous card-sharpers has become limited. Cheating in England is now, I think, confined to proprietary clubs. How the cards

Minton's China.—A visit to Messrs. Goode's Depôt in South Audley-street will at once show the immense superiority of their collection, both as regards taste, extent, and lowness of price.

are manipulated I do not know, nor is it your business to discover. Be satisfied with the knowledge that a card-sharper does not get his reputation undeservedly, and his translation from keeping a "hell" to owning a gambling club does not alter his nature nor warp his adroitness. Most of these gentry are "known" at Scotland-yard, but the law cannot touch them without proof, which is difficult, almost impossible, to obtain. Do not imagine for a moment that a proprietor cheats every time he plays. He would be running too great a risk of detection. And with such odds as I have shown you that he has in his favour, he can afford to play fairly. till habit is too strong for him to resist thwarting a bad turn of Dame Fortune, and if ill-luck dogs a professional card-player longer than he cares for it, a judicious sleight of hand equalises matters. You will tell me that a proprietor does not always win. Of course he doesn't. His customers ruin themselves in his favour quite soon enough. He has only to be patient, and every shilling they venture must, according to the law of chances, find its way into his pockets. When, however, you are told of the fabulous sums he loses, you may take the statement with more than one grain of salt. If he apparently loses large sums, and ostentatiously writes out cheques for the amounts, you must not accept it as a fact that the cash actually passes. It is part of his trade to appear to play liberally, pay punctually, and make an advertisement of his ill-luck. Listen to the explanation. In proprietary gambling clubs there are dummies who play with the proprietor's own money on his behalf against himself. Their appearance ornaments the table, and gives it a semblance of substantial play. They may apparently win, receive their cheques, and even be allowed to cash them; yet the money finds its way back whence it came, less a small commission, which its supposititious loser can well afford to pay. These dummies are called "steerers," and are natural accessories to gaming-tables.

Sometimes a sharper is brought in by a legitimate, but disappointed member. The proprietor recognises the skill brought against him, and buys o his opponent quietly. There is no need for them to interfere with each other; the world is wide enough for both, and a judicious present disposes of the interloper. In card-sharping, as in other trades, there is a Freemasonry. These gambling clubs never last long. Awkward scandals occur; bookmakers, usurers, and other undesirable persons find their way into them, or the secret of their existence becomes so public that the police are bound to step in. The club is then reconstituted—that is to say, it ceases as a "hell," languishes for a time for want of support, and finally dies. When it has been forgotten, a new one springs up, and the same programme is gone through.

Nearly everything I have said with regard to gambling at cards also applies to gambling at horse-racing. Most certainly go to race-meetings, and back horses if you choose, but, as in card-playing, let your stakes be in proportion to your surplus income. Every one is entitled to select his own amusement, and, if you fancy the turf, spend your money on it. There is, however, less reason to gamble at racing than at cards, for the pleasures of a race-meeting are, to a great extent, independent of betting. But when racing, I want you to preserve your dignity, and not allow the hustling and bustle to make you associate with any but your equals. By all means try your best to find out from your inspired friends the horse that is most likely to win; do not let your anxiety to wager lead you to seek advice from those on whom you have no claim. Do not ask questions from jockeys and their friends, for remember that if they tell you the truth, they commit breaches of trust, for which you are equally to blame with them; and if they tell you lies, you are worse off than if you had asked no questions.

As with professional card-players, so let it be with turfites—in fact, I have shown you sufficient, I hope, to keep you from professional gamblers of all sorts. You cannot possibly associate with them without losing both your money and your self-respect, and remember that if in a few years you get rid of the fortune that was to have lasted your life, you will find it imperative to devote yourself thenceforth to managing a lonely sheep-ranche in South America, or an unproductive farm in the colonies. Believe me, Piccadilly is preferable to either.

I am, my dear son, your affectionate

FATHER.

To Make a Really Excellent Plum Cake.—Take ½ lb. butter and ½ lb. white sifted sugar; beat these with the hand well together to a cream; add four eggs, one at a time, and well beat each one with the butter and sugar; lightly mix in 1 lb. of flour, previously mixed with one teaspoonful of Borwick's Gold Medal Baking Powder; then lightly mix with the whole ½ lb. of sultanas. Bake at once, thoroughly.

QUEER STORIES.

MR. BOUNDER'S ASCOT GUESTS.

"I'M thinking, my dear, that we'll ha'e to let the hoose for this year's Ascot," remarked Mr. Alexander M'Canister to the wife of his bosom as he cracked his matutinal egg.

"My dear Alexander, how can you suggest such a thing?" cried Mrs. M'Canister. "The girls are looking forward to the races so, and Tom is bringing some friends from Oxford. What on earth will he do?"

"It canna be helped," replied her better half, in a doleful voice; "things are verra bad. What wi' the Oriental Bank and the American failures, I'm afraid Tom'll hae to do as the dog did when they cuttit off his tail—do without it."

"Well *you* must tell the girls yourself when you come back to-night. I'm sure I shan't," said Mrs. M'Canister, almost in tears. "They will be simply frantic."

Mr. M'Canister munched his breakfast and studied his *Times* in silence, for he knew very well that his wife would never be able to keep so terrible a secret until his return from the City.

M'Canister was the senior partner in the great house of M'Canister, Caddy, & Co., tea merchants and Colonial brokers, and was one of the richest and almost the stingiest man in the "Lane." Needless to say, he had never had a penny in the Oriental Bank, and had made a pretty good thing by "bearing" Americans, but, like a good many of his canny countrymen, the more money he made the meaner he grew. He had a large house in Bayswater and a good-sized villa close to Ascot, which his family had

The Belgrave Laundry, 194 & 196, Ebury-street, Belgravia. A laundry for high-class families.

hitherto filled with their friends for the race meeting. But M'Canister had determined to rebel this year. The expenditure during the race week he considered positively sinful, and his son Tom, of whom he stood in some little dread, was in the habit of bringing down a set of swaggering young undergraduates who drank his champagne with horrible freedom, and treated him with the scantiest ceremony. So he made up his mind that they should enjoy free quarters at his expense no more, and on the very day when he announced his intention to his wife, he put the house on the books of two or three agents, with instructions to let it at once for the meeting.

Great was the grief and consternation in the M'Canister family when the news was made known to them. The girls spent the day in tearful hysterics, and Master Tom, who was, of course, apprised of his father's edict by telegraph, used exceedingly strong language, and openly vowed that he would be revenged upon his inconsiderate parent.

But M'Canister was master of the situation. Neither prayers nor tears could move him from his purpose, and in spite of the exceedingly high figure he asked for the house, and the exceptional dulness of the season, offers poured in by the dozen. Tom came home in disgrace, having been sent down three weeks before the end of Term, so his father brought forward his idleness as another reason for retrenchment.

Just at this period Mr. M'Canister was seized with the premonitory twinges of an attack of gout. For a few days he was laid up, and as soon as he was able to move about, his doctor recommended a trip to Carlsbad or Vichy. M'Canister was rather glad of the excuse, for, once out of London, his womenkind would not have the same opportunity of nagging at him about Ascot, so he gave orders for an early start. The ladies, too, were somewhat relieved, as they could now plead an excellent reason for the letting of the house. A week before Ascot, therefore, Mr. M'Canister, with his wife and daughters, started for the Continent. Tom, point blank, refused to accompany his family; he said he had an invitation for the week to Lord Dado's, and his father, duly impressed by his aristocratic acquaintance, did not insist. He came, however, to see the party off.

"A pretty game this, isn't it?" he whispered to his favourite sister, as he put her into the train.

"It's simply too dreadful! Do you know who has taken the house?"

"Old Bounder; and that idiot, Lord Nonsuch, is going to fill the house for him."

"What a delightful party!"

"Yes, but I'll be even with the Governor yet for this precious caper, if I get a chance."

"What do you mean? Do be careful!"

But her brother vouchsafed no answer beyond a most portentous wink.

Most of the regular staff of servants had been left in Wallace Lodge, as M'Canister called his villa, under the commands of Mr. Bottles, the family butler. Bottles was a man of few words and highly respectable appearance. He had, so he always said, served in very aristocratic families, and he accordingly despised his cheeseparing master not a little. He was, however, devoted to Mr. Tom, on whose free-handed generosity he founded hopes of a very snug berth when M'Canister senior had been gathered to his fathers.

It was the Friday before the Ascot week, and Mr. Bottles was standing on the doorstep of Wallace Lodge, lazily staring down the drive. He was expecting Master Tom, who had arranged to call and take some luggage away on that day. Presently the youthful scion of the house of M'Canister drove up, and Bottles advanced to greet him.

Master Tom was apparently in a very bad temper. Bottles went upstairs to help him pack, and was soon made acquainted with his grievances.

"Did you ever know anything so riling?" exclaimed the young man, as he threw coats, waistcoats, and boots about the room in a hopeless endeavour to find what he wanted. "I've had a note this morning from Lord Dado to say that, owing to family bereavement, as he calls it, he is not going to have any party at Ascot, so I'm landed on the street!"

"That's very awkward, sir," said the sympathetic Bottles.

"I should think it was awkward! What's more, I don't believe that there is anything wrong. His great aunt has, I suppose, got the toothache, and so he has made that an excuse for doing things cheap."

Bottles continued packing in silence. He presently remarked, however, "It's an odd thing, sir; but we shall have a very small party here."

"Why, I thought Lord Nonsuch was bringing a heap of people!"

Bottles produced a telegram, and handed it to his young master, who read as follows:—

From Nonsuch, Curzon-street. *To* Bounder, Wallace Lodge, Ascot.

My brother taken dangerously ill in Paris; off there at once. Have, of course, cancelled all invitations.

"Why, there'll be nobody but old Bounder and his son!" cried Tom.

"Pity you can't stay here too, sir."

"I don't even know the old ruffian."

"Perhaps that wouldn't matter, sir."

"What on earth are you driving at, Bottles?" asked Tom; for he began to have a dim notion that there was some deep purpose in the astute butler's mind.

"Why, sir, Mr. Bounder won't know any of Lord Nonsuch's friends; you might be one of them!"

"But how about the telegram?"

"Oh, I'll see to that, sir!"

"Bottles, you really ought to be Prime Minister! What a truly magnificent idea!"

"Not at all, sir—not at all," said the butler, modestly; "but if I do this for you, sir, you must do one thing for me."

"What's that?"

"Well, there's a pal of my own that I owe a good turn to. He put me on the Manchester Cup winner, and I should like to ask him and his family to stop here for the week, too."

Tom stared in admiration of Mr. Bottles' impudence.

"Well, you're certainly a cool hand! However, do as you like."

Old Point Lace.—Hayward's, Experts, Dealers and Purchasers of Old Lace, 166 and 168, Oxford-street, W.

Spectacles scientifically adapted to assist & strengthen the weakest sights by Mr. Laurance, F.S.S., Oculist Optician, 1a, Old Bond-st.

On the following day Mr. Bounder arrived. He was a tall, stout personage, with a red face, a vacuous expression, and a pompous manner, and was accompanied by a young man, evidently his son.

"There's a telegram for you, sir," remarked Bottles, as he greeted his temporary master.

"Ah! indeed?" said Mr. Bounder, as he tore open the missive. "'From Lord Nonsuch; very sorry; summoned to Paris; brother dangerously ill; hope you will entertain my friends.' This is most unfortunate. I sincerely trust that the Earl will recover. Any of Lord Nonsuch's friends come yet?"

"Oh, yes, sir, a good many; in fact, the house is pretty nearly full."

"Dear me! Perhaps you could tell me a few of their names. It's very awkward, Lord Nonsuch not having come!"

"Well, sir, there's Lord Amory, and the Hon. Mr. Parkyn, and several other young gentlemen, and," added Mr. Bottles, with a little hesitation, "there's Mr. and Mrs. Gadderby and the Miss Gadderbys."

"Ladies! I did not know that Lord Nonsuch intended to invite any ladies. Who are they? can you tell me?"

"Well, I don't quite know, sir," answered the butler, who appeared singularly embarrassed, "but I think they are American people—very well off, I believe, sir."

"Well, we will see them all, presently. In the meantime, show us our rooms, please."

"Certainly, sir," said Bottles, and he led the way upstairs. Arrived on the first floor, Mr. Bounder paused; he was somewhat out of breath, and he expected to find his room there. But Bottles proceeded to mount the second flight.

"I kept a room for you, sir, here," he explained, "but the Miss Gadderbys came somewhat unexpectedly, and took it."

So Mr. Bounder toiled, grumbling, up to the second floor. "I'm afraid all the rooms is taken here, too, sir," said Bottles, blandly, as he advanced towards a third staircase.

"Are you going to put us on the roof?" gasped the indignant Bounder.

"Oh, no, sir! There's a very nice room indeed upstairs."

Mr. Bounder followed his guide, snorting with passion and shortness of breath. They presently stopped at the door of what looked suspiciously like an attic. It was a large bare room, with two narrow beds and a sloping ceiling.

"This is perfectly monstrous!" gasped Mr. Bounder, subsiding on one of the beds.

"Yes, sir. I'll fetch you some hot water," said Bottles, disappearing.

"Serves you jolly well right for trusting to Nonsuch, instead of asking your own friends," remarked Bounder, junior, consolingly.

His father, however, was incapable of rejoinder. He contented himself by washing his hands, and eventually submitted to be led downstairs to be introduced to his guests.

"The young gents are in the dining-room," said the butler. "I don't think they've finished lunch yet."

"Not finished lunch at four o'clock!" began Mr. Bounder; but the door opened, and Bottles announced his name. A somewhat remarkable scene met the view of the tenant of Wallace Lodge. On the luncheon-table were the remnants of a very substantial meal. Cold meats, dirty plates, and bottles were mingled in wild confusion. Mr. Bounder counted at least a dozen of the latter of every shape and variety. Seated round the table were half a dozen or more young men, somewhat flushed with their exertions. At the top was a very gaudily-dressed matron, and near her sat a fat, vulgar man, with a gigantic watch-chain and very loud clothes, and a couple of pretty and exceedingly lively young ladies, with whom the young gentlemen seemed to be on very good terms. There was a tremendous amount of chattering going on; but, when Mr. Bounder entered, a dead silence momentarily fell upon the company. A minute later, however, one of the young men rose from his seat and shook Mr. Bounder warmly by the hand.

"How do you do, my dear sir?" he cried, effusively. "I am afraid I must introduce myself. My name is Amory—Lord Amory. Allow me also to introduce you to the rest of Lord Nonsuch's friends—the Marquis of Ballyrot, Mr. Parkyn, Mr. and Mrs. Gadderby, the Miss Gadderbys, Mr. Jones, Mr. Mountcarbon." He thus rattled off a perfect string of names, more or less high-sounding, and their various possessors rose and bowed with much solemnity to Mr. Bounder, who acknowledged the greeting with all the dignity he could muster. Lord Amory found him a seat beside Mrs. Gadderby, his son James was speedily engaged in an absorbing conversation with one of the girls, and Bottles poured them out tumblers of champagne.

"I never touch anything in the afternoon," feebly protested Mr. Bounder; but the Marquis prevailed upon him to overcome his scruples, protesting that it was just the same as afternoon tea, but more wholesome. After a glass or two of champagne, Mr. Bounder began to feel more reconciled to his position. Lord Nonsuch's friends were certainly a very lively lot; but it occurred to him as somewhat odd that they should all be so young. The Gadderbys were undeniably vulgar, even for millionaires; still Mr. Bounder's veneration for the Peerage and for wealth caused him to shut his eyes to a multitude of peculiarities. So he made himself agreeable to Mrs. Gadderby, whom he found a very affable person, and occasionally joined in the racing talk indulged in by Mr. Gadderby and his young friends. Bounder knew as much about horses as he did about the digamma, and he was amazed at the intimate knowledge which Mr. Gadderby displayed about the birth, parentage, and performances of every horse which was mentioned.

"One might almost think that you were connected with the turf yourself, Mr. Gadderby," he remarked. That gentleman looked a little embarrassed, but the Marquis at once intervened.

"Yes, one would never imagine that he was a New York

Riding Habits.—Specialty of John Redfern & Sons. Ladies' Tailors by Appointment to H.R.H. the Princess of Wales, 26, Conduit-street, London, W. Also at Cowes and Paris.

Mr. Streeter, 18, New Bond-street, London, having decided to retire from the Jewellery Trade offers his Valuable Stock of Diamond Ornaments, Gem Jewellery, &c., at a great reduction. The public will therefore have special opportunities for the next few months of obtaining some of this high-class stock on advantageous terms.

banker, and merely took an interest in horses to amuse himself," he said, at which speech everybody laughed, as did Mr. Bounder, without having any idea what he was laughing at.

About five o'clock the young men adjourned to the garden for tennis, and Mr. Bounder saw no more of them until dinner-time. This meal was a repetition of lunch on a larger scale. Everybody ate, drank, talked, laughed, and smoked a great deal, and after dinner the girls sang comic songs, and later still Mr. Bounder was persuaded into taking a hand at Nap, and retired to bed in a somewhat confused condition, with a vague recollection of having won about five pounds, and made a great variety of bets with Mr. Gadderby.

The next morning Mr. Bounder had a terrible headache, and did not feel at all inclined to go to church. He accordingly did not get up until noon; but sleep after ten o'clock was out of the question. His guests, so far as he could gather, from the sounds which reached his ears, passed the morning in practising on the post-horn, singing music-hall choruses, and dancing breakdowns. Mr. Bounder was somewhat of a Sabbatarian, and felt not a little scandalised at these unholy proceedings. However, he could not very well interfere with the enjoyment of Lord Nonsuch's friends, and he strongly suspected that any remonstrances on his part would be wholly disregarded; so he consoled himself with the idea that nobody in the neighbourhood knew him, and spent the afternoon in watching lawn-tennis, drinking champagne-cup, and smoking large cigars.

Things went on in much the same way until the Tuesday when the racing began, except that the various members of the party had naturally grown more and more intimate. The Marquis had invited Mr. Bounder to stay at his castle in Ireland, and Mr. Gadderby had intimated that he would be charmed to show him America; while Bounder Junior had become inseparable from Miss Polly, whose father and mother did not in any manner discourage his suit, and the infatuated youth grew wildly hilarious at the prospect of securing so charming and well-endowed a wife. Tuesday and Wednesday passed off admirably. Mr. Gadderby seemed to pick out winners with marvellous accuracy, and Bounder repeatedly felt the unspeakable delight of seeing the horses he had backed come in first. He won more than a hundred pounds on the first two days, and was quite confident that he would be able to pay the entire expenses of Wallace Lodge before the end of the week—champagne, cigars, and all.

On the Cup day, however, Mr. Bounder's luck appeared to have taken a turn; he lost the whole of his winnings and fifty pounds besides, and returned home in a very bad temper. Somehow he no longer looked upon his guests in the same rose-coloured light, and he passed a very uncomfortable evening, for the rest of the company chaffed him unmercifully on his depression, and he retired to bed early in sulky dignity. The next morning he endeavoured to be more civil, for he determined to try to get his money back, and he was obliged to depend upon Gadderby for racing information. That worthy was obliging enough to mark his card, and Bounder felt that if he won they might still be firm friends. But Gadderby's judgment was again at fault. Bounder lost, and lost heavily; he plunged, and lost again, and he began to feel as if he could gladly have strangled his American friend, whom he strongly suspected of making him back losers on purpose. In this unenviable frame of mind he was strolling aimlessly about the paddock, when he suddenly caught sight of Lord Nonsuch himself.

"How do you do?" cried Bounder, effusively. "How is your brother? So sorry you could not come to my place!"

"Ah! Bounder!" answered his lordship, extending a couple of fingers. "And how have you been getting on? Cramly is much better, thank you. I left Paris last night; and thought of looking you up this afternoon after the racing."

"Shall be delighted, I am sure! Besides, you will meet all your friends at Wallace Lodge."

"All my friends!" said Lord Nonsuch, inquiringly. "I don't quite understand."

"I mean all the people you sent—the Marquis of Ballyrot, Lord Amory, and the Gadderbys."

Lord Nonsuch dropped his eyeglass and stared at his companion in amazement.

"My good fellow, you must be dreaming! I never sent any one. I telegraphed to say that I had put them all off."

"Put them all off! Good heavens!" gasped Mr. Bounder, in helpless perplexity. "Then who are the people who have been staying with me all the week? Do you mean to say you don't know?"

"Really, Bounder, I think you must be off your head," rejoined Lord Nonsuch, testily. "How on earth do I know who has been staying with you?" And he began to move away.

"Wait a minute!" cried the unhappy Bounder, in a terrible state of excitement. "I believe there is some infernal hoax! Look here; who is that fat man over there with the white waistcoat and the red tie?"

"That—oh, that's Bill Gadderby, the bookmaker!"

Mr. Bounder looked as if he were about to have a fit.

"He said he was an American millionaire, and I've been entertaining him and his wife and daughters, and a pack of gambling, drinking young blackguards! Who is the Marquis of Ballyrot?"

"My good man, there is no such person. You have certainly been most elaborately hoaxed!" And his lordship burst into an unfeeling fit of laughter.

GIRLS' GOSSIP.

DEAREST AMY,—What fearful disappointments Friday's rain brought with it! Such gems of frocks, such loves of bonnets, such ducks of sunshades, condemned to waste their sweetness on the desert air of the wardrobe, instead of being displayed on Sandown's lovely lawn. Oh, it was hard; it was bitter! I thought I was going to look so nice in a gown of an indescribable blue, fretted all over with flutings and flouncings of lace; and in a delicious bonnet that I went on purpose the day before to get at Louise's. After storming at the weather, we philosophically turned our frustrated hopes towards the Saturday, but, alas! though it cleared up in the afternoon, the morning was too threatening and cloudy to permit any but the most courageous or the most inveterately extravagant to wear their newest *chiffons*. There was a fair muster of ladies, in spite of the heavy clouds, and a few really

Old Lace.—The finest collection in London at A. Blackborne & Co.'s, 35, South Audley-street, Grosvenor-square.

pretty frocks. I liked a well-made tweed of bronze-colour, turned up sparingly with dark red, and worn with a red velvet toque. A pale grey cashmere, trimmed with marabout to match, ought to have been a success, but it was not. I tried to make out why it failed, but could not. More satisfactory was a costume of dark grey plush, accompanied by a steel-beaded bonnet, trimmed with a drapery of red velvet. The best thought-out grey dress that I saw had a skirt of satin, striped longitudinally with black velvet. The bodice and drapery were made of grey vigogne, dotted with chenille flowerets in a darker shade. The pretty little grey straw bonnet was trimmed with scarlet wing feathers, and a small red veil was tied across the upper part of the face. I think these little mask veils ought to be called "fringe-guards" or "complexion-covers." A red plush cape supplemented this pretty costume. Supplements of the kind were really necessary, for the day was decidedly cold. Nevertheless, we saw a damsel in pink cotton, and another in white zephyr, making believe that it was hot weather. There were others who did not find their furs superfluous.

A rather startling cotton frock had the bodice made of brick-red in its most aggressive tint, and in the same material a long polonaise, which was looped very high at the back, thereby revealing a skirt of pale blue spotted with red. The bonnet was original. Made of brick-red, it was trimmed with narrow red and pale-blue ribbons, which were carried round the crown, and then drawn across the hair at the back, fastening at the right side under a steel clasp, and falling thence in a shower of loops. I saw some "postboy" hats, with no brim whatever at the back, and one or two "hansom-cab" bonnets, so-called from their having a dip in the crown like that in the roof of a hansom.

A few bonnets were worn without strings. If a girl has a pretty neck, I suppose she thinks it a pity to cover it up with bonnet-strings. I rather liked a high-crowned grey straw hat, trimmed with velvet and feathers of the same colour. In front it formed a sort of pent-house above a fair forehead. There was one snow-white bonnet there, and it was a success. It was worn with a well-fitting black dress.

Before I leave the subject of heads, I must explain to you, my dear country cousin, that when the hair is not worn high on the crown, it must either be arranged in soft-looking masses held by tortoiseshell pins, or else in a very large coil, composed of innumerable small plaits of hair. These plaits must take an enormous time to do, but I suppose in the majority of cases the lady's maid can arrange them before her mistress gets up, and leave them ready on the toilet-table. Very convenient, is it not, if just a trifle disingenuous.

There were, of course, a few hideous gowns—just a sufficient number to sharpen one's appreciation of the pretty ones. An arrangement in Royal blue and bismuth was crude enough to set one's teeth on edge. The blue was peppered with red spots (I heard a man call them pustules, and Charlie *will* call them pimples, which is really horrid of him), and the purplish blue of the bismuth on the cheeks was visible from afar. An arsenic green silk was so antagonistic to the colour of the grass that the two could not be said to be on speaking terms. The bonnet worn with this dress was gold colour. Two girls, apparently sisters, were in black, with the most marvellous white waistcoats, embroidered in gold, and with collars and cuffs edged with large gold beads. Loops of gold braid trimmed their black bonnets. Two other sisters, dressed in green, were remarkable for the immense size of their floral adornments. One wore a quarter of a yard of rosebuds, and the other almost an equal quantity of carnations.

Charlie suggested that they might be artificial. Hideous thought! But we led him past those flowers and convinced him of his error, whereupon he forgave us, but remarked that it might have been a florist's window, only for the absence of the little price-tickets.

You see, Charlie's notion of magnanimity is to forgive us when we convict him of any flagrant error, instead of asking *us* to forgive *him*. For instance, he put our poor, dear, little moneys on the wrong horse on Saturday, and, when we grumbled at losing, he remarked: "Well, girls, I'll let byegones be byegones. I shall never refer to the matter again. Accept my blessing!"

A conspicuous dress was barred out in black and white like a music clef down the front. For the rest it was plain black cashmere with a waterfall back. We liked a dress of some soft stuff in mushroom colour, sparingly trimmed with russet silk. A red dress, trimmed with several rows of narrow black braid, looked well with a black jacket and hat. So did a red jacket, trimmed with astrakhan, which was worn with an otherwise wholly black toilette. Very remarkable was a black frock, with huge medallions of gold braid round the shoulders and hips, like a Lord Mayor's chain gone wrong.

I notice that it is always the people in the most excruciating toilettes who look most pleased with their own appearance. Some of the quiet but handsome brown frocks were worn in the most unpretending fashion, whereas the Royal blues and others were positively flaunted.

I was nearly forgetting to tell you of two pretty dresses worn by a third pair of sisters. The materials were mushroom-coloured nun's-veiling, and a rich shade of moss-green velvet. The capes were particularly pretty, being both new in shape and gracefully cut; and a fourth sisterly duet was set in a key of greenish-grey, the materials being satin and fine cashmere. This latter fabric is immensely in demand. Among the best made dresses there, was one of brown cashmere. An individual had carefully matched her frock to her complexion, which was of a lively yellow. Her toque was yellow and green. You may imagine the effect. Charlie said it left an acid flavour in his sense of vision, which sounds a little mixed, does it not?

You will be glad to hear that Mr. Hwfa Williams was well enough to be present, though walking with the aid of both stick and umbrella. He has had a long illness and much suffering in consequence of that miserable lunatic's shot, but his friends hope to see him quite himself again in a few weeks now.

I cannot remember any more frocks, not even a pretty one that lunched at the next table to ours. I suppose I was rather engrossed, which seems greedy; but they give you such delicious things at Sandown, and the fresh air there always makes me the very hungriest of Madges. "They set before her, and she *did* eat." A humiliating confession, is it not? But you must remember that even in novels now the heroines are allowed to have a healthy appetite. The days are gone when it was considered a mark of birth and breeding to be unable to eat, and when it was incompatible with true "sensibility" to do justice to an excellent salmon mayonnaise, or to mark with appreciation the plumpness of a quail.

Good-bye, dear Sandown, till jocund July, when Madge and Amy hope once more to grace your lawn with fine-weather-frocks, and the blithest of bonnets!

Nora writes me that some pretty frocks were worn at the large ball given in Dublin, on Friday, by Mrs. Walker, wife of the Irish Solicitor-General, the guests at which numbered nearly three hundred. The charming young hostess, she says, was beautifully dressed in ivory satin and brocaded velvet, with trails of pale-pink roses and berthe of pearl embroidery. She wore in her hair a blush-rose with a cream ostrich-feather. The Misses Walker and Miss McLoughlin (sister of the hostess) were prettily dressed in white satin and net, one of the skirts being studded with red chenille spots. The dark toilette of Mrs. Maurice Brooks was well adapted as a back-ground for the clusters of diamonds on the berthe. A Canadian lady, Mrs. Munn, wore a handsome dress of pink satin and cream lace; Miss Kaye had a ballet skirt of black net with scarf of geranium satin; Miss Adye Curran, a pretty ivory net dress, with bodice of satin; Miss Hickie, pale salmon satin, draped with black lace, and trimmed with ostrich-feathers; Miss J. Hickie, white net, with scarf of deep-yellow satin; and Miss Coffey, a net dress with water-fall back.

Yet another function in the cause of gentle charity is to come off. It is to take the form of a "Mediæval Market,"

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which is to be held on the 18th, 19th, and 20th of June in the Duke of Wellington's Riding School at Knightsbridge. Princess Louise is to open it, and the proceeds are to be devoted to enlarging the premises of the Training College at Ealing for teachers of the deaf and dumb on the German system, by which those called "dumb" are actually taught to speak. The market is to be held in ivy-clad ruins, and near it are to be found a trout-stream, an ancient well, a picturesque inn where refreshments will be sold, together with the remains of a granary, a refectory, a scriptorium, and a dungeon, to which those who fail to buy freely may possibly be consigned.

Lily attended two marriages in Paris last week. One was an Armenian wedding, solemnised on Sunday evening. The bride was the daughter of Nubar Pasha, who was married to her cousin, Tigrane Pasha, a very good-looking young man, by *ten* Armenian priests, who came into the drawing-room of Mdlle. Nubar's house, preceded by the bride's grandfather, carrying the cross. Tigrane Pasha, in evening dress, with a scarlet fez on his head, was standing in the middle of the room with the bride, a pretty brunette, in a white costume, and wearing the Armenian crown, from which long gold ribbons and threads hung to the ground. These were cut off after the ceremony and distributed to the guests. Madame Tigrane is now in London with her husband.

The second marriage was that of Mr. Hope Vere and Mdlle. Marie Guillemin, which was celebrated in frightful weather in the chapel of the Pères Passionistes, Avenue Hoche. The bride, who was given away by her brother-in-law, Count Montebello, French Minister in Brussels, looked lovely in her white velvet dress covered with lace. The happy couple left afterwards for Scotland, where the bridegroom has large estates.

Here is a nice way of preparing the French dish called *macédoine de légumes*, just now in season :—

Take young carrots, turnips, peas, chives, asparagus, white and coloured beans, French beans, the solid part of the artichoke, cauliflowers, etc., boil them in salt and water, then drain the water off. Throw into a clean saucepan, a ladleful of good stock, the vegetables, the yolks of three eggs, and a good piece of butter, add a pinch of flour to thicken the sauce, then leave the saucepan near the fire without allowing the contents to boil, till the sauce is nearly absorbed by the vegetables. Serve in a hollow dish.

This is a capital way of cooking sole for an impromptu dinner, as it does not require much preparation. The dish is called soles à la bordelaise.

Skin a very fine sole, cut off the head, and put the fish into a dish which can stand the fire. Cover the sole with parsley, chives, minced mushrooms, pepper, salt, nutmeg. Add a good piece of butter, half a glass of broth, and the same quantity of white wine. If your fire be very brisk, a quarter of an hour will suffice to cook your fish.

Good-bye, dear, from your loving cousin, MADGE.

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METROPOLITAN HOSPITAL SUNDAY FUND.
Patron—Her Majesty THE QUEEN.
HOSPITAL SUNDAY, 15TH JUNE, 1884.
Cheques crossed Bank of England, and Post-office orders made payable to the Secretary, Mr. Henry N. Custance, should be sent to the Mansion House.

Rhododendrons and Azaleas at Knap Hill are just coming into bloom. The most extensive and beautiful display of American plants to be seen in any nursery. ANTHONY WATERER, Knap Hill Nursery, near Woking Station.

Rhododendrons.—The Rhododendrons and Azaleas in Rotten-row are supplied by ANTHONY WATERER, Knap Hill.

Rhododendrons in the Health Exhibition, Middle Walk, are from ANTHONY WATERER.

Rhododendrons at the Royal Botanic Gardens, Regent's Park, are from ANTHONY WATERER, Knap Hill Nursery, near Woking Station, Surrey.

MARSEILLES for the RIVIERA, Italy, &c.—PENINSULAR and ORIENTAL COMPANY, will despatch one of their large passenger STEAMERS from London to MARSEILLES once every four weeks, and from Marseilles to London every two weeks. Cheap single and return tickets. For particulars apply at the Company's offices, 122, Leadenhall-street; No. 25, Cockspur street, London, S.W.; or 24, Rue Lepelletier, Paris; or to 7, Rue Noailles, Marseilles.

C. BRANDAUER & Co's CIRCULAR POINTED PENS

Write as smoothly as a lead pencil, and neither scratch nor spurt, the points being rounded by a new process. Six Prize Medals awarded. Assorted Sample Box, 6d., post-free 7 stamps. *Works, Birmingham.*

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CLARKE'S PATENT
PYRAMID NIGHT LAMPS.

1s. Each, Sold Everywhere.

CAUTION.—TO PREVENT BURGLARIES.—A Pyramid Night Light should be lighted in a front and back room of every house, as soon as it is dark. Burglaries are more frequently perpetrated before bedtime than after. Housebreakers have the greatest dread of a light. The police recommend a Night Light as the best safeguard. Almost all burglaries might be prevented, and much *valuable property saved*, if this simple and inexpensive plan is adopted. The Pyramid Night Lights are much larger and give *three times the light* of the common night lights, and are therefore particularly adapted for this purpose.

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The King of Bitters, the Great Tonic of the Age. As a tonic they are invaluable—they do not interfere with the bouquet or flavour of the choicest wines or spirits, can be taken in any liquid, invigorating to the system. Strongly recommended. From Wine Merchants, Chemists, Stores, &c. Sample bottles forwarded, carriage paid, on receipt of 4s. in stamps. The KHOOSH TONIC BITTERS CO., Limited, 24, King William-street, London, E.C. Branches—Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, &c.

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LIMITED,
5, 7, 9, REGENT STREET.
MARRIAGE AND BIRTHDAY GIFTS.

Those seeking for novel and appropriate gifts for approaching marriages and birthdays are invited to an inspection of probably the largest and most comprehensive collection in the world.

Many thousands of objects of the most artistic and useful character are set out daily, and can be seen at a glance, marked in plain figures, and at prices to suit the requirements of all purchasers, from One Guinea to One Thousand Pounds.

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Artistic fans, travelling clocks, writing sets, table ornaments, china tea sets, lamps, sconces, clocks for the drawing-room, dining-room, and library, candelabra, vases, fancy mirrors, card trays, tazza, opera glasses, smelling bottles, étui cases, travelling bags, liqueur cases, flasks, sandwich boxes, cigar and cigarette cases.

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With Iron Frame, Solid Brass Pin Plank, Check Action, Trichord throughout, and other recent improvements.

The touch of this instrument is neither flimsy nor heavy, but agreeably responsive to the slightest pressure, effective also under the attack of a strong hand. The tone can be forced without degenerating into coarseness or losing any of its agreeable quality, one of the most certain marks of a really fine Pianoforte. An artist can, with perfect ease, produce all those delicate "Nuances" of expression, charming to the cultivated ear and quite impossible to render on the Pianofortes produced for the "uneducated."

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Grip the wheels perfectly, prevent all Jar or Strain on the Carriage, and are silent.
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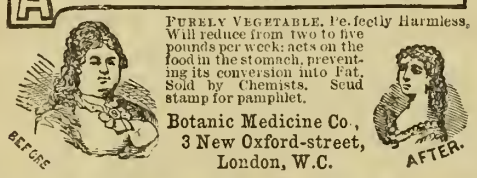

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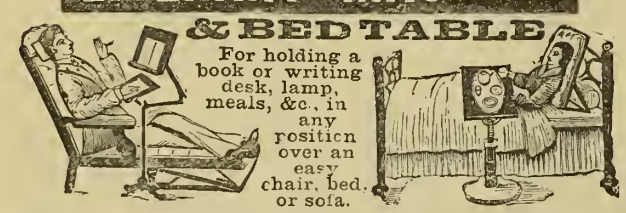

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CUTS GRASS, LONG OR SHORT, WET OR DRY.

The only American Lawn Mower fitted with Six Cutting Blades. It will mow Grass as closely and smoothly as the best English Machines with less than half the labour. All sizes up to the largest (18 in.) can be worked easily by one man. *Carriage paid. Free trial allowed. Price Lists and Testimonials from all Ironmongers, or the Sole Consignees,*
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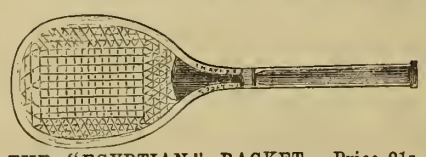

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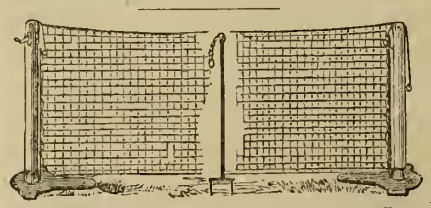

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All at fabulously small cost compared with the originals.

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Will give a good price in CASH, by return of post, for every kind of SECOND-HAND JEWELLERY OR PLATE.

Symington's Divided Busk

Removes the gravest objection to the ordinary Corset, namely, the usual injurious pressure upon the delicate and vital organs of the chest, and meets the present demand for hygienic dress reform.

The upper portions of the busk are curved outwards, leaving the organs of respiration entirely free, and being ground down to the finest consistency, form beautifully yielding supports to the bosom part of the Corset.

This invention has been elaborated from the suggestions of an eminent medical man, who writes the Patentees as follows:—

"I am more than pleased with your invention, which I consider perfection. It will, I feel sure, entirely remove the distressing conditions which I have described. You may rely upon my influence in recommending the article to my numerous patients, and I trust your meritorious efforts will be fully appreciated by a grateful public."

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Retail Price, in a variety of Colours, 10s. 6d. per pair.

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JAMS, JELLIES, MARMALADE, AND BOTTLED FRUITS.

Awarded the only Prize Medal for Jams, London, 1862.

Also Two Silver Medals, Paris, 1878.

Manufactured solely from HOME-GROWN FRUIT and the BEST REFINED SUGAR.

Prepared for Family Use; also for Export to all parts of the World, and used by the principal Mail Steamship Companies.

Specialties: 'Home-made' Strawberry Jam & Orange Marmalade.

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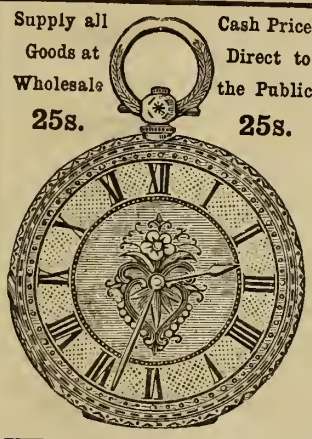

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The Favourite Summer Beverage; wholesome and refreshing. A Delicious Cooling Drink—effectually quenching thirst.

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Prepared from the Lime Fruit. Is entirely free of Alcohol. A Wholesome Family Beverage for Dinner or Supper Table.

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A Delicious Drink in Water—Effervescing in all Aërated Waters. An Excellent Stimulant blended with Spirits.

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An excellent substitute for the Lemon as a flavouring in Summer Drinks, Claret Cups, &c. Cooling and refreshing.

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Is highly medicinal, cooling and purifying the blood. An excellent Stomachic, assisting digestion.

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No beverage has received higher recommendations from the Medical Profession as eminently wholesome. See *Lancet*.

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The family dinner table has additional attractions when supplied with Rose's Lime Juice Cordial in water.

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Non-alcoholic, It has now become the favourite Beverage all the year round.

ROSE'S **LIME JUICE** CORDIAL.
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It has been decided in various Chancery suits that Rose & Co., London, are the original introducers of Lime Juice Cordial.

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Exported to all parts of the World. Special Export Terms. Wholesale Stores: 11, Curtain-road, London; and at 41, Mitchell-street, Leith.

Tikheel

cures Neuralgia Tic and Toothache *NERVOUS AND SICK HEADACHE*

TIKHEEL is not pretended to be a cure for every ache and pain, but a certain and safe remedy for rapidly relieving and speedily curing TIC in the head, TIC in the face, TIC in the Gums, NERVOUS & SICK HEADACHE, TOOTHACHE (even when proceeding from a decayed tooth rendering extraction unnecessary). It also removes at once the Toothache to which. Females are at times so peculiarly subject. Price 2s. 6d., of all Chemists, London: Savory & Moore, 143, New Bond-street, W.; Butler & Crispe, 4, Cheapside, E.C.; Edinburgh: Duncan Flockhart & Co. Belfast: Grattan & Co.; Paris: Roberts & Co., 5, Rue de la Paix. Do not be persuaded to "Try something else." PARCELS POST FREE for 2s. 9d. in Stamps, or P.O.O., from the Manufacturers, CLARKE, BLEASDALE, BELL, & CO., YORK.

PEPPER'S QUININE AND IRON TONIC.—Bottles, 32 doses, 4s. 6d. Sold by Chemists everywhere. There is no Tonic so certain in effect as Pepper's Quinine and Iron. Insist upon having it.

TARAXACUM AND PODOPHYLLIN.—This fluid combination is used instead of blue pill and calomel for the cure of dyspepsia, biliousness, and all symptoms of congestion of the liver, generally pain beneath the shoulders, headache, drowsiness, no appetite, furred tongue, disagreeable taste in the morning, giddiness, disturbance of the stomach, and general depression. It sets the sluggish liver in motion, very slightly acts on the bowels, giving a sense of health and comfort within 24 hours. It is the safest medicine. Taraxacum and Podophyllin is made only by J. PEPPER, Bedford Laboratory, London, whose name is on every label. Bottles, 2s. 9d. Sold by all Chemists.

"SULPHOLINE LOTION."—An External Means of CURING SKIN DISEASES. There is scarcely any eruption but will yield to "Sulpholine" in a few days, and commence to fade away. Ordinary pimples, redness, blotches, scurf, roughness, vanish as if by magic; whilst old, enduring skin disorders, that have plagued the sufferers for years, however deeply rooted, "Sulpholine" will successfully attack them. It destroys the animalculæ which cause these unsightly, irritable affections, and always produces a clear, healthy skin. "Sulpholine" Lotion is sold by most Chemists. Bottles, 2s. 9d.

QUEEN INSURANCE COMPANY.

CHIEF OFFICES:—
QUEEN INSURANCE BUILDINGS, LIVERPOOL,
AND
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TWENTY-SIXTH ANNUAL REPORT AND FIFTH QUINQUENNIUM.

THE Report and Accounts for the year 1883, presented to the Shareholders the Annual Meeting, on Tuesday, 20th May, 1884, showed in the

FIRE BRANCH,

that the premiums for 1883, after deducting Re-insurances, amounted to £589,310 and the losses to £409,614.

IN THE LIFE BRANCH,

that new policies had been issued for £270,973, yielding in premiums £9,064, and that the Life Fund was increased by £50,291, being the largest addition made in any year since the Company was established.

That the Quinquennial Valuation, just completed, had been made on the strictest principles, and was of the most searching character, nothing in the shape of future profit being anticipated.

That the Reversionary Bonus to participants amounted to one pound ten shillings per cent. per annum on the sum assured, or seven pounds ten shillings per cent. on policies in force for five full years on 31st December last.

The Surplus in the year's accounts, amounting to £50,861. 5s. 8d. was disposed of as follows:—

£8,700.....Added to Fire Fund.
18,003.....Appropriated for Dividend.
24,157.....Carried forward to next account.

THE FUNDS
Were shown thereafter to stand as follows:—

Capital Paid-up	£180,035
Reserves	334,455
Life Accumulation Fund	455,579
Annuity Fund	14,549
TOTAL FUNDS IN HAND	£1,087,763

The Auditors' Report, dated 14th May, 1884, stated:—
"We have examined the Books of the Queen Insurance Company, with the vouchers and securities, including the certificates sent home from the American and Australian branches for their investments. We have also examined the Audited Balance Sheets of the Foreign Branches, and we certify that the combined Balance Sheet exhibits a full and accurate view of the Company's position on the 31st December, 1883, as shown by the Books.
"The present aggregate market value of the Securities is largely in excess of the cost appearing in the Balance Sheet."

HARMOOD, BANNER, & SON,
Chartered Accountants.

The Income of the Company is now £710,851
The Company has paid in satisfaction of Claims.....£4,889,220

J. MONCRIEFF WILSON, General Manager.
T. WALTON THOMSON, Sub-Manager.
J. K. RUMFORD, Secretary in London.

Active and Influential Agents wanted.

IMPERIAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY (Established 1803), 1, Old Broad-street, E.C., and 22, Pall Mall, S.W.—Capital £1,600,000; Paid-up and Invested, £700,000. E. COZENS SMITH, General Manager.

PRUDENTIAL ASSURANCE COMPANY, LIMITED, HOLBORN BARS, LONDON, E.C.
Every description of Life Assurance and Annuity Business transacted.
Reversions Purchased.
The invested assets exceed Four Millions. Whole World Licenses granted to Seamen and others permanently engaged on board ship at an extra premium of £1 per cent. Limited licenses for voyages not extending beyond 33 degrees North Latitude 10s. per cent.
The last Annual and Valuation Reports can be obtained upon application to the Secretary.

ACCIDENT INSURANCE COMPANY (Limited), No. 10, St. Swithin's-lane, London, E.C.
General Accidents. | Personal Injuries.
Railway Accidents. | Death by Accidents.
C. HARDING, Manager.

64, CORNHILL.
PERILS ABOUND ON EVERY SIDE!!
THE RAILWAY PASSENGERS' ASSURANCE COMPANY insures against Accidents of all kinds, on land or water, and has the Largest Invested Capital, the Largest Income, and pays yearly the Largest Amount of Compensation of any Accidental Assurance Company. Chairman, Harvie M. Farquhar, Esq. Apply to the Clerks at the Railway Stations, the Local Agents, or West-end Office, 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Charing Cross; or at the Head Office, 64, Cornhill, London, E.C. WILLIAM J. VIAN, Secretary.

LONDON AND COUNTY ADVANCE AND DISCOUNT COMPANY, Limited.—Cash advanced from £10 to £500, without preliminary fees or deductions for interest, for short or long periods, repayable by easy instalments, at moderate rates upon approved security. Bills discounted. Forms free. Offices, 57 and 58, Chancery-lane, W.C.—JOHN STONE, Secretary.

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Established 1867.—Capital, £225,000; reserve, £120,000.
ADVANCES made without deductions, for short or long periods, in sums of £20 to £2,000, on personal security, furniture, stock-in-trade (without removal); also deeds, life policies, at 5 per cent., without mortgage expenses, from one to 10 years. Prospectus gratis, or post-free on application (personal visit preferred).
ROBERT P. HART, Manager.
N.B.—No fees. No sureties. First letter of applicant immediately attended to. Special terms for country loans. Distance no object. Easy repayments, and no genuine application refused. A gentleman sent from the bank to carry out all arrangements. Deposits received at three-and-a-half per cent.

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THE ZAFRA AND HUELVA RAILWAY COMPANY (OF SPAIN).

SHARE CAPITAL frs. 28,000,000 or £1,120,000, in 56,000 Shares of frs. 500 or £20 each. Issue of 56,000 Three per Cent. Bonds of frs. 500, or £20 each. (Repayable by a Sinking Fund at Par, by Annual Drawings from 1st July, 1890, and yielding an Annual Interest of frs. 15, or 12s. per Bond. Part of 112,000 Bonds authorised by Royal Decrees of the Spanish Government of 6th and 26th May, 1884.

Messrs. Matheson & Co., 3, Lombard-street, London, E.C., are authorised to receive subscriptions for 56,000 First Mortgage 3% Bonds of the ZAFRA and HUELVA RAILWAY COMPANY (of Spain), of frs. 500, £20 each. Subscriptions will also be received in Paris by the Société Générale, and at Madrid at the offices of the Company. Interest is payable half-yearly on the 1st January and 1st July in London, Paris or Madrid, and will commence to run from 1st July, 1884. The Bonds are redeemable at par by half-yearly drawings over 90 years, at the Company's office, 16, Calle Barquillo, Madrid, to commence on 1st July 1890.

The Price of Issue is £10. 13s. (or frs. 266·25) per Bond, payable as follows, viz :—

On Application	£2	
,, Allotment	2	
,, the 15th July, 1884	2	
,, ,, 15th August, 1884	2	
,, ,, 15th September, 1884	2. 13s.	£10. 13s.

With power to pay the instalments in advance under discount at 5 per cent.

At the price of issue the Bonds yield an income of £5. 12s. 6d. per cent.

The form of the Bonds is in conformity with Spanish law and is that in general use for the railway obligations of that country.

The Bonds of the following Spanish railways, which were issued at from frs. 250 to frs. 300 per Bond of frs. 500, are now quoted as follows :—

Northern of Spain ... ... Frs. 345—347 Cáceres to Portugal ... Frs. 300—
Madrid, Zaragossa, Alicante ,, 332— Asturias ... ... ,, 297—298
Andaluces ... ... ,, 292½—

The Zafra and Huelva Railway is one of the lines designated by the law of November, 1877, to form part of the general network of Spanish railways. Starting from Zafra, a converging point for the railways constructed under the General Plan, it has a length of 184 kilomètres.

The Line traverses the rich wheat-producing province of Estramadura, and the mining district of Calañas, which comprises some of the most important mines in Spain, and which are now being actually worked by well-known Companies, English, French, Spanish, and Portuguese. The phosphate deposits of Cáceres and Lagrosan will be placed in direct connection with the sea by this line, and it will be the last link of the through route for the Central and Western Railways of Spain, and the Southern of Portugal to the Seaboard, at Huelva, the now well-known port from which the Rio Tinto, Tharsis, and other Companies ship their produce.

The portion of the construction not completed when the railway was acquired by the Company has been contracted for, and, in consideration of receiving the proceeds of traffic until completion, the Contractor has agreed with the Company to satisfy the Interest on the Bonds until the line is taken over from him in a completed state, and he has assigned to the Company his caution money with the Spanish Government of frs. 2,500,000 in amortisable Stock.

The general construction of the Line has been in active progress for two years, and it is expected that the Huelva Section of about 50 to 60 kilomètres will be open for traffic in seven or eight months.

The Traffic receipts were officially estimated by the Engineers of the Government, prior to the grant of the Concession, at the gross amount of frs. 4,115,300, £164,612; or per kilomètre, frs. 22,365, £894. Deducting working expenses at frs. 8,800, £352, per kilomètre—in all frs. 1,619,285, £64,771—there would remain a net profit of frs. 2,496,015, £99,800, for the entire line, or at the rate of frs. 13,565, £54½, per kilomètre. Later estimates of the Company's Engineers now carry the probable gross receipts to frs. 5,350,000, £214,000, which would give a net revenue per kilomètre of frs. 18,300, £732.

The charge, including Sinking Fund for the entire 112,000 First Mortgage Bonds which the Company is authorised to issue, and of which the present issue is the moiety, amounts to frs. 1,806,311, £72,252, or frs. 9,817, £392, per kilomètre, leaving, on the latest estimate, a dividend of 5½ per cent. upon the Share Capital.

The Subscription List will be closed on Saturday, the 14th instant. Applications posted on that day will be admitted.

A copy of the Mortgage Deed securing this issue, registered as required by the Law of Spain, together with a notarial translation of the same, can be seen at the offices of Messrs. Freshfields & Williams, 5, Bank Buildings, Lothbury, London.

LONDON, 9th June, 1884.

THE APPLICATION LIST WILL BE CLOSED ON THE 24th of JUNE inst.

The famous Silver Mines at Kongsberg, worked by the Norwegian Government, have made large profits, which in the last 50 years alone have amounted to a total of at least £1,172,743, besides paying large sums to the Communes and for Pensions, &c.; and although worked on a limited scale, and without the advantage of improved modern machinery.

The KONGSBERG CONSOLIDATED COMPANY acquire a very extensive and valuable property, comprising 16 Mines, which have formed a portion of the group which have been so exceedingly successful. From these 16 Mines alone Silver of the value of nearly £600,000 has been produced, from comparatively shallow workings, the Mines still carried on by the Government having continued very rich to their present depth of 300 fathoms.

KONGSBERG CONSOLIDATED SILVER MINES, Limited.

(Incorporated under the Companies Acts with Limited Liability.) Capital £120,000, in Shares of £1 each: payable by instalments of 2s. 6d. per Share.

DIRECTORS.

William Dunn, Esq., Director of the Bratsberg and the Oscar Companies.

Major R. Heane, Director of the Oscar Gold Mining Company.

J. H. Murchison, Esq., F.R.G.S., Chairman of the Bratsberg Copper Company, and of the Oscar Gold Mining Company.

Samuel York, Esq., Director of the Bratsberg and of the Oscar Mining Companies.

Captain J. P. Daw, Managing Director in Norway of the Oscar Company, and Manager of the Bratsberg Mines.

BANKERS—The Imperial Bank, Limited, Lothbury.

COMMISSIONER AT KONGSBERG—Mr. M. Rasch, many years one of the Managers, and now Treasurer of the Government Mines.

SOLICITORS—Messrs. Kerly, Son, & Verden, 14, Great Winchester-street, E.C.

SECRETARY & OFFICES—Mr. J. H. A. Smith, 8, Austin-friars, London.

ABRIDGED PROSPECTUS.

This Company is established to acquire a very extensive and valuable Property stated to be about 3½ square miles, comprising Sixteen Silver Mines, originally forming a portion of the group of the famous Mining undertakings in the Kongsberg District, which have been so successfully carried on by the State of Norway for many years.

Full prospectuses, with copies of Mr. Rasch's and Capt. Plummer's Reports, and Views of the Buildings, Surface Plant, &c., can be obtained at the Offices, 8, Austin Friars, London, E.C.; and also at the Imperial Bank, Limited, Lothbury, E.C.; and their Branches, Westminster Chambers, Victoria-street, S.W.; and Fulham-road, S.W.

MESSRS. H. HALFORD & CO., Stock and Share Brokers, 2, Royal Exchange Avenue, London, E.C. Daily CLOSING Price List and market report on application. Speculative accounts opened on terms to be ascertained. Special business in "Options" at CLOSE MARKET PRICES. No "DISTANCES."

National Stock Exchange

110, Cannon Street, London, E.C.

(Near KING WILLIAM'S STATUE.)

THE Proprietors of the Exchange undertake to buy and sell Stocks and Shares from and to Speculators at **Tape Prices,** as recorded by special wire direct from the London Stock Exchange. **No Commission or Brokerage is charged,** therefore the Speculator is put on the same footing as a Stockbroker is with a Jobber when he deals with him inside the London Stock Exchange.

As an illustration of the saving to be effected by this system, the following may be taken as a fair example:

Say £10,000 English Railway Stock is purchased or sold through a broker in the ordinary way, the cost of purchasing same would be as follows:

Jobber's turn at ¼ per cent.	£25 0
Broker's commission an ⅛	12 10
Or a total cost of	£37 10

Now the same purchase or sale made through this Exchange would stand thus:

Jobber's turn at ¼ per cent....	£25
Broker's commission	Nil
Total cost	£25

It is thus shown to Speculators, that while the purchase made in the ordinary way would cost **£37. 10s.,** it would, if made through this Exchange, only cost **£25;** the Broker's commission having been dispensed with, it is clear that a large saving would always be made on such transactions. The same rule applies to any Stock in which the Speculator is desirous of operating in.

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WITH NO FURTHER LIABILITY.

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Clients have the free use of a large Reading-Room, containing all the financial and other papers, together with the telephone and two tapes in direct communication with the London Stock Exchange, thereby affording every opportunity **to Clients to see their bargains** done at close market price.

Special Notice to Investors.

The Proprietors of the Exchange being Stockbrokers and Dealers have every facility of obtaining the latest and best information respecting all safe and sound investments, and are willing to forward (free of cost) such information and give advice thereon relating to any Stocks or Shares Investors are desirous of buying or selling.

The Proprietors of the Exchange are not connected with any Gold Mining or other Companies, and they only recommend to Investors such Securities that are sound and safe, for too much care and caution cannot be exercised either in the selection of investments, or the channels through which the business is done.

We do not recommend Mines or Shares in any New Company, for unless the Directors have a large sum of money invested in same, and are men of the highest commercial standing, the majority of them turn out to be worthless, and Investors or Speculators generally lose through dealing in them.

Prospectus forwarded Gratis by the Proprietors.

A. S. Cochrane & Sons, Stockbrokers & Dealers.

Can be seen personally between 10 and 4.

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LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY.

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FUNDS.

Realised Assets (1883)	£3,351,200
Life Assurance and Annuity Funds	3,265,000
Annual Income	664,094

The Directors are prepared to receive from Local Boards and Corporations applications for Loans upon Rates. The Society also grant Loans upon Security of Freehold, Copyhold, and Leasehold Property, Life Interests, and Reversions.

Prospectus, Reports, and Proposal Forms, on application to the Society's Agents and Branch Offices; or to
JOSEPH ALLEN, *Secretary.*

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ARE THE MOST COMFORTABLE.
ALL SIZES IN STOCK.
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LADIES' WATERPROOF CLOAKS

Free and Safe for 20s.

THE VERY BEST QUALITY.

These splendid Macintoshes at 20s. each, are made from the finest Canton Cloth, with Hoods, and each one is inclosed in a waterproof case, with patent spring fasteners and handle. The proprietors of the Bon Marché have these splendid Macintoshes for Ladies specially manufactured of a light yet very durable material, guaranteed to retain its softness and lustre *in any Climate* however severe, *and perfectly waterproof.* The same kind of Ladies' Macintoshes are sold by the best houses for 30s.

Samples of the fabric in different colours free by post.

THE BON MARCHÉ,
IN BASNETT STREET, LIVERPOOL.

They give new life and vigour to the aged and infirm. To all whose employments cause irregularity of the bowels or urinary organs, or who require an Appetizer, Tonic, and Mild Stimulant, these Bitters are invaluable, being highly curative, tonic, and stimulating, without intoxicating.

USE

Balmy sleep, good digestion, rich blood, and perfect health in Hop Bitters.

HOP

Cures Drowsiness, Biliousness, pains and aches.

BITTERS

It is no vile drugged stuff, pretending to be made of wonderful foreign roots, barks, &c., and puffed up by long bogus certificates of pretended miraculous cures, but a simple, pure, effective medicine, made of well-known valuable remedies, that furnishes its own certificates by its cures. The purest and best of medicines ever made.

Furnish your Houses or Apartments

THROUGHOUT ON
Moeder's Hire System.
The original, best, and most liberal.
Cash Prices. No extra charge for time given.
Illustrated priced Catalogue, full particulars of terms, post-free.

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ESTABLISHED 1862.

Near Frankfort on the Maine.

BATHS OF HOMBURG.

Near Frankfort on the Maine.

The HOMBURG WATERS are very salutary in DISEASES of the STOMACH and the LIVER, and attacks of the GOUT. Unrivalled SUMMER CLIMATE. The mountain's PURE and BRACING AIR contributes largely to invigorate the system, and is very beneficial in NERVOUS AFFECTIONS.

MINERAL BATHS, PINE MOOR, and GAS BATHS (highly recommended for rheumatism).

WHEY CURE. INHALATIONS from vaporised salt water for AFFECTIONS of the THROAT and the LUNGS. Excellent Orchestra, Regimental Bands, Grand Balls, Réunions, Illuminations, Fireworks, Theatre, Concerts, Children's and Rustic Fêtes.

LAWN-TENNIS GROUNDS. Cricket and Croquet. Shooting and Fishing. Comfortable Hotels and Private Houses at moderate prices. Magnificent Harbour, splendid Ladies' Conversational and Reading Rooms, Café, Billiards, with the well-known Restaurant.

Close by the Kurhaus, vast and beautiful Park with Orangery. Delicious Walks and Carriage Drives. Charming environs.

MARLBOROUGH ROOMS, 307, REGENT ST.

Under the same Management as the Bristol Hotel and Restaurant.

The Proprietors beg to announce that LUNCHEONS a la carte and at prix fixe are now served in the RECEPTION ROOM (ALHAMBRA COURT), from 11 a.m. till 3 p.m., for LADIES and GENTLEMEN.

THE BALL AND BANQUETING ROOMS ARE OPEN FOR THE INSPECTION OF VISITORS.

ENGAGEMENTS.

JUNE 6, DUMB POST CLUB—DINNER.
JUNE 6, PRIVATE DINNER.
JUNE 7, MADAME KOENIG—CONCERT.
JUNE 10, WEDDING.
JUNE 11, DERBYSHIRE REGIMENT—DINNER.
JUNE 12, PRIVATE BALL.
JUNE 13, 36th (ROYAL SUSSEX) REGIMENT—DINNER.
JUNE 17, PRIVATE BALL.
JUNE 18, PRIVATE BALL.
JUNE 24, PRIVATE BALL.
JUNE 25, PRIVATE BALL.

OUR PUZZLES.

No. 273. "COMPLETION OF A SKELETON SENTENCE."—ST. MICHAEL'S (Will St.Michael's please apply?)..... £2 2 0
No. 277. "FORMATION OF DOUBLETS."—ANATEDIGNUS (——* 4, Clifton-road, Worthing) £1 1 0
" " " EASTBOURNE (Will Eastbourne please write?) 1 1 0

* ANATEDIGNUS has omitted to enclose his real name, in accordance with Rule 10.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 278.

The number of "Centos" sent in was not so large as might have been expected. The spell of hot weather had the effect, probably, of preventing that close application and protracted searching of poets which were necessary. Of those sent in several failed in one important particular. Their compilers failed to make every line rhyme with at least one other, in accordance with the condition laid down. Of those which complied with the rules, I consider the best was that sent in by JANET, to whom the prize is, therefore, awarded. H. MARSH GREEN, I may say, succeeds very well, but I fail to see to what the "her," in line 11 of his Cento, applies if it be not to the sun, and the sun, even by poetic licence, cannot be feminine. SQUELETEE, SVONOK, and PRIMA DONNA also merit special commendation.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 281.

The Prize of Two Guineas will be awarded this week to the competitor who succeeds in

GIVING THE NAMES OF MOST OF THE AUTHORS AND WORKS, BE THEY POEMS, PLAYS, OR WHAT NOT, FROM WHICH THE FOLLOWING QUOTATIONS ARE TAKEN:—

1. "The world hath been often compared to the theatre; and many grave writers, as well as the poets, have considered human life as a great drama, resembling in almost every particular those scenical representations which Thespis is first reported to have invented, and which have been since received with so much approbation and delight in all polite countries."

2. "The Lady Jane was tall and slim,
The Lady Jane was fair;
And Sir Thomas, her lord, was stout of limb,
And he wore green specs with a tortoiseshell rim,
And his hat was remarkably broad in the brim,
And she was uncommonly fond of him," &c., &c.

3. "*Shroff, Chout, Lack, Omra, Dustuck, Nabob, Bunder, Crere, Choultry, Begum* leave his lips in thunder."

4. "You must know this is the new way of writing, and these hard things please forty times better than the old plain way; for, look you, sir, the grand design upon the stage is to keep the auditors in suspense, for to guess presently of the plot and the sense tires them before the end of the first act."

5. "Great wits are sure to madness near ally'd,
And thin partitions do their bounds divide."

6. "'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,
And robes the mountain in its azure hue."

7. "Ladies, like variegated tulips show;
'Tis to their changes half their charms we owe."

8. "Many a Crest on air is streaming,
Many a helmet darkly gleaming;
Many an arm the axe uprears,
Doom'd to hew the wood of spears."

9. "Who would believe what strange bugbears,
Mankind creates itself of fears?"

10. "Attend to the compliments of congratulation or condolence that you hear a well-bred man make to his superiors, to his equals, and to his inferiors; watch even his countenance and his tone of voice, for they all conspire in the main point of of pleasing.

11. "How rarely reason guides the stubborn choice,
Rules the bold hand or prompts the suppliant voice."

12. "Remote from man, with God he passed the days,
Prayer all his business, all his pleasure praise."

13. "Whoe'er has travell'd life's dull round,
Where'er his stages may have been,
May sigh to think he still has found
The warmest welcome at an inn."

14. "A Tory in the true original meaning of the word, not to gloss it over with vain and artificial interpretations, was a maintainer of the infernal doctrine of arbitrary power and indefeasible right on the part of the sovereign, and of passive obedience and non-resistance on the part of the subject."

15. "Yet is there one true line, the line of pearls—
Man dreams of fame while woman wakes to love."

The selections have been chosen from well-known authors, and many of them will be placed without difficulty. Competitors in their answers need only put down the number of each quotation, with the name of the author and the work whence the extract is taken. In case the source is a play, the act and scene should be given; if a poem, the verse or line; and, if a prose composition, the chapter. If no competitor traces all the extracts, the Prize will be given to whoever fathers the largest number correctly.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*** As the Rules are omitted this week, it may be well to state that all answers to Puzzle No. 281 must be sent, on or before the morning of June 20, to the Puzzle Editor, TRUTH Buildings, Carteret-street, Queen Anne's Gate, London, S.W.

*** The real name and address of NUTSHELL, winner of Prize No. 276, are JOHN J. STOCKEN, Esq., 3, Heathfield-road, Acton, W.

ANATEDIGNUS.—Your real name must be sent before the cheque can be forwarded.

SVONOK.—I have noted the contents of your letter.

NE QUID NIMIS.—I am sorry that there was any mistake as to your application for the prize. It was owing to the first letter not reaching me that your name and address were placed in the Answers to Correspondents. The fact that two guineas has been won by "Ne Quid Nimis" is, however, indisputable.

SQUELETTE.—I have noted your correction; the word in your MS. being "springing," and not "gushing," as you thought. I cannot quite agree with you as to your objection to the Prize Anagram. It is rather straining what I said, I think, to object to "trivial," because it contains most of the letters of the word "rivals." I am much obliged to you for your suggestion.

CAM and NIL.—Your "Centos" reached me too late for publication, I am sorry to say.

THE PUZZLE EDITOR.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 279. ASSORTED SPECIMENS—GOOD AND OTHERWISE.

PARLIAMENTARY CAST OF SHERIDAN'S "SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL."

*** In the following Parliamentary cast of the "School for Scandal" it will be seen that the Government representative has in each case been placed first.

Sir Peter Teazle—W. E. Gladstone; Sir Stafford Northcote.
Sir Oliver Surface—Lord Hartington; Sir M. H. Beach.
Sir Harry Bumper—Sir Wilfrid Lawson; Sir Robert Peel.
Sir Benjamin Backbite—W. E. Forster; Henry Chaplin.
Joseph Surface—Joseph Cowen; E. Gibson.
Charles Surface—John Morley; E. Clarke.
Careless—H. Labouchere; Jas. Lowther.
Snake—Albert Grey; W. T. Marriott.
Crabtree—Peter Taylor; Charles Newdegate.
Rowley—John Bright; W. H. Smith.
Moses—Sir N. M. de Rothschild; Baron de Worms.
Trip—A. J. Mundella; Lord John Manners.
Lady Teazle—Joseph Chamberlain; Lord Randolph Churchill.
Lady Sneerwell—Sir W. Harcourt; Lord George Hamilton.
Mrs. Candour—G. J. Goschen; C. W. Warton.
Maria—William Woodall; E. Ashmead-Bartlett.
DAVID.

Sir Peter Teazle—Sir W. Harcourt; Rt. Hon. W. H. Smith.
Sir Oliver Surface—Lord Hartington; Sir M. H. Beach.
Sir Harry Bumper—Lord Kensington; Mr. H. Chaplin.
Sir Benjamin Backbite—Mr. H. Labouchere; Sir R. Cross.
Joseph Surface—Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice; Rt. Hon. H. C. Raikes.
Charles Surface—Mr. G. W. E. Russell; Lord R. Churchill.
Careless—Hon. H. F. Cowper; Hon. G. Dawnay.
Snake—Sir E. W. Watkin; Sir H. Tyler.
Crabtree—Sir T. Chambers; Mr. Warton.
Rowley—Rt. Hon. W. E. Gladstone; Sir Stafford Northcote.
Moses—Mr. Arthur Cohen; Baron H. de Worms.
Trip—Col. Gerard Smith; Rt. Hon. J. Lowther.
Lady Teazle—Mr. Cyril Flower; Lord E. Cecil.
Lady Sneerwell—Sir Charles Dilke; Lord G. Hamilton.
Mrs. Candour—Rt. Hon. W. E. Forster; Mr. Newdegate.
Maria—Mr. H. J. Gladstone; Mr. A. J. Balfour.
D. C. 21.

Joseph Surface—Mr. Chamberlain; Mr. Parnell.
Servant to Joseph—Mr. W. E. Gladstone; Mr. Biggar.
Mrs. Candour—Mr. W. E. Forster; Mr. Chaplin.
Lady Sneerwell—Mr. Jos. Cowen; Mr. Finch Hatton.
Snake—Mr. Bradlaugh; Mr. Healy.
Charles Surface—Sir Wilfrid Lawson; Lord Randolph Churchill.
Moses—Mr. Childers; Baron Henry de Worms.
Sir Peter Teazle—Lord Hartington; Sir Stafford Northcote.
Maria—Mr. Labouchere; Mr. A. J. Balfour.
Sir Harry Bumper—Sir T. Brassey; Mr. Lowther.
Trip—Mr. Geo. Russell; Mr. Gorst.
Sir Benjamin Backbite—Mr. Goschen; Mr. Marriott.
Sir Oliver Surface—Mr. John Bright; Lord John Manners.
Careless—Hon. — Spencer; Rev. J. Nelson.
Lady Teazle's Maid—Mr. H. Gladstone; Mr. Ashmead Bartlett.
Lady Teazle—Sir Charles Dilke; Sir Henry D. Wolff.
Crabtree—Sir Wm. V. Harcourt; Sir Robt. Peel.
Sir Toby—Mr. Storey; Mr. Warton.
Rowley—Mr. Fawcett; Mr. Gibson.
Servant to Charles—Mr. Henry Richard; Mr. Sexton.
Servant to Sir Peter—Mr. C. C. Cotes; Mr. H. S. Northcote.
Servant to Lady Sneerwell—Mr. Burt; Mr. Thornhill.
X. X X.

Sir Peter Teazle—Mr. Gladstone; Sir R. Cross.
Sir Oliver—John Bright; Sir S. Northcote.
Sir Harry Bumper—Marquis of Hartington; Sir H. D. Wolff.
Sir Benjamin Backbite—Lord G. Fitzmaurice; Mr. Healy.
Joseph Surface—Mr. Chamberlain; Mr. Parnell.
Charles Surface—Sir C. Dilke; Lord R. Churchill.
Careless—Mr. G. O. Trevelyan; Mr. Gorst.
Snake—Mr. J. Collins; Mr. Biggar.
Crabtree—Mr. Goschen; the Lord Mayor.
Rowley—Mr. Childers; Mr. W. H. Smith.
Moses—Mr. Labouchere; Mr. Marriott, Q.C.
Trip—Mr. H. Gladstone; Mr. Warton.
Lady Teazle—Mr. Courtney; Mr. A. Bartlett.
Lady Sneerwell—Sir W. Harcourt; Sir M. Hicks-Beach.
Mrs. Candour—Mr. Forster; Mr. Gibson.
Maria—Mr. Dodson; Lord G. Hamilton.
A. L. PARRY.

Sir Peter Teazle—Rt. Hon. W. E. Gladstone; Rt. Hon. Sir Stafford Northcote.
Sir Oliver Surface—Rt. Hon. John Bright; Lord John Manners.
Sir Harry Bumper (with song)—Sir Wilfrid Lawson; Rt. Hon. G. A. Cavendish-Bentinck.
Sir Benjamin Backbite—Mr. John Morley; Mr. Timothy M. Healy.
Joseph Surface—Rt. Hon. Joseph Chamberlain; Rt. Hon. Edward Gibson.
Charles Surface—Rt. Hon. George O. Trevelyan; Rt. Hon. David Plunket.
Careless—Sir Patrick O'Brien; Mr. Tom Collins.
Snake—Mr. Henry Labouchere; Mr. J. Eldon Gorst.
Crabtree—Mr. Leonard H. Courtney; Mr. Joseph Gillas Biggar.
Rowley—Mr. Peter Rylands; Mr. Newdegate.
Moses—Rt. Hon. H. C. E. Childers; Sir Joseph Neale McKenna.
Trip—Mr. Joseph Dodds; Mr. E. Ashmead-Bartlett.
Servant—Mr. Errington; Mr. Warton.
Lady Teazle—Lord Hartington; Lord Randolph S. Churchill.
Lady Sneerwell—Rt. Hon. G. J. Goschen; Sir Henry Drummond-Wolff.
Mrs. Candour—Rt. Hon. W. E. Forster; Mr. Wm. Thackeray Marriott.
Maria—Mr. Jesse Collings; Mr. Parnell.—CAM.

Sir Peter Teazle — Mr. Mundella; Lord John Manners.
Sir Oliver Surface—Rt. Hon. John Bright; Sir Stafford Northcote.
Sir Harry Bumper—H. R. Brassey, Esq.; Colonel Sir R. J. Loyd Lindsay.
Sir Benjamin Backbite—Rt. Hon. W. E. Forster; Mr. E. Clarke, Q.C.
Joseph Surface—Mr. Henry Labouchere; Rt. Hon. F. Stanley.
Charles Surface — Rt. Hon. Sir W. V. Harcourt; Lord George Hamilton.
Careless — Sir Wilfrid Lawson; Lord Randolph Churchill.
Snake—Sir E. W. Watkin; Mr. Warton.
Crabtree—Mr. John Holms; Mr. J. G. Biggar, or Sir M. Hicks-Beach.

Rowley — Rt. Hon. Hugh Childers; Sir Richard Cross.
Moses—Mr. Arthur Cohen; Rt. Hon. E. Gibson.
Trip—Hon. W. H. W. Fitzwilliam; Mr. W. T. Marriott, (Q.C.)
Lady Teazle—Mr. George W. E. Russell; Earl Percy.
Lady Sneerwell—Mr. Joseph Chamberlain; Rt. Hon. Cecil Raikes.
Mrs. Candour—Mr. J. Cowen (Newcastle); Rt. Hon. Robert Fowler (Lord Mayor).
Maria – Mr. Herbert Gladstone; Lord Algernon Percy. FIELD.

Sir Peter Teazle—Rt. Hon. W. E. Gladstone; Rt. Hon. Sir Stafford Northcote.
Sir Oliver Surface—Sir Thomas Brassey; Col. the Rt. Hon. Sir J. McGarel-Hogg.
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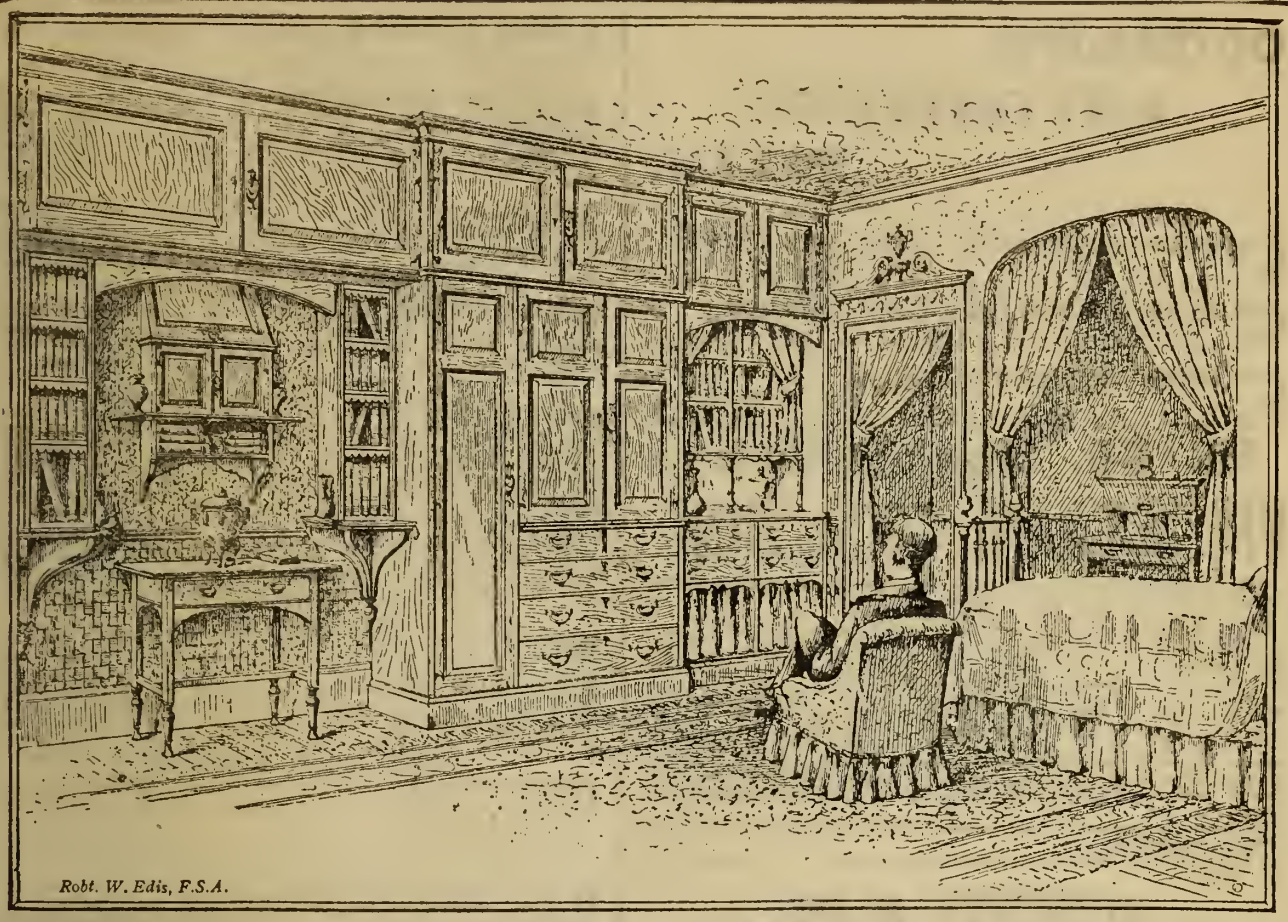

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• TRUTH •

"Cultores Veritatis Fraudis Inimici."—*Cicero.*

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ENTRE NOUS.

THE Queen and Princess Beatrice were to have arrived at Windsor on Saturday morning, but the weather at Balmoral is so fine, and her Majesty has been so much benefited by her month's residence there, that it is possible that the removal of the Court may be put off till Monday. The Queen is to stay at Windsor for about three weeks, and will then remove to Osborne till the third week in August, when the Court will go back to Balmoral till November.

I HEAR that efforts have been made to induce her Majesty to reconsider her decision not to allow any Drawing-rooms this year, and that they have been supported by the Prince and Princess of Wales, but without avail. It is expected, however, that there will be two Levées early next month.

LORD SANDHURST and Lord Edward Pelham-Clinton go to Windsor Castle next Tuesday as lord- and groom-in-waiting, and Lady Abercromby as lady-in-waiting. Their term of duty lasts till July 8.

IT is not true that the Queen has purchased, or is about to purchase, the Villa Nevada, at Cannes, the house in which the Duke of Albany died.

HER MAJESTY will send a model of a Swiss chalet to the Forestry Exhibition at Edinburgh. It has been executed by a forester on the Balmoral estate. The Prince of Wales will also be an exhibitor, and will send a fine collection of sporting trophies. The exhibition opens on July 1.

ON Saturday, the Prince and Princess of Wales returned to Marlborough House after an absence from England of seven weeks. They travelled home direct from Wiesbaden, having come back more than a week sooner than they had originally intended, in accordance with the Queen's wish. The statement that the Prince had commenced taking the waters at Wiesbaden is untrue.

THE Prince will probably visit Newmarket during the July week; but H.R.H. has intimated to the managers of the Baden-Baden races that his engagements will prevent his attendance at that meeting this year.

I ANNOUNCED some time ago that Prince Edward would go to study in Germany at the end of the Cambridge year. It has been decided to send him to Heidelberg, where he will probably stay till the beginning of August, when he will return home to join his parents in Scotland.

As the absurd story of Prince Alfred of Edinburgh's betrothal to the little daughter of the King and Queen of the Netherlands has appeared in so many newspapers, I may as well state that it is entirely imaginative. Apart from the obvious objection to such an arrangement, it seems to have been forgotten that the little Prince is heir (after his father) to the Duchy of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, a fact which at once excludes him from the list of candidates for the position of Prince Consort at the Hague, if ever the Princess Wilhelmine comes to the Throne.

THE King of the Netherlands has been seriously ill at Carlsbad during the last ten days, and his condition causes much anxiety. The King's illness has been kept very quiet.

IT is said that the principal cause of Prince Alexander of Holland's illness is the vitiated atmosphere in which he lived. Sixty parrots were kept in his bedroom, and the bad smell produced by the birds and their cages is supposed to have induced typhus fever. Lovers of "domestic pets" had better take warning.

THE Grand Duke and Grand Duchess Serge, of Russia, will come to England shortly on a visit to the Queen.

MADAME DE KALOMINE (Countess von Romrod) is to receive her annuity of £1,000 a year from the Grand Duke of Hesse even if she contracts another marriage. The Grand Duke contemplates abdicating in favour of his son, Prince Ernest, who is not yet sixteen.

COUNT AND COUNTESS KAROLYI have returned to the Austrian Embassy from visiting the Duke of Portland and Lady Bolsover at Welbeck. They leave about the middle of next month for Germany, on their way to Hungary, and will not return to England till towards the close of the year.

DURING the Ascot meeting Count Münster stayed with Baron Schroeder, and took his coach down for the week.

SIR BARTLE FRERE has left very little money behind him, and his widow and family are but poorly provided for. It is probable, however, that Lady Frere will get a pension, and that the Queen will offer her apartments at Hampton Court. Sir Bartle Frere has left ample materials for a biography; but the most interesting portions

of his papers and correspondence could not well be published for some years to come.

Mr. Bromley-Davenport, who died so suddenly on Sunday last, was very popular in the House of Commons. He spoke seldom, but always to the point. I trust that the outrageous conduct of the Staffordshire Yeomanry will lead to no more public money being wasted upon this most useless cavalry. The Staffordshire heroes have killed their Colonel through over-excitement, they have stormed the stage of a theatre, shut up the manager, daubed over a statue of Dr. Johnson with black paint, knocked a cabman off his box, ill treated a horse, and otherwise disported themselves. If the Duke of Cambridge does not cashier every officer who took part in these disgraceful scenes, there is no knowing to what lengths the officers and men of Yeomanry regiments will not proceed. The Yeomanry costs us annually about £60,000, and the regiments are only kept up in order to enable a number of persons to wear uniforms, and to play at soldiers for a few days in the year.

There were no rejoicings on Lord Ailesbury's estates in celebration of the coming of age of Lord Savernake, but the tenants presented him with a piece of plate—a gift which, I presume, may be regarded as bread cast upon the waters, to be found after many days. Lord Savernake has purchased The Hatch, a pretty place on the Thames, between Bray and Windsor.

The marriage of Mr. Hallam Tennyson and Miss Audrey Boyle was to have taken place in Henry VII.'s Chapel, but the roof of this portion of the Abbey is in so bad a condition that it is not thought safe to hold a service there. The ceremony will therefore take place in the choir of the Abbey next Wednesday afternoon. The Dean is to tie the knot, and there will be full choral service. The Trinity Sunday hymn, "Holy, holy, holy," is to be sung by special request of Lord Tennyson, who prefers it to the hymn which is usually selected on such occasions.

Last week, the new private chapel at Beaufort Castle, Inverness-shire, was formally consecrated by the Bishop of Salford. Lord and Lady Lovat (who are passing the summer in Scotland) entertained a large party on the day of the function. It is not expected that the new Castle will be ready for occupation before the spring of 1886.

Lord and Lady Howe have returned to town from Penn House, Bucks, where they have been staying for some time. I am glad to hear that Lady Curzon is now progressing favourably towards recovery from her long and dangerous illness.

I regret to hear that Lord and Lady Alington have been in much anxiety about their eldest daughter, who has been seriously ill at Crichel.

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The Duke and Duchess of Bedford have been staying for the last three weeks at Norris Castle, their place in the Isle of Wight, near East Cowes. The Duke has been cruising in his large steam yacht, *Northumbria*.

I stated last week that Lord and Lady Pembroke would return to Wilton from the Mediterranean in the course of a few days. I now hear that they will only remain at home for a short time, as they propose going to Sweden for six weeks.

The Duke of Rutland's schooner *Shark* has completed her refit at Lymington, and is now lying in the Solent awaiting her owner, who intends to cruise in her for the next two months.

I hear that the extensive, and, as some people would say, extraordinary amount of repairs in connection with Sir Thomas Brassey's *Sunbeam* are nearly completed. All, in fact, that is left to be done is to pay the bill—no small one, I should think—seeing that the yacht was three months in dock, and has practically a new teak bottom.

The Earl of Caithness is proceeding north in the *Francesca*, and will shortly entertain a party of friends at Barrogill Castle.

Sir Henry Meux, who has been travelling in America for several months, will return home in a few weeks to pass the shooting season at Ceannacroc Forest, Inverness-shire, which he rents with the adjacent shooting of Glenloyne. Both are on the Glenmoriston estate, and extend over 60,000 acres.

The Duke of Roxburghe has gone to Norway for six weeks' salmon-fishing.

A salmon of 60 lb. was caught last week in the Tay, at Kinfauns, just below Perth. This is the heaviest fish that has been taken this year in any river in Great Britain.

The Marchwood Park estate, in Hants, the property of the late Mr. Holloway, was put up for sale last week at the reserve price of £35,000, but £26,000 was the highest bid. The reserve was certainly not too high, for the property is worth £1,160 a year, and within the last four years a large sum has been expended on improvements. The house, moreover, is a good one, and the park and grounds are very picturesque.

Oakley Court, near Windsor, the riverside residence of the late Lord Otho Fitzgerald, was also offered in vain, nor was there an adequate bid for the Willows, a villa in the same neighbourhood. This latter residence, which belongs to Captain Brocklehurst, has been let, till Michaelmas, to Colonel and Mrs. Cecil Duncombe.

There was an alarming fire one night last week at Cardiff Castle, but luckily it was confined to out-buildings, and the main structure was not damaged.

The statement that Lord Holmesdale entertained friends at Linton Park during the Maidstone Show was erroneous. His lordship was stopping with Mr. and Mrs. Henry Brassey, at Preston Hall.

Baron Rothschild has purchased a large breeding stock of white and Berkshire pigs from the choice collection of Mr. Saunders, of Sutton, Dorsetshire, as he intends to establish a large herd at one of his farms in France.

Lord Somerton is starting a new pack of foxhounds in South Wilts, to hunt the country which was given up last year by Lord Radnor.

There were a number of members of the R.Y.S. at Cowes last week, including the Duke of Bedford, Lord Londonderry, Lord Edward Russell, General Owen Williams, Mr. Whitbread, M.P., Mr. F. Thynne, Colonel Dugmore, and Sir R. King.

That celebrated handicap racer, *Vanessa*, made her appearance at Plymouth a short time since, much to the astonishment of the local crafts, as well as of her old antagonists farther east. Her luck, however, was not of the best, as after a foul with a ten-tonner she lost not only the prize but also her topmast.

A friend of mine told me last winter that he was laughed at by "a great authority" for saying that a three-tonner could beat a thirty-foot boat in a sea. Yet I gather from the *Field* that the new *Currytush* to all intents and purposes beat the *Eclipse* in that kind of weather at the late Dover Regatta.

The Leamington Archery Meeting took place in the Jephson Gardens last Thursday and Friday, and was a considerable success, the only disappointing feature being the comparative absence of young competitors. I wonder that more ladies do not patronise this amusement, as it is far more effective for the display of female charms divine than lawn-tennis. But, then, I suppose it is difficult to obtain lookers-on, and what is the good of a pretty picture if there be no one to admire it?

In spite of the absence of Royalty, the Ascot meeting this year was a most distinct success from every point of view but that of the hapless backers of favourites. Contrary to precedent, there was not a drop of rain, and the crowd, especially on the Cup Day, was tremendous. The train-service was, of course, as vile as usual, an hour and a-half to an hour and three-quarters being the average time occupied on the journey each way. A notable improvement, however, has been effected on the path which leads from the station to the Grand Stand. It has been asphalted the whole distance.

Lord Portsmouth took advantage of the absence of Royalty, and appeared at Ascot, in the enclosure and on the Jockey Club stand, in his favourite white "pot" hat. About ten years ago, the then Master of the Buckhounds solemnly took Lord Portsmouth aside on the first day of the race, and hinted that a "pot" hat was hardly the right thing to wear in the enclosure when it was honoured by the presence of Royalty, so that till Tuesday last he has since appeared in a hat of conventional shape—a white one, of course. Lord Portsmouth will entertain a large party at Hurstbourne Park next week for Stockbridge races.

A most curious accident happened in the Royal enclosure on the Cup Day. A lady's dress was suddenly discovered to be on fire, and if it had not been for the presence of mind of Lord Hardwicke and some other bystanders, who promptly extinguished the blaze with their overcoats, the consequences might have been exceedingly serious. The cause of the fire was a lighted match carelessly thrown down by some one after lighting his cigar. Oddly enough, the accident was repeated on the following day in a precisely similar fashion, only that on the second occasion the fire was detected and extinguished somewhat more quickly.

As an instance of the heavy losses sustained by "backers" at Ascot last week, a correspondent tells me that the Blues, who are quartered at Windsor, and their friends who were staying with them in barracks, lost over £40,000 up to Wednesday evening, and that their total losses on the week amounted to over £50,000. Mr. Samuel Lewis also was a very heavy loser, and this, although Mr. Samuel promptly paid, has rendered the settlement all the more difficult.

The Australians fully deserve their victory over Notts, as their second innings was a genuine exhibition of plucky cricket. As has often been the case at a critical juncture, Blackham, the wicket-keeper, made a most useful score, and, if his style will not bear comparison with that of the cracks, he is nearly, if not quite, the most trustworthy batsman I know of at a pinch. So far the Australians have won six, lost three, and drawn one of their ten engagements—not quite so good a record as that of former teams.

Mr. F. Fargus, the author of "Called Back," who is about to leave Bristol to reside in London, was entertained by the Mayor last Thursday at a farewell dinner, at which about sixty of the leading inhabitants of Bristol and Clifton were present. Mr. Fargus has accepted a number of engagements—too many, I should say—for he has on hand a serial story for *Macmillan's*, a story for *Harper's*, and another for the *Graphic*.

Newspaper blunders are frequent nowadays, though they are not often so absurd as the one made by the *Times*, in the report of the Home Hospitals Association at the Mansion House last week, in which it is stated that there had been in the course of the year "upwards of 160 *acres* of operation, in addition to the medical cases." Happily there were only eight deaths in such a remarkably large field of surgery.

I am requested by "the inmates" of the Royal Hospital for Incurables at Putney to state that a sale of their work, for their own benefit, will be held at the hospital on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, June 24, 25, and 26. The sale will be open each day from two to seven o'clock.

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I hear that there is some talk of opening the Health Exhibition "for the people" on Sundays. I cannot think that there would be any difficulty in obtaining the services of any number of amateur care-takers; the Jews, for instance, would, I am sure, be only too happy to help the Christians to a little rational enlightenment, as Sunday is nothing but an enforced holiday to them. We must recollect, too, that Moses was very strong on health—indeed, Leviticus is about little else. The difficulty would be with the refreshment-rooms. A considerable staff of skilled workmen and women would be required there, especially if the kitchens were going. But I should meet that difficulty by shutting up the kitchen, and opening the Museum in the afternoon only, when people are not supposed to want heavy food. Should it be found necessary, there could be stalls similar to railway refreshment-bars for light refreshment. If there is really a will to get the Exhibition open on Sundays—and I believe there is a hearty good-will as far as the London masses are concerned—I have no doubt a way will soon be found; but, as the summer is stealing on, the sooner it is found the better.

"The Busybody," Mrs. Centlivre's comedy, which Miss Kate Vaughan will revive at a Gaiety matinée on the 27th inst., was first performed at Drury Lane Theatre, on May 12, 1709. Mr. Estcourt then played Sir Francis Gripe; Mr. Bullock, Sir Jealous Traffick; Mr. Wilks, Sir George Airey; Mr. Mills, Charles; Mr. Pock, Marplot; Mrs. Cross, Miranda; Mrs. Rogers, Isabinda; Mrs. Saunders, Patch; and Mrs. Mills, Scentwell. At the Haymarket, in the summer of 1855, Miss Reynolds played Miranda; and in the following year the character was sustained at Drury Lane by Miss M. Oliver. The late Miss Litton revived the piece again in February, 1881.

In the forthcoming revival of "Twelfth Night" at the Lyceum, Miss Ellen Terry's brother will make his appearance as an actor, and will play Sebastian to his sister's Viola. It is also possible that Miss Terry's eldest daughter will also make her *début* on this occasion.

Madame Patti has signed an agreement with Mr. Mapleson to sing in America in the autumn. Although she does not leave till November, she has already received £1,600 in cash, and is to have £3,000 more in October. In addition to this, security is to be given for a further sum of £10,000 before she sings a note. The remuneration is to be at the rate of £800 for each concert, and all expenses paid.

Sarah Bernhardt has signed an engagement for seven years with M. Mayer, the director of the French Plays at the Gaiety, who has taken the Porte St. Martin.

The ceremony of Commemoration proper at Oxford this morning (Wednesday) is likely to be rather a dull affair, as there are to be no honorary degrees conferred this year "owing to the death of the Duke of Albany." I do not quite see the connection between the two things, I must confess; but it is not by any means an unmixed evil to leave out a year's degrees, for the "honour" was getting decidedly cheap, and it is rather a mark of distinction now not to be a D.C.L. Another item of the regular programme which will have to be left out is the recital of the Latin essay, for which there were no candidates at all this year. This, however, is an omission which the undergraduates, and still more their cousins, their sisters, and their aunts, will, I should imagine, bear with considerable equanimity.

The girl-undergraduates at Cambridge had their innings the other day in the Moral Sciences Tripos, when the only first-class was a Newnham student, but they were rather "out of it" in the longer and more important class-lists which were read in the Senate-house on Saturday. In the Classical Tripos the ladies had no first-class; and in the Mathematical they had no wranglers, and their best "man" was only equal to the forty-fourth on the list.

A very practical step has been taken by the authorities of All Souls' College towards establishing at Oxford the Long Vacation Term, which is so popular at Cambridge. The excellent law library of the College is to be kept open until the middle of August, and one or other of the Fellows learned in the law will be present during some part of each day "to assist students in their reading." If All Souls' means to bestir itself, and justify its existence, there will soon be no more unreformed corporations left, even in Oxford.

The Tercentenary of Uppingham School is to be celebrated next Thursday. Lord Carnarvon and the Bishops of Peterborough, Carlisle, and Manchester will take part in the proceedings, and the sermon at the special service in the school chapel will be preached by the Bishop of Oxford.

Whatever faults the Dean of Chichester may possess, he certainly has the courage of his opinions. Preaching the University sermon in New College Chapel on Trinity Sunday, the Dean honoured the day and the audience by a philippic against the admission of women to University privileges. The text of this appropriate discourse was the twenty-seventh verse of the first chapter of Genesis. I should have thought that the words "male and female created He them" might have suggested more liberal sentiments.

Professor Jowett's annual appearance in the Westminster Abbey pulpit is fixed for next Sunday evening. The special evening services, which will be continued till July 27, have been held in the nave since the reopening of the great organ.

Archdeacon Anson is about to resign his residentiary canonry in Manchester Cathedral. The stall is in the gift of the Bishop, and will in future be annexed, under an Act of Parliament, to the living of St. Matthew's, Campfield, which has just become vacant.

Canon Birch, whose resignation of the valuable rectory of Prestwich was announced last week, is now residing at Clevedon. He may live for some time, but he is in a deplorable state of health, and there is no hope of his ever being able to do any duty again.

International Health Exhibition.—In referring to Messrs. Fry's Exhibit of Cocoa and Chocolate, *The Grocer* says:—"Their goods are displayed in an exceedingly attractive style—the Chocolate Creams and similar articles of Confectionery are offered to consumers in the most dainty form, and the boxes in which they are placed are quite works of art. They turn out nothing but the best.'

I have received a courteous letter from Captain C. W. White, Military Editor of the *Army and Navy Gazette*, who says that I have misunderstood him in supposing that he advocates so "dangerous" a change as the substitution of a soldier for a civilian as Secretary of State for War. I regret that I should have misrepresented the opinions of one who evidently has the interests of the army so much at heart. Captain White desires to see the "civil control" limited, but not suppressed. "The principle"—I quote his own words—"which gives us a civilian in Parliament to answer questions on matters affecting the army, and to be responsible for expenditure, is undoubtedly a good one." But this civilian must confine his functions strictly within these narrow limits, and must leave the control and administration of the army to the Commander-in-Chief. The army must be in a very bad way, and Captain White must indeed be sanguine, if he thinks the country will ever consent to such an arrangement.

As I pointed out the other day, the army is no longer the "Queen's army;" it belongs to the country. This question was raised, and finally decided in 1871, when Purchase was abolished at an enormous cost, and the Commander-in-Chief was made subordinate to the Secretary of State. In paying for the abolition of Purchase, Parliament, so to speak, bought the army from the Crown. Thenceforward it became no longer a Royal, but a Democratic institution.

If soldiers would govern the Army cheaper and better than civilians—and it is quite conceivable they would—by all means let them do so. Military control is not inconsistent with Parliamentary responsibility. My only stipulation is that the head of the Army, whether soldier or civilian, shall be in the Cabinet, and shall be answerable to Parliament for his actions. To return, I repeat, to the system of irresponsible control of the Army by the Sovereign, or by the Sovereign's deputy—the Commander-in-Chief—is out of the question.

A supplementary estimate will shortly be presented to the House of Commons for the purpose of obtaining sanction to the approved plans for the new War Office and Admiralty, and also to secure the necessary authority to commence the preliminary work. The sum which will be required for the removal of the present buildings in Pall Mall and Whitehall, and for the erection of the new works, will appear in the ordinary estimates for the next financial year.

Sir George Willis is certainly doing his best to wake up the Southern District. Weekly brigade drills have been established for all the regular troops, the entire Militia force of the district is to be inspected by the General himself while it is in training, and a similar inspection of Volunteers is to take place in the autumn. This active interest in the efficiency of the auxiliary forces is a particularly good example to general officers commanding districts. I therefore hope that Sir George will do something more than verify the old adage about new brooms.

In order to assist men discharged from the Army in obtaining employment in civil life, it has been decided to keep at the headquarters of each regimental district a register of the names of old soldiers anxious to obtain civil appointments. Why do not the War Office people start a similar register for half-pay officers?

Something very like a panic exists among the officers and crew of the *Hecate*, the turret ship which has just been commissioned for service with the Reserve Squadron. The causes of their apprehensions are twofold. In the first place, it is asserted on excellent authority that the ship is totally unseaworthy, being dangerously top-heavy, and much too deep in the water. In the second, the accommodation for the ship's company is scandalously bad. They are to be cooped up in a narrow space below the water-line, which, even when all the hatchways and ventilating apertures are open, is said to be unfit for human beings to live in. If, however, the vessel should meet with rough weather, the whole of the hatchways must be battened down, when the atmosphere would, of course, become utterly unendurable. Last week the *Hecate* went on a three hours' trial trip in perfectly smooth water. The temperature of the engine-room was 91°, between the cylinders 103°, and in the stokehole 144°. Would it not be well if "My Lords" took a preliminary trip in the ship, and tried the effect of spending a night, with the whole of the hatchways battened down, in the space allotted to the crew?

Vice-Admiral Sir Leopold M'Clintock will be retired (from age) next month, which will promote Rear-Admiral Somerset; while Captain Heneage will obtain flag rank. The next promotion will be that of Sir William Hewett, in October, which will render vacant the coveted East Indian command, which is worth nearly £4,000 a year, besides a house at Bombay and another at Trincomalee.

Admiral Lyons, the Commander-in-Chief of the Pacific station, has just perpetrated an exceedingly gross job. His flag-lieutenant happens to be his nephew, and so he has just appointed him to the acting-command of the *Kingfisher*, to convey that vessel to England, although two out of the three lieutenants of the *Kingfisher* are his seniors in the service. These two officers are, of course, placed in the absurd position of having to serve on their own ship under their junior.

The naval prize essay, written by Captain Johnstone, late of the *Dryad*, was announced for discussion at the Royal United Service Institution last Wednesday. The president, Admiral Ryder, gave notice, however, that the four principal questions, dealing with the efficiency of the navy, were not to be touched upon. Under these circumstances I fail to see what possible good could result from the discussion. Naval alarmists may have overstated their case, but to stifle the expression of opinion is certainly not the best way to restore public confidence.

In this essay Captain Johnstone conclusively proves the absurdity of maintaining the present number of flag

Mr. Streeter, 18, New Bond-street, London, having decided to retire from the Jewellery Trade offers his Valuable Stock of Diamond Ornaments, Gem Jewellery, &c., at a great reduction. The public will therefore have special opportunities for the next few months of obtaining some of this high-class stock on advantageous terms.

officers on the active list. He has made a calculation that if we were engaged in war, and every ship in the navy were on active service, there would still be a surplus of seventeen flag officers and captains for whom it would be utterly impossible to find employment, although there is a deficiency in every other branch of the service.

At Aldershot a week or two ago a captain in the Salvation Army, charged with obstructing a public thoroughfare, refused to pay a fine, and requested to be imprisoned. The Bench very judiciously declined to gratify his whim, and discharged the man. The disappointed candidate for martyrdom, however, insisted on being sent to prison, and clamoured so vociferously for his rights that he had to be forcibly removed from the court. Under these circumstances, it is rather incomprehensible why the man should have been arrested a week later, and favoured with a lodging in Winchester gaol. The best punishment for an offender of this class would be to treat him as a child, and give him a whipping.

Mr. Flowers appears to have laid down a most important precedent with regard to the application of the vaccination laws. William B. Booth, a son of the "General," was summoned last week for neglecting to have his child vaccinated. After adjourning the case for the convenience of the defendant, the magistrate decided to fine him half-a-crown, alleging, as his reason for this leniency, that Booth's objections to vaccination were of a "conscientious" nature, as distinguished from an obstinate refusal. But it is only fair to assume that a large majority of anti-vaccinators are quite as conscientious as even the most ardent adherent of the Salvation Army, and are just as much entitled to have the purity of their motives taken into account. Hence, if other magistrates follow Mr. Flowers's example, half-a-crown fines will become universal, which means that vaccination may just as well be at once made optional.

Mr. W. E. Petherick applied to Major Poyntz, Chief Constable of the Essex Constabulary, to John Baker, J.P., and to E. A. Widd, J.P., asking for their consent to a summons being issued against John Page, J.P., and William Gregson, solicitor, both of Southend, for having, as trustees of the Shrubbery and Pier, violated the law respecting Sunday trading on June 1, by the issue of tickets sold for money. The Chief Constable and the Magistrates applied to, declined to give permission. Therefore in Southend, whilst aged women are fined again and again for gaining their bread by the sale of a few sweetmeats on Sundays, both the Chief Constable and the Magistrates hold that a brother magistrate has a perfect right to act as trustee for a company which sells entrance tickets to a pier and a public garden on that day.

The price of meat and fish has long been regulated, not by the laws of supply and demand, but by the operations of certain trade "rings," and it is by no means pleasant to discover that even bread cannot be sold without the interference of these highly objectionable associations. In the Queen's Bench last week a baker brought an action for libel against a paper called the *Bakers' Record*. It appeared that a bakers' association had been formed for the purpose of fixing the price of bread, and had decided that it should be sold at 6d. a quartern. The plaintiff, however, sold his bread at 5d. a quartern, and for this heinous offence he was roundly abused by the other bakers, and by the defendant newspaper. I am glad to see that he got a verdict; a result which I trust will encourage other tradesmen to resist similar selfish tyranny.

I should not have considered a prison a particularly enviable possession for a country town; but the good people of Taunton are apparently of a different way of thinking. A communication was recently sent from the Home Office, notifying that Taunton prison would be closed after July 31 next, and directing magistrates to commit prisoners to Bristol or Exeter. This announcement has, oddly enough, caused much indignation in the town; a public meeting is to be held, and a protest is to be addressed to Sir William Harcourt on the subject. There is no accounting for taste.

There are to be great doings at Winchester next month to celebrate the seven-hundredth anniversary of the mayoralty of the city, and the Lord Mayor of London has promised to attend. The office of Mayor of Winchester has, I believe, the advantage of exactly twenty-five years over that of London. The most interesting feature in the Winchester festivities will be a series of historical tableaux, one of which is to be carried out by the college boys. The tableaux are to be arranged on platforms mounted on wheels, and taken round the town. They will thus somewhat resemble what we used to be taught at school were the first attempts of the Greek drama. I do not know if the local wit will be up to supplying the "jokes from the cart" which were, I believe, another feature of the early Greek carnivals.

The Swansea Town Council have come to a very sensible conclusion in giving permission for bands to play in the public parks on Sunday. A deputation of clergymen of all denominations attended before the Council to protest against such desecration; but it was pointed out that a religious census had shown only one-third of the population of the borough to be church or chapel-goers, and that the two-thirds who preferred some other form of Sunday occupation were just as much entitled to have "something done for them" as the remaining one-third. The reasoning and the conclusion alike of the Swansea Town Council might well be imitated in other places.

Sir John Bennett has just experienced another striking proof of the courtesy and justice which are so proverbial among the members of the Common Council. At their last meeting he presented a petition of the Committee of the St. Thomas, Charterhouse, School of Science and Art for a grant towards the improvement of the buildings. On rising to move that the petition be referred to the Coal,

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Corn, and Finance Committee, Sir John was literally howled down. Loud hisses, yells of "Traitor" and "Turn him out" prevailed for several minutes, and he entirely failed to get a hearing. The object of the petition was admitted to be most deserving, and it was eventually referred to the Committee on the motion of another member. The alleged reason for the extraordinary behaviour of the Common Councilmen was that Sir John had recently ventured to disparage Sir Robert Carden, but it is perfectly evident that the Common Council is firmly imbued with the belief that no good thing can come out of the mouth of one who has dared to question its infallibility and perfection.

At the same meeting, an instructive incident occurred during the election of a City Coroner to succeed the late Mr. Payne. One of the candidates was a Mr. Greenfield, who was reasonably suspected of being a member of the Municipal Reform League. On being asked if this terrible imputation were true, Mr. Greenfield was compelled to admit that it was, a statement which was received with such unmistakable signs of disapprobation that he promptly withdrew his candidature. After this, all the candidates were examined one by one on the same point, and, their answers proving satisfactory, the Council proceeded to the election. I think it would puzzle even an Alderman to adduce any valid reason why a municipal reformer should not be capable of filling efficiently the office of City Coroner.

I see that one of the organs of the Corporation alleges, in view of Mr. Hadley's bankruptcy, that Mr. Fowler's election ought to convince everybody that the prayer which forms the City motto, "Domine dirige nos," has been directly answered. To say that Providence directs the Court of Aldermen is, I think, about the grossest instance of blasphemy that has been indulged in for a long time.

Now that it has at last been satisfactorily discovered who are the authorities responsible for the statue of Queen Anne in front of St. Paul's, her noseless Majesty is to be removed, I am glad to learn. The Corporation have found the money, and "the trustees of the fabric of the cathedral" have approved a design for a new statue. The new statue must undoubtedly be an improvement on the old, than which it is utterly impossible to imagine anything worse; but personally, I am inclined to think that the greatest improvement would be to have no statue there at all. Any small statue must be dwarfed into absurdity by the west front, and a large one would spoil the effect of the approach.

A correspondent who answered an advertisement for a secretaryship, received the following reply :—

Sir,—Your letter respecting the Assistant Secretaryship is to hand. Our present secretary, Mr. Sidney Tomkins, is a member of the Court of Common Council, and has other duties also devolving on him that make it impossible for him to give his full time to the Company. He has, therefore, requested me to endeavour to find him a colleague for a portion of the week, and thus the appointment we have to offer.

Your arrangement would be with Mr. Tomkins to take half his shares (500) which would be £250, do half the work (3 days a week), and take half his agreed salary, £300 (which will be £150, with £20 added as dividends). The Company is not a new one, having been established now over three years, and taking over a business founded 1869, since which year Mr. Tomkins has been identified with it.—Truly yours, W. J. Morgan.

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5, Friar-street, Broadway, E.C., June 5, 1884.

The announcement that the firm of Bryant & May is to be converted into a limited liability company reminds me of Bernal Osborne's *mot*, when asked at Ascot if he had seen the coach driven by one of the partners in that business. "Oh, yes," he said, "it was a well-matched team enough, and young Bryant looked very striking on the box."

Two tournaments, with poetasters as the champions, recently "came off" in America and France. In the former country, Barnum offered a prize of five hundred dollars for the best poem on his white elephant; and at Epernay a vintner offered five prizes for as many "best" poems on champagne. Nothing is known as to the merits of the French contest; but several of the elephantine rhymings have crossed the Atlantic. This verse, from an unsuccessful competitor is, I am assured, a fair specimen of the majority of the rejected verses :—

"Not sacred thou because the Burmese priests
Bow down before thy tusks with solemn hush.
But sacred since thy dark and heathen hide
Was touched by our black brother's whitewash brush."

A correspondent of the *Indépendance Belge*, writing a few days ago from Marseilles, gave a most horrible account of the way in which the authorities there deal with stray dogs. Instead of destroying them in a merciful manner, "every dog condemned to die has his throat caught and tightly squeezed in one of the nooses that are hanging above its head, and the gibbet is suddenly uplifted." As, however, this does not kill them, a fiend in human shape, whilst the poor animals are fighting with each other in their horrible convulsions, deals ill-directed blows with a wooden mallet in a promiscuous manner, "scattering," as the letter says, "eyes, teeth, fragments of brains, and jets of blood over the other victims, who are waiting their turn to be slaughtered." The writer goes on to add that the "Municipal Council at one time thought of replacing this butchery by drowning," but the idea only "remains a project, and the hanging and the blows with the mallet still continue." The sooner the Municipal Council is relieved of its duties, the better, I should think it would be, not only for the unfortunate dogs of Marseilles, but also for the credit of every one in the place, to whom the present condition of affairs is a standing disgrace.

A newspaper, being meant to suit the tastes of a great many different readers, must necessarily deal with a great many different topics; but I have seldom seen the *olla podrida* of the daily press so strongly marked as in one of last week's issues of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, when two columns were devoted to Schopenhauer's philosophy and

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four to Pears' soap. The force of contrast could hardly go further than between the obscurity of that philosopher and the "transparency" of the famous soap. The editor's left eye was evidently directed towards maintaining the literary status of the paper, whilst his right took care that he should continue to have a paper to maintain.

President Arthur has been shunted by his party. He certainly illustrates the old saw about history repeating itself—for no Vice-President who succeeded to the Presidency ever received a re-nomination to it at the end of his term: Tyler, in 1844; Fillmore, in 1852; Johnson, in 1868, "tried their level best," as the political slang of the States expresses it, but unsuccessfully.

Certain members belonging to the American press are emptying vials of wrath on Truth for its "insult" to American women *quoad* their eagerness to marry titles. Yet a poll of the American colony here would, I feel sure, bring a chorus of "Yes! yes! yes!" as affirmatively strong as that of the three sons of Gama in the "Princess Ida."

The advocates of Women's Suffrage made a mistake in raising the issue on the Reform Bill. This Bill is limited in its scope, and had the Government left the question of Women's Suffrage an open one, it could hardly have refused to treat many other amendments on their merits.

Whether women ought or ought not to be granted the suffrage is a matter on which there is much to be said on both sides. To assert that they have a right to it because men enjoy it is begging the entire question, for the simple reason that women are not men. Women's franchise would create a social revolution, and its advocates have first to show that any considerable number of women wish for it. My own impression is that the vast majority prefer to be angels at the hearth to becoming electresses at the poll. Occasionally a woman has the intellect of a man, but, as in the case of Queen Elizabeth, her intelligence is usually marred by being united with the weaknesses of a woman. Amongst what Sir Henry James has irreverently styled the "shrieking sisterhood," there are many charming ladies; but the rule holds good, that most of them wish to be successes as men, because they are failures as women.

Women, having votes, would naturally insist upon being eligible as Parliamentary candidates. Now I suppose that it will be admitted that a lady would hardly be able to cumulate the functions of an M.P. with the obligations involved in bringing up a family. Political functions could therefore only be undertaken by women who are not blessed with babies. The result would be that Parliament would be composed of beings who would be—so to say—sexless. The men would be womanish and the women would be manish. Ultimately, woman's rights would gravitate into man's wrongs.

During the debate last Thursday it seemed to be taken for granted by the advocates of Mr. Woodall's amendment that women are in all respects better than men, and that morality and every other virtue would be increased were they to have votes. I greatly doubt, however, whether women are better than men. They have often qualities which are not so common amongst men, and not unfrequently they have quicker perceptions. But, on the other hand, they are not so sure. You may generally count upon a sensible man not suddenly making an utter fool of himself, but you never can be certain that the cleverest of women will not commit some sudden act of transcendent folly. Women are impulsive and emotional. They are the slaves of impulse and influence. Those who are not, are the exceptions which prove the rule.

Mr. J. P. Robertson, a well-known Edinburgh "advocate," will be the Tory candidate for Buteshire in place of Mr. Dalrymple, who has promised to contest Midlothian.

It was announced in Truth about a month ago that Mr. Llewellyn, of Longford Court, would be the Tory candidate for East Somerset in place of Sir Philip Miles, who intends to retire. This arrangement of the Tory "caucus" was formally made known to the constituency last week, and confident hopes are expressed that Lord Brooke and Mr. Llewellyn will be returned unopposed. As there has been a great deal of noisy exultation about the Liberal successes in the various Registration Courts of this division, I must say it will be exceedingly discreditable if the Tory supremacy again remains unchallenged. Lord Carlingford and Lord Cork, two members of the Ministry, are also two of the largest landowners in East Somerset, and it behoves them to stir up their apathetic neighbours. Lord Brooke never lives in the county, and Mr. Llewellyn, who is a new settler, is not much known; so that the Liberals need not be frightened by the personal strength of the party in possession.

Should Ministers be beaten on their Egyptian plans in the House of Commons, they will not dissolve, but will resign. The question then will be whether the Conservatives will be able to form a Government. This they will find next to impossible, for the breach between the official leaders and the Fourth Party is still a chasm which grows wider every day. Lord Salisbury, it is said, has made indirect approaches to several of the ex-Liberal Ministers in want of a situation, with a view to a Coalition Administration, but hitherto without much success. The real fact is, that there are a number of "outs" who want to be "ins," but as a party with recognised leaders and a recognised policy, the Conservatives have ceased to exist.

The account given in the *Daily News* on Monday of the principal stipulations of the Anglo-French agreement respecting Egypt is, in the main, correct. The Multiple Control is a little toned down, and I suspect that it will be found that the Controllers of the *Caisse* will exercise a more direct influence over Egyptian affairs than they do at present. The President—an Englishman—will be the connecting link between the Controllers and the Egyptian Government. If his three colleagues differ from him, he will find himself in a curious position, for he will have to

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carry out their views, not his own, and should the Egyptians resist, he will have to call in our troops to overcome their resistance.

The wondrous concession on the part of France, which is to be announced by Mr. Gladstone, is, I believe, that she consents to regard the Dual Control as finally abrogated, and will consequently never put forward her "rights," under this arrangement, as a plea for interference in Egypt. The concession, in reality, amounts to nothing, for France naturally retains her rights to interfere as one of the Great Powers.

However, the arrangement is by no means completed. M. Ferry has become aware that France made a mistake in suggesting that we should lend eight millions to Egypt, because this will be rather a cause for our remaining than for our leaving the country. Prince Bismarck is huffed with us owing to our having opposed him lately in various small matters, and does not look with absolute favour upon a policy which is based upon an *entente* between us and our Gallic neighbours.

In one of the latest letters received from General Gordon, and addressed by him to a friend, the General says that he wishes to proclaim the freedom of all slaves in the Soudan, and to use them in a servile war against their masters. This is a strange scheme on the part of the very man who, a short time ago, legalised slavery in the Soudan.

Gordon appears to be possessed with a species of insane desire to destroy the Mahdi, and to consider that all means to attain this end are justifiable. So sincerely convinced is he that his wishes have a sort of divine authority, that he considers all worthy of death who dispute them. Sent to Khartoum, to return, if possible, with the garrison, he acted upon the "j'y suis, et j'y reste" policy, until he found it too late to obey his instructions, on which he called upon us to aid him—not even then to withdraw—but to slay the Soudanese, whom he terms rebels; although, now that their right to independence has been recognised both by Egypt and by this country, he would find it difficult to explain against whom they are rebelling.

One of the stories about Gordon is that his military operations are directed by a method similar to what in olden times was known as the *sortes Virgilianæ*, with the Bible substituted for the Æneid. If the General in his morning Bible-reading chances on a warlike passage, such as the exploits of Joshua or David, there is warm work round about Khartoum before nightfall. If, on the contrary, the morning lessons suggest peaceful thoughts, then for the rest of the day the garrison, like Dan, abides in its breaches. This method may be slightly more rational than that of "skying a copper," inasmuch as the operator can, if he chooses, exercise some control over the result; but I am impious enough to suppose that each process is about equally trustworthy as a guide to the intentions of Divine Providence.

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SCRUTATOR.

A THOUGHT-READER'S THOUGHTS.

Mr. Stuart Cumberland called upon me one day last week to explain to me how he succeeds in finding pins, and other such "manifestations." If a person will concentrate his thoughts upon an object, and if any one—whose perceptive faculties are properly trained—takes his hand, the operator will be, Mr. Cumberland explained, inevitably drawn to the spot where the object is. "Thought-reading, then," I said, "is muscle-reading." "To a certain extent," he replied, "but not absolutely. You have to watch for other indications; for instance, if I find myself close to the article thought of, the hand of some subjects gets hot, in others the pulse quickens. You must watch these indications as well as the muscles." "But, surely, you must have had a confederate when you tied yourself to a man by a string, and found an object concealed by him." "No,' he said; "I could feel the string dragging one way, and I followed the indication. When I came near the object, the string trembled. This is the simple explanation of the mystery." "And do you mean to say that you can take hold of a person's hand with one of your hands, and with the other write a series of numbers that he is thinking of?" "Certainly not," he replied, "the person's hand must grasp the hand with which I write, my hand remains almost passive, and he, without knowing it, himself writes the numbers." "Well," I said, "I will think of something in this room, and we will see if you can discover it." I thought of a little card-case that was lying on a table. Mr. Cumberland blindfolded himself. "Why do you do that?" I said. "That my own thoughts should not be diverted from what I am doing." He took my hand; in a minute or two he approached the table, hovered over the various articles upon it, and finally placed my hand on the card-case. I had thought all the while of this article, and I could feel my hand involuntarily drawing him towards it. It would take a person a long time to acquire Mr. Cumberland's powers of perception; but any one can realise how the trick—if I may call it so—is done, by thinking of some object on a table, and getting a friend to grasp his hand and try to discover it. He has only to concentrate his thoughts upon the object, and the exact place where it is, in order to find that his hand resists whenever it is sought to divert it from the direction towards the object which it, apparently of itself, strives to approach. In fact, the thought acts upon the muscles, much in the same way as the desire to grasp something causes the hand to grasp it. In both cases, the muscles involuntarily obey the brain.

"And how did Irving Bishop read the number of a bank-note that was enclosed in an envelope, without contact with the only person who knew it?" I asked. "To do so by what he terms 'thought-reading,'" Mr. Cumberland answered, "is absolutely impossible. Without contact, you can obtain no indication of what is passing in the brain of another person, as you must perceive yourself if you have understood my explanation." "Then the thing was a swindle," I said. Mr. Cumberland

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smiled. "And the mental picture which he professes to see?" Mr. Cumberland smiled again.

To Mr. Cumberland a debt of gratitude is owing, as it is to all those who expose the trickery of knaves and their mystic pretensions. The misfortune is that, no matter how often and how thoroughly manifestations of superhuman powers are exposed, foolish and credulous people will always be found to welcome and to believe in any new trickster who comes forward and professes to work wonders. Only last Friday I was reading an account of a clairvoyant in the *St. James's Gazette.* The account was signed "A.O.F." The writer went to a "certain house in Great Portland street," with "a friend of long standing." There he found twenty persons assembled. The operator was "an intelligent-looking man, with a strong Northern accent," named Ogle. He was accompanied by "Dick," a Newcastle pit-boy, "pallid, stunted, and apparently with no muscular development." Of course, a committee was at once formed, consisting of "A.O.F.," his friend, and some of the "upper classes." Then followed the experiment, which I give in the words of "A.O.F.":—

> We (the committee) asked Mr. Ogle to withdraw, which he at once did. We then took Dick to the farthest corner of the room, where he was at least fifteen feet distant from any of the audience. My friend then borrowed a cheque-book, and, without looking at its contents, tore out a cheque. This was given to the subject, who was placed in a chair, when he held it by his side. He was then told that he must read the number. For some minutes Dick was very quiet, and then he said, "A can't do it." Raising my voice, I said, "You must." He tried again, and again declared himself unable to read the figures. I shouted at him then, telling him to brace himself together, for he *must* do it. Then he again sat quiet. Once or twice again I urged him to try his utmost; and, as he tried, his limbs began to work, until he almost writhed in his chair. Some one in the far corner of the room cried "Shame," and as he spoke Dick, who had placed the cheque on the top of his head, suddenly exclaimed, "Six, three, four, ought, nine," and his arms dropped exhausted by his sides. The numbers given were correct. Now, no person in the room could have known the number of that cheque except the owner of the book, and he could only have known that it was one number of about forty-seven. No word could have reached Dick's ears, and I am sure that his eyes were closely veiled. In fact, all the conditions of the experiments precluded any possibility of deception.

This is a pretty good instance of the sort of evidence that satisfies the A.O.F.'s, who have nothing apparently to do beyond discovering mares' nests. Is it usual for a person to walk about with a cheque-book? Where was the cheque-book? Is "A.O.F." not aware that nothing is more easy than for an intelligent-looking man with a Northern accent to convey to a pit-boy, by means of observations apparently having nothing to do with the matter, any number, of cards or figures? How many of the men, "apparently of the upper classes," were the accomplices of the intelligent-looking Northerner? Does "A.O.F." know? No; for he tells us that all these persons were strangers to him. If this credulous "A.O.F." has another chance to test the pit-boy, I would suggest to him not to give the youth a cheque torn out of some book, but to go to the *séance* with a cheque enclosed in an envelope, and I venture to swear that, if he does not lose sight of the envelope, the pit-boy will not tell him the number, provided that the boy cannot—as he probably did when experimenting in a "certain house"—see perfectly well out of his eyes.

Again and again these clairvoyants have been offered bank-notes if they can read their numbers. They never have accepted the test, and never will. Wonders of this sort will continue to happen in "certain houses," amongst a crowd "apparently drawn from the upper circles of society," and they will be vouched for by credulous apes in anonymous letters to newspapers. And, what is still more remarkable, there will be found people—not in other matters greater fools than their neighbours—ready to swallow any miracle upon evidence such as this.

I see that Irving Bishop announces a *séance*, at which he proposes to do wonderful things with bank-notes. My impression in regard to the man is this:—He can, like Mr. Cumberland, and like any one else who will take the trouble to train himself to it, follow muscular indications; but these indications can never, unless the hand of the operator be guided by that of the subject, convey more than an affirmative or a negative sign. Being a thorough-paced humbug, he has not been satisfied with doing this, but has pretended to see a mental picture of what is going on in the brain of his subjects. When he gives a *séance*, he generally resorts to trickery; thus at St. James's Hall, when he was by way of reading a note, he knew its number already, for so silly was he, and so anxious to create an effect, that he did not put himself in contact with the subject. His "fainting-fits," his comatose state, and his panting, &c., are, of course, mere nonsense, for Mr. Cumberland performs the same feats without any of this by-play. The chief talent of Bishop in regard to bank-notes consists in getting hold and keeping hold of them. Of the hundreds of pounds which were paid for entrance to the St. James's Hall, under the impression that the public was to witness the reading of the number of a note known alone to Mr. Firth and me, and enclosed in an envelope, only a few shillings found their way to the hospital for the funds of which the *séance* was professedly given. The most amusing story, however, in regard to this *séance* is this:—Mr. Gordon, Bishop's *impresario*, lent him a £100 note to flourish about and to offer to bet with. The loser was the *impresario*, for the poor man never saw the note again.

MUSICAL NOTES.

"Lohengrin," with Albani, has been the great draw in German, and the "Nozze," with Albani, Lucca, and Sembrich, in Italian opera, although it is comic to call Mozart's "Nozze" Italian opera. I am sorry to observe that in the present state of taste the first singers count a great deal, and the general get up and excellence even of the opera itself seem to the public of only moderate importance. "Tannhäuser" is, undoubtedly, a very popular work, and Saturday afternoon is a popular day; but I looked in towards the end of the first act, and found the stalls half empty. Why? It was Wagner! It was Richter! It was all excellently fitted! A good chorus! Respectably good cast! Yes; but only Biro de Marion for the prima, and Herr Stritt, of uncertain intonation, for Tannhäuser. But on Tuesday Verdi's "Aïda," with Patti and Nicolini. "Oh, *c'est autre chose!*" A good many people, I verily believe, only went to see how Patti and Nicolini would pose before the footlights together. They say the Marquis often went to the theatre for the same purpose.

Sembrich is taking quite a first position. Although she did not play the violin at Covent Garden, as she did the other day at the Albert Hall, she evidently enjoyed herself

quite as much in the "Huguenots." It was a splendid performance. What *verve*, what triumphant facility! That eternal flow of Meyerbeerish, *rococo*, omnium-gatherum melody and roulade seemed to suit her—she threw off her flourishes with such ease and gusto.

Mendelssohn used to wax bitter over Meyerbeer's flashy, fertile, unscrupulous genius; but the brilliant Jew knew how to tack his patchwork together, and truly 'tis the patchwork of a great and redoubtable master, who, amongst other strokes, fired the genius of a certain half-starved youth who happened to be knocking about Paris at the time—one Richard Wagner. He would creep into the opera-house when Meyerbeer's "grand operas" were going on, and at a time when he could hardly pay for a crust and a *bouillon*, he was heard to boast absurdly that he would drive him from the stage. If he has not quite done this, he has gone very near it; he has been preferred to Meyerbeer, and has succeeded in making more noise on and off the stage than Meyerbeer and all his works put together.

Herr Kuhe's imposing concert is going on this (Wednesday) afternoon at St. James's Hall. Lucca, Sembrich, Durand, and other celebrities will assist the popular German professor. Kuhe has always leaned, in his own compositions and performances, to the light operatic rather than to the heavy classical school—that is one element of his success.

Signor Bottesini's concerts took place too late yesterday for a notice this week. As he is such a *rara avis* and sails to-day, I must give him a parting tribute—better late than never—in my next issue.

Charles Hallé's chamber concerts at Princes' are very well attended. I don't think there is much paper in the room. With just a little more of that doubtful commodity the hall could be easily crammed, but Hallé is nothing if not genuine. He has never courted mere sensation; he is quite satisfied with serious attention, and I firmly believe that, true artist as he is, a select and attentive audience, which he always gets, pleases him far better than a room stuffed with mere loungers. Still, last week the concert was decidedly bare with only three players. Next time there is to be a strong staff for a septet and a quintet. Madame Norman-Néruda's playing of an ancient novelty, Tartini's "A minor Sonata," pleased by its breadth and simplicity and by her earnest and faultless reading. These concerts are a little dull and over-wholesome, but, in an age of "all jam," they do not come amiss; and people who don't like them or don't want them, manifestly—as Artemus Ward's "he-lookin' female" said of the women who objected to the franchise—"don't know what's good for 'em."

The weather at present is a little too sultry to do more than allude to Miss Meredith Brown's concert at Princes' Hall, at which Foli and Carlotta Elliott sang and Hollman played; and to Mdlle. Emma Berthold's performance at Collard & Collard's pianoforte rooms—she sang—and Miss Hilda Wilson sang, rather better; but I may mention with regret that the last Richter concert took place on Monday night, without the promised but postponed "scene-changing music" in "Parsifal." I understand there was a difficulty about the big bells of Mont Salvat. This is absurd; only four are wanted. The absolutely right thing to do would be to order these four big noters well in tune from Severin Van Aerschodt, the great Belgian bell-founder, who cast the Duke of Westminter's carillon and the Dorchester carillons, who is now casting the big carillon for Aberdeen, and who, by the way, *ought* to have cast the St. Paul's bells. But, short of this, has it never occurred to the management that good steel bars, or even pokers, in tune would do almost as well for stage purposes as bells. Let those who doubt this, hang up a common poker by a string, strike it, and see whether they don't get an extremely fine and solemn effect, as of a church bell, out of it. Indeed, metal bars have been used as substitutes for church bells before now. I make a present of the suggestion to Richter, but cannot imagine why he did not think of it before giving up the bells of Mont Salvat as hopeless. "Serious" musicians seem to me to have marvellously little imagination on an emergency.

JUDIC.

I went last week to the French plays at the Gaiety Theatre. The house was but moderately filled, but this did not surprise me, for the entertainment was hardly such as justified prices being doubled. Madame Judic is a fairly good actress of the suggestive type. She can say with a very innocent air things which are the reverse of innocent, and this talent is one which has always been highly appreciated by Parisians. She is not in her first youth, and fat-and-forty, skipping about in a bathing-dress, is not quite the same as sweet seventeen. Paris is so near London that there really is no excuse for regarding every French actor or actress as an exotic, to be rewarded for crossing the Channel as though it were the Atlantic. At the customary prices, a French company would probably do a fair business here; with opera-house prices such a company is never likely to succeed, unless under very exceptional circumstances. The vast majority of rich English people, who are by way of knowing French, find it hard work to follow the dialogue of a French vaudeville or comedy. They only go to see one, if it happens to be the fashion to go. Those who really like French plays are, in most cases, people averse to paying more for them than they are worth. I did not see above half-a-dozen of the mashers, who make that theatre their home, at the Gaiety on the evening that I was there, and these looked, if possible, more tired than is their habit. "Not a patch upon Nellie!" I heard one observe. "Nor on Connie, either," answered the other.

Spectacles scientifically adapted to assist & strengthen the weakest sights by Mr. Laurance, F.S.S., Oculist Optician, 1a, Old Bond-st.

NOTES FROM PARIS.

TRADING ON NOBILIARY TITLES.

An ingenious French nobleman, who was out at elbows, has discovered a new opening for impecunious members of his class. It is to "recognise" children who are inscribed at mayoralties as being those of "pères inconnus." The Code allows the boy or girl so recognised to bear the name of the recognising party, however illustrious it may be. It would seem that the nobleman in question is making a good income out of the use to which he turns his patronymic. He is a Marquis,

like Rochefort, Gramont, and Maurice de Talleyrand, and, if he survives his father, he will be a Duke. "Mon cher," he said to an old schoolfellow, whom he met on the Boulevard des Italiens, "the business I have created for myself is an excellent one. I only recognise for a good round sum, and I see that a further sum is placed in the hands of a notary for the exclusive benefit of the recognisee. If, therefore, the mother should be reduced to poverty, the child can be decently schooled and set up in a trade or profession; I have thus no responsibility of any kind, no marital cares, and enjoy thorough independence, while awaiting an opportunity to sell my coronet to some parvenue heiress."

At the request of a Prince from a Lower Danubian State, who is a great amateur of modern French sculpture, the nobleman gave his name, a couple of years ago, to a little boy who lives in a kind of pavilion, which his Highness has built at Asnières for an ex-member of the *corps de ballet.* This put it into his head to strike out into the business he now follows with, it appears, excellent pecuniary results. It used to be said, before the Revolution, "*Aristocratique comme une Duchesse où comme une fille.*" The adage still holds good. The dancer was not satisfied until her son had a legal right to bear a noble and high-sounding name. But as she wanted to remain independent, she could not follow the example of Mdlle. Schumacker, who espoused the Marquis de Maubreuil in order to become a real Marchioness. The conditions on which he became her husband were an annuity and separation at the church door. M. de Maubreuil was of ancient lineage and had been a dare-devil adventurer in his youth. He dragged Napoleon's statue from the Vendôme Column, and was tried in 1818 before the Assize Court of Douay for robbing the ex-Queen of Westphalia of 80,000 francs in the forest of Fontainebleau. His defence was that he was set on by the King and Talleyrand. The Marquis was suffered to escape from prison and to get away to England, whence he returned after the death of Louis XVIII. At that Monarch's funeral he forced his way into the Cathedral of St. Denis and gave Talleyrand a blow in the face, which knocked him over on the royal coffin. The imperturbable diplomatist exclaimed in rising, "Quel coup de poing!"—the point being that a slap would have involved a duel, whereas a blow of the fist was regarded as so ruffianly that the injured person was not expected to fight.

The example of Mdlle. Schumacker was followed by a very clever American adventuress, who disposed of army contracts and Court patronage towards the end of the Second Empire. As the story of her career in France cannot fail to have a piquant savour, I shall venture to relate it. The lady came here in the character of a widow, and though, as it turned out, she had been always childless, she used to weep about a defunct infant whom she called her lost Lenore. She was small, young, lively, and had a passion for weaving romances of which she was the heroine, and interlarding them in her gay conversation. Without being *jolie jolie*, she was fascinating. There was witchery in her bright eyes. Her laugh was silvery, and its apparent wildness masked a "smart" and thoroughly practical intellect. When new to Paris, the pretty widow lodged in the Champs Elysées in a by no means stylish *garni*, and there used to give card-parties. Though destined "to go far," she did not know a word of French. American ladies who received her in the early stage of her career soon dropped her because she said she had no fixed income, and they were afraid she might ask them or their husbands to lend her money. In less than a year from the time they agreed among themselves to cut her, she was a personage at the Tuileries. This is how she rose to that eminence. When condemned by her more estimable countrywomen to the exclusive society of gentlemen, she got in with a Chamberlain of the Emperor, who now, I believe, has become an Orleanist. No sooner had she enslaved him than she demanded to be presented to the Empress. The Chamberlain was thrown in a heap by the audacity of the request. On recovering his head, he told her that she might as well wish for the moon as to be introduced to her Imperial Majesty, who was beginning to aspire to sainthood, and was a Legitimist in every respect but that of allowing Chambord's right to the Crown. Scenes followed. The pretty widow, seeing that the Chamberlain was getting sick of her tears, wiped her eyes, and originated a plan of campaign which she carried out with brilliant success and splendid skill. It was to get possession of an old name and a high title, and to be converted to Roman Catholicism in the most strikingly theatrical way. Accordingly, she went to the Ste. Périne Asylum, which was founded by the Empress Josephine for decayed nobles. There she asked the Director to introduce her to the noblest of his pensioners. He was a Marquis of eighty, suffering from palsy, and condemned to a milk diet. The fair visitor, by the aid of an interpreter, went straight to the point, and asked the nobleman whether he was free to marry, and, if so, whether he would like a round sum of pocket-money? He had only to wed her to obtain it. The Marquis was ravished. He had been fed on skim milk, and saw a prospect of getting lacteal nutriment of a better quality. The lady told him that she would keep a cow expressly for his benefit, and arrange with the Director that he was to take measures to ensure the Marquis getting the milk she would engage to supply him with. It was part of her scheme that the Marquis should quit Ste. Périne on a *congé* of a few weeks to be married in England, and then go back to the asylum. All that she willed she executed. After the wedding *lettres de faire part* were scattered broadcast in the Faubourg St. Germain and elsewhere. The bridegroom returned to Ste. Périne to vegetate with a few thousand francs in his pocket, and the prospect of enjoying milk fresh from the cow for the rest of his life. The Marquise next applied to a very *chic* Abbé, who had been converted from Judaism, to instruct her in the Catholic faith. He was delighted, and it is only just to say that he believed her heart was warmed by celestial fire. The baptism took place at Ste. Clotilde's, and Madame de Montalembert acted as godmother. I forget who the godfather was; but I remember that Caroline made the christening dress, and that all the great ladies who were at the ceremony were delighted with it, and in ecstasies with the beauty of the neophyte, who wept and fainted from emotion. The year 1870, however, spoiled the ambitious

Army and Navy Hotel, Victoria-st., S.W., is probably now the best Hotel in London. Table d'hote 6 to 8. Cookery excellent.

Old Point Lace.—Hayward's, Experts, Dealers and Purchasers of Old Lace, 166 and 168, Oxford-street, W.

game of the Marquise. She therefore went back to New York, where, I believe, she published her experiences of Court life at the Tuileries. The Marquis did not survive the siege. Ste. Périne's Hospital still exists; but it is gradually being turned into an asylum for decayed gentlewomen. One of its inmates is the once famous Comtesse de Bassonville, who wrote, in the reign of Louis Philippe, a standard work upon etiquette and ceremonial.

The Duc de Pomar is not to be married to Mdlle. de Gosselin, whoever she may be. When he went to the office of the Boulevard journal which announced his engagement, he was shown into the editor's room without previously sending in his card. The editor received him graciously, but when asked to contradict the report of the approaching marriage, he declined to do so. He said that he had had the news from the best possible source, and that the gentleman who supplied him with "hig-leefe" news went into the best society in Paris. The visitor then said: "But I am the Duc de Pomar, and surely ought to know better than anybody else." On hearing this, the editor shrugged his shoulders, and intimated that he was sorry for the Duc. The announcement had been made, *et tant pis pour la vérité.* However, as firmness was shown, a contradiction of the false news has been printed.

THE BARREL ORGAN.

Tune.—Hygiene in Hygieia.

At the first of the visits we recently made
To the new Hygiene Exhibition,
We own we were more than a little dismayed
At its very unfinished condition;
But, still, though the work that had yet to be done
Might well have made timid souls fearful,
Of all the *employés* we noticed not one
But was able, and willing, and cheerful!

At bar and at buffet, at office and stall
We marked the same gay animation;
As though the exhibitors, moved, one and all,
By their zeal for the new sanitation,
Had sent to do duty at counters and stands—
Thus stopping all censure detractory—
The strongest, the brightest, the healthiest hands
They could find in the warehouse or factory.

The waitresses went on their arduous way
With a carriage erect and elastic;
And even the waiters, most wondrous to say,
Bid fair to be spryly gymnastic.
The cheeks of the barmaids as roses were red,
With health were the dairy-maids glowing,
And the girls who to bring you your tea gaily sped,
Looked as fresh as the breeze that was blowing.

Well, a month passed away, and we went once again
To the new Hygiene Exhibition,
And found it, as now we need scarcely explain,
In a very much altered condition.
But it's not upon this that we wish to dilate,
Nor do we now purpose to venture
(The subject is one that will easily wait,)
To hint where the Show deserves censure.

We will not query now if it's not a mistake
That the folks, round the stalls densely clustered,
Are so dosed with new milk, and sweet biscuits and cake,
And with coffee and candy and custard?
Nor will we inquire, though we might, with a sneer,
How the cause of good health is promoted
By that making of pipes and that bottling of beer
To the which so much space is devoted.

No, leaving this topic, our object shall be
To refer to the marked alteration
Which had checked in a month, we were sorry to see,
The Show-people's glad animation.
We found the same persons at counter and tall,
But time of their zest had bereft them,
Whilst languor and lethargy held them in thrall,
And their light and their laughter had left them.

The cheeks once so rosy were sunken and pale,
The efforts once hearty seemed flagging,
The lustreless eye told its own piteous tale,
The footsteps so free were now dragging;
The voices once cheery were husky and hoarse,
The smiles once so merry were banished;
All signs of rude health and of fresh vital force
Had everywhere utterly vanished.

We looked in amazement—what could it portend—
This change so widespread and depressing?
And would it go on and still further extend
To results yet more sad and distressing?
What irony grim that *employés* engaged
In a so-called great Health Exhibition,
Should thus in a month become weary and aged,
And drooping from sheer inanition?

What could be the cause? Could the victims, we thought,
Undeterred by the public's examples,
Have down on their heads this swift Nemesis brought,
By greedily eating their samples?
Or is it the work of ironical fate,
This state of affairs that perplexes;
And due to the very unsanit'ry state
Of the Health Exhibition Annexes?

We long might have striven the reason to seek
For the fact which our wonder excited,
But chancing a *Lancet* to see for last week
Upon the solution we lighted.
Sensational comment it wholly disdains,
And but few of its words need be quoted,
A very short leader most simply explains
The change we so painfully noted.

The very long hours, the irregular meals,
And the rule by which seats are forbidden,
Have worked the great change each *employé* reveals
By signs which can nowise be hidden.
From morning to night there is one law for all,
Not one has the right to be seated;
At buffet and bar, and at counter and stall,
To each the same measure is meted.

Thus, whilst we behold how invention and wealth
Disease strive to keep at a distance,
We see in the midst of the triumphs of Health
These pale and unhappy assistants,
Who seem to be doomed, as they press on the crowd
The results of advanced sanitation,
To be fitting themselves for a premature shroud,
By the breach of Health's first regulation.

But surely there's not an exhibitor cares
To out-rival a slave-driving planter,
And a willing repeal of that rule about chairs,
At least will be granted instanter;

To Make a Really Excellent Plum Cake.—Take ½ lb. butter and ½ lb. white sifted sugar; beat these with the hand well together to a cream; add four eggs, one at a time, and well beat each one with the butter and sugar; lightly mix in 1 lb. of flour, previously mixed with one teaspoonful of Borwick's Gold Medal Baking Powder; then lightly mix with the whole ½ lb. of sultanas. Bake at once, thoroughly.

The Bazaar of Oct. 28, says that Mr. & Mrs. B. Phillips, Manchester House, 36, Thayer-st., Manchester-sq., W., are the most Liberal Buyers of all kinds of Clothes, Uniforms, Jewellery, Gold, Silver, &c. Money orders sent for parcels. Appointments kept. Cash only.

Unless it should be the Committee's decree
That visitors passing their portals
Should skeletons see at their sanit'ry feast,
To make them remember they're mortals.

But this cannot be, and we fervently hope
That those who this matter must handle,
Recalling the cause of the Show and its scope,
Will put a quick end to the scandal,
Which certainly 's destined to spread without pause,
If the victims for whom we're beseeching
Are compelled to defy the identical laws
They are occupied daily in teaching.

SPORTING NOTES.

If ever there was a certainty "on paper," it was Corrie Roy for the Queen's Vase. It seemed simply incredible that Tristan could give her 15 lb., much less that St. Gatien could have a chance with her at 9lb. or 10lb. less than weight-for-age. If, however, the plungers had taken the precaution to "tout" Mr. Manton's mare, none but addlebrains would have been in such a hurry to lay odds on her, for it must have been painfully manifest to the merest tiro that she was still suffering from her race on the hard ground at Manchester, and I should think that her owner must now agree in the opinion I expressed last week, that the mare should have been kept fresh for her engagement here. That erratic beast, Tristan, was evidently not in the mood to do his best, so that St. Gatien (who looked wonderfully fresh and well) had an easy task. After Corrie Roy had won the Alexandra Plate there was a disposition to magnify the merits of St. Gatien's performance on Tuesday; but all that is merely expansive balderdash, for Corrie Roy really had nothing to beat, as, if she could only keep on her legs, Faugh-a-Ballagh could not possibly give her 8 lb., and, in spite of the Vase tragedy, it is wonderful that the bookmakers can have asked for only 7 to 4. I suspect that the odds would have been much longer if a few more favourites had won previously. This betting, however, was not nearly so remarkable as the fielding on the Cup. It is true that St. Simon had never run over this distance, nor has he ever been tried over a Cup course, but the match with Tristan last month was a sufficiently good tip for all, except the most exacting; and here St. Simon was meeting Mr. Lefevre's horse on better terms than on that occasion, and there was nothing else that could have a chance of beating him. His victory is rather remarkable, inasmuch as he is the first three-year-old that has won this race since Sabinus walked away with the trophy in 1870. That victory caused a great deal of grumbling, because Sabinus was "a post entry," and shortly afterwards the dodge of allowing owners to enter horses for this race at the last moment, on payment of a fine (£50 I think), was very rightly abolished. St. Simon will certainly "spoil" the Goodwood and Jockey Club Cups if he goes on all right, and he looks like standing any amount of work. It was hard lines that Prince Batthyany should not have been spared to race the best horse that he ever bred in all the years that he kept a stud. There would, however, have been a bitter drop in the cup of his satisfaction, as, for some reason or other, he did not enter St. Simon for the Derby. Mr. Naylor must bitterly bewail that he did not buy the colt, instead of investing £5,000 in Fulmen, who has turned out a woeful speculation.

Regain was a tremendous favourite for the Ascot Stakes; and a pretty impostor he proved, for he was never "in it" at any time; while the backers of Keir (who was the best "class" in the race) were soon relieved from all anxiety, as he was beaten some distance from home, and Greenbank won for Mr. Jardine, after a scrambling finish with Gonfalon. For the Hunt Cup there were two great "pots" in Duke of Richmond and Quicklime, although the former was certainly not "well in," and the latter, on the City and Suburban running, meant Thebais at something like 10 st. The Kingsclere favourite ran well, but was easily beaten by Acrostic, to whom he was giving a year and 23 lb.; but who, nevertheless, was fairly enough handicapped on his public form. Mr. Jardine has at last got back the 1,400 gs. which he paid for this horse at the sale of the late Mr. F. Gretton's stud eighteen months ago. On Friday St. Blaise again gave way to Duke of Richmond, who was backed against the field, and with deplorable results, for he was beaten cleverly by Energy, who was indicated by me several months ago as likely to win either this race or the Stewards' Cup. Nobody could grudge "Mr. Manton" the victory after the disasters of the first two days, and the stable losses must have been got back with interest over this race and the Alexandra. Royal Stag was heavily backed for the Hunt Cup, but he ran badly, although he had only 6 st. 13 lb., and it is evident that the stories of how he would have won the City and Suburban if he had got off were mere imaginative flimflams. Prince never showed in the Wokingham, although he ought to have been near winning on the Crawfurd Plate form, as he literally lost Energy on that occasion, and here there was only 8 lb. difference in the weights.

With regard to the three-year-old races, all interest in the Prince of Wales's disappeared with the scratching of Busybody, who does not look like being dangerous in the Leger. Beauchamp and Talisman were great favourites, but when it came to racing, Sir Reuben had only Hermitage to beat. The winner, who is by Doncaster, was bred by Sir Tatton Sykes, who sold him as a yearling to Captain Machell for £500, after he had failed to reach his reserve at Doncaster. Last year he was sold to Lord Manners, who may think himself exceedingly lucky to have won so rich a stake with so moderate a horse. Sandiway easily defeated Queen Adelaide in the Coronation Stakes. The management of Sir John Willoughby's mare has been most foolish and injudicious. She was knocked about as a two-year-old in a most reckless fashion, and the same imbecile course is being followed with her this season. After running in the Derby she ought not to have started for the Oaks, for which race she could have had no possible chance. And then, after her gruelling at Epsom, it was desperate fatuity to send her to Ascot. She ought now to be allowed an easy time for the next six weeks, and if she is big

Rimmel's Toilet Vinegar, tonic, refreshing, 2/6. Aromatic Ozonizer, a natural air purifier, 1/. 96, Strand; 128, Regent-st.; 24, Cornhill.

"Royal Charter" Champagne.—Wachter & Co., shippers to H.M. the Queen and H.R.H. the Prince of Wales by special appointment

and "above herself" at Doncaster so much the better for her Leger chance. Brest, who is no flyer, just beat Cambusmore for the Derby, and next day the Duke of Westminster's great slashing colt walked in for the St. James's Stakes, for which the Departure's dam colt was favourite. Mr. Chaplin must regret that he did not accept the offers of 3,000 gs. for this animal which he received after the July week two years ago. Cambusmore ought also to have won on Wednesday, but as to his being "a Leger horse," it will be time enough to think of him in that light when Scot Free, Superba, Busybody, and Queen Adelaide are disposed of. Peck was well advised in withdrawing his mare from her Ascot engagement, although it looked a certainty for her. Tristan won the Hardwicke Stakes for the third year in succession; and although he had run twice previously during the week, he easily defeated Harvester at 18 lb. and Waterford at 2 stone, which does not say much for the quality of the Derby field, and shows clearly enough what a good thing the great race would have been for St. Simon. Geheimniss won a couple of races in fine style, and Lucerne, having been just beaten when he was favourite for the O.M. Biennial, came out later in the day, and brought "the talent" to grief by defeating Chislehurst for the Rous Memorial.

The two-year-old running was not important, and I doubt whether we have yet seen a real "flyer." It was very significant that the Duke of Portland should not have relied on the exposed Rosy Morn for the New Stakes, instead of bringing out Langwell, as a 7 lb. penalty would not have stopped the former if he had been half as good as he was said to be after his Woodcote victory. Langwell is by Springfield, and cost 1,150 gs. at the Hampton Court sale. He was "a retriever" of the old Ascot sort; but, being backward, he was beaten in coming up the hill, and the race fell to his stable companion, Melton, who belongs to Lord Hastings, who bred him. He is, I believe, the first winning stock of Master Kildare. Lonely was a great favourite for the Biennial, but ran badly, and Lord Alington won with a colt of Beauclerc—Stella, which was backed by his owner and Sir Frederick Johnstone for less than £50. Child of the Mist, the half-brother (by Blair Athole) to Beau Brummel, who was second, is a nice promising colt, but wants time. Donatello, announced by the Kingsclere people as superior to Stella and to the Rebecca colt (who won the Marden Plate for Mr. Gretton) was backed with frantic ardour for the Triennial, but never had a chance with Dauphin, who is by Childeric, another untried sire. The Duke of Westminster's colours again brought backers to grief in the Windsor Castle Stakes, for which his Farewell (by Doncaster—Lily Agnes) was favourite: Crosskeys, by Rosicrucian (bought for 270 gs. out of Lord Wolverton's lot last July), won in a canter from Lonely.

The Stockbridge meeting has been extended to four days, but there has not been any corresponding addition to the programme, which is still miserably meagre. In the Champagne Stakes on the Club-day the best of the public lot are Lucy Ashton II. and Cock Robin, and the race is not sufficiently valuable to bring out any dark "flyer." The Home Bred Sweepstakes looks like a walk over for Stella colt, and Lord Alington may also win the Bibury Foal Stakes with Match Girl, who ran second to Melton on Thursday, and who ought to be smart, judging from the way she was backed. Cock Robin is engaged here too. There is a splendid entry for the Port Sweepstakes, including Match Girl, Stella colt, and Langwell; while among the dark contingent are Mr. Manton's brothers to Thebais and to Sefton, and Jael, by Silvio—Jannette, for which 1,150 gs. was given at Lord Falmouth's sale. The Duke of Portland might run Vivacity, another of Lord Falmouth's lot, which cost 800 gs. The Stockbridge Cup lies between St. Simon and Geheimniss, who is nominated by the Prince of Wales. The entry is a very good one, and includes Bedouin, Queen Adelaide, Duke of Richmond, Energy, and Clairvaux. As to St. Simon, it would be most interesting to see him matched against Lady Stamford's mare over this course; but as he has been trained all this season for long distances, I should think that he will be reserved for Goodwood, although probably he is as smart over T.Y.C. as over two miles. Farewell has a chance of retrieving her reputation in the Mottisfont. The entry for the Foal Stakes includes several animals which have been showing decent form, such as Stella colt, Match Girl, Cock Robin, and Powder Monkey, but the great two-year-old race of the meeting will be the Hurstbourne, which has most of the above, and also Rosy Morn and Langwell. Mr. Manton has a very strong entry for this stake, which was a favourite race with Mr. Stirling-Crawfurd, whose popular colours were always strongly represented at Stockbridge. The Three-Year-Old Biennial will probably be a walk over for Duke of Richmond, as there is nothing better than Kinsky and Poetry to oppose him.

At Newcastle, the North Derby lies between Beauchamp and Waterford, for Wild Thyme seems all to pieces, and Lord Alington and Lord Hartington are not likely to bring out Reprieve for such a stake as this. The Northumberland Plate has sunk into utter contempt as a betting race.

MAMMON.

£8,000,000; OR, JINGO JUGGLING.

THE Egyptian question has arisen from an attempt to get a quart of liquor out of a pint bottle. We interfered on account of the bondholders; we turned Ismail out on account of the bondholders; we opposed Arabi, bombarded Alexandria, and massacred fellahs at Tel-el-Kebir on account of the bondholders; and very shortly we shall be asked to lend Egypt £8,000,000 on account of the bondholders.

We live so quickly that we are much given to forget what we knew a few years ago. It may therefore be as well that we should remember how Egypt incurred her debt. This is not a matter of opinion; the facts are officially set forth in the now almost forgotten report of

Sir H. Knight, the late Lord Mayor says: "The 'Tenacious' Rubber-Soled Shoes are very comfortable, are especially valuable for Boating, Tennis, &c., where a firm foothold and protection from damp are desired."—H. Randall, 40, Poultry, E.C.

Options.—Explanatory Pamphlet on Stock Exchange Options, post-free. John Abbott & Co., Stock and Share Brokers, 21 and 22, Palmerston Buildings, London, E.C

Mr. Cave. Between 1862 and 1873, Egypt issued loans for the nominal amount of £65,109,860. At the issue price of the bonds these loans ought to have realised £54,105,551. What they precisely did realise is not clearly stated in regard to all the loans. We have, however, statistics on several of them which enable us to form a pretty accurate estimate. The largest loan was that of 1873. It was nominally for £32,000,000. The issue price was 84¼. Investors, therefore, paid for the bonds £26,962,000, and this amount ought to have been paid into the Egyptian treasury, minus a small commission to the issuing house. But in reality only about £16,000,000 was paid in. The amount stated by Mr. Cave as realised by the Treasury was £20,740,077, leaving £6,220,923 to be accounted for. Of this £20,740,077, however, £9,000,000 was paid in Treasury bills. These Treasury bills, being overdue, had been bought by the persons connected with the loan, previously to its issue, at a discount of about 50 per cent., and a clause in the contract for the loan allowed them to rank as cash, at 93—that is to say, in addition to the £6,220,923, the kind financial friends of Egypt received on £9,000,000 Treasury Bills, the difference between 50 and 93, or a modest little profit of 43 per cent. The £16,000,000, moreover, which Egypt did receive is represented by no asset. It was squandered in bribing the pashas, the eunuchs, and the sultanas of Constantinople, in building palaces, and in other such follies.

It was somewhat hard last Friday to make Mr. Goschen the scapegoat of these loans. His house brought out some of the early ones, when it might fairly have been supposed that Egypt would be able to pay the indebtedness which she was incurring. Messrs. Frühling and Goschen, as Mr. Goschen said, acted as the London agents for bringing out these loans. In order to understand the meaning of this the mode which was then usual for bringing out loans ought to be understood. A person would contract for a loan. He would then have it underwritten—that is to say, for a certain percentage he would induce various financial houses each to pledge itself to take a fixed amount of the loan if the advertising of it failed to attract subscriptions. For instance, A would underwrite £1,000 at 10 per cent. below issue price. Supposing 50 per cent. of the entire loan were subscribed for by the public, A would receive, and be obliged to take up, £500 of the loan at 20 per cent. below issue price. A certain sum would be set aside to make dealings on the Stock Exchange, and some house of repute would be given one or two per cent. for receiving public subscriptions for the loan. This seems to have been the position occupied by Messrs. Frühling & Goschen with regard to the Egyptian loans which were brought out by them.

The part of Mr. Gladstone's arrangement with France which will meet with most opposition in the House of Commons will be the contemplated loan of £8,000,000 to Egypt. That country is poor because it has to pay so much interest on its loans. In addition to its funded debt it owes £8,000,000. By an issue of Preferred Stock it might borrow this on 5 per cent. bonds issued at about 85. This would involve an annual charge of about £480,000. If we lend the money at 4 per cent., the annual charge will be £320,000. We are not making a present of the difference to the Egyptians, because it is admitted that they cannot even pay existing taxes; but we are making it to the bondholders, because their interest has to be reduced by the amount required to pay interest on the new loan. What do we get for this piece of benevolence? Absolutely nothing. Assuming that the Unified interest will be reduced to 3½ per cent., and that the price of the bonds rules at 50, an investor in them receives 7 per cent. on his investment. It seems ridiculous that British taxpayers, who have to be satisfied with 3 per cent. in the funds of their own country, should incur liabilities in order that other people should receive 7 per cent. on their money.

When money is lent to a bankrupt, it may be regarded as given. The report of Mr. Rowsell shows that taxation is far too high in Egypt. The land tax will have to be reduced, and more money will have to be spent in public works. Our advance may, therefore, be termed a pre-preference charge. In reality, it will be a deferred one; for, if we reduce the land tax, we shall be told that we must do it at our own expense, and not at the expense of other people. And to this there will really be no reply.

ON THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

The American market has not been characterised by any remarkable feature during the past week. The New York banks—and, indeed, those of the interior—continue to pour pawned stock upon the market, and, by so doing, they are, of course, playing into the hands of the "bear" party, and enabling them to cover their operations. How gigantic and widespread has been the fabric of American speculation within the last four years is now being realised. While trade was seemingly prosperous, unlimited accommodation was afforded to every species of enterprise—good, bad, and indifferent. It is not wonderful, then, that the period of liquidation should be of an unusually drastic and protracted character.

Yet another railroad has gone into the hands of a receiver within the last week. The West Shore Company was essentially a vamped-up concern, with no real prospect of success. It was financed and started with the object of putting a spoke in the wheel of the New York Central by direct competition with that Company, and of enforcing the purchase of the line upon its own terms by the Vanderbilt party. The West Shore promoters have, however, not been strong enough to force a lengthened competition, and have had to go to the wall. Now it is quite probable that the New York Central may acquire the property, under the hammer, for a mere song. I hear that there is to be a scheme of re-construction for the Denver bondholders, in virtue of which they are to be given a dividend of 4 per cent. while, *pari passu*, the proprietor of the common stock is to be assessed with a modest three dols. per share. "Reading Generals" continue upon their downward course, and "bears" of this stock make light of the "backwardation" which they are called upon to pay at

John Shaw, Share Broker, Wardrobe-chambers, Queen Victoria-st. deals at tape prices at an inclusive commission of one-sixteenth.

"International Health and House-Drainage Association." Reports made and work executed on all questions relating to sanitation on the co-operative principle. Broadway-chambers, Westminster, S.W.

each recurring settlement. They argue, and with a fair amount of truth, that if they can only keep the price down, timid holders will ere long be constrained to throw their stock upon the market.

The foreign market is in a condition of torpor. Stocks generally are oversold, but there is more option-dealing than anything else. Egyptians have had a severe fall, owing to the statements that have been published as to the probable diminution in the dividends on both the Preference and the Unified Stocks. Mexican Rails were filliped up by a good traffic—an abnormal one—and by a clever juggle on the part of a large operator, who borrowed a large quantity of stock, and having frightened the bears into scrambling in, supplied them with more than they wanted.

The depression in the home railway market continues, and there is a further fall all round. It is the general consensus of opinion that prices will have to be lower before there is any sustained recovery. It is true that there is little floating stock upon the market, and that the public are not likely to sell with six months' dividends in hand. But neither do they buy. While this is so the bears have the game in their own hands, and they have made so much money in other departments of the Stock Exchange that they are in a position to back up their opinion with regard to Home Railways.

DIRECTORS' FEES AND QUALIFICATIONS.

The abuses connected with directorships attract at present a good deal of attention; the barefaced manner in which these officials, chiefly of the "Guinea Pig" and "Ornamental" kind, continue to draw enormous fees, even when the Companies over which they preside pay very small or no dividends, having recently been illustrated by several flagrant cases. From numerous letters I have received, I am glad to see that shareholders are waking up to the necessity of finding a remedy for this state of things. A correspondent, signing himself "Looker-on," draws attention to the City of London Insurance Company as a case in point. That Company has only paid £16,000 in dividends during the three years of its existence, while the directors have taken over £9,000 in fees. Surely, a concern in this position cannot afford the luxury of twelve directors, drawing in the aggregate £3,000 per annum. Nor is it unnatural to suppose that among this round dozen only a small proportion fulfil a useful function. On the contrary, I am strongly reminded of the adage of the "too many cooks." Insurance business may not be in a favourable condition just now, but even that furnishes no pretext for so numerous and expensive a board. No wonder that several shareholders remonstrated at the meeting against these excessive fees. Their objections, however, were of little avail, for the Chairman very coolly referred them to the articles of association as fixing the amount of directors' fees, and ruled the rider proposed as out of order. The board of this Company is evidently too thickskinned to feel the effect of "moral" pressure. Yet the present is clearly a case in which the directors should resign their fees until the Company earns proportionate dividends, or some of the "ornamental" talent should be dispensed with. If shareholders would only combine and take concerted action, they would soon be able to deal effectively with the "director" nuisance.

"A Victim" draws attention to a point bearing on the question:—

> Why should not a short Act of Parliament be passed, directing information to be given in every prospectus as to the minimum amount of holding necessary to qualify for directorship, and the maximum amount of remuneration each director is to receive? It would be of great service in preventing the floating of rotten Companies; for in one Company in which I was fool enough to take shares I find that some of the directors, who have been pocketing their fees for years, neither hold, nor are required by the articles of association to hold, a single share in the concern which they assume to direct, and it is very common for the qualification of a director to be fixed so low, that, if the concern only lasts a year, he receives in fees a sum equal to the paid-up value of his shares.

The publication of the amount of the directors' fees in the prospectus, as suggested by "A Victim," would, no doubt, be useful; but I do not agree with him as to large holdings being a necessary qualification for a director. Many of the large holders of a Company's stock may not be suitable for the office, others may have no time to devote to it, while among the holders of smaller amounts business and administrative talent is often to be met with. To many of the latter their comparatively small investment is, moreover, of greater importance than the large holding is to the wealthy capitalist. The director to be got rid of is the man who goes in for the post as a profession, who holds many such offices in different Companies, who often has no time to give to any of them, and less capacity, and whose interests frequently of necessity become antagonistic to those of the shareholders. The remedy is simple. Without going the length to propose that, as suggested by another correspondent, no director should draw his fees before the shareholders are receiving interest out of profits at or above 5 per cent., I think the following clause, if inserted in the articles of association, would meet the case. "The directors are to take the whole of their fees in shares of the Company during the first year; 60 per cent. in shares, and the rest in cash in the second year; and 40 per cent. in shares, and the balance in cash in the third year; the shares not to be negotiated, and to form the directors' qualification after the first three years." If some such arrangement were enforced, the board would be sure to consist of directors devoted to the interest of the Company. Few of the sprigs of nobility and other ornaments who now grace the boards would probably accept these terms, but they could well be spared, and many a scheme started for the benefit of promoters and directors would thus be nipped in the bud, to the lasting benefit of the investing public.

ENGLISH COMPANIES IN CANADA.

Our Canadian friends are naturally anxious for English capital to flow into their pockets, but their Government does not second their wishes as far as mining is concerned. Their country is very rich in minerals, yet the amount of mining done is comparatively small. The experience of English Mining Companies in Canada is a most unpleasant one. The greater part of the machinery they require must be imported, and the duty on such machinery amounts to 25 per cent. This is practically prohibitive. Indeed, I have heard of many mining schemes in Canada being

Minton's China.—Thomas Goode & Co., Artists and Designers in Porcelain, South Audley-street Grosvenor-square.

Sanitary Inspection.—Fee, 2 Guineas. Improvement works undertaken. The Sanitary Engineering Co., 115, Victoria-st., Westminster.

rejected lately by English capitalists on the ground that the sum payable by way of duties on machinery was so large as to cut away all margin of profit. The result has been to render the American side of the boundary line more attractive to investors in mining ventures. I cannot believe that Canadians are aware of this. But what puzzles me is, why the Canadian Government should hesitate to remove this barrier to the influx of English capital. That Government professes to foster native industry under the name of the National Policy, while leaving the important industry of mining under a serious drawback. If such duties were abolished or remitted, the sums expended in Canada would soon compensate for their loss. Sir John Macdonald and his colleagues are reported to be very shrewd men, and it is surprising that they should be so short-sighted as not to see that to cease from levying a heavy duty on mining machinery, and especially such machinery as is not made in Canada, and which consequently cannot be "protected," is really to promote the National Policy in the most practical fashion.

LONDON LIFE.

IV.

MY DEAR SON,—Unlike music-hall entertainments, the drama is a refined and elegant amusement, but, like other relaxations, it has its dangers. And very insidious they are. You should see all the important plays that are produced, read wise men's opinions on them, and form your own, but do not go out of your way to know the secrets of theatrical matters, or the private affairs of the performers. Gentlemen and ladies, who would not think of concerning themselves about the latest addition to the family of the local baker, discuss for three weeks the uninteresting fact that an eminent dancer has had twins. There is a popular curiosity on all subjects relating to the stage that is undignified and should not be encouraged. A personal acquaintanceship between you and the majority of actors and actresses, is unequal, because your mode of life, plans for the future, and ambitions are so widely different from theirs. Irrespective of this, I am sure that an intimacy with them diminishes the gratification to be obtained from a play. At your age you may create many pleasing illusions which will help you to enjoy yourself. By being inquisitive you destroy them. When you hear very fine sermons, eloquently preached, you naturally conceive a deep respect for the clergyman who delivers them. Meet him at dinner, and hear him, over an extra glass of wine, tell some lay anecdotes. Though you may laugh at his joviality, and admire him as a good fellow, yet afterwards you will not listen to his discourses with your former reverence. So it is with actors. The grandiloquent speeches, full of noble sentiment—the trials, troubles, and successes of a dramatic hero—will cease to enlist your sympathy when you know that in private life the personator ill-treats his wife and family, and spends his salary anywhere but at home. As you go to the theatre to have your feelings excited, to lose yourself, as it were, for a while in the interest of the performance, it seems a pity that your amusements should be discounted by knowledge that can be of no use to you. There are many actors and actresses whose talents have deservedly won for them high positions in their profession. There are also several refined and learned gentlemen, and most intelligent and most educated ladies, who have adopted the stage as a profession. Their acquaintance may be worth cultivating. I am only anxious to warn you against the ruck.

Many actors are undoubtedly really entertaining persons. It is their business to amuse, and they often carry their professional proclivities into private life. But as their livelihood and prospect of fame are dependent to a great extent on advertisement, their conversation is apt to consist chiefly of eulogies on themselves and their acting. Remember, however, that you should not accept from them for nothing the fruits of their ability and experience that theatrical managers are willing to pay for. I would as soon ask a present of a pair of boots from my shoemaker as expect a professional actor to give a gratuitous entertainment for the delectation of my guests. If in his after-supper exuberance he volunteers to sing a few songs, and makes himself unusually agreeable, you must think carefully whether he has any selfish motive for his complaisance. Consider his position. The ambition of every actor is to be a manager, the business of his life to find a dupe rich enough to start him in a theatre. I am acquainted with several "noblemen and gentlemen" (as the money-lenders' circulars say) who have dipped into theatrical businesses. All have lost money in them, some very large amounts indeed. Be warned, therefore, by their misfortunes, and do not on any account embark in a venture the technical details of which you cannot and should not master. Although the actor may be your friend, he will naturally consider his own interest before yours. But it is not only the actors who may urge you into rash theatrical speculations. Attached to hard-working and respectable professionals there is always a long train of hangers-on—men who pick up a precarious living from the crumbs of literature and the drama; men who talk largely of their connections with art, who can write a comic song, paint a little, design a pretty dress, and write a short story for a Christmas Annual, and yet who, despite extraordinary opportunities, have been unsuccessful in every big thing they have tried to do. As a rule they are nice fellows, full of anecdote, and boastful of their Bohemian friends, and yet they are as likely to cost you a fortune as a lumberer or a usurer. I know of one gentleman who was so much impressed by a statement that one of these gentry was personally acquainted with a popular journalist, that he was induced to start a newspaper under the management of the rook. He lost eight thousand pounds through his folly in six months.

But perhaps I had better leave off discussing actors. You are not likely to come in contact with them except by means of their fair fellow-workers; it is the ladies of the stage who will most probably bring you to grief. Not

Iron Wine Bins.—The original makers. Medal and Five Awards, Sydney Exhibition, 1880. Farrow & Jackson, 16, Great Tower-street; 8, Haymarket, London. Illustrated Price Lists post free.

I certainly recommend Mr. & Mrs. Hart, 15, Stockbridge-terrace, Pimlico, S.W., as the most just and liberal purchasers of Cast-off Clothes, Jewellery, and every description of property. They punctually keep appointments, and remit P.O.O. for articles per return.

actresses of genius, whose talents entitle them to any position they may be able to attain; not respectable, hard-working women, who labour legitimately at their profession, and earn in it a starvation income; but shapely dummies, who are paid to carry tinselled clothes and make a stage picture look pretty. Even amongst these, however, are many honest, good girls; though men too often look upon subordinate actresses as playthings, to be patronised or discarded without the ordinary consideration shown to others of their sex. And the result is that a whole class is looked on contemptuously, though individuals only should be selected for opprobrium. Curiously enough, the section most generally vilified comprises the most virtuous women on the stage. A ballet girl is popularly considered to be a dangerous, fascinating creature, who ruins hosts of young men, and passing the time when she is not dancing in rollicking amusements and midnight orgies. This is the fancy picture. As a fact, there is no branch of the theatrical profession more respectable than the ballet. The majority are middle-aged wives of scene-shifters, stage-carpenters, supernumeraries, doorkeepers and other playhouse servants, who gladly work hard to supplement their husband's scanty earnings. There are, however, the Dotties, Totties, and Babies of the front-row. They are of a very different stamp, and it is an admiration for these, or one of them, that is likely to make you look ridiculous. If you ally yourself to any particular theatre so as to become a regular frequenter of it, it is obvious that you are not actuated by a mere love of acting and dramatic art. Anybody of moderate intelligence can sufficiently appreciate the merits or demerits of a modern performance in one or two visits. The booby who brags that he has been to thirty consecutive performances of a burlesque, simply proves himself to be an idiot. Nor does his intimacy with a few of the performers, and his knowledge of their habits, customs, and nicknames, aggrandise his importance in the eyes of any but asses like himself. The girls who use the stage as a platform from which to ogle smart corner-stalled young gentlemen should be fought shy of. They are stage furniture, to be remembered by their costumes, if at all. As a pretty frame to others' talent, they are admirable; individually they are coarse and rapacious. Do not imagine that by forming the acquaintance of Nudita Trippito, and by her recognition of your compliments, that you become a "patron of the drama." On the contrary, you will be one of its enemies; for the young lady will think less of her business than of the supper party which is to follow it; less of the picture in which she is a necessary, if subordinate character, than of the bracelets that garishly adorn her own white arms.

The most difficult stage to manage is that on which "every lassie has her laddie." When girls are independent of their salaries, it cannot be expected that they will submit to the discipline of a stage-manager, whom they look upon as a social inferior. Practically, they can select any theatre they choose to appear in. So long as a woman is good looking, she is competent to wear pretty clothes and adorn an opera-bouffe, burlesque, or pantomime, and if she has an admirer, so much the better for the theatrical manager, who receives the money paid for his nightly stall. But any chance the young woman might have of developing dramatic talent and advancing in her profession is effectually put a stop to by her feeling that she is on the stage from choice, not from necessity.

An unconcealed admiration, therefore, for one who, but for an accident of which she has no reason to be proud, would have been a housemaid, proves you to be a fool. You must treat these females as what they simply are—shapely accessories to stage pictures, who travel through life with upturned claws grabbing at whatever they can reach, and who scratch deeply if necessary to obtain it. Some few are, I am thankful to say, really honest, pure, hard-working girls; but there are very many whose only claim to be considered as such rests on their own statements. It will not be worth your while to separate the good from the bad. Heaven forbid that I should encourage you to become a profligate or libertine, but, above all, avoid the pseudo-proper minx as you would a pestilence. An insignificant actress who pretends to be what she is not, who looks down on her avowedly more wicked sisters, and at the same time lays herself out for admiration, presents, and feasts at the hands of persons she hardly knows, is the most expensive and unsatisfactory of her class.

An intimate acquaintance with the stage, or rather I should say with stage furniture, unless very carefully cultivated, is a form of amusement as expensive as it is undignified. You should look upon the footlights as an insurmountable barrier to private intercourse. Special circumstances may justify special friendships, but take my advice, and keep your own side of the tableau-curtain.—Your affectionate FATHER.

QUEER STORIES.

THE GREAT AGRARIAN MURDER.

NICHOLAS FLINT, Lord Grabmore's agent, was, like his master, a well-hated man; but while the Peer was more hated by the tenantry than feared, the agent was more feared than hated. It was not tenderness on the part of his lordship which, before Nicholas Flint became his agent, prevented him from making a merciless use of his power to evict, and the tenants—Irish peasants are, as a rule, shrewd judges of character—knew this. They never for a moment imagined that Lord Grabmore's mildness towards them had been dictated by consideration for them. They knew that he was essentially a cruel and selfish man, but that, like many cruel and selfish men, he was a coward, and hesitated to adopt severe measures to increase his somewhat scanty income, only because he was afraid their adoption would put his life in jeopardy. And they were right. Once he came under the influence of Flint's stronger nature, his whole conduct was changed. He employed without hesitation the most inhuman means

Riding Habits.—Specialty of John Redfern & Sons. Ladies' Tailors by Appointment to H.R.H. the Princess of Wales, 26, Conduit-street, London, W. Also at Cowes and Paris.

Minton's (Limited). — Minton's China. A visit to Messrs. Mortlock's extensive collection in Oxford-st. and Orchard-st. will conclusively prove the superiority of taste and lowness of price for which this house has been so celebrated during the last century and a half

to increase the value of his property; indeed, after a time, their employment seemed to give him positive pleasure.

Flint was of a different stamp from his lordship. He was a man of the most resolute determination and most reckless courage. Whenever he had made up his mind that anything should be done, no matter what misery it might produce, or what cry of shame it raised over the country, or what hatred and danger it brought upon himself, done it was. He was actuated by no feeling of hostility towards the unfortunate people who trembled before him. On the contrary, he was animated by the most conscientious conviction that in acting as he did he was doing his duty, not merely towards his employer, but towards society, and not merely towards society, but towards the tenants themselves. He had, as he often said, to be cruel to be kind. In fact, he was an ardent believer in, and victim of, the Irish agent's creed. It taught him that there could be no prosperity on an estate of small holdings, and to bring prosperity he evicted cottiers and united their plots. It taught him that nothing improved farming like salting well the land with rent; and to improve farming he screwed the rents up to the highest farthing. And undoubtedly, under this treatment, Lord Grabmore's estate greatly improved in appearance. But that improvement was bought with much suffering and the desolation of many humble homes.

Whatever might be the ultimate result of this system of estate management, it could scarcely be expected that the existing generation of tenants, who suffered all its privations and experienced none of its benefits, would regard its originator with kindness; and they did not. He was looked upon by them with absolute detestation and abject terror. They considered his conduct so atrocious as to be incredible in an ordinary human being. Many believed he must have sold himself to Satan, and not a few had a suspicion that he was the Old Gentleman himself. The whole country regarded him as the incarnation of evil, bringing with him all manner of trouble and misfortune wherever he went. Yet in his very character he found a certain protection from their ill-will. He went abroad, and mixed freely with the people, unarmed and unattended; and though at the sight of his pale, delicate face and thin, drooping moustache the children shrieked and the women crossed themselves, nobody interfered with him. He even wandered about the country at night alone; yet the tenants sought only to keep out of his way. It was too dangerous a task to tackle such a fierce and dauntless enemy. Yet his few friends regarded his recklessness with misgivings, and felt that it must some day end in calamity. They again and again remonstrated with him, but without effect. The authorities offered him a police guard, but he rejected the offer with contempt.

Flint was a widower, but not childless. If, as his enemies alleged, his wife had died of a broken heart, no one could affirm that there was much likelihood of a similar fate befalling his two sons. These were now young men of three-and-twenty and one-and-twenty respectively, and as unlike their father as sons could well be. They were of a bright and frolicsome disposition, always enjoying themselves, and glad to see others doing the same, but foolhardy and thoughtless in the extreme. Their exuberant animal spirits and thoughtlessness were continually getting them into scrapes; but never on one occasion was their father heard to address to them a single harsh word. His affection for them, indeed, seemed to be the one soft spot in his hard heart.

When these lads arrived from Dublin, where they were both studying for the bar, to spend their Christmas vacation with their father, the country had been for a long time convulsed by agrarian troubles. Hitherto, however, though there had been a few minor outrages on Lord Grabmore's estate, it had been free from murder. His lordship, aware of his unpopularity, had sought safety in England; but Flint, although, if possible, still more unpopular, in no way altered his ways on account of the state of the country. He still, in spite of every remonstrance, persisted in his habit of going abroad at all hours, unarmed and alone. He rejected all offers of police protection, and seemed to rely for safety solely on the terror of his name; and apparently with good reason. His very recklessness led the superstitious tenantry to believe that he did not fear attack, because, by a compact with the devil, he was assured for a certain time against death. But his few friends could not be blind to the risk to which he was exposing himself, and so strongly was his danger felt by some of them, that they might have been said to have awaited daily the news of his assassination.

As the fear of outrage had driven most of the gentry from the neighbourhood, and as the farmers had put a stop to hunting, Mr. Flint's boys had little company or sport to amuse them during their Christmas vacation; and, as neither of them was of a studious disposition, before long they were at a loss how to kill the time. One day, as the elder of them, after having smoked until he was nearly sick, was wondering what he should do next, his brother Harry came up to him.

"Nick," said he, "I've an idea."

"Have you?" said Nick. "Out with it."

"What do you say, old fellow?" This variation on the usual "Old boy" was suggested by Nick's name. "What do you say, old fellow, to our perpetrating a great agrarian murder?" said Harry.

"What?" cried Nick. "Do you mean we should murder some of the landlords or agents in the neighbourhood?"

"No, no; only pretend to do it. Stuff an old suit of clothes with straw, take it out with us some night in the dog-cart, drive to Ballymulwhacking, throw it on the road, pour out some pig's blood—there are two to be killed to-morrow, you know—then fire two or three shots, and when the people are coming out of the houses, pitch the dummy back into the dog-cart and drive off like the deuce. That would create stir enough in the country to keep us in fun till we get back to Dublin."

"Very likely; but what if we're found out?"

"Not much chance of that. There's no horse-police near Ballymulwhacking, and with the black mare we could escape if there were. Besides, even if we were found out, it wouldn't matter much."

Nicholas did not altogether agree with this, and, at first, declined to take any part in the business; but, ultimately

Vanity Fair says:—"Mr. Benjamin is still the Prince of Ulster and Stalking-Coat Makers." Ulster House, Conduit-street, W.

Minton's China.—A visit to Messrs. Goode's Depôt in South Audley-street will at once show the immense superiority of their collection, both as regards taste, extent, and lowness of price.

the impetuosity of his younger brother overcame his prudence, and they resolved to carry out the project the very next night. They searched up an old suit of their father's, stuffed it with straw, and tied on it one of his hats. Putting this in their dog-cart, and furnished besides with some pigs' blood and a revolver, they set out a few hours after dark. Making a wide circuit from their father's house, they reached Ballymulwhacking about midnight. The village was silent, every house was shut, and every inhabitant asleep. When they had passed through it to the end next their home they began operations. Throwing some pig's blood upon the road they tossed the dummy near it and then Harry fired three shots from the revolver in not very rapid succession. Before he had stopped firing, half a dozen windows were opened, and as many heads popped out. He sprang to the ground, and flung the dummy back into the dog-cart. By the time he got back himself, several people, more or less unclothed, were in the road calling out and running towards them. The boys saw it was time to be off, so slashing their mare into a furious gallop, they rapidly disappeared from the villagers.

They were three or four hundred yards past the last cottage, and were beginning to moderate the mare's pace and laugh over the consternation they had caused, when they suddenly became aware that a horseman was following them. The clatter of their own animal and vehicle had prevented them until now from hearing him; and when they became conscious of his presence he was close upon them. Once more they put the mare to her swiftest pace, and, for a moment, seemed to be distancing their pursuer; but their animal was tired by the long drive they had already taken, and it soon became evident that the horseman was gaining upon them. They could already distinguish his figure in the dark—that of a fine, broad-shouldered man on a big, broad-breasted horse. They began to see that their joke might turn out anything but enjoyable for them, and to think with anything but pleasure of the scandal their absurd behaviour would provoke. Every moment their pursuer came closer. If they were to escape, evidently something must be done. Harry, in his impulsive manner, determined to fire wide of the horseman, in the hope that he might thus scare him from further pursuit. Turning in his seat he aimed several yards off him and fired, but, as he did so, a sudden jolt of the dog-cart altered his position, and, to his intense horror, both horse and rider went down before his pistol. Nicholas, who was driving, pulled up in a perfect agony of apprehension, and Harry sprang down to run to the fallen horseman's assistance. He had scarcely reached the ground, however, when he observed that the horseman was on his feet, and while Harry stood irresolute whether to go towards him or remount the dog-cart, the crack of the stranger's pistol and the whistling of the bullet past his ear determined him. He sprang back on the dog-cart, and called on Nicholas to drive for his life. As the mare dashed off the stranger fired again, and the tearing of the ball through Harry's sleeve showed the boys the danger they were in. A third shot followed, but by that time the dog-cart was beyond pistol range, and they were safe.

It was not until they had traversed several miles that they thought of moderating the mare's headlong pace. The country they were then in was sparsely peopled; and so, to avoid being noticed, and as there seemed no reason to believe that they were being followed, they slackened speed and began to talk over their night's adventures. It was no longer the mere innocent fun it appeared to be before the horseman turned up. They had, they fully saw, got into a serious scrape, and they could not help acknowledging to themselves that, if they were discovered, it was possible that at the approaching assizes they might have to defend themselves against the charge of attempted murder. The only consoling point they could find in the whole business was that their pursuer had not been, as they had at one time feared, injured by the shot; the bullet had evidently struck the horse only—probably on one of the fore-legs. For a time they were in doubt whether it would not be the wisest course to go in the morning to the police-station and confess all. They might by so doing escape any danger of being indicted. But, after some discussion, they agreed that, as the chance of discovery was small and the ignominy of confession great, the best thing they could do was to take every possible precaution to baffle inquiry. They accordingly pulled the dummy to pieces, and cast the straw with which it was stuffed into a road-side ditch. While doing so they noticed, to their alarm, that the hat was missing. Upon consideration, however, they became reassured. It was extremely unlikely that an old felt hat, such as half the farmers in the country wore, would be anything like a sufficient clue to put the police on the right scent. Then, having finished the work of dismantling the dummy, they drove round by a circuitous route, so as to reach their father's house by a different road from that leading from Ballymulwhacking. When they reached home, they were pleased to see that nobody was yet about. They entered quietly, and, after putting up the horse and dog-cart, and hiding the old clothes, they went to their bedrooms without apparently disturbing any of the house's sleeping inmates.

Though both the boys were extremely tired by their night's exertions, neither of them slept well. They could not free their minds from the fear that the morning would bring exposure of the whole absurd affair, and, though their father had always shown them great indulgence in their boyish escapades, they felt that their present behaviour had overstepped the bounds of even his patience. Besides, even should he find no fault with them, they knew that their conduct, if discovered, must give him considerable pain, and, as they both bore him undoubted affection, this knowledge did not contribute to their peace of mind. It was early morning, and Nicholas had just at length fallen into a troubled sleep, when he was awakened by a rather loud knocking at the door. The first thought that came into his head was that everything had been found out. Springing out of bed, he asked in a stern voice what all the row was about.

"Oh! sir," said the old housekeeper from without—"Oh! sir, the master didn't come home last night, and there's a policeman below inquiring about him. I'm afraid something bad has happened to him, sir."

In a second all recollection of last night's adventures was out of young Nick's head.

"Call Harry," he said, "and tell the policeman I'll be with him in a minute."

Hastily throwing on some of his clothes, he hurried down to the hall where the policeman was awaiting him. It was old Sergeant Grimshaw, whom he knew well—a rugged and clear-sighted old fellow from the North. Before he had well returned Nicholas's salutation, Harry came running down in his dressing-gown from his bedroom, pale and excited.

"Well, sergeant," said Nicholas, "I hear you are asking about my father; has anything happened to him?"

"I greatly fear it, sir," replied Grimshaw, in his strong Ulster accent and official style. "Last night sub-constables O'Mulligan and O'Reilly, when out on night-duty, heard several shots, but when they reached the place the offenders had disappeared; though it was clear that a murderous outrage had been committed, for the road was covered with blood. Sub-Inspector Hurry just then arrived. He was riding home from his uncle's in the Mullamore direction, where he had been dining. Hearing that the criminals had driven off, he pursued them, but when he overtook them they fired on him, and broke his horse's leg. Afterwards sub-constable O'Mulligan found on the road a hat with your father's initials in it and a pistol-shot through it. They took the body with them, and we haven't yet found it."

"And where did this take place, sergeant?" asked Nicholas, his face pale with excitement.

"At Ballymulwhacking, sir," replied the sergeant.

The two brothers glanced at one another in confusion. They knew not what to say. At length Nicholas asked if the sub-inspector was hurt.

"No, sir," answered the sergeant, "only a bit shaken."

"Would he recognise his assailants again?"

"No, sir, he doesn't think he would. The night was very dark, and he saw little of them; but he noticed by the flash of their pistol that they weren't dressed like farmers, but townspeople. I may say, your honours," added the sergeant, in a confidential way, and at the same time with a knowing air, "I may say, your honours, we have a suspicion that they are agents sent up from Dublin to do the job."

Nicholas reflected for a moment, and then said: "Well, sergeant, if you wait until we dress, we'll go with you to the sub-inspector."

"Well, sir, said the sergeant, "I'm in charge of the men searching the road the murderers drove off by, for the body, and I'd rather go there. But Mr. Hurry told me to call here and request you to go to him at Ballymulwhacking as soon as you could."

This the young men agreed to do, and the sergeant took his departure. As soon as he was gone they retired to Harry's bedroom, and there began to consider whether they should at once explain to the sub inspector the true version of the Ballymulwhacking affair, or wait to see how things would turn out. One thing seemed clear—something serious had befallen their father. Though he was accustomed to take midnight walks, he never had been known to remain out long after midnight; and neither of the boys could doubt that he had been murdered. To allow, then, the police to remain even for an hour on the wrong scent, was simply to play into the murderers' hands—perhaps to secure them their escape from justice. The boys therefore determined to go straight to the sub-inspector and confess all.

Just as they were starting off for this purpose, the postboy arrived with some letters. Nicholas glanced hurriedly at the superscriptions. One of them seemed strange to him. The letter it was on was from Cork, and was addressed to himself. He tore it open, and the moment his eye met the writing inside he almost fainted. After reading the contents rapidly he handed it to Harry. It ran as follows:—

My dear Boys,—I am a ruined man. I have abused my position to rob my employer. It was all through stock speculation. I always thought my luck would change, and so kept on until all hope was gone. I had not the heart to tell you, my boys, how I had disgraced you. I am bound for America, and you'll never hear of me again. Thank God, the pittance your mother left you will save you from starvation. May God protect you, is the one prayer of your heartbroken Father.

The brothers were dumbfounded. They could not for a time realise their position. When they became calmer, however, and considered the state of affairs, they found it somewhat improved. Their father's life, at least, was safe, and if they only let the police persist on the scent they were following, his honour too might be preserved. They proceeded, therefore, to the sub-inspector, and, after a long consultation with him, agreed that the perpetrators of the Ballymulwhacking outrage must be their father's murderers, and that the proper course was to use every exertion to discover them. They were the bolder in recommending this, as they found that the sub-inspector did not for a moment suspect them. Great attempts were made to discover the miscreants, and large rewards were offered—the sons themselves promising one of £250; but it is scarcely necessary to say that the crime remained a mystery.

GIRLS' GOSSIP.

Dearest Amy,—I have at last been to the International Health Exhibition, and examined the various departments conscientiously, to find out anything that might interest girls of a rather frivolous tendency, like you and me. To begin with the vestibule; it is not so pretty as it was last year, but much more practical, the walls being utilised for purposes of advertisement. A striking feature of the whole exhibition is the liberal provision for eating and drinking. At each corner one turns, there are persons busily employed in these processes, so necessary to health. We liked some of the stuffed animals, especially the Queen's prize heifer, Cherry Blossom, whose splendid head looks wonderfully natural. The dairies are quite delightful, and we remained there for a long time, so cheerful and bright and clean was everything. We watched all the processes by which butter is made. We stroked the cows, who seemed to expect some small attentions of the sort, and we listened to the festive crowing of the cocks and the jubilant and self-gratulating observations of the comely mother-hens. We drank some delicious milk, and noted a clever little contrivance for packing eggs, consisting of three pieces of wire, springing from a common base. Separating these with the fingers of the left hand, the egg is gently inserted by the right, the wires being allowed to close upon it. I think they are called "spring egg-carriers."

Passing by the hall of the Vegetarian Society, we contented ourselves with speculating on what sort of courses are supplied there at the rate of three for sixpence, and wondering how soon we should feel hungry after such a meal.

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A picnic hamper, displayed quite near, seemed to offer a silent but eloquent argument against vegetarianism, so rich was that article and its frères in associations of another sort. I noticed that the one in question had a compartment devoted to the tea equipage; quite a happy thought. Tea is the necessary corollary of an open-air luncheon.

Papa was much interested in the ambulance of the Metropolitan district, all the details of which were explained to us by an intelligent attendant. When any one is seized with small-pox, the district officer is communicated with; he telegraphs or telephones to the head office in the Strand; they forward orders to one of their stations nearest the patient, to send an ambulance and a nurse; the sick person is then conveyed to the nearest wharf; the Board having, meantime, telegraphed for a steamer to be in waiting, to carry him on to one of the floating hospitals—the *Atlas*, *Endymion*, or the *Castalia*. When convalescent, he is sent on to the Convalescent Home, where the only present provision for patients is a number of tents; but small houses are to be erected soon. This subject is, unfortunately, rather an important and a prominent one just now.

Not far from the Ambulance is the Aquarium, which is most interesting. The remarks of some of the onlookers were amusing. One, evidently imagining that the fish were artificial, observed that they "looked quite natural," which they certainly did. The roach and tench are particularly attractive, by reason of the warmth and delicacy of their tints. One of the lobsters was of the loveliest greeny-blue colour. The sea-anemones looked deliciously calm, restful, and reposeful, as contrasted with the surging crowd. Some intervening slender spires of rockwork are well devised, with greenery among them.

The historic costumes are occasionally amusing, if not always interesting, except to the student of antiquity. There is a coiffure of Edward IV.'s time, which is really outrageous. It consists of a "steeple," measuring at least half a yard in height, and ornamented with two huge, hollow funnels of some soft, white material, starched into stiffness. From the very point of the steeple falls a drapery of the white stuff, so long that the other end sweeps the floor.

I hope that kind of bonnet will not come into fashion in our time. Don't you?

I like the Elizabethan hunting-dress for a man, copied from the "Romaunt of the Rose"; it is so trim and neat, and yet gives freedom to the limbs. The peasants' dress appears to have been much prettier than that of the nobles in the reign of the Virgin Queen. Lady Bacon is quite beautiful in her Marie Stuart coif and starched ruff; and the Earl of Bristol looks really a "pretty" fellow in a Charles I. dress of grey satin and silver braid. The dresses of the Commonwealth are *too* hideous. The hoops in George the Second's reign were portentous indeed. They dwindled a little in George the Third's time. There is a caricature of the macaroni of this period. Even in wax, he does not look such a hopeless imbecile as the modern masher. The dresses of the Prince Regent's time are carefully toned down from their native improprieties, fortunately for the susceptibilities of the British public. Their transparency is ignored, and some inches are added where they were, in the originals, badly needed.

The girls who make gloves sit at the end of the Historic Costumes Gallery, and work away with admirable industry, under a battery of hundreds of inquisitive eyes. Such an Argus gaze would disturb *me*, I fear, if I were only sewing a button on. And oh! what very migratory things are glove-buttons! They must be descended from gipsies, I think.

We are waiting for the weather to be warm to go to one of the evening *fêtes*. I believe the illuminations are splendid, and the dear Coldstreams discourse the most tempting of valses. The lake is beautifully lit up on *fête* nights, and the rhododendrons show, I am told, a dreamy beauty which is not theirs in the more prosaic daylight. We were delighted with the Old Street, but I am not antiquarian enough to enter into its numerous details. I liked the gateway better than the houses.

I am glad to find my sentiments on the subject of chess-playing re-echoed by so great a person as Mr. Ruskin. He writes to one of the papers that he has serious thoughts of publishing "a selection of favourite old games by chess-players of real genius and imagination, as opposed to the stupidity called chess-playing in modern days." He adds:—"Pleasant 'play,' truly! in which the opponents sit calculating and analysing for twelve hours, tire each other nearly into apoplexy or idiocy, and end in a draw or a victory by an odd pawn."

We went to the Indian Tableaux at the Princes' Hall. They were extremely well arranged, but the effect was injured by our not being able to hear what Miss Cowen said. The recitations were entrusted to her, and she has an unfortunate habit of dropping the voice at the end of her sentences. The music was well selected, and the whole was got up with a care that deserved a larger audience. The composition of the various groups could not have been more effective, and the colouring was orientally gorgeous.

Maud has been having a good cry over a novel that has just appeared, called "Man Proposes." It is a delightful story, so do not forget to include it in your next list for Mudie's.

How clever the Miss Hughes must be who has gained a first-class in the Moral Sciences Tripos (doesn't it sound perfectly awful?) at Newnham. She is the modern Atalanta, for she has outstripped all the (mental) athletes of the stronger sex; but, possibly, there were no golden apples to tempt her from the course. Miss Atalanta Hughes is reading history as well. I wonder, dear, what a moral science *is?* I can't fancy an immoral one, can you?

I have it! The immoral sciences must be those that teach how to dye the hair, to pad the figure, and to impart the fashionable creamy pallor to the face.

Newnham has beaten Girton at tennis, too, this year; so there is jubilation among the "fair girl-graduates with" ——no! nothing shall tempt me to finish that poor over-worked quotation.

Papa took me to the Court the other evening, and oh, *how* we enjoyed Mrs. John Wood in "My Milliner's Bill." And she wore such a lovely gown, all creamy, soft-falling lace over pale pink silk or satin. I liked the way the lace was caught carelessly together across the chest with a diamond clasp. There is such science in the cut of skirts just now, is there not? One can detect fireside millinery at a glance.

This reminds me to give you Charlie's report of the frocks at Ascot on Cup-day. The prettiest, he says, were the white and the pale blue. There was abundance of red, but not in masses; a bonnet here, a sunshade there, and ribbons on a frock elsewhere. Many black toilets were worn, some of them being most distinguished looking. A startling sunshade showed every colour in the rainbow, and a few variations of which the rainbow is innocent.

There! That is all he could tell us, and Maud and I had to ask such heaps of questions before we could get even that little dribblet of information from him. What geese men are!

Here is a bit of news. I don't know whether I like it or not. White stockings are coming in again. Doctors are beginning to discover that the sole of the foot absorbs dyes, whether black or coloured, and that a continuous process of slow blood-poisoning is now going on amongst those who wear coloured stockings. They (the doctors, not the stockings) attribute to this several new diseases that have lately been added to the heritage of our human flesh.

Here is a pretty dinner-dress for a brunette:—It is of saffron-coloured satin, with side panels of brown velvet, embroidered with branches of nasturtium of different shades. The bodice is of brown velvet, with tiny basques, originally knotted up behind with saffron satin bows; and opens on a saffron satin waistcoat. On the left shoulder and at the right side of the waist are two bouquets of nasturtiums.

It appears that Worth's last idea for a seaside dress on cold, gusty days is made of a dark blue woollen stuff, the texture of which is rather thin. It has three skirts; the

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two lower ones being plain at the back, and red velvet devices are appliqué all round. The third skirt or tunic forms embroidered points, and is lifted up on the left side with large red velvet cockades. The blue bodice is closed at the rise with three velvet cockades. A blue straw high hat, trimmed with red velvet and peonies, is to be worn with this eccentric frock.—Good-bye, dear, from your loving cousin,

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The Proprietors beg to announce that LUNCHEONS a la carte and at prix fixe are now served in the RECEPTION ROOM (ALHAMBRA COURT), from 11 a.m. till 3 p.m., for LADIES and GENTLEMEN.

THE BALL AND BANQUETING ROOMS ARE OPEN FOR THE INSPECTION OF VISITORS.

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Total available capital	£1,325
Annual expenditure about	16,000
Total income	9,300
Deficit	£6,700

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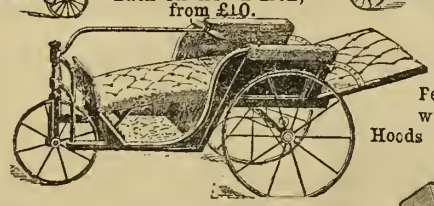

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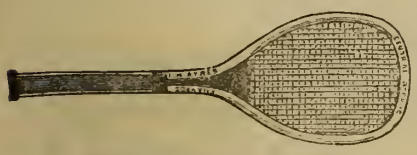

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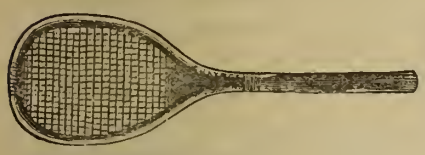

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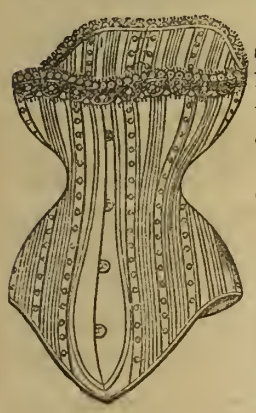

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Prepared from the Lime Fruit. Is entirely free of Alcohol. A Wholesome Family Beverage for Dinner or Supper Table.

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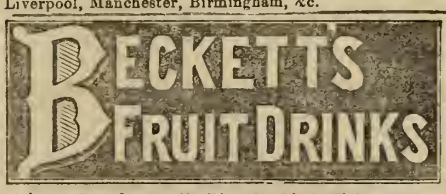

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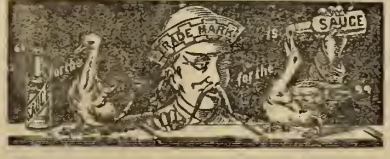

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THE NORTHERN TERRITORY CORPORATION OF SOUTH AUSTRALIA, LIMITED.
Incorporated under the Companies Acts, 1862 to 1883.
ABRIDGED PROSPECTUS.
Full prospectus, plan, and reports can be obtained from the bankers, brokers, solicitors or secretary.
Capital £1,000,000, divided into 100,000 Shares of £10 each, of which the vendors take 33,000, with £5 per Share paid-up and a contingent liability of £5 per Share.
ISSUE of 67,000 SHARES, payable £1 on application, £1. 10s. on allotment. Further calls (if any) are not to exceed 10s. at any one time, and are not to be made at intervals of less than three months. The articles contain powers to raise further requirements by debentures, with a view of avoiding further calls. The directors cannot, under the articles, call beyond £5 per share.
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BANKERS—Smith, Payne, and Smiths, 1, Lombard-street, E.C.; the British Linen Company Bank, 41, Lombard street, E.C., and at Edinburgh, Glasgow, and branches.
AUDITORS—C. F. Kemp, Ford, & Co., 8, Walbrook.
SOLICITORS—Sladen & Mackenzie, 1, Delahay-street, S.W.
BROKERS—Brunton, Bourke, & Co., 18, Finch-lane, E.C.
SECRETARY—William B. Hervey.
OFFICES—156 and 157, Leadenhall-street (R. Goldsbrough & Co., Limited, of Australia).

The object for which this corporation is formed is to acquire from Messrs. C. B. Fisher and M. Lyons pastoral properties in the Northern territory of South Australia, covering an area of about 34,700 square miles, or say 22,200,000 acres, and 35,500 acres of agricultural land, more or less, together with homesteads, improvements, and about 20,000 head of cattle, and 750 horses, and to further develop the same by carrying on the business of cattle, sheep, and horse breeders, &c. &c. The magnitude of the properties may be briefly described by stating that their area is about two-thirds that of England and Wales.
It is a well-known fact that most of the great fortunes made in Australia have been realised by the owners of well-selected pastoral properties. The properties to be acquired by the corporation were selected by Messrs. Fisher and Lyons, men of admitted colonial experience and good judgment in these matters, who were amongst the first to foresee the great future in store for this part of Australia, and, being large capitalists, were enabled to secure a very considerable portion of the cream of the country. The properties taken up are well grassed and watered, there being no less than seven navigable rivers running through them, viz., the Adelaide, Roper, Mary, Waterhouse, and Victoria, and the South, East, and West Alligator rivers, besides many smaller streams, springs, and water-courses; this, in connection with the annual rains, renders the corporation's property comparatively free from drought, the great drawback to some pastoral properties in Australia. The rivers being navigable render communication both easy and cheap; and in addition the Transcontinental Railway, now in course of construction, will run through portions of the property, as does the existing line of telegraph, which places the territory in direct communication with London.
The want of a market, the source of so much anxiety and sometimes loss in some other parts of Australia, is almost wholly obviated by the proximity of these properties to Port Darwin, the nearest Australian port, not only to Europe, but also to Java, Singapore, and India, where a large demand exists for cattle and horses, which can be sold at remunerative prices, independently of a largely-increasing local demand.
Port Darwin as a harbour is second only to Port Jackson (the harbour of Sydney). The Government of South Australia is about to expend upwards of a million sterling in the construction of a portion of the Transcontinental Railway and in harbour works, which, when completed, will make Port Darwin the central point for Australian trade.
The contract for sale, dated the 3rd day of May, 1884, and made between Charles Brown Fisher and Maurice Lyons of the one part, and the corporation of the other part, together with the form of pastoral leases, copies of the memorandum and articles of association, and copies of reports, plans, and the estimates on which the foregoing calculations are based, may be seen at the offices of the Corporation.
Application for shares, accompanied by a deposit of £1 a share, may be made on the form accompanying the prospectus, addressed to the Secretary, at the Company's offices, or to the bankers, from either of whom, or from the brokers, prospectuses and forms of application can be obtained.
Applications for shares will be received on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, 17th, 18th, and 19th inst.

THE NORTHERN TERRITORY CORPORATION of SOUTH AUSTRALIA, Limited.—Full prospectus, with memorandum of association, appears in the *Times* of Monday, the 16th inst.

MESSRS. H. HALFORD & CO., Stock and Share Brokers, 2, Royal Exchange Avenue, London, E.C. Daily CLOSING PRICE List and market report on application. Speculative accounts opened on terms to be ascertained. Special business in "Options" at CLOSE MARKET PRICES. No "DISTANCES."

The Subscription List will close on June 23rd, for Town and Country.

THE "LANCASTER PARK" HOTEL, HYDROPATHIC, AND HIGH HARROGATE LAND COMPANY, LIMITED. (Incorporated under the Companies Acts, whereby the liability of each Shareholder is limited to the amount of their Shares.)—Capital £100,000, in 20,000 Shares of £5 each.—ISSUE of the remaining 15,000 SHARES, being the amount required to complete the purchase, erect and furnish the "Lancaster," and for working Capital (the balance of the purchase-money, £25,000, being taken in fully paid-up Shares) payable as follows:—20s. per Share on Application; 40s. on Allotment; future Calls, 20s. per Share at intervals of not less than three months between each Call.
DIRECTORS.
James Powell, Esq., Westwood, Harrogate.
G. T. Fowler, Esq., Raynes Park, Wimbledon.
J. T. Gray, Esq., 83, Elizabeth-street, Eaton-square.
E. D. Mathews, Esq., Assoc. M. Inst. C.E., Union-court Chambers, E.C.
R. Revett, Esq., Director of the South-West Suburban Water Company.
BANKERS—Lloyd's, Barnett's, & Bosanquet's Bank, Limited, 60 and 62, Lombard-street, London, E.C., and Branches; Knaresborough & Claro Banking Co., Limited, Harrogate.
SOLICITORS—Frederick Bradley, Esq., 75, Mark-lane, London, E.C.; Messrs. Powell, Harrogate, & Knaresborough, Yorkshire.
SECRETARY—Arthur Wellesley Bigsworth, Esq.
OFFICES—13, Buckingham-street, Adelphi, London, W.C.

ABRIDGED PROSPECTUS.
The object of this Company is to purchase the Freehold estate called "Lancaster Park," High Harrogate, embracing an area of 19 acres, 1 rood, 33 perches, or 94,319 square yards, and on the portion thereof fronting the "Stray" to build an Hotel, combined with an Hydropathic Establishment, and subsequently to erect houses on the remaining land, or to sell plots for that purpose.
The portion set apart for the Hotel and the Hydropathic Establishment facing the "Stray" (which in extent is 200 acres, and secured by Act of Parliament to the town as an open space for ever), with its gardens and pleasure grounds, is 2½ acres, or 11,816 square yards, and is one of the finest sites in Harrogate for such a purpose. It faces west and south, with most extensive views, and presents altogether an unusually grand position for the erection of such an establishment, with all modern improvements and sanitary appliances so essential in such buildings.
There is every description of mineral water in Harrogate, and most varieties of ailment or malady are readily reached through their peculiar and different properties; indeed, the cures effected by even a few weeks' residence are marvellous. There is the best of air, good drainage, every convenience as to railway, postal, and telegraph arrangements.
Apart from the Waters and their healing properties, Harrogate is a charming place, and visitors for pleasure are even more numerous than those who as patients visit it for its health-restoring virtues. The surrounding country is beautiful, and abounds in objects and places of the highest historical interest, such as Knaresborough and its celebrated Castle, Fountains Abbey, Bolton Abbey, Kirkstall Abbey, &c. &c.
Experience shows that modern Hotels combined with Hydropathic Establishments, well placed, well built, and well conducted, pay a very high rate of interest on the sums invested in them. The "Queen's" Hotel, which immediately faces the proposed "Lancaster Park" Hotel, pays Ten per cent. on the purchase of £58,000. The Swan Hydropathic is paying large dividends, and Smedley's last year showed a profit of upwards of 20 per cent., and the undertakings at Southport, Tunbridge Wells, and other places, are also paying well; therefore it is only reasonable to believe, on ordinary grounds alone, that the "Lancaster" will become equally remunerative. Besides, as more than 20 Hotels in Harrogate are always full during the season, and yield notoriously handsome profits, and as visitors increase in number every year, there is ample room for others without in the slightest degree militating against the existing ones. Again, Harrogate, like Buxton, is gradually becoming a Winter as well as a Summer place of resort; for although its situation is high and the air cold in winter, the atmosphere is free from moisture, and bracing and exhilarating in the extreme—especially in High Harrogate.
The present resident population of Harrogate is 10,000, but from the beginning of May to the end of September or middle of October, it is about 26,000. Statistics show that there are about 80,000 visitors in the aggregate, during this period—that is to say, about 16,000 who change five times. This flow of visitors is steadily on the increase, and yet, strange to say, there is no accommodation for families of position and others who desire the seclusion of home as well as the advantages of an Hotel, such as is provided by the arrangements at the "Imperial" at Torquay, and other modern houses. To fill up this great void, and to render Harrogate the Queen of Spas, perfect for visitors, the "Lancaster" is proposed.
As perfect and economical management can be better secured all round when there are a number of resident boarders, and it is known that those living in the establishment are pecuniarily interested in its success; therefore, original Subscribers for 50 Shares, and upwards, will be given a discount of 10 per cent. on their accounts.
The entire estate of "Lancaster Park" can be acquired at a reduced price by purchasing it in a single block. It is handsomely laid out and planted; the roads and sewers are well made and approved by the Improvement Commissioners, and gas and water laid on throughout. These works have been completed at a considerable outlay and the Estate prepared for immediate building development. The tenure, moreover, is freehold, by direct transfer from Her Majesty in respect of her Duchy of Lancaster—a "Queen's title," which is absolutely indisputable.
The estate, on which about 43 houses can be built, contains plots of nearly 1,600 square yards each, in addition to the Hotel and its grounds, and are most eligible for the erection of Villa Residences.
The undertaking altogether offers to capitalists and others an opportunity for useful and profitable investment, and they are invited to visit Harrogate and judge for themselves as to the unusual beauty and capabilities of the Estate.
To effect the purchase of the entire Lancaster Park Estate, to erect and furnish the "Lancaster Park" Hotel and Hydropathic Establishment, a capital of £100,000 will be required.
A provisional contract has been entered into whereby the Owner agrees to accept £50,000, half in cash and half in fully paid-up Shares in the Company, thus showing his entire confidence in the undertaking.
Two superior villas have already been built upon the property, at a cost of upwards of £3,000—exclusive of land—which are included in the purchase, also the substantially built residence called "The Hollies," and its surroundings.
The contract entered into between the Trustee of the Company and Robert Walker may be seen at the Offices of the Solicitors, where a copy of the Memorandum and Articles of Association may likewise be perused.
The preliminary expenses for establishing the Company will be confined to actual payments, such as printing, advertising, brokerage, legal expenses, postage, and office expenses.
Prospectuses and Forms of Application for Shares, may be obtained at the Offices of the Company, or of the Bankers and Solicitors.

CONSOLIDATED CREDIT AND MORTGAGE CORPORATION, Limited, 40, Great Tower-street, E.C. Advances £10 to £1,000. No delay. No fees. Personal application to the Secretary.

MONEY.—UNION DEPOSIT BANK, No. 17, King William-street, Charing-cross, London, W.C.
Established 1867.—Capital, £325,000; reserve, £120,000.
ADVANCES made without deductions, for short or long periods, in sums of £20 to £2,000, on personal security, furniture, stock-in-trade (without removal); also deeds, life policies, at 5 per cent., without mortgage expenses, from one to 10 years. Prospectus gratis, or post-free on application, (personal visit preferred).
ROBERT P. HART, Manager.
N.B.—No fees. No sureties. First letter of applicant immediately attended to. Special terms for country loans. Distance no object. Easy repayments, and no genuine application refused. A gentleman sent from the bank to carry out all arrangements. Deposits received at three-and-a-half per cent.

The SUBSCRIPTION LISTS will CLOSE on the 19th June for Town, and the following day for the Country.

BRYANT & MAY, LIMITED.

Incorporated under the Companies Acts, 1862 to 1883. Share Capital £300,000, in 60,000 Shares of £5 each, of which 40,000 Shares are now offered for Public Subscription, payable as follows:—10s. on application, £2 on Allotment, and the balance on 1st August, 1884.

The remaining 20,000 Shares will be issued as fully paid-up Shares, as part of the consideration for the Transfer, hereafter mentioned, to be made to the Company. In addition to the above Shares, £150,000 of Five per Cent. Debenture Stock, redeemable at the option of the Company, after three years, at 5 per cent. premium, is offered for public subscription, payable as under:—£5 per cent. on application; and £95 per cent. on 1st July, 1884. The Debenture Stock will be represented by certificates registered in the Company's books, and will be transferable in any multiple of £10. Interest will run from the 1st July, payable half-yearly on the 1st January and the 1st July.

DIRECTORS.

WILBERFORCE BRYANT, Esq. FREDERICK C. BRYANT, Esq. OTTO H. TRUMMER, Esq. And two others, to be nominated by the Shareholders.

Bankers—Messrs. BROWN, JANSON, & CO., 32, Abchurch-lane, London, E.C. **Solicitors**—Messrs. WILSON, BRISTOWS, & CARPMAEL, 1, Coptball-buildings, London, E.C. **Brokers**—Messrs. PIM, VAUGHAN, & CO., 1, Drapers'-gardens, London, E.C. **Secretary**—W. CARKEET, Esq. **Offices**—FAIRFIELD WORKS, BOW, E.

BRYAN & MAY, Limited.

THE Company has been formed with the object of taking over and carrying on the old-established and important business of the Firm of Bryant & May.

The business has hitherto been carried on as a private partnership. In consequence, however, of the retirement of Mr. T. H. Bryant last year, and the recent sudden death of Mr. A. C. Bryant, fresh arrangements have become necessary for the future working of the business, and it has been determined to continue it with limited liability, under the provisions of the Companies Acts, and this Company has accordingly been formed for the purpose of taking it over and carrying it on.

The remaining members of the Firm, Mr. W. Bryant and Mr. F. C. Bryant, will retain a large interest in the concern, and they undertake to continue the active direction and management of the business for the Company during the next three years at least. With them will be associated Mr. Otto H. Trummer, who has also for some years past been intimately connected with an important branch of the business. The remuneration of these gentlemen, who will act as Managing Directors, will be entirely dependent upon profits earned, and they agree to give their services without being entitled to any remuneration for any year until after the Shareholders have received a dividend of 10 per cent.

The business will be taken over by the Company from the 1st of July next as a going concern, with the existing staff of foremen, travellers, and other employés of the firm, so that no interruption of the working of the business will occur.

The property to be made over to the Company will include the freehold premises and works at Bow, known as the Fairfield Works, comprising four large factories, extensive warehouses, offices, dwelling-houses for managers and foremen, stabling, &c., the whole covering about five acres of ground, and the engines, plant, machinery, and utensils there, together with the goodwill of the business and the patent rights and trade marks used in connection therewith. The transfer to the Company will also include two valuable English patents connected with the decoration of metal plates (subject to and with the benefit of existing arrangements affecting the working of the patents), which decorated plates are extensively used for boxes, canisters, and a great variety of purposes.

The consideration to be given by the Company for the transfer of the goodwill of the business and the whole of the above-mentioned property, is fixed at 20,000 fully paid-up shares of the Company, and £150,000, payable either in cash or in Debenture Stock of the present issue, at the option of the Company.

The stock-in-trade, including the whole and partly manufactured stocks and raw materials, will be taken over by the Company at cost price.

The Company will not take over any of the book debts or liabilities of the firm, but the debts owing to or by the latter will be received and paid on their account through the Company.

BRYANT and MAY, Limited.

THE DEBENTURE STOCK now offered for subscription will be secured as a first charge over the entire property and undertaking of the Company. Power will be reserved to the Company to redeem the whole or any portion of the Stock upon six months' notice, expiring at any time after the 1st July, 1887, by payment at the rate of £105 for each £100 of Debenture Stock.

The firm, in conjunction with Mr. O. H. Trummer, acquired on the 1st January last, at the price of £8,500, and have since worked an extensive freehold factory in Sweden, with plant and machinery for the manufacture of matches. This property, together with the whole and partly manufactured stock-in-trade and materials there, will be transferred to the Company at cost price.

The widespread area over which the business operations of the firm, in connection with the manufacture, importation, and sale of all descriptions of matches extend, and the profitable character of such business, are generally known. The business connected with the sale of decorated metal boxes and other articles, manufactured under the patents above referred to, has rapidly developed and is likely to prove a source of increasing profit to the Company.

The Company thus taking over a prosperous going concern, in active operation, Shareholders will not have to wait while a trade is being created and worked up, but, as the profits of an established and flourishing business will accrue from 1st July next (the date of transfer), they may confidently expect a good return from their investment from the outset.

All costs and charges incident to the formation of the Company, and otherwise down to the allotment of Shares, will be borne by the old firm.

It is intended to make early application for a Stock Exchange quotation.

A contract, embodying the above arrangements, has been entered into between Wilberforce Bryant and Frederick Carkeet Bryant of the one part, and the Company of the other part, dated 12th June, 1884.

There are no other contracts or agreements affecting the Company, except the ordinary business contracts entered into by the firm and agreements relating to the decorated metal plate patents, which will be taken over by the Company. Applicants for shares must be deemed to have notice of such contracts and agreements, and to waive the specification in this prospectus of the dates thereof and names of parties thereto.

Applications for Shares or Debenture Stock should be made on the forms accompanying the prospectus, and sent with the deposit direct to the Company's bankers. In any case where no allotment is made the deposit will be returned to the Applicant in full, and when the number of Shares or amount of Debenture Stock allotted is less than the number or amount applied for, the surplus will be credited in reduction of the further amounts payable on the Shares or Debenture Stock allotted.

Failure by allottees in payment at due dates of the further amounts payable on the allotment will render the deposit liable to forfeiture and the allotment to cancellation.

The Subscription Lists will open on Monday, the 16th inst., and will close on Thursday, the 19th, except for country applications, which will be admitted if posted on that day.

Copies of the Memorandum and Articles of Association of the Company and of the above-mentioned contract can be inspected at the offices of the Solicitors to the Company.

Prospectuses and Forms of Application can be obtained at the offices of the Company, or from the Bankers, Solicitors, or Brokers in London.

Fairfield Works, Bow, E., June 13, 1884.

THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY,

THE ONLY DIRECT ROUTE TO

MANITOBA & THE CANADIAN NORTH-WEST

This route is not only the SHORTEST and MOST DIRECT, but also the CHEAPEST and MOST COMFORTABLE—BE SURE AND BOOK BY IT.

For further information apply to ANY STEAMSHIP AGENT, and for maps, pamphlets, and the fullest particulars about the country (free of charge), apply either personally or by letter to

Alexander Begg, Canadian Pacific Railway Offices,

88, CANNON STREET, LONDON, E.C.

PROTECTION FROM FIRE.

BRYANT & MAY'S PATENT SAFETY MATCHES.

ELEVEN PRIZE MEDALS.

ENTIRELY FREE FROM PHOSPHORUS

ARE NOT POISONOUS:

Harmless to all employed in their Manufacture.

PROTECTION TO HEALTH.

DORÉ,

HIGH-CLASS LADIES' TAILOR AND HATTER,

13, GEORGE STREET, HANOVER SQUARE, W.

THE LATEST NOVELTIES AND IMPROVEMENTS IN

ULSTERS CLOTH GOWNS

RIDING HABITS BRAIDED JACKETS

COVERT COATS AND TRAVELLING WRAPS.

S. SAINSBURY'S

MANUFACTORY:—

176 & 177, STRAND, LONDON.

At the Railway Bookstalls, at Chemists, Haberdashers, &c.

In Bottles, from 1s. to 6s.; in Cases, from 3s. to 15s. 6d.

LAVENDER WATER.

The List of Applications, opened on Saturday, 14th, will be Closed on Monday, 23rd June.

THE METROPOLITAN AND PROVINCIAL STEAM LAUNDRIES COMPANY, LIM.

Incorporated under "The Companies Acts, 1862 to 1883," whereby the liability of the Shareholders is limited to the amount of the Shares.

CAPITAL—£250,000, in 50,000 Shares of £5 each. First Issue—20,000 Shares of £5 each. Payable, 10s. per Share on application, 10s. on allotment, and the remainder in sums of £1, at intervals of not less than two months between each call.

DIRECTORS.

Percival Bosanquet, Esq. (Director of the East and West India Dock Company, and of the Imperial Fire Insurance Company, Ponfield, Hertford).

Thomas G. Gillespie, Esq. (Director of the London Tramways Company, Limited), Heathfield, Weybridge, Surrey.

Henry Lumsden, Esq., Pitcaple Castle, Aberdeenshire, and 13, Southwell Gardens, South Kensington, London, S.W.

Louis R. Stevenson, Esq., Iron Merchant, Liverpool and London Chambers, Liverpool.

William Paul, Esq. (Secretary of the Aberdeen Steam Laundry Company, Limited; Director of the Great Western Steam Laundry Company, Limited, Glasgow; and of the Craigmillar Steam Laundry Company, Limited, Edinburgh), Advocate, 245, Union-street, Aberdeen, Managing Director.

BANKERS—The Bank of Scotland, London, Edinburgh, and Branches.

SOLICITORS—Messrs. Freshfields & Williams, 5, Bank Buildings, E.C.

ARCHITECTS—Robert W. Edis, Esq., F.S.A., 14, Fitzroy-square, W.; John Russell Mackenzie, Esq., 91, Union-street, Aberdeen (Architect of the Aberdeen Steam Laundry and the Great Western Steam Laundry, Glasgow).

BROKERS—Messrs. Fenn & Crosthwaite, 6, Princes-street, Bank, E.C.

AUDITORS—Messrs. Quilter, Ball, Crosbie, Glegg, & Welton, 5, Moorgate-st., E.C.

SECRETARY—Mr. David M. King, 53, Leadenhall-street, E.C.

PROSPECTUS.

The establishment of Steam Laundries in the Metropolis and in the large provincial towns, more particularly in Scotland, has, of late years, made considerable progress. What has been done in this direction can only, however, be regarded as the initiation of a system of great social and sanitary importance, destined to take root in every centre of population, and especially to flourish in the large shipping ports. The industry is yet in its infancy, and it must occasion surprise that few Laundries of the first class exist in the kingdom, and none in the vicinity of the immense docks on the Thames and Mersey, where the vessels of the great steamship companies daily discharge many thousand pieces of linen to be washed and dressed. Near Glasgow a Steam Laundry is in process of construction, which will be the largest and most perfect establishment of the kind ever erected, and will adequately supply the wants of the city and the shipping on the Clyde.

It is intended that this Company shall erect Steam Laundries in the Metropolis and on the Thames and Mersey; also in any part of the United Kingdom thought suitable by the Directors, where a sufficiently extensive field presents itself. The buildings will be constructed on the most approved model and with strict regard to the requirements of sanitary science. They will be spacious, well arranged and ventilated, and possessed of every requisite for washing and dressing, in the most approved manner and on the largest scale, fabrics of all sorts. In an especial manner, provision will be made for the thorough disinfecting of all articles to which the slightest suspicion attaches or which are required to be so treated. The Plans are being prepared with great care, after inspection of the leading Laundries in England and France, and with the advantage of the experience gained at Edinburgh and Glasgow and at the very complete and successful Laundry at Aberdeen.

The Docks at Tilbury, near Gravesend now being constructed by the East and West India Dock Company, will, including the tidal basin, cover 76½ acres of land. If the quays, coaling basin, graving docks, and other accessories are included, an area of not less than 320 acres will be occupied by the works of this great undertaking. In the branch docks there will be 27 berths, each 400 feet in length, supplied with hydraulic machinery, ample shed accommodation, and a multiplicity of railway sidings. In the main dock and tidal basin 10 additional berths will be provided, so that 37 of the largest steam vessels may be moored in deep water. As the dangerous navigation of the upper reaches of the Thames will be avoided, and adequate railway transit already exists, there is reason to expect that advantage will be taken of the accommodation at Tilbury for berthing numerous steamers of the largest tonnage, and that the port of London will gradually absorb more and more of the passenger vessels now sailing from Southampton and elsewhere.

A Laundry will be erected in complement of and in connection with these Docks, fitted with the most recent and perfect machinery. The establishment, in extent and in the completeness of its practical and sanitary arrangements, will be unsurpassed, and will be capable of turning out 100,000 articles weekly.

Every effort will be used to render the Laundry worthy of these magnificent docks. The shipping will have facilities, brought within a stone-cast of their berths, for washing and dressing any quantity of linen, in the shortest time, and in a style hitherto unequalled. The great Hotels and Restaurants about to be erected at Tilbury will possess the same advantages. On the other hand, the promoters of the Laundry Company have had conceded to them exclusive rights on the Dock Company's Estate, and will enjoy the benefit of such assistance and influence as the Company is in a position to exercise.

It is also proposed to erect a Laundry near the Royal Victoria and Albert Docks, belonging to the London and St. Katharine Dock Company. These Docks are about two and a half miles in length, and are at present, the most extensive and important on the Thames, for passenger steamers. The Albert Dock alone is provided with berths for 32 large vessels, and these are occupied by the ships of the Peninsular and Oriental, Orient, British India, Japan, South African, New Zealand, and other first-class lines. As some of these steamers discharge, after each voyage, as many as 10,000 articles to be washed and dressed, an idea may be formed of the aggregate Laundry work required.

Another Laundry of the first class in point of extent and equipment will be erected in the West-End of London, and so situated as to accommodate the most populous and fashionable districts, and to be within easy reach of the Clubs and great Hotels, from which a very large amount of profitable business is expected.

The Liverpool Docks are more extensive, and the ocean-going steamers more numerous than on the Thames. The total water area of the Docks is 324 acres, and the quay space exceeds in length 21 miles. The Liverpool and Birkenhead Docks and Basins together contain a water area of 507 acres, and the quay space measures 32 miles in length. Great ocean steamers, owned by many famous lines, leave the Mersey daily for all parts of the world.

Such a field presents favourable opportunities for a Laundry similar to those described. Rapidity and excellence in the execution of work cannot fail to command extensive employment, and it is well known that, at present, first-rate Laundry accommodation in Liverpool is quite inadequate. It is, therefore, intended to establish there one or two Laundries specially adapted to shipping work and to family and hotel business.

The machinery to be employed is, for the most part, that manufactured by Messrs. Manlove, Alliott, Fryer, & Company, of Nottingham. It is excellent in design and workmanship, and in the Rotary Machines the most delicate substances may be washed with less chance of being torn and injured than by hand. The Improved Decoudun Ironing Machines are magnificent pieces of mechanism, and impart a beautiful finish to Bed and Table Linen, Pocket Handkerchiefs, and all articles of clothing having a uniformly flat surface. The Ironing Machines to be supplied to this Company are of the largest size and most approved pattern, and will admit of Table-cloths and Sheets, three yards wide, being ironed without a crease. Articles not quite plain and unshaped must, of course, be ironed in the usual way by Laundresses.

The List of Prices will be framed on as low a scale as is consistent, in ordinary cases, with fair remuneration for the work done, and special arrangements will be made with families sending a large quantity of work to the Laundries. Contracts will be entered into, on the most favourable terms, with Shipping Companies, Hotel Proprietors, and Clubs.

It is proposed that three Laundries—one at Tilbury, one in London, and one in Liverpool—shall, in the first place, be proceeded with, whilst others will follow as arrangements are completed.

The cost of the buildings and plant will, at present prices, be exceptionally moderate. From experience already gained, and the assured prospect of a very large business, it is anticipated that Dividends of at least 10 per cent. will be realised without difficulty. At Aberdeen, as appears from the accounts of the Laundry Company, a dividend at that rate is paid to the Shareholders after ample provision for reduction of capital account, and the shares are quoted at upwards of 50 per cent. premium.

It has been arranged that Mr. WILLIAM PAUL, Secretary of the Aberdeen Steam Laundry Company, Limited, and Managing Director of the Great Western Steam Laundry Company at Glasgow, and of the Craigmillar Steam Laundry Company at Edinburgh (which has been recently opened) will give his services as Managing Director. He has been the chief promoter of these Companies, and is conversant with every detail of construction and management.

An agreement has been entered into, dated the second day of April, 1884, between the East and West India Dock Company of the one part, and William Paul, of 245, Union-street, Aberdeen, Advocate, of the other part, and may be seen, with the Memorandum and Articles of Association of the Company, at the Offices of the Solicitors of the Company.

If no allotment be made, the deposit will be returned forthwith without deduction. Should the shares allotted to any applicant be less than the number applied for, the surplus paid on application will be credited in reduction of the amount payable on allotment.

Application will be made to the Committee of the Stock Exchange for a quotation in the official list.

Prospectuses and Forms of Application for Shares can be obtained at the Offices of the Company, and from the Bankers and Brokers.

London, June, 1884.

JOHN CARTER'S LITERARY MACHINE & BEDTABLE

For holding a book or writing desk, lamp, meals, &c., in any position over an easy chair, bed, or sofa.

Invaluable to Invalids and Students. A most useful gift.
PRICES from £1. 1s.

BATH CHAIRS £1. 10s.

Carrying Chairs £2. 2s.

Invalid Carriages of all kinds.

Self-Propelling Chairs £4. 10s.

PERAMBULATORS £1. 5s.

JOHN CARTER, 6a, New Cavendish Street, PORTLAND PLACE, LONDON, W.
ILLUSTRATED PRICE LISTS (68 pages) POST-FREE.

THE BEST DENTIFRICE.

COMMANS'S

ARECA-NUT TOOTH PASTE.

USED BY HER MAJESTY AND THE SEVERAL COURTS OF EUROPE.

Pronounced by Eminent Dentists as the best preparation made for cleansing and keeping the Teeth and Gums in a sound and healthy state. See Testimonials.

PREPARED ONLY BY

R. D. COMMANS, CHEMIST, BATH.

In Pots, 2s. each of all Chemists.

To avoid worthless imitations, be careful to ask for COMMANS'S Tooth Paste. It will keep good in any climate.

PEPPER'S QUININE AND IRON TONIC.—Bottles, 32 doses, 4s. 6d. Sold by Chemists everywhere. There is no Tonic so certain in effect as Pepper's Quinine and Iron. Insist upon having it.

TARAXACUM AND PODOPHYLLIN.—This fluid combination is used instead of blue pill and calomel for the cure of dyspepsia, biliousness, and all symptoms of congestion of the liver, generally pain beneath the shoulders, headache, drowsiness, no appetite, furred tongue, disagreeable taste in the morning, giddiness, disturbance of the stomach, and general depression. It sets the sluggish liver in motion, very slightly acts on the bowels, giving a sense of health and comfort within 24 hours. It is the safest medicine. Taraxacum and Podophyllin is made only by J. PEPPER, Bedford Laboratory, London, whose name is on every label. Bottles, 2s. 9d. Sold by all Chemists.

"SULPHOLINE LOTION."—An External Means of CURING SKIN DISEASES. There is scarcely any eruption but will yield to "Sulpholine" in a few days, and commence to fade away. Ordinary pimples, redness, blotches, scurf, roughness, vanish as if by magic; whilst old, enduring skin disorders, that have plagued the sufferers for years, however deeply rooted, "Sulpholine" will successfully attack them. It destroys the animalculæ which cause these unsightly, irritable affections, and always produces a clear, healthy skin. "Sulpholine" Lotion is sold by most Chemists. Bottles, 2s. 9d.

FRAUD. Important Notice.

VIN MARIANI—COCA WINE.

VIN MARIANI should be particularly demanded, as there are several fraudulent and worthless imitations of this valuable preparation.

By its use health is restored and strength obtained.

This Peruvian plant yields from its leaves the most powerful tonic yet discovered; its effects are more speedy, more apparent, and more durable than any other known, it is a nervous excitant, giving great muscular vigour and sustaining the human frame under unusual physical exertion and fatigue.

Delicate persons and people of nervous and excitable temperament will find this Wine a real boon, as it supplies just the stamina required. Invalids and convalescents will find in it the gentle stimulant and sustaining power so eagerly sought after. It is exceedingly pleasant to take, and is used by very abstemious persons as a Dessert Wine. It is of a low alcoholic strength, containing only the percentage of an ordinary Burgundy. It may be taken continuously as it does not derange the nervous system, as is too often the case where Bark or Quinine are given.

This wine is in great repute on the Continent and is prescribed very largely by all the principal physicians.

A Pamphlet, giving a detailed account of it, will be forwarded on application to the Agents,

ROBERTS & CO.

London: 76, New Bond Street. Paris: 5, Rue de la Paix.

Ladies

Do you want a pure, blooming Complexion? If so, a few applications of Hagan's MAGNOLIA BALM will gratify you to your heart's content. It does away with Sallowness, Redness, Pimples, Blotches, and all diseases and imperfections of the skin. It overcomes the flushed appearance of heat, fatigue and excitement. It makes a lady of THIRTY appear but TWENTY; and so natural, gradual, and perfect are its effects, that it is impossible to detect its application.

COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS.

COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS, FOR LIVER.

COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS, FOR BILE.

COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS, FOR INDIGESTION.

"FOR THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE."

CLARKE'S

WORLD-FAMED

BLOOD MIXTURE

Is warranted to cleanse the blood from all impurities, from whatever cause arising. For SCROFULA, SCURVY, SORES of all kinds, SKIN and BLOOD DISEASES, its effects are marvellous. Thousands of Testimonials from all parts. In Bottles, 2s. 6d. each; and in cases of six times the quantity, 11s. each, of all Chemists. Sent to any address for 30 or 132 stamps, by the proprietors,

The Lincoln and Midland Counties Drug Co.
LINCOLN.

A FACT WORTH KNOWING.

BEECHAM'S PILLS

Are admitted by thousands to be worth above a guinea a box, for Bilious and Nervous Disorders, such as wind and pain at the stomach, sick headache, giddiness, fulness, and swelling after meals, dizziness and drowsiness, cold chills, flushings of heat, loss of appetite, shortness of breath, costiveness, scurvy, blotches on the skin, disturbed sleep, frightful dreams, and all nervous and trembling sensations, &c. The first dose will give relief in twenty minutes. This is no fiction, for they have done it in thousands of cases.

Every sufferer is earnestly invited to try one box of these pills, and they will be acknowledged to be

Worth a Guinea a Box.

For females of all ages these pills are invaluable. No female should be without them. There is no medicine to be found to equal Beecham's Pills for removing any obstruction or irregularity of the system. If taken according to the directions given with each box they will soon restore females of all ages to robust health.

For a weak stomach, impaired digestion, and all disorders of the liver, they act like "MAGIC," and a few doses will be found to work wonders upon the most important organs in the human machine. They strengthen the whole muscular system, restore the long-lost complexion, bring back the keen edge of appetite, and arouse into action the whole physical energy of the human frame. These are "FACTS" admitted by thousands, embracing all classes of society, and one of the best guarantees to the nervous and debilitated is

Beecham's Pills have the largest sale of any Patent Medicine in the world.

Full directions are given with each box.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND PATENT MEDICINE DEALERS.

LEATH & ROSS'S SPECIAL PREPARATIONS.

"Fair hand, smooth skin, how beautiful ye are."

AUROZINE (the New Remedy) Preserves the Hands, Skin, Lips, removing signs of cold and sea air, smooths, whitens, renders supple, and imparts healthy tint to the skin, frees the pores, is pleasant to use, colourless and not greasy. Highly serviceable in abrasions and for cracked or sore lips. Vegetable, not mineral. In bottles, 1s., 1s. 6d., and 2s. 6d.; by post, 1s. 3d., 1s. 9d., 3s.

"Her teeth were pure as virgin ivory."

ANTISEPTIC TOOTH TINCTURE, or LIQUID DENTIFRICE, the best preparation for the Teeth and Gums, whitens the Teeth, preserves the Enamel, hardens the Gums, fixes the Teeth, and counteracts decay. In bottles, 1s., 1s. 6d., and 2s. 6d.; post-free, 1s. 3d., 1s. 9d., and 2s. 9d.

"Its fragrancy and cleansing powers were seen."

DORE'S TRANSPARENT SOAP is the Soap of the Day. It is perfect in purity and strength, thoroughly cleansing the skin, while free from soda. DORE'S TRANSPARENT SOAP preserves the natural hue and benefits the skin. In boxes, 1s. and 1s. 6d., containing three cakes each.

"I breathe again, and freely court the breeze."

GLYKALINE, THE APPROVED REMEDY FOR Colds, Coughs, and Catarrhs. Miss Melville, 40, Upper Mansell-street, Swansea, writes:—"My niece for the past five years has suffered from Hay Fever. GLYKALINE has done her much good. Hers was a stubborn case. I send this in common justice that others may find the benefit from GLYKALINE." Of this approved remedy, Mrs. Bruce (Lesarrach, Roscrea) says:—"It acted almost miraculously with me. In a bad case of bronchitis I was perfectly cured." GLYKALINE for Coughs and Colds is unprecedented. "Talon Rouge," in *Vanity Fair* says:—"This medicine has the valuable property of CURING cold in the head. BEFORE NIGHT I WAS PERFECTLY CURED. It is called GLYKALINE." This independent contributor bears witness to the healing properties of this remarkable specific. Price 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., and 4s. 6d.; post-free, 1s. 3d., 3s., and 4s. 9d. All Chemists.

"Balmy sleep gave sweet repose."

NEURALINE.—THE APPROVED SPECIFIC, Cures Toothache, Neuralgia, and all Nerve Pains, Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica, and Face-Ache. Often acts instantaneously. In many cases a single application cures; in all cases relief. Writes Sir J. Matheson:—"Mr. Edgar, of Butt Lighthouse, Island of Lewis, N.B.—Mrs. Edgar cannot fully express her thanks to Lady Matheson for the NEURALINE. It proved THE MOST SUCCESSFUL REMEDY SHE HAD EVER APPLIED." All Chemists, 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d.; by post 1s. 3d. and 3s.

"Grateful and good as dew on parched soil."

OZONISED OIL.—THE NEW PREPARATION FOR THE HAIR. Nourishes it, arrests decay, stimulates the growth. Not a dye and is easily applied. Confidently recommended. 1s., 1s. 6d., and 2s. 9d.; post-free, 1s. 3d., 1s. 9d., and 3s.

"Essential curative, most welcome."

ODONTALGIC ESSENCE.—A Liquid Stopping for Decayed Teeth. Hardens and completely protects, gives security and ease, and aids mastication. Highly appreciated. 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d.; post-free 1s. 3d. and 3s.

"Nature regained her normal powers."

PHOSPHO-MURIATE of QUININE.—A SPECIAL PREPARATION FOR GENERAL DEBILITY. This Specific renews the failing system. Lassitude, Headache, Sleeplessness, Nervousness, Excitement, and Depression disappear. It relieves Exhaustion and Brain-weariness. 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., and 4s. 6d.; post-free 1s. 3d., 3s., and 4s. 9d.

"Insidious, undermining foes, begone!"

WORM POWDERS for Adults and Children. Parents should remember that the injurious effects caused by Worms are very serious, not only to the physical system of children, but to their mental development. These WORM POWDERS remove Intestinal Worms of large and small size. Price 1s. 6d. and 2s. 6d. post-free.

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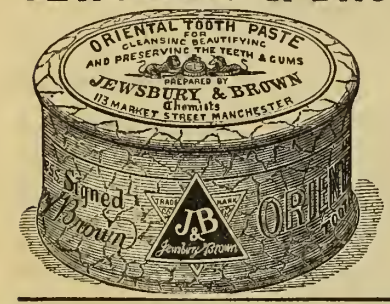

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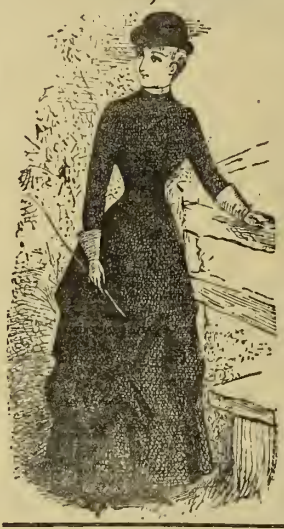

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To the Queen.

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OUR PUZZLES.

RULES.

1. The sum of £2. 2s. will be given every week for the best Epigram, Conundrum, Lipogram, Bouts-Rimés, or whatever the announced subject of the competition for the week may be.

2. The Puzzle Editor reserves the right, however, of dividing the above sum between two or more competitors, or of withholding the prize, should exceptional circumstances render such a course desirable.

3. The decision and award of the Puzzle Editor must be considered final and irrevocable, and, for obvious reasons, no appeal from his critical judgments can be entertained.

4. In every instance the Prize will be given in money, subject to no condition whatever, except the publication of the winner's real name and address in this journal.

5. Competitors will be allowed eight days for the composition and despatch of their efforts; but all such communications must, at the latest, be received at the Truth Office by the first post on Friday morning in the week succeeding the publication of the subject for competition.

6. Not more than one Prize will be given in a Quarter to the same competitor.

7. All New Contributors are Required to Forward with their First Answers their Real Names and Addresses for Registration; such names and addresses will not be published except in the case of Prize-winners.

8. The *nom-de-plume* chosen by competitors should not exceed 12, and must under no circumstances consist of more than 14 letters.

9. Competitors must on no account change the noms-de-plume they have once assumed.

10. On the announcement of the Prize-winner's *nom-de-plume*, the successful competitor must write and make formal application for the Prize, stating the address to which the cheque must be sent. Any competitor failing to do so within three months of winning the Prize will forfeit all claim to the same.

11. No communications can be received on post-cards, by telegraph, or by hand. They must all be sent by the time named above, all post letters addressed—

PUZZLE EDITOR OF "TRUTH," Carteret-street, Queen Anne's-gate, S.W.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 278.—SELECTION OF A CENTO FROM TWELVE POETS.

Janet (Mrs. J. E. Whitby, Hollands, Yeovil, Somerset) £2 2 0

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 279.

As space is so very much wanted this week I will only state here that on examination it has been decided that the best Imaginary Cast of Sheridan's "School for Scandal" from members of the House of Commons is that sent in by X. X. X., to whom the prize is therefore awarded.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 282.

For the subject of this week's competition recourse is had to the Stage—an Institution which has so grown in popularity of late years. We are continually told that it is an insult to Englishmen to say that we have no really good modern playwrights. Without offering an opinion, we propose to give the prize this week to the competitor who shall be considered most successful in

Enumerating the Best Ten Modern English Playwrights; with the Names of the Original Plays which, in the Competitor's Opinion, justify the Inclusion of the said Dramatist in the List.

The term modern play may be taken to include the work of any living dramatist or of any writer who has not been dead more than twenty years. To prevent possible misconception, it may be said that only the names of plays which have been acted or published must be included. We cannot undertake to settle the question whether MS. plays, the beauties of which are known only to their authors and their friends, are worthy of a place, even if the said MSS. are submitted to us for perusal. It will be necessary to deal only, as has been said, with published or acted pieces.

Answers to Correspondents.

*** The real name and address of St. Michael, winner of Prize No. 273, are Mrs. Brandram, St. Michael's, Lyme Regis, Dorset.

*** The real name and address of Eastbourne, winner of a half of Prize No. 277, are Arthur Dilks, Esq., Dunwood, Upperton-road, Eastbourne.

*** The real name and address of Anatedignus, winner of a half of Prize No. 277, are F. V. Duckworth, Esq., Bedford Cottage, 4, Clifton-road, Worthing.

Richmond.—You sent up the names of twelve cricketers, instead of eleven.

Jayeffbee, A Casual, Jack Tallboys.—Your answers to Puzzle, No. 279, reached me too late for publication, I am sorry to inform you.

Bulldog.—Your selection of a Representative Eleven is amusing enough to deserve insertion, but I cannot find space to do more than allude to some of your happiest suggestions, such as placing Mr. Warton to field as "long stop," because he is such a good "blocker"; Mr. Irving Bishop, because he would find "lost balls"; and Minor Canon Harford, because he would back up Bishop so well.

Westward Ho.—I am sorry I could not answer your query in time to save you unnecessary trouble.

THE PUZZLE EDITOR.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 280. ASSORTED SPECIMENS—GOOD AND OTHERWISE.

SELECTIONS OF A REPRESENTATIVE ENGLISH ELEVEN TO PLAY THE AUSTRALIAN CRICKETERS.

A very large number of answers having been received in this competition, it has been decided, with a view of publishing as many of the suggested English Elevens as possible, to substitute numbers for names. The following list gives the names of the English cricketers, with the numbers used instead of them in the following specimens. Here, then, first of all is the list:—1, Mr. W. G. Grace; 2, Mr. A. G. Steel; 3, Mr. A. P. Lucas; 4, Mr. C. T. Studd; 5, Hon. A. Lyttelton; 6, Mr. W. W. Read; 7, Lord Harris; 8, Mr. T. O'Brien; 9, Barnes; 10, Barlow; 11, Ulyett; 12, Peate; 13, Bates; 14, Shrewsbury; 15, Harrison; 16, Shaw; 17, Flowers; 18, M. Reed; 19, Mr. P. H. Morton; 20, Mr. H. Rotherham; 21, Crossland; 22, Scotton; 23, Mr. J. D. Walker; 24, Mr. A. N. Hornby; 25, Hall; 26, Mr. A. W. Ridley; 27, Emmett; 28, Woof; 29, Abel; 30, Mr. S. Christopherson; 31, Mr. M. C. Kemp; 32, Mr. W. F. Forbes; 33, Mr. W. H. Bambridge; 34, Mr. G. F. Vernon; 35, Mr. H. V. Page; 36, Mr. W. R. Gilbert; 37, Rylatt; 38, Pilling; 39, Morley; 40, Hon. Ivo Bligh; 41, Sherwin; 42, Mr. E. M. Grace; 43, Mr. A. J. Webbe; 44, Lockwood; 45, G. G. Hearn; 46, Mr. E. Diver; 47, Mr. H. G. Topham; 48, Attewell; 49, Mr. F. Penn; 50, Watson; 51, Mr. E. Tylecote; 52, Parnham; 53. Mr. J. Shuter; 54, Mr. J. K. Studd; 55, Mr. H. O. Whitby; 56, Selby; 57, Mr. C. J. Thornton; 58, Mr. J. Robertson; 59, Mr. B. E. Nicholls; 60, Mr. J. G. Walker; 61, Mr. P. de Paravicini; 62, Grimshaw; 63, Briggs; 64, T. Mycroft; 65, Mr. D. Q. Steel; 66, Mr. C. F. H. Leslie; 67, G. R. Baker.

The following competitors have all sent in elevens containing cricketers Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 9, 10, 11, and 12, the figures after each name denoting the eleventh man in each case:—Magger, 13; Lindum C. C., 14; F. W. W., 15; Vatic, 16; J. H. Busteed, 13; Furness Lad, 17; Toddles, 15; Chalk, 18; Crying Tom, 13; J. F. Bigmore, 15; Spectator, 14; Westward Ho, 19; Tom Boy, 20; A. L. Pattison, 21; M. T. B., 22; S. A. B., 23; Alcibiades, 21; J. Francis, 13; Pat, 15; Gregs, 24; E. G. Taylor, 15; Uller, 23; Tommy, 14; Luck's All, 14; W. M., 21; Rector, 13; Vandadelzen, 13; Broadhayes, 25; Cover Point (Highbury), 25; Little Robbie, 20; Asymptote, 21; H. Turner, jun., 25; Memby, 25; Cambria, 25; Mahdi, 25; Novice, 25; E. C. Weeden (Eastbourne), 18; P. Varley, 26; Wall, 23; Straight Shot, Rayon d'Or, R. H., A. C. Haines (aged 13), Callis, Westminster, Fish, John Anderson, Alonzo the Brave, F. Setab, Dodo, Old Sky-blue, San Francisco, Kate, W. B., Pantechnicon, Pantiles, Montezuma, Echo, Stumps, Sheep, N. B., H. C. Buxton, Nabob, Palidere, H. D. Davidson, Ferreum Cœr, Hank Monk, and H. W. all send in No. 7 as their eleventh man; and Truth, A. M., Vanderdecken, Mactavish, Crick, and Widdie, No. 8.

The following competitors have sent in Elevens, each containing Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 9, 11, and 12, the figure after each name denoting the eleventh man as before:—Guitar, 10; Harrow Drive, 20; Bandbox, 21; Nellie S., 8; T. R., 24; A. Goodall, 13; Buff and Blue, 15; Portledge, 13; Frivolous Monkey, 15; Tool, 20; Foxhall, 8; Lector, 18; Wyn, 27; H. A. Grinsted, 25; C. Clark, 8; Snack, 13; Amateur, 14; Bob. Bamlett, 13; Terkin, 15; Zingari, 13; Journalist, 8; Oxysulphide, 28.

The following contain Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 9, 10, and 11, the eleventh being given in each case as before:—Buttons, 8; Royal Stag, 13; Brenda, 18; Antipodes, 25; Carlos, 14; Rose Island, 18; Leg-break, 25; Golly, 21; A. F. Sutcliffe, 20; Tommy Tuft, 8; Satanella, 18; C. B. Chance, 13; Clement, 17; Pompadour, 8; A. Fawcett, 13; Smiter, 21; Tadpole, 13; Melbourne, 18.

The following competitors each sent up the following nine cricketers, viz., Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 9; and twelve with the two others placed after each name:—Alex, 10, 16; C. B. Peschey, 10, 15; E. L. Gale, 19, 29; Nip, the Dingo, 8, 30; Caractacus, 8, 13; Poros, 8, 20; Angleterre, 18, 27; G. Adams, 8, 20; W. Buttress, 8, 20; H. M. Burge, 10, 13.

The following each sent in Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, and 9, and the three others chosen are placed after each name:—Stortfordian, 11, 15, 25; Gender, 8, 11, 17; W. Val English, 11, 24, 30; F. Simpson, 11, 13, 25; Busy Bee, 11, 13, 31; E. H. Garland, 11, 30, 20; F. G. F., 11, 13, 32; W. H. H., 8, 11, 21; R. Baker, 11, 13, 33; H. Dixon, 8, 11, 18; Watt Tyler, 11, 21, 34; Ludlam's Dog, 11, 13, 25; R. A. Ow, 11, 13, 20; Swindonian, 11, 20, 25; Jas. Simpson, 8, 10, 14; C. T. Andrews, 8, 10, 30; Don Jasham, 10, 26, 30; How's That, 10, 18, 21.

Each of the following contains Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 9, 10, and 11, and the two added after each:—Cessie R., 15, 26; Carrara, 13, 14; Taff, 14, 21; W. A. Matthews, 13, 18; A. R. Law, 13, 21; Lismore, 17, 21; M. E. Z. A., 13, 14; Herne Hill, 14, 17; Unhappy, 14, 21; Alph, 13, 18; Mascotte, 8, 21; Rob, 13, 35; Ida, 8, 13; Kooreb, 8, 20; Abercarne, 13, 14; Twigge rh, 8, 13; Okiamo, 13, 23; Offenbloff, 15, 31; Queer Card, 30, 36; Cheeks, 18, 20; Cantab, 21, 28; Cambria (P. R.), 26, 32; Silly Dick, 21, 25; Sussex, 23, 37; Blue Point, 13, 17; Buxton, 8, 25; D. Smith, 14, 21; Jas. Smith, 20, 25; C. C. C., 15, 26; Bow (I. of W.), 8, 25; B. Grindrod, 13, 25; Queen Mab, 15, 24; Ingomar, 7, 13.

Each of the following contains Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 9, 11, 12, and the two added in each case:—Agricola, 8, 13; Boo, 13, 27; Tenor, 13, 26; Lucknow, 13, 38; Biler, 13, 21; Janet, 20, 27; Expertus, 8, 27; Six Pipes, 25, 30; O. K., 15, 17; Young Stanley, 13, 14; Dead Heat, 14, 15; B. A. F., 14, 25; Llewellyn, 8, 13; Englishman, 14, 17; X. Q. Q., 17, 23; G. S. R. (Swansea), 8, 20; R. A. W., 13, 21; H. C. R., 8, 20; Rosedale, 18, 39; Inca, 8, 39; Prophète, 8 16; Bospidnincks, 13, 14.

Each of the following contains 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 9:—Spero, 10, 12, 20, 25; W. Rutler, 10, 12, 13, 21; Ruxley, 10, 12, 20, 24; Ink Pot, 8, 10, 12, 21; Repealer, 7, 10, 12, 30; Bexley Heathen, 7, 8, 10, 12; Mary J. Adams, 7, 10, 12, 13; G. Clare, 10, 12, 16, 17; M. K. Brason, 8, 10, 12, 24; Cricket, 11, 13, 26, 27; Foh, 11, 21, 25, 26; S. B., 11, 15, 23, 24; Emjaem, 8, 11, 21, 26; W. Crawford, 11, 14, 17, 34; St. Julien, 11, 20, 24, 30; D. Field, 8, 11, 25, 34; Wits, 11, 13, 14, 25; Heb, 10, 12, 13, 27; Tyrrell, 8, 10, 12, 18; L. Denhurst, 10, 12, 13, 14; T. W. B., 8, 10, 12, 31; Cabbage, 10, 12, 21, 25; Rever, 7, 10, 12, 23; Clotted Cream, 8, 12, 13, 27; Ker, 20, 23, 25, 26; A. Tite, jun., 8, 10, 20, 34; R. H. MacMillan, 8, 12, 17, 25; Grasshopper, 8, 10, 13, 17; J. C. C., 13, 14, 21, 25; Sille, 13, 16, 20, 25; F. Popham, 10, 15, 25, 31; Juggins, 17, 18, 20, 34; A. G. Waddington, 7, 13, 14, 20; Siddons, 7, 8, 26, 30; Five o'clock Tea, 7, 8, 13, 30; Maurice, 7, 16, 39, 40; W. Wbeeler, 7, 8, 18, 20; Dry Monopole, 7, 8, 18, 20; Becky Sharp, 7, 18, 26, 30; Tin Hat, 7, 23, 26, 34; Remus, 7, 14, 24, 41.

Each of the following contains 1, 2, 4, 5, 6, 7, 9, 10, 11, and 12:—F. A. Adams, 8; Squash, 8; Bleasby, 14; Grex, 8; F. C. Hardy, 13; Leo, 31; Niahs, 14; Oulielmos, 14; Roundhead, 14; Blower, 31; John Rust, 30; Margo, 13; Spot I., 13; C. T. B., 13; A. A. A. Camphell, 27; Oudeis, 27; Jayesses, 8; G. F. Charlton, 13; Felix, 13; X., 13; C. E. L. Knox, 25; Short Leg, 25; Zephyr, 39; Spidgeman, 20; George, 13; Yellow Dun, 24; R. W. A., 21; Termite, 25; No Go, 25.

Each of the following contains Nos. 1, 2, 4, 5, 6, 7, 9, 10, 11:—Bubo, 8, 24; T. Harrington, 8, 25; B. T. Westwell, 13, 20; Satellite, 13, 14; Heliotrope, 13, 14; C. Murdock, 13, 17; Wiclif, 13, 18; Pigeon, 17, 18; Angina, 13, 28; C. B. Bromley, 13, 14; Pericardium, 8, 13; Seabrook, 14, 26; R. A., 13, 23; Buckdust, 13, 25; Truth, 3, 13; Bundle, 12, 21; Mr. 1 o'Clock, 18, 42; J. Whittaker, 8, 13; C. Chapman, 8, 31; Old Trafford, 13, 14; Nihhs, 22, 32; J. W. Metcalfe, 13, 43; C. E. Sutcliffe, 17, 20; T. W. Archibald, 13, 25; Cbucker-In, 21, 25; B. Rbodes, 13, 14.

Each of tbe following contains 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 7, 9, 10, 11:—Richard Bell, 13, 25; Tbe Saint, 13, 27; Phineas Gunn, 25, 38; Swift, 18, 24; Chatsworth, 25, 27.

Each of the following contains Nos. 1, 2, 4, 5, 6, 7, 9: Loretto, 11, 12, 13, 15; Georgey Porgey, 11, 12, 13, 17; Tbe Winner, 11, 12, 14, 27; Doctor, 11, 12, 20, 24; Trotter, 11, 12, 13, 14; White Rose, 11, 12, 18, 24; C. C. Rover, 11, 12, 21, 24; Nounie, 8, 11, 12, 18; Crib Goch, 11, 12, 24, 27; Eel, 11, 12, 13, 17; Amence, 8, 10, 12, 17; Frankfield, 10, 12, 24, 25; Pisistratus, 10, 11, 12, 44; Fill, 10, 11, 12, 13; Warledge, 11, 14, 21, 23; Milly, 8, 11, 17, 30; 8mytche, 11, 13, 18, 22; Cockley, 11, 13, 17, 38; Papoosier, 11, 13, 17, 25; Psycho, 11, 13, 20, 26; R. C. Gore, 8, 11, 13, 17; Whitsten, 8, 11, 14, 31; Hopeful, 8, 11, 16, 23; Sigma, 11, 17, 26, 35; H. B. Hill, 8, 23, 26, 45; Salix, 8, 10, 11, 23; Anglesey, 10, 11, 13, 25; Pug Dog, 8, 10, 11, 18; Fuga, 10, 13, 24, 34; The Fish, 10, 13, 31, 32; Forty-one, 10, 13, 18, 30; 8baker, 8, 10, 12, 28; Knollys, 8, 10, 13, 21; Dash It, 8, 10, 13, 46; T. Cooper, 10, 13, 14, 30; Notts, 8, 21, 24, 34; Malignant, 21, 22, 23, 30; Chips, 8, 10, 11, 36; Dot, 10, 11, 24, 27; Sambo, 13, 23, 31, 44.

Each of tbe following contains Nos. 1, 2, 4, 5, 6, 7:—Long Harry, 21, 24, 25, 27, 38; Tito, 13, 24, 26, 30, 34; Congleton, 11, 21, 23, 38, 47; Guffinoo, 8, 13, 21, 25, 48; Adipocere, 10, 11, 12, 23, 24; T. M. Bassano, 10, 11, 12, 18, 24; Tumpasa, 10, 11, 12, 15, 24; Stop in Bed, 10, 11, 12, 21, 42; Fad, 10, 11, 12, 21, 24.

Each of the following contains Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 7, 9, 10, 11, and 12:—Carnac, 8; H. Parks, 31; Teapot, 21; Zaza, 24; R. M. Kirwsn, 20; Invalid, 14; Try Our Mixture, 17; Gimbo, 25; Georgina, 21; F. Ready, 15; Topknot, 24.

Each of the following contains 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 7, 9:—Mario, 8, 16, 23, 40; M. J. C., 8, 18, 31, 42; F. T. H., 8, 11, 14, 18; F. E. Purchase, 8, 10, 12, 45; Casino, 11, 23, 24, 49; Whack, 10, 12, 15, 24; Dark Horse, 11, 12, 18, 21; Withel, 21, 24, 26, 42; Frau, 10, 18, 26, 34; Bat, 8, 10, 11, 14; Mote, 11, 12, 13, 20; Abchurch, 8, 11, 17, 18; Midstump, 10, 12, 14, 20; Hoggy Doggy, 10, 12, 13, 21; Gloria in Excelsis, 11, 12, 13, 24; A. C., 8, 11, 12, 18; R. P. (Oxford), 11, 12 17, 21.

Each of the following contains 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 7, and 12:—Coffee, 10, 11, 15, 24; K. Murchison, 8, 10, 21, 50; J. Dixon, 10, 11, 24, 50; Proverb (E. M.), 10, 16, 27, 38; Dorking, 9, 10, 11, 13.

Each of tbe following contains 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, and 11:—Daisy Cutter, 10, 12, 25, 27; Harry, 10, 18, 39, 51; L. B. W., 8, 12, 13, 27; W. F. Higginson, 10, 12, 15, 17.

Each of the following contains 1, 2, 3, 5, 6, 7, 9:—Henry VIII., 10, 11, 15, 25; J. H. Prue, 8, 10, 26, 52; H. J. Brown, 8, 11, 12, 13; Jehoshaphat, 10, 11, 20, 25; Buff and Blue, 11, 12, 13, 18; Iota, 11, 17, 25, 27; T. P. Hilder, 8, 18, 30, 45; Nimrod, 8, 11, 12, 13; F. Killick, 8, 10, 11, 18; Oriel, 8, 10, 21, 26; Prasbe, 10, 11, 12, 13; Ned Lamh, 10, 11, 12, 20; Boat Race, 10, 11, 15, 53; Idge, 12, 15, 18, 24; X. X. X., 8, 10, 18, 30.

Each of tbe following contains 1, 2, 3, 4, 6, 7, 9:—Tbe Leary One, 13, 14, 25, 31; W. Gutch, 11, 12, 27, 38; Coaly Tyne, 11, 14, 23, 24.

Each of the following contains 1, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 10, and 11:—Lihustanna, 12, 21, 24; F. Funny Boy, 8, 18, 25; Mad Jack, 9, 12, 13.

Each of the following contains 1, 2, 4, 5, and 6:—Hoco, 9, 10, 11, 12, 21, 31; I. Z., 8, 9, 11, 12, 30, 31; Galliard, 9, 10, 11, 12, 17, 25; Dahber, 9, 10, 11, 13, 14, 30; J'y Suis, 9, 10, 11, 12, 16, 23; Creature, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 24; Parisian, 9, 11, 14, 20, 23, 43; J. S. T., 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14; Sophistinus, 9, 10, 11, 12, 22, 25; Pennycross, 8, 9, 10, 11, 14, 21; Clifford Smith, 9, 11, 12, 13, 23, 56; I'm Blest, 8, 9, 11, 13, 17, 21; Lina, 8, 13, 20, 26, 27, 43; A. Harvey, 9, 10, 14, 18, 21, 26; G. D. Watson, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 25; Telford, 8, 9, 11, 12, 14, 34; Melrose, 8, 9, 10, 11, 13, 14; Bugahoo, 9, 10, 12, 18, 21, 27; Kudos, 9, 10, 12, 13, 20, 27; G. F. O., 9, 10, 11, 17, 23, 25; C. F. M., 9, 10, 11, 14, 23, 57; W. Short, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13; Beedos, 9, 11, 16, 23, 26, 34; W. Murray, 9, 10, 11, 12, 15, 18; Isthmian, 8, 9, 11, 12, 13, 55; J. Ralph, 9, 10, 11, 12, 23, 26; Kismet, 8, 13, 18, 26, 43, 54; Watts, 8, 9, 10, 11, 13, 14; Kirinish, 9, 10, 11, 12, 15, 25; Sarheer, 9, 11, 12, 13, 24, 25; Daisy, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13; Initium, 9, 10, 11, 12, 18, 38; Dresden China, 9, 18, 26, 31, 43, 54; Mariè, 9, 11, 12, 13, 17, 22; Blackbird, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 17; Juggins, 9, 10, 11, 24, 30, 45; C. Scrope, 9, 10, 11, 14, 16, 25; Mitigate, 9, 10, 11, 12, 21, 24; No. 24, Leam-terrace, 8, 10, 11, 12, 25, 27; Darby, 9, 10, 11, 13, 17, 45; Lednah, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 25; Melancholia, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 24; F. R. Kent, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 14; German, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12 13; Hodge, 9, 10, 11, 12, 21, 25; Gilbert, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12; 8eer, 8, 9, 10, 11, 16, 17; Brecon, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13; H. Morris, 8, 9, 10, 11, 13, 27; Lambkin, 8, 9, 10, 11, 13, 16; Tomato Sauce, 8, 9, 10, 12, 14, 20; Jos. B., 8, 9, 11, 12, 16, 39; Samson, 9, 11, 12, 13, 17, 24; H. Patey, 9, 10, 11, 12, 21, 50; James Foulsham, 8, 9, 11, 23, 43, 45; Sefton, 9, 11, 13, 18, 24, 53; Durham, 9, 11, 12, 13, 17, 26; F. A. Sw., 9, 10, 11, 12, 18, 24; H. T. L., 8, 9, 10, 12, 16, 23; S. O. (A. E.), 9, 12, 13, 14, 18, 23; E. Pooley, 9, 11, 12, 13, 14, 23; S. Steel, 7, 8, 9, 11, 12, 23; Eccles, 8, 9, 11, 14, 17, 24.

Each of the following contains 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5:—Batsman (Brook's), 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 14; L. K. T., 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 55; Felix Ferry, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 27; Hopeful Dutchman, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 18; H. E. McGovern, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 21; Pseudoun, 9, 10, 11, 12, 21, 25; Ina, 8, 11, 12, 17, 23, 27; Douglas, 8, 9, 16, 17, 23, 54; Everilda, 8, 9, 11, 13, 34, 58; Gopsall, 9, 10, 12, 13, 14, 27; Evermore, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 27; Horatius, 9, 10, 11, 12, 18, 24; Ignoramus, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 18; Smiffy, 9, 10, 11, 12, 14, 18; Leo T. Dring, 9, 11, 24, 27, 40, 45; Friar Tuck, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 24; Pen and Ink, 9, 10, 11, 12, 17, 24; Silenus, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 20; Chandos, 8, 9, 10, 12, 14, 48; J. T. Tyrrell, 9, 10, 11, 18, 52, 54; S. J. Clutson, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 21; Plume, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 17; Batsman (No. 2, C. W.), 8, 9, 11, 34, 51, 65; How's that? (H. G. C.), 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 15; Percy Stafford, 9, 10, 11, 12, 18, 25; Zeta, 8, 9, 11, 13, 17, 26; Zeuxis, 8, 9, 10, 11, 13, 14; Eladsmarea, 8, 9, 10, 13, 15, 25.

Each of the following contains 1, 2, 4, 6, 7:—Zut, 9, 11, 18, 22, 25, 41; Romulus, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 38; Oakfield, 9, 10, 12, 24, 25, 38; J. S. Burton, 9, 10, 11, 12, 26, 30; Glastonbury, 9, 10, 11, 12, 23, 38; R. A. Land, 9, 10, 11, 13, 14, 34; Phythysic, 13, 16, 23, 26, 27, 34; Drummer, 11, 13, 23, 24, 26, 34; W. M. D. M., 8, 9, 10, 11, 24, 38; A. T. W. Andrews, 8, 9, 10, 13, 30, 34; Claude, 11, 12, 24, 37, 54, 56; Devereux, 8, 11, 12, 13, 17, 25; Sans Changer, 11, 13, 25, 26, 27, 34; Grumble, 12, 50, 56, 59, 60, 61; Eillen, 11, 23, 24, 31, 42, 62; Longstop, 11, 23, 24, 29, 31, 64; L. C. Tate, 8, 9, 10, 11, 25, 38; The Missus, 8, 9, 13, 31, 34, 58; Hour's Cross, 8, 9, 13, 34, 38, 58; Fatima, 9, 10, 11, 23, 24, 66; Hedgehog, 8, 9, 21, 23, 30, 64; Comet, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 23; Fenham, 8, 10, 12, 13, 27, 43; Liscard, 9, 10, 11, 13, 17, 38; C. F. Reid, 9, 10, 11, 13, 30, 38; Alice, 9, 10, 11, 14, 24, 31; Cato, 8, 9, 10, 17, 24, 31; Essayez, 8, 9, 10, 12, 15, 38; Jimma Scanna, 10, 11, 12, 21, 24, 38; Careo, 8, 9, 11, 23, 26, 34.

Each of the following contains 1, 2, 3, 5, and 7:—Wooder, 10, 11, 12, 20, 25, 26; Nerol, 9, 10, 11, 13, 25, 26; Rouster, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 20.

Each of the following contains 1, 2, 3, 6, 7:—Florida, 9, 10, 11, 12, 14, 38; Loftus, 8, 9, 10, 11, 13, 31; Clarence, 8, 9, 11, 13, 25, 31; W. M. Pick, 8, 9, 11, 25, 31, 34.

Each of the following contains 1, 4, 5, 6, and 7:—8ammy, 9, 10, 13, 16, 24, 45; George H. Rees, 8, 9, 14, 21, 25, 30; Royal Ilber, 10, 11, 12, 14, 21, 24; Tomas, 10, 11, 12, 21, 24, 25.

Each of the following contains 1, 2, 3, 4, and 6:—Pip, 8, 9, 11, 12, 17, 31; Commodore, 8, 23, 24, 26, 27, 41; James B., 8, 11, 12, 13, 18, 41; Field Fare, 8, 9, 12, 13, 34, 38; Little B., 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 17; The Mouse, 9, 10, 11, 13, 16, 38; Pet, 8, 9, 11, 13, 24, 26; Hael, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 38; Lily Bridge, 9, 11, 12, 14, 17, 52; Enoch, 8, 9, 10, 13, 34, 38; A. W. R., 8, 9, 10, 22, 13, 27; Camhus Kenneth, 8, 9, 11, 12, 13, 31; Rebruf, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 42.

Each of the following contains 1, 2, 5, 6, 7:—Fideoak, 8, 9, 11, 14, 18; Gascoigne, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 14; W. Loversidge, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13; Telegraphist, 9, 11, 12, 14, 24, 54; Chops, 9, 11, 13, 17, 18, 31; W. N. Berry, 8, 9, 10, 14, 25, 63; Perkins, 9, 10, 11, 12, 24, 38; Fido, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14; Australian, 9, 10, 11, 12, 17, 25; Stumps, 8, 9, 12, 13, 30, 50; Inez, 8, 9, 10, 12, 13; W. Noton, 8, 9, 10, 11, 17, 23; Rugby, 9, 10, 11, 13, 21, 25; Glenalmond, 9, 10, 11, 12, 30, 31; Leo (Barnard's Inn), 9, 10, 11, 13, 14, 25; H. F., 9, 10, 11, 13, 21, 25; Dutch Oven, 8, 9, 11, 12, 25, 41; M. A. Ottly, 9, 10, 11, 13, 24, 25; Long On (G. S.), 9, 10, 24, 39, 42, 60; Tum, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 15; T. T. C., 8, 9, 10, 12, 13, 16; Polochy, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13; G. F. Freemantle, 8, 9, 10, 11, 14, 18; Red Rover, 8, 9, 10, 11, 14, 27.

Each of the following contains 1, 2, 4, 5, 7:—Sperum, 8, 9, 11, 13, 23, 30; Shamrock, 9, 11, 12, 13, 17, 27; Podge, 8, 9, 10, 11, 13, 30; Shan Posne, 8, 10, 11, 13, 27, 47; H. Pollitts, 10, 21, 24, 25, 34, 38; J. Devereux, 8, 9, 10, 11, 16, 18; Easthourne, 9, 11, 12, 17, 24, 27; Alicujus, 9, 11, 12, 13, 24, 25; Asthma, 9, 10, 13, 16, 21, 26; Thug, 9, 10, 12, 23, 38, 42; Emily, 6, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12; Cunctator, 9, 10, 11, 12, 24, 40; Trugs, 9, 10, 11, 12, 15, 31; Spite, 9, 10, 11, 12, 26, 32; Dapper, 9, 10, 11, 12, 18, 23; Wyggeston, 9, 10, 11, 13, 14, 25; Addington, 8, 9, 10, 23, 26, 63; Bruin, 9, 13, 23, 34, 63, 67; Varies, 8, 9, 10, 20, 25, 34; Kinner, 6, 11, 12, 13, 17, 21, 24; Ticktou, 8, 9, 10, 11, 21; Wilkie, 6, 9, 10, 11, 45, 54; Knotty Ash, 9, 10, 11, 12, 21, 24; Hindoo, 9, 10, 11, 12, 18, 20.

Each of tbe following contains 1, 2, 3, 5, and 6:—No Name No. 1, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 30; Oak Egger, 9, 10, 11, 12, 25, 43; Jane, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 24; A. B. Tomkins, 9, 10, 11, 12, 21, 25; Fusilier, 9, 10, 11, 12, 17, 27; Topjack, 10, 11, 12, 21, 24, 63; Juan Fernandez, 9, 10, 11, 18, 21, 24.

Each of the following contains 1, 2, 3, 4, and 7:—Tally Ho! 9, 10, 11, 12, 18, 24; Blazes, 9, 10, 12, 18, 23, 38; George Greene, 8, 11, 20, 30, 37, 42; Cuckoo, 9, 11, 12, 20, 27, 38.

Room can be found for a few more elevens, viz.:—
1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 9, 11, 12, 25, 51.—S. Williams.
1, 2, 4, 6, 7, 8, 9, 11, 12, 13, 38.—Cover-Point.
1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 8, 9, 11, 12, 52.—Maurice, H. F.
1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 9, 10, 11, 13, 17.—J. H. Fletcher.
1, 2, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 12, 26, 27.—Rosslyn.
1, 2, 9, 10, 11, 12, 18, 22, 25, 26, 38.—Birch Rod.
1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 9, 10, 11, 15.—Funny Judge.
1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 11, 12, 23.—Spank.
1, 2, 3, 5, 6, 7, 9, 12, 13, 14, 21.—Stoat.
1, 2, 3, 5, 6, 7, 9, 12, 25, 38, 39.—Moung Pho.
1, 2, 4, 6, 7, 9, 12, 13, 17, 23, 27.—Sclanidge.
1, 2, 6, 8, 9, 10, 13, 14, 17, 34, 38.—Percy Gill.
1, 2, 4, 8, 9, 11, 13, 23, 24, 31, 34.—I. O. C. McK.

I much regret tbat, even by adopting tbe above method of economising space, I have found it impossible to print all the Elevens received. I may add, however, that in tbe case of the Eleven sent by each of tbe following competitors, there was an error of omission or commission. Some cricketer or cricketers were left out or put in wbose absence or presence, in the opinion of the competent assessors who are assisting me in my arduous task, was a fatal blot on the composition of the said Eleven.

Suggested Elevens tben were received from the following in addition to those whose names have already appeared:—Camaralzaman, Seville, G. G. S., Warling (who leaves out Mr. W. G. Grace), Old Buff, Ryall, Wild Horseman, Scarlet and Yellow, H. E. Bouch, Codford, H. Holmes, Beta, Truth No. 2, F. G. Birch, Elsie, Steel, Green Hedge, Tbe Cid, Ink-pot, Bishop Bedell, Olly, R. D., C. E. R, Molecatcher, Scrutator, G. K. Thorpe, All Wax, Ivy Leaf, Præcognavit, Pavilion, Fair Play, J. E. Baleson, Fiddle-de-dee, F. N. H., Camund (D. M.), Frumski, Young Buff, Roggee Shurt, Bacchus, King Douglas, R. G. Hawke, D. C. 21, Cricketers, Swosher, Flickster, H. R. Hewett, J. Wood, Claudian, Wang, A. A. A., Hohhledehoy, Acto, Madge, Cecil, Neptune, Crystal Palace, G. E. N., Esa, For'd'on, T. B. Taylor, Philip Greene, Esterel, Hoddy, Breezy Boulogne, Latter, Phyllis, Little Jones, Micah, Printer, Lightheart, K. W., Blue Rock, Teed, Short Slip, A. Patterson, A. H. P., A. P., Stumps, Sabretache, Gamma, Six Knobs, Scalpel, Sancta Bega, N. C. N., B. H. Dixon, A. Wood, Miser, Daphnis, Guinea Pig, Quantock, Wyvelhoe, Nikrep, Libidi, Derwent, Wayward Thing, Indus, Jupiter Pluvius, Veni, J. O. C. McK., R. K. S., R. James, Romald, Waverley, Elaine, Sun-dial, Cyder, Woodpecker, Asinus, Pitt-street, Edinburgh, Hurricane, Wild Rose, C. C. Ratcliff, Alice, R. M., Moung Pho, Stoat, Gold Wissant, Wahash, Hibon, Pottifer, Phantom, Long-off, Freedom, Phenic, and Guelder Rose.

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JUNE 18, 19, 20.

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Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Albany.
Her Royal Highness the Princess Mary Adelaide, Duchess of Teck.
Her Royal Highness the Princess Frederica, Baroness Von Pawel Rammingen.
The Lord Mayor and the Lady Mayoress, &c. &c.

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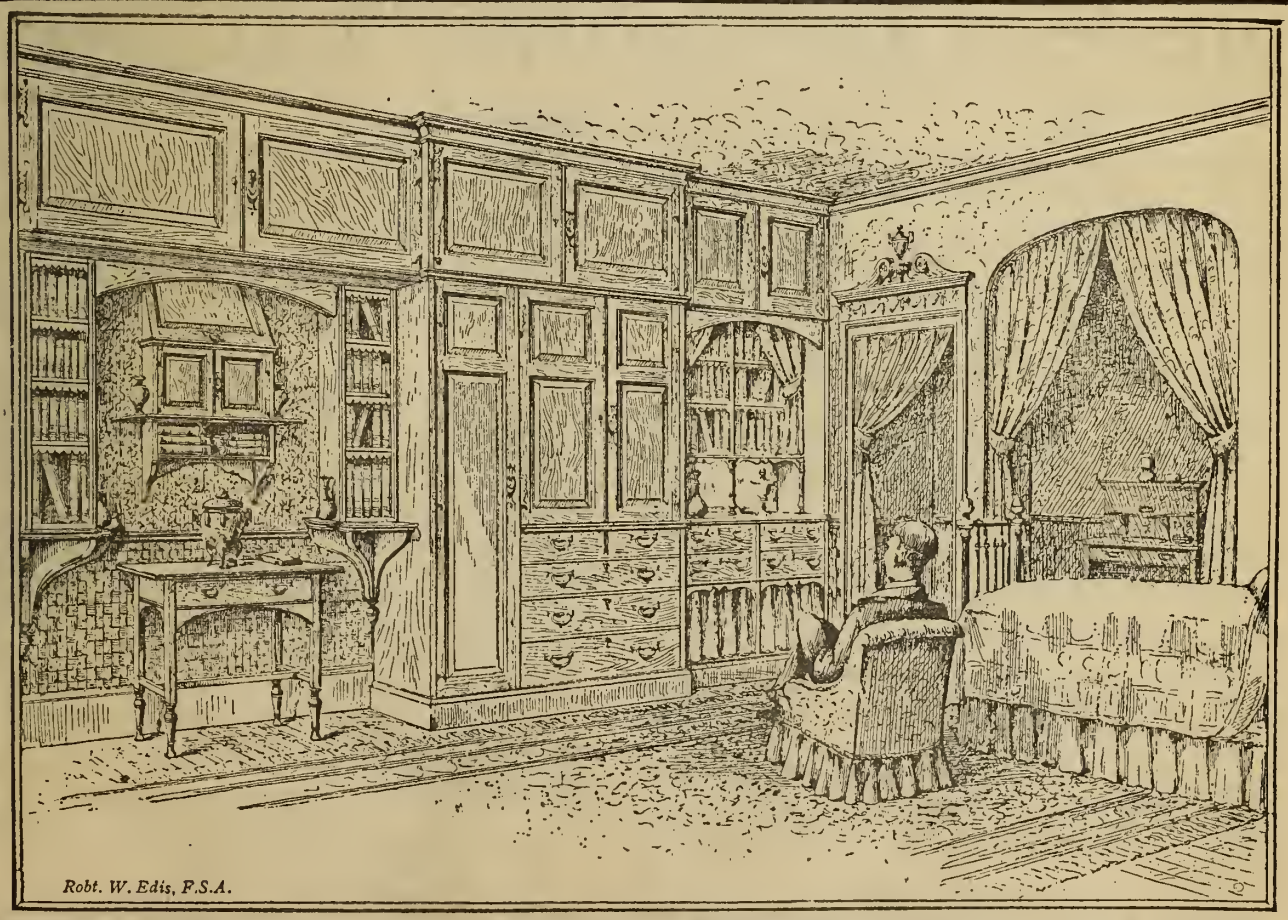

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FIVE PER CENT. DEBENTURE STOCK.
WEST LANCASHIRE RAILWAY.

The Directors of the West Lancashire Railway Company are prepared to receive APPLICATIONS for £250,000 FIVE PER CENT. 1884 DEBENTURE STOCK.

THE price of issue is par, or £100 per £100 Stock, payable as follows: £5 per £100 Debenture Stock on application; £15 on allotment: £20 on 15th August, 1884; £20 on 15th September, 1884; £20 on 15th October, 1884; £20 on 15th November, 1884—£100.

The debenture stock has the new feature of having its interest payable quarterly, in accordance with the practice of the London Metropolitan Board of Works, the Liverpool Corporation, and other public bodies, and as is intended by the Government in their Bill for creating 2½ per cent. Consols.

The interest will be remitted to the registered holders' address by interest warrant, payable at the Southport and West Lancashire Banking Company, Limited, Southport, or if preferred by any holder, at their London agents', Messrs. Robarts, Lubbock, & Co., 15, Lombard-street, London.

The stock will be registered into the name of subscribers free of charge.

The interest will be paid on 1st March, 1st June, 1st September, and 1st December in each year. The first payment of interest will be made on 1st September next.

Interest will be paid on each instalment of the Debenture Stock from the dates of payment by allottees. The option is reserved to them to anticipate the dates of the remaining instalments, and to pay the whole on allotment if convenient to them.

The west Lancashire Railway was completed and opened throughout for public traffic on the 16th of April last year, and has a progressive traffic.

The total length of the Company's railway is seventeen miles of double line, fully equipped with rolling stock, with running powers over the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway to Blackburn, a distance of ten miles, making a total of twenty-seven miles of railway operated by this Company.

The Company was incorporated by special Act of Parliament for the purpose of making a direct communication between Preston and Southport, the most fashionable watering-place on the north-west coast of England.

By subsequent Act of Parliament the Company was authorised to effect a junction between their Preston terminus and the main line of the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway Company to run over that Company's line for a distance of 10 miles to Blackburn.

By further Act of Parliament the Company obtained Parliamentary powers to employ and use in any manner they might think fit, steam and other vessels over the Leeds and Liverpool canals and other canals, and also from any place where the Company have a station, to the Isle-of-Man, Fleetwood, Barrow-in-Furness, Blackpool, St. Ann's-on-the-Sea, and Lytham, &c. &c.

By the Company's running powers to Blackburn they have free access over the whole of the Lancashire and Yorkshire Company's system, and all other railways in connection therewith.

When the extension lines shown on the map are completed, the West Lancashire Railway will be in direct communication, amongst other places, with the important centres of Blackburn, Preston, Southport, Blackpool, and Liverpool, and through the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Railway to Wigan, Stockport, and Manchester.

The lines are—

1.—PRESTON DOCK EXTENSION.

This extension is, pursuant to an agreement entered into between the West Lancashire Railway Company and the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Railway Company, to be constructed and owned by them jointly, and will be a continuation of the West Lancashire Railway system from their present terminus at Preston to the Preston Docks about to be constructed by the Corporation of Preston.

2.—MANCHESTER, SHEFFIELD, AND LINCOLNSHIRE RAILWAY EXTENSION TO PRESTON, 1883.

This extension (power to construct which was obtained in the last session of Parliament) is an extension of that system from Wigan to Preston and Southport, with running powers over the West Lancashire Railway, whose system it joins at Longton, and will afford a through route between all West Lancashire stations and the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire and Great Northern systems, and also give the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Railway direct access to Blackpool over the West Lancashire Railway.

3.—BLACKPOOL RAILWAY.

This line forms a junction with the West Lancashire Railway at Preston, and is to be constructed from Preston to Blackpool, and will of necessity open up a large passenger traffic from the great centres of population in the manufacturing districts of Lancashire and Yorkshire, which the West Lancashire Railway and the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Railway from their positions cannot fail to participate in.

4.—LIVERPOOL, SOUTHPORT, AND PRESTON JUNCTION RAILWAY.

This line, which is to be worked by the West Lancashire Railway, forms a junction with the Southport and Cheshire Lines Extension Railway, giving access to the Cheshire Lines System, Liverpool and the Liverpool Docks, in addition to providing a through route between Blackburn, Preston, Southport, and intermediate stations, and Liverpool and the South.

With reference to the Debenture Stock now for subscription, ranking as it does in priority to £687,500 Preference and Ordinary Shares, all issued and paid up, and immediately after the existing Debenture Stock, it must in the opinion of the Directors be a most desirable investment.

The Debenture Stocks of English lines of railway become each year more difficult to obtain, and rank for security next to Consols, and as the great resources of traffic inherent in the West Lancashire Railway become developed and the advantages of the connection formed with the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire and other railways become realised, the Five per Cent. Debenture Stock should rise in value to those of other Northern lines which are quoted equal to 145 to 150 per £100 Debenture Stock, or 45 to 50 per cent. premium.

The following is the capital of the Company, viz.:—

£229,126 Five per Cent. Debenture Stock all issued and paid up.
250,000 ,, 1884 Debenture Stock (now for issue).
687,500 Preference and Ordinary Shares, all issued and paid up.

DIRECTORS.

Edward Holden, Esq., Laurel Mount, Shipley, Yorkshire (Chairman).
Sir Thomas G. Fermor-Hesketh, Bart., Rufford Hall, Ormskirk, Lancashire.
Mr. Alderman Fisher, Southport, Lancashire.
Thomas H. Isherwood, Esq., Liverpool.
Albert Ricardo, Esq., London.

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By order, THOS. GILBERT, Secretary.

Secretary's Offices, Central Station, West Lancashire Railway,
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• TRUTH •

"Cultores Veritatis Fraudis Inimici."—*Cicero.*

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ENTRE NOUS.

THE Queen is to arrive at Windsor this morning from Balmoral, and, according to present arrangements, will remain at the Castle till about July 15, when she will go to Osborne for six weeks. Her Majesty will stay at Claremont for a few days, when the accouchement of the Duchess of Albany takes place in August.

Her Majesty will come up to London for a few hours on an early afternoon in order to visit the Duchess of Cambridge.

During her residence at Windsor Castle, the Queen will hold an Investiture of the Bath and other Orders.

As I have already stated, her Majesty takes a keen interest in the International Forestry Exhibition, which is to be opened at Edinburgh next Tuesday. It is very probable that the Queen will pay a flying visit to Edinburgh on her way to Balmoral in August, in order that she may have an opportunity of inspecting the exhibition.

The Prince and Princess of Wales will not attend any dances or large parties this season, but it is probable that they will dine out pretty often during the next month. During the last week they have dined with the Duke and Duchess of Manchester, the Danish Minister and Madame de Falbe, and with Gladys Lady Lonsdale. At each banquet the number of guests was very limited.

Prince Edward arrived at Heidelberg on Friday evening at 7 o'clock, having travelled direct from London. He is residing with Professor Ihne, the well-known historian, but the study of German is the special object of his visit.

I hear that Prince George of Wales is to return home from his cruise on the North American and West Indian stations early in the autumn. It is probable that the next trip of the *Canada* will be to the Mediterranean.

The Empress Eugénie, who is going next month to Germany and Switzerland, is to pay a visit to the Queen next week, and Prince Wilhelm of Würtemberg is also under command to dine and sleep at the Castle.

Princess Louise has been rather out of health lately, and H.R.H. will probably go to Germany shortly to take the waters at Marienbad. The Princess suffers from neuralgic headaches, to which she has been subject ever since she was thrown out of her sleigh in Canada, about four years ago.

The property left by the Duke of Albany turns out to be by no means so large as was stated in the papers directly after his death. A great deal of money was spent in various ways during the last few months of the Duke's life; and when everything is paid there will not be a balance of more than £10,000 at the outside. It is probable, however, that a portion of the liabilities will be paid by the Queen, and her Majesty is to defray a considerable proportion of the cost of the funeral. The Duchess gets all the money that her husband had to leave, and also an annuity from the country of £6,000 a year, which, however, she would lose in the event of her contracting a second marriage.

Under the superintendence of Sir John Cowell, the establishment at Claremont has been greatly reduced, and economical reforms of every kind have been carried out. The housekeeper and two other servants were always paid by the Queen, and her Majesty also defrayed a considerable proportion of the outdoor expenses; but still the keeping up of such a place in any adequate way is far beyond the resources of the Duchess of Albany, and her continued residence there would involve a charge to the Queen of at least £10,000 a year, so the present arrangements are not likely to be permanent, but, in all probability, the rooms in Kensington Palace, which were recently vacated by the Duke and Duchess of Teck, will ultimately become the widowed Duchess's residence.

There is a vacant suite of apartments in Hampton Court Palace, in consequence of the transfer of Miss Cuppage to the rooms recently occupied by Lady Margaret Bourke, who has been given a larger and a better suite, which fell in by the death of Mrs. Boucher. There are more than sixty names on "the Queen's list," and probably as many outside applications will be received.

The German Empress has rallied wonderfully during her stay at Baden-Baden, and, contrary to all expectation, she has recovered sufficiently to bear removal to her favourite residence, the Palace at Coblence, where she arrived on Thursday evening. The Empress alighted at her private station, at the end of the Rhine bridge, which adjoins the gardens of the palace, and she was received by several members of the Emperor's suite, who had been despatched from Ems to meet her. His Majesty came over himself on Friday, and dined with his spouse. The Emperor comes to Coblence next week to stay for a few

days, and the Empress is to remain there for two months. On Friday the Queen telegraphed from Balmoral to congratulate the Empress on the improvement in her health.

In the reports of the Royal wedding at St. Petersburg it is stated by several correspondents that the youngest sister of the bride (Princess Victoria-Alice of Hesse) was recognised by many persons "as the future Empress of Russia." This is utter nonsense, for, apart from the fact that there would be no particular object in another alliance with the Darmstadt family, it is an open secret at St. Petersburg that it is intended, in process of time, to arrange a marriage between the Czarewitch and one of the younger daughters of the Crown Prince of Germany.

The *World* and other papers are mistaken in describing the Grand Duke of Hesse as being "again a free man," and in announcing that his marriage with Madame de Kalomine has been annulled. As I have already stated, an agreement has been signed between the Grand Duke and his bride, and, in consideration of "gratifications" of which I have already given particulars, she joins with him in applying for a divorce; but here, at present, the matter rests. If any ecclesiastical ceremony had been performed the Grand Duke (as Prince-Bishop) could have dissolved it; but he cannot get rid of a civil marriage so easily; for it has been decided by the eminent jurists who have been consulted that the case must come before the Hessian courts, which will, no doubt, hear it with closed doors. Whether "mutual consent" is a sufficient ground for a divorce in Germany remains to be seen; but there is no other ground for the application, as the story that the Grand Duke will plead that he was deceived and inveigled into the marriage is as utterly incredible as the report circulated by a Berlin paper that he will ask for a divorce because the marriage is unpopular with his subjects.

Countess Romrod is a very clever, fascinating woman, and by no means a person to be trifled with in these days, when German royalties cannot quietly get rid of troublesome people. She has arrived at Dresden from Paris, and is to stay there for the present. Count von Hutten-Czapski, her brother, is with her. The Countess is not excluded from all Germany under her agreement with her husband, but promises not to come within a certain distance of Darmstadt.

Prince Charles of Baden and his wife, the Countess Rhena, have arrived in Paris, and are staying at the Hôtel Bristol. They may possibly come over to London for a few days, before returning to Germany.

Notwithstanding the lavish expenditure of gloomy predictions regarding it, the Viceregal visit to Belfast passed off most pleasantly. From Tuesday to Friday the northern capital gave itself up to social festivity. Lord and Lady Spencer, with Lady Muriel Boyle, Major Rowan Hamilton, &c., were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Harland, at their pretty villa residence, Ormiston, close to Belfast. The ball given by Mr. and Mrs. Harland at the Town-hall, on Thursday evening, was a brilliant success.

The unveiling of the portrait of her Majesty, painted by Sir T. Jones for the Town Hall, gave the Mayor and Corporation of Belfast the opportunity of showing their devotion to the Queen. The ardour of the feelings expressed by them does great and undoubted credit to their loyalty. Where their enthusiasm of personal attachment is so great for the Sovereign they have never seen, how exalted might not that attachment become were they only vouchsafed the same honour of acquaintance with her that is granted to their English and Scotch brethren!

There were some very large entertainments last week. On Tuesday the Duchess of Bedford had an immense party (following a dinner of thirty), and people who had merely "looked in" on their way to balls found themselves detained about three times as long as they had expected. Madame de Falbe's diamonds were much admired, and looked well with a dress of black satin and tulle. The Duchess of Roxburghe was also in black, and her sister Lady Sarah Churchill was in white; as also was Lady Maud Conyngham, whose dress was trimmed with scarlet ribbons. The ball given by Lady Wilson at their enormous house in Grosvenor-square, which used to belong to Lord Crawford, was the largest of the season; but the staircase, landings, and rooms are so vast, that there was far less crowding than might have been expected. The display of plants and flowers was magnificent, and they were most beautifully arranged; the hall, in fact, was like a conservatory. The Tories were present in great force to support the tenants of Hughenden, and the *mot d'ordre* had evidently been given that they were to be "taken up in earnest," for some of the most supercilious of the party did not disdain to attend. The Conservatives do this sort of thing far better than the Liberals. No matter who a man is, provided that he be rich and that he spends a fair portion of his money in promoting the interests of the Conservative cause, they give him social currency.

This evening Devonshire House reopens, after having been closed to "society" for three years. Lord Hartington will be aided by Lady Louisa Egerton in receiving his guests. I wonder how many times during the evening he will wish himself at Stockbridge.

Mrs. W. H. Smith will give a ball at her house in Grosvenor-place to-morrow evening.

Princess Christian was present at a meeting held at the Countess Cowper's house in St. James's-square last Thursday afternoon, to formulate a plan for establishing a convalescent hospital for the poor and working classes of London. The Marquis of Hamilton, Earl Brownlow, Lord Shaftesbury, and many other noblemen and gentlemen attended the meeting.

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I am asked to state that a "Grand Floral Fête and Fair" will be held at the Duke of Wellington's Riding-school on the first three days in July, on behalf of the Surgical Appliance Society for the Relief of the Crippled Poor—a very deserving charity.

Lady Greville is to be congratulated on having obtained so much money for her hospital at Shadwell. On the occasion of the concert which she gave at her house last week, her two drawing-rooms were crowded, and people were even standing outside on the landing. The programme was a lengthy one. Among the artistes were Madame Patey and Mr. Grossmith, and the entertainment finished up with a scene from "Money," between Mrs. Bancroft and Mr. Cecil, so that the audience, whilst doing a good turn to an excellent charity, got their full money's worth.

Lord and Lady Randolph Churchill were last week the guests of Mr. Lee, at Hartwell House, Bucks, where there was a large party of Bucks Tories for the Ailesbury demonstration.

Mrs. Meynell-Ingram returned to Hoar Cross last week, after a six months' cruise in the Mediterranean, in the schooner *Guinevere*.

Lord and Lady Bath and Lord Henry Thynne, M.P., have arrived at Homburg, where also the Duke of Richmond has been taking the waters for the last three weeks.

The Duchess of Marlborough has purchased 46, Grosvenor-square, from the executors of the late Lord Sandwich.

Lord and Lady Harlech and Lord and Lady Lewisham have been staying at Glynde Place on a visit to Lord and Lady Hampden.

The Duke of Hamilton has gone to Norway in his steam yacht *Thistle* for a six weeks' cruise. The Duke has been suffering very severely from gout during the last few months, and it is hoped that a trip to northern latitudes in his "floating palace" will prove beneficial.

Lord Ducie's yacht, *Severn*, is fitting out at Cowes for a cruise to Norway.

The Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch intend to reside abroad for some time, and Dalkeith Palace and Drumlanrig Castle will be closed during their absence. This decision causes much dismay in the districts around those seats, as for nearly sixty years the late Duke always kept up large establishments at both places, and the change will considerably affect local trade. It is understood that when the Duke and Duchess go to Scotland for a few weeks in the autumn, they will reside at Langholm Lodge, a small place in Dumfriesshire, which they have always occupied as a country residence.

To Make a Really Excellent Plum Cake.—Take ½ lb. butter and ½ lb. white sifted sugar; beat these with the hand well together to a cream; add four eggs, one at a time, and well beat each one with the butter and sugar; lightly mix in 1 lb. of flour, previously mixed with one teaspoonful of Borwick's Gold Medal Baking Powder; then lightly mix with the whole ½ lb. of sultanas. Bake at once, thoroughly.

Sir J. Heathcoat-Amory, M.P., has been seriously ill during the last three weeks from a severe and very painful attack of gout. He is at Knightshayes Court, his place near Tiverton, and is now much better; but it is very unlikely that he will be able to attend the House of Commons again this session.

Lord O'Hagan has been seriously ill at his residence in London. Although better now, he has been obliged to give up his projected visit to Lord Fitzgerald's seaside villa at Ballybrack, where it had been his intention to pass the summer.

Miss Gilbert Smith, whose death was, as announced last week, caused by a carriage accident, while on a visit to her friend Mrs. Palairet, who also lost her life, is a niece of Mr. John Murray, of Albemarle-street. Much sympathy is felt for her family, as she was expected home the day the sad intelligence reached them.

The last meet of the Coaching Club for this season is fixed for next Saturday at the Magazine.

Lord Lonsdale has let Barleythorpe Hall to Mr. Baird, the Master of the Cottesmore, for another term of three years; so that the difficulties respecting the kennels have ceased to exist, and things will go on as usual.

The Duke of Buccleuch has been unanimously elected President of the Galloway Cattle Society of Great Britain, in succession to his father, who had been president ever since the formation of the Society, and whose herd at Drumlanrig was one of the finest in the country.

There will be two very important sales of shorthorns in Kent next week. On Wednesday a portion of the famous Wateringbury herd will be sold, and on Thursday Mr. H. Brassey, M.P., sends up nearly fifty head from the choice herd at Preston Hall.

Count Festetics has arrived at the Bristol Hotel from Paris and Hungary, and is to be at Newmarket next Monday for Lord Falmouth's sale.

The Dog Show on Saturday last, at the Ranelagh Club was most successful, and there was a large attendance of members and their friends. The attraction for next Saturday is to consist of pony-racing and steeple-chasing. After this season the club is to be moved to Barn Elms, the old head-quarters of the "Kit-kat" Club.

Lieutenant-Colonel Toogood is to be congratulated upon the flourishing state of the Aldershot Divisional Race Fund. £1,270 is a very respectable sum to have in hand, and says much for the able manner in which the fund has been administered.

The Amateur Athletic Championship sports, which took place at Birmingham on Saturday, were chiefly remarkable for the fine running of W. G. George in the

Rowland's Kalydor cools and refreshes the face during hot weather and eradicates Freckles, Tan, Sunburn, &c. Of chemists.

mile race, in which he surpassed his own previous best on record, covering the distance in 4 min. 18$\frac{2}{5}$ secs. He also won the half-mile and four miles pretty easily—not a bad performance for one afternoon. The seven miles walk was won by an American named Meek, who went extremely well and fairly, thereby setting an excellent example to several of our own so-called walkers.

The Australians have sustained another defeat, this time at the hands of the North of England eleven, although the latter were severely handicapped by the absence of Mr. A. G. Steel. This makes the fourth losing match of the tour, and, taken in evidence with the M.C.C. and Gentlemen of England matches, shows pretty clearly that the real position of the Colonial team, according to its merits, lies between that of the leading counties and that of representative English elevens; and this is just about where good judges have always been inclined to place our Antipodean visitors.

Oxford are, we are told, the favourites in the betting for the University match, and I should think with justice. In the match against Surrey at the Oval, Cambridge did fairly well in their first innings, but in their second they went all to pieces, and were disposed of for 132, after a very tame exhibition of batting. Oxford, on the other hand, scored an exceedingly creditable victory over Lancashire at Manchester. In the former match I think the Cambridge captain showed too much disposition to keep changing his field. He cannot expect all his eleven to be up to his own undoubtedly high standard, and it only upsets men to move them from one position in the field to another simply because they may have made a mistake. The best fields are liable to miss a catch.

It may be doubted whether the amalgamation of the Royal Portsmouth Corinthian Yacht Club and the Thames Corinthians, for the purpose of ocean sailing, will prove the success that was anticipated. Many of the Portsmouth Club will, I hear, decline to enter their yachts, resenting the action of the Thames Club in taking precedence as an impertinence, the latter not having any official existence, whilst the Portsmouth Club, on the other hand, enjoys the Royal warrant empowering them to fly the ensign of her Majesty's Fleet.

The Admiralty warrant is granted far too readily. There are already three clubs on the Thames, not all of which are really prosperous, to whom the privilege has been given, and now I hear that five others—viz., the Temple, the Corinthian, the Erith, the Junior Thames, and the Nore Clubs—are aspiring to it. No yacht of less than sixty tons ought to be allowed to fly the ensign. The last time I was in Boulogne I saw a vessel that by courtesy might be called a yacht. She was not more than ten tons, her sails were very dirty, and round her was a streak of white paint, and yet at her mizen was flying the blue ensign of the fleet. This is not desirable, as it lowers in the eyes of foreigners the respect due to the flag, and must give them a queer idea of the British Navy. I am told that in these minor clubs each stitch of canvas has a separate owner.

After all the fuss that has been made about the affair of the marked cards at the Cercle de la Rue Royale, no further proceedings are to be taken, and the garçon is to be let off scot-free. The French law, it appears, does not take cognisance of the preparations for an illegal act; the act itself must have been committed.

"For family reasons, which do not concern us, M. de Blowitz bore for some time the name of Oppert, which was that of his mother," observes Edmund. The family reasons were that the name of Oppert was also that of his father. Blowitz is the name of the village in which the *Times* correspondent was born. Why, too, should Edmund make him ashamed of his ancient race? "He is of Austrian-Slav origin, and comes of a family whose papers date back three hundred years. A fact to which M. de Blowitz attaches no importance whatever." Probably not, for he is of Hebrew origin, and, as in the case of most Polish Jews, his papers probably date back for more than three hundred years. "Que voulez-vous?" observed Gambetta, in speaking of him—"Juif, Polonais, Catholique, et décoré."

There is a talk of the Porte St. Martin being opened in the autumn with "Romeo and Juliet," Sarah Bernhardt playing Romeo to Jane Hading's (now Madame Köning) Juliet.

Mr. Wilson Barrett has secured the right for England and America of a new drama that is causing considerable excitement in Spain, and which was alluded to by G. A. S. in his last week's "Echoes." It is called in Spanish "La Pasionaria," and is written by one Leopoldo Cano y Masas. It will first see the light in England at Hull, on July 28, when it will be performed by one of Mr. Barrett's travelling companies. If it succeeds in the country it will probably be performed in London at no distant date.

The diamonds worn by Patti in the ball scene in "La Traviata" are worth over £60,000. No wonder, therefore, that great vigilance is exercised by the police when she, or Albani, or Sembrich, who also wear most costly jewels, sing in that opera.

Elaborate preparations are being made at Covent Garden for the production of Reyer's opera, "Sigurd." The scenery is of a novel description, one of the features of the *mise-en scène* being a steam curtain on a new principle, the invention of the stage manager, M. Lapissida. Madame Albani is to sustain the leading *rôle* of Brünhilde.

Frau Cosima Wagner and the other heirs of the late Richard Wagner have received an American offer of £50,000 for the exclusive right of performing "Parsifal." The offer has been declined, as was a preceding one of

Mr. Streeter, 18, New Bond-street, London, having decided to retire from the Jewellery Trade offers his Valuable Stock of Diamond Ornaments, Gem Jewellery, &c., at a great reduction. The public will therefore have special opportunities for the next few months of obtaining some of this high-class stock on advantageous terms.

International Health Exhibition.—In referring to Messrs. Fry's Exhibit of Cocoa and Chocolate, *The Grocer* says:—"Their goods are displayed in an exceedingly attractive style—the Chocolate Creams and similar articles of Confectionery are offered to consumers in the most dainty form, and the boxes in which they are placed are quite works of art. They turn out nothing but the best.'

£25,000 from some German speculators. Herr Gross, the Bayreuth banker, who is Wagner's executor, declares that "Parsifal" shall only be played in the Bayreuth Theatre.

Mrs. Langtry, who is now at San Francisco, finishes her American tour next Saturday. She has taken a passage in the steamer leaving New York for Liverpool on Saturday, July 19, and intends to pass the interval in the Katskill Mountains.

Monsieur de Soria will sing for the first time this season at Madame Gagarel Pacini's concert on July 1, at Princes' Hall.

Kuhe writes me an amusing letter, vindicating his right to Mr., and disclaiming altogether the *Herr*, which, as far as I recollect, he bore for many years uncomplainingly at Brighton. He says he should be called "Pan" Kuhe, being a Bohemian by birth; "but," he adds, "having passed two-thirds of my life in England, and being a naturalised British subject, I think myself entitled to Mr." So let it be, by all means, for there is too much of the Pancake about Pan Kuhe for this title to be Anglicised.

The Leigh Court pictures will be sold on Saturday. I was looking through that delightful work, the "Life of Lord Macaulay," the other day, and came upon the following extract from his journal:—

September 25, 1852. I walked (from Clifton) to Leigh Court, on the other side of the Ferry, to see the famous collection of pictures, and found that report had not done them justice. Nothing struck me so much as Rubens's "Woman taken in Adultery." The figures have a look of life which I do not know that I ever saw elsewhere on canvas.

A few criticisms on the collection, with which I have been favoured by a modern authority, may be of interest at the present moment:—

First in its splendour of colour and uniqueness is the Holy Family, by Rubens; a picture most spiritual and yet most human; splendid in colour, noble in drawing, perfect in expression. This matchless masterpiece of a great master is very little known and is not mentioned in Smith's catalogue. Rubens is here at his very best as a colourist, and no one who only knows the more mundane work of that great genius would believe he could have reached such a height of spirituality. The two other Rubenses are well known. That of the "Conversion of Saul" was probably painted as a rival of Raphael's cartoon of the same subject. The "Woman Taken in Adultery" is very interesting from its containing portraits of Van Oort (Rubens first master), of Van Dyck, of Rubens himself, and caricatures of Luther, Melancthon, and Calvin.

Next, perhaps, in interest is the early Raphael of "Christ bearing his Cross." This is one of the five parts of the predella of a large altar-piece painted in 1505 for the nuns of San Antonio, at Perugia. The history of this picture is the history of so many works of art. All the pieces and the original altar-piece are now in England. The large picture is in the cellars of the National Gallery, but belongs to the Duke of Ripalda. This small piece formerly belonged to Christina of Sweden, and then passsd into the Orleans collection. There is also in the Leigh Court collection a very fine replica or contemporary copy of the famous lost Loretto picture by Raphael. It differs from that reputed to be a copy of the lost Loretto by the figure of Joseph being wanting. When purchased in Italy, many coats of varnish obscured its purity of colour; possibly it will prove to be the very picture which has been missing for centuries. Here, too, is the famous "Creator Mundi," ascribed to Leonardo da Vinci, and often called the masterpiece of the Milanese school. This is more like the handling of Beltraffio, of whose art our National Gallery possesses a fine example. Of another artist little known even to connoisseurs, Matteo Cerezo, there is the finest specimen in the country—"The Virgin in Ecstasy." This adoring woman, with her gold background, is indeed a grand creation. This picture was probably painted at Valladolid. There are only a few examples of Cerezo in this country, one or two at Kingston Lacy, several in the Hermitage at St. Petersburg, one at the Hague, and a few in the Royal Palace at Madrid. Cerezo, who was born at Burgos in 1635, only lived 40 years. He was especially famous for his pictures of "The Virgin of the Conception."

Of the great "Venus and Adonis" (6 ft. by 7 ft.) by Titian, little need be said, as the picture speaks for itself, save to record M. Cavalcaselle's wonder and delight when he saw it for the first time last year. In differs from that in the National Gallery by the omission of any figure in the sky. This picture belonged to Benjamin West.

The great Domenichino of "St. John in a Vision" belonged formerly to the Giustiniani Palace; of the red cloak in this picture Miss Ellen Terry said, "What a magnificent stage property that would make!" The collection is very rich in Claudes. For two of these pictures the collector gave £12,000. All the Claudes are good, and the large ones are unsurpassed in their luminous colour, but rather sullied by the introduction of figures nine heads high. These formerly belonged to the Alfieri and Beckford collections. There are two fine Murillos, and a grandly-imagined landscape by Gaspar Poussin. There is also a charming little Parmigiano of "Grace triumphing over Sin," and another by the same artist which is a small version of the large "Vision of St. Jerome" in the National Gallery. Here, too, besides "Polly Peachum," is the equally famous "Shrimp Girl" of Hogarth, a wonder of good colour, a miracle of execution—worthy to hang beside anything ever done in painting in any school in any period.

Many connoisseurs who have inspected these pictures during the last few days have been disappointed at the absence of the famous equestrian portrait of Philip IV., by Velasquez. I understand that it was sold privately a few months ago to Baron Rothschild, along with the portrait of a Rabbi, supposed to be by Rembrandt, and "The Water Doctor," by Gerard Douw.

The gentlemen who formed themselves into a syndicate for the purpose of securing to the nation as many as possible of the works of art comprised in the Fountaine collection are likely to burn their fingers. Very properly the Government have refused to purchase at the dictation of Messrs. J. C. Robinson, Franks, and Sir Henry Edwards, the result being that the purchases made by them with such a grand flourish of trumpets will be left on their hands or will be put up again for auction at Christie's, in which case I may safely predict that they will not realise anything like the amount they did on the last occasion. If this syndicate ever had any reason for existence, it was blotted out by the quality of the purchases made. A museum does not require a multiplicity of similar specimens of one class of work, and no Government would think of buying articles which were already well represented.

Apparently the Queen's book, "More Leaves," has had its run at Mudie's. I notice it is in the new Surplus List, priced at four shillings.

Next week Ritualism in its most advanced and illegal form may be seen to advantage at St. Peter's, London Docks. The seven days' programme of the Anniversary Festival of St. George's Mission, is both comprehensive and attractive, and includes, among other religious and social "divertissements," a regatta and a ball. The regatta is to take place on Monday, June 30, when Mrs. Gladstone has consented to give away the prizes. There will be a

Screens, with tea-cup shelf on each fold, from 21s. A large variety of screens in Japanese leather paper, needlework, stained glass, and hand-painted in all sizes and styles.—C. Hindley & Sons, 290 to 294, Oxford-street, London.

"Medical Reform."—Sir Wm. Gull, Bart., M.D., F.R.S., in his evidence before the Royal Commission on Vivisection, stated:—"I am sorry to say that I am not a great believer in drugs." A new era in therapeutical science has now been inaugurated by the invention of Harness' Electric Battery Belt, which is the only *bonâ fide* electric belt extant, and is universally acknowledged by the profession and public to be a sovereign remedy for all nervous and muscular ailments, general and nervous debility, functional disorders, &c.—Send for pamphlet, "Galvanic Electricity, Nature's Remedy for Impaired Vital Energy," post-free, from the Medical Battery Company, 205, Regent-street, London, W.

luncheon at 1 p.m., Lord Nelson in the chair. The day will begin and end with full Ritualistic services. The preacher in the morning will be the Rev. A. H. Mackonochie; in the evening, Canon Knox Little.

Ritualism has survived Lord Beaconsfield's oolish threat to put it down, and the Public Worship Regulation Act has become a discredited measure. I doubt if it will ever again be put in force. I always objected to the Act on the ground of its being left to the Bishops to decide when the law was to be enforced and when it was to be evaded.

I meddle neither with the High nor with the Low Church; but I do think that in matters of religion people should be left free to act for themselves. The true solution of the Ritual difficulty is to leave it alone. These sort of questions settle themselves. It is for the church congregations, not for Parliament, to say what they require. If they like their priests to wear copes and burn incense, by all means let them have what they want. If they prefer to slumber in a high pew under the soporific ministrations of a Low Church parson, why seek to disturb them? As for the "aggrieved parishoner," he is an invention of the Church Association, and I no more believe in his personality than I do in that of the Conservative working-man.

An ornament alike to the peerage and to his profession is the Hon. and Rev. C. J. Littleton, son of Lord Hatherton, and Vicar of Penkridge. Last week he lectured to the members of the Stafford Church of England Working Men's Association, and proceeded to give his views about Dissenters. "The country owed to the Nonconformists," remarked this charitable parson, "the bloodshed of twenty-six years, of Archbishop Laud and of the Martyr King. . . . John Bright, when speaking of Church matters, was a lunatic or a rogue. . . . . The Dissenters only kept together because they wanted to plunder a good Church. It was a lie of the Radicals to say the working man had to support the clergy. When a Radical or a Republican like Joseph Arch said the working men were supporting the clergy, he was a liar," and so on. It is indeed a scandal to the Church that such an ignorant and scurrilous individual should ever have been pitchforked into a family living.

The Bishop-designate of Ripon is to preach at Westminster Abbey next Sunday evening, on behalf of the Bishop of London's fund.

Messrs. Moody and Sankey's last mission will not have languished for want of distinguished patronage. During last week the hall on the Embankment was visited by the Duke of Abercorn, the Earl of Jersey, Lord and Lady Aberdeen, Lord Wolseley, Lady Gainsborough, and Lady Beauchamp, while the spiritual aristocracy was represented by the Bishop of Liverpool and Canon Wilberforce, both of whom took an active part in the proceedings. Mr. Moody will be much to blame if there is not after this a marked diminution of spiritual wickedness in high places.

"Liberty" Arabian Furniture and Decoration. A new Sketch-book post-free. Liberty & Co., Chesham House. Regent-street, W.

The "Commemoration" performance in the theatre at Oxford last week was as flat as was generally expected, and the lugubrious oration of Principal Shairp, as Professor of Poetry, was quite in keeping. The "Newdigate," too, was not at all remarkable this year, being just like the ordinary prize-poem, "only more so." In other respects, however, it is only a conventional piece of hypocrisy to say that a gloom was cast over "Commemoration." There was the regular succession of balls and college dances and concerts and *fêtes*, and there did not seem to be fewer people than formerly. The use of the new examination schools for dancing, which was a feature of last year's Commemoration, was not granted this time, and the balls took place, as of old, in the Corn Exchange, although the decorations (some of which were in the high-art style, by Liberty) were rather better than usual. Moreover, the weather was fine.

Mrs. Cradock's death will be long lamented at Oxford, for the removal of the wife of the popular Principal of Brasenose makes a blank in the society of the place which is not likely to be filled up. Mrs. Cradock, who was one of the accomplished daughters of Mr. Lister, of Armytage Park, was in her seventy-fourth year, and she had been seriously ill for some time. She was a woman of great culture, and her house has been for nearly forty years a centre for the best intellectual society of Oxford. Mrs. Cradock was Maid of Honour to the Queen for several years before her marriage, and of late she had received frequent proofs that her Majesty had not forgotten her. If Mrs. Cradock ever amused herself by writing "Reminiscences," they should be well worth reading.

I believe that the question of Dr. Goodford's successor at Eton has now been practically settled, and that Dr. Hornby's appointment only awaits the Queen's approval. The appointment has given Mr. Gladstone a good deal of trouble, and I cannot regard the result as very satisfactory. The best thing would have been to abolish the post altogether; but if that was impossible, the opportunity should have been used to put a little new blood into the place. As I said before, there is, no doubt, some advantage in thus being able to shelve a notoriously unsuccessful Head-master; but the Provost, as *ex officio* chairman of the Governing Body, has a good deal of obstructive power, and in the interests of Eton, it would have been much better to have promoted Dr. Hornby along the ecclesiastical rather than the scholastic ladder.

Dr. Hornby's first duty as Provost would be to preside at the meetings of the Governing Body to elect his successor as Head-master, and I believe his candidate would be Mr. Warr. This would be a very unfortunate choice, for Mr. Warr is not, as far as I know, distinguished for anything except his proficiency as a "coach" on the river.

The appreciation accorded by the highest circles during the last sixty years to Jewsbury & Brown's Original and only Genuine Oriental Tooth Paste proves the efficacy of this refined toilet luxury. It is compounded of rare and fragrant herbs in an especial manner known only to the sole proprietors and manufacturers, Jewsbury & Brown, Chemists, of Manchester. Its use keeps the teeth and gums in a state of preservation and soundness to old age, while its rare aromatic properties render the breath always exceedingly pleasant. It retains its invaluable properties in all climates, and can be obtained through all perfumers and chemists at home and abroad.

The best appointment would be that of Mr. Welldon, who is now Head-master of Dulwich, and who is the strongest man Eton has turned out for many years.

Lord Shaftesbury was really a little unkind to the City Fathers on Friday, when he alluded so pointedly to the short time they had left him to enjoy his freedom, and the honour it was, *even at so late a period*, to become a citizen of London. But he amply made up for any little unpleasantness he may have caused the Common Councilmen at the beginning of his speech by his promise at the end to oppose the London Reform Bill, if necessary, "in another place"—a declaration which called forth the heartiest cheers of any during the ceremony.

The ceremony of presenting the freedom, by the way, was as badly managed in this case as the honour of it was tardy. For one thing, the room—the Guildhall Library—was only about half full, and the long rows of empty chairs were decidedly depressing. There would, no doubt, have been plenty of spectators had the thing been made known properly, but the Common Councilmen seem to have kept it almost entirely to themselves and their "ladies." With so much room to spare, it was a pity, too, to crowd up the stage business so that Lord Shaftesbury had to come into conflict with the Mace in his endeavours to sign the roll. The whole thing was, indeed, singularly ineffective as a spectacle, in spite of the Common Councilmen's robes and button-holes.

There was to have been a discussion at the Royal United Service Institution on the four points raised by the prize essay of that establishment. "Whether our best vessels are of the most approved type?" was the first question. The proposed debate has been prohibited by the committee of the Institution, who have acted under pressure from the Admiralty.

The cruise of the Reserve Squadron, which commenced on Friday, when the ships left the Downs for Heligoland, is to terminate at Spithead on July 27. The squadron goes from the north-west coast of Scotland to Bantry Bay, and thence to Falmouth.

Apparently, the War Office authorities have just made the startling discovery that certain warlike operations took place on the Punjaub frontier during December, 1863, and January, 1864. They have consequently ordered that the India medal of 1854, with a clasp, inscribed "North-west Frontier," shall be issued to every officer, non-commissioned officer, and soldier who was engaged in that campaign. No doubt the survivors of Colonel Macdonell's force will feel profoundly grateful for this prompt and speedy recognition of their services.

Lieut.-Colonel Laurie's Regiment, the 3rd London Rifles, was inspected by the Duke of Cambridge; and Colonel Gordon Ives's Regiment, the 18th Middlesex, by General Gipps, C.B., and not by Colonel Fitzroy, of the Coldstream Guards, as stated in the *Times*, although that officer was present. Both regiments were strong, and received much praise.

The accounts in the local organs of the Yeomanry riots at Lichfield show that the misconduct was almost entirely confined to the officers of the regiment, and to a few privates who seem to have been debauched by their officers' example. Of course, an attempt is to be made to conceal the true facts. Lord R. Kerr, the Inspector of the Auxiliary Cavalry for the Northern District, had the effrontery, in addressing the regiment, to congratulate it upon its "soldierlike conduct under great provocation," and to say that he felt "indignation that the officers and men of this old regiment, which had always maintained so soldierlike a reputation, should have filth cast upon them by the Public Press without grounds, and certainly without sufficient cause." What the provocation was, I do not gather; but the soldier-like conduct of the officers and men appears to have been assaulting the manager of a theatre and locking him up in his office, forcing their way into the orchestra and singing comic songs, taking a horse out of a cab in which an actress was being conveyed from the theatre, kicking a lady's hat about, smearing the statue of Dr. Johnson over with paint, parading in a phaëton drawn by privates of the regiment, and knocking a driver off the seat of his cab, and cutting the reins. If this is, in the opinion of Lord R. Kerr, conduct befitting officers and gentlemen, it is pretty clear that he ought to cease to occupy the position of a Cavalry Inspector.

I do not quite understand Mr. Biron's answer last week to the applicant who complained that his child had been sent to a small-pox hospital when it was merely suffering from measles. The case is obviously not one for palliation, either from the point of view of the child, the parents, or the public. Mr. Biron told the applicant he ought to be thankful that the child had got nothing worse than measles, but at the time the complaint was made it was a little early to be thankful. If small-pox does not ultimately supervene on the top of measles, the man will, at any rate, have no cause to thank the doctor.

Sometimes a verdict dictated by common sense refreshes the too drily legal atmosphere of a court of justice. Last week a gentleman was tried in Dublin for polygamy. He was found to be the possessor of five wives. The verdict returned was "insane with regard to his matrimonial engagements," and the fourfold-too-blessed husband was consigned to an asylum.

I congratulate Mr. Lawrence Baker, of 28, Queen's Gate, a well-known stockbroker, for taking the trouble to get a driver punished the other day for unmercifully thrashing a horse on the Embankment. Most persons are too lazy to interfere in such cases, or have an unaccountable prejudice against appearing, even in a righteous cause in a police-court.

Whatever feeling one may have about Sir Edward Watkin and his public works, it is impossible not to admire his audacity. At a municipal banquet the other night at New Romney, in honour of the South-Eastern

"International Health and House-Drainage Association." Reports made and work executed on all questions relating to sanitation on the co-operative principle. Broadway-chambers, Westminster, S.W.

Railway, Sir Edward gravely called in Sir Andrew Clarke as a witness against the proposed Chatham and Dover line to Folkestone on strategic grounds. It seems that the Chairman of the South-Eastern has learned from his military adviser that a day may come when England would not have the supremacy of the sea, and when a railway on the coast would be liable to be destroyed by the enemy's fleet. When that day comes it will clearly be a bad time for the South-Eastern line to Dover—to say nothing of the proposed extension to Calais. And is not Sir Edward himself preparing to carry a new line into Folkestone along the beach from Sandgate?

That great speculative millionaire, Jay Gould, appears to hold out, like Khartoum. He is, however, a financial Claudian, as whatever he touches, or blesses, or tries to aid, seems to wither under a curse. By and by, doubtless, the earthquake will come to him, as to Wilson Barrett.

The House of Lords invariably refuses to give way to any reasonable demand of the people, except when coerced by open threats and by fear of popular violence, and Lord Sackville appears to have profited by the example of the body of which he is a member. It seems that the inhabitants of Sevenoaks claim to be entitled to a right of way through Knole Park, which they have used for sixty years. Lord Sackville, however, thought fit to obstruct this path by posts and chains. An indignation meeting was held, and a large crowd subsequently went to Knole Park and tore them down. Under these distressing circumstances his lordship thinks it advisable to temporise, and has announced that he will not interfere with the foot-path until he has obtained a legal decision on the point. But would it not have been better for his lordship's reputation if he had obtained a legal decision first, and closed the pathway afterwards? The whole incident is highly instructive as illustrating at once the bullying, domineering spirit of the landowning peers, and the discretion with which they yield to the popular indignation aroused by their acts.

This attempt to keep the public out of Knole Park is all the more outrageous as it was left to the poor, and they were robbed of it by an Act of Parliament which vested it in the Sackville family, because, as is recited, it is in accordance with the fitness of things that a nobleman ought to reside there.

The manner in which the estates of Mr. Sotheron-Estcourt, M.P., are administered seems well worthy the attention of land-reformers. The tenant of one of the farms on this gentleman's Yorkshire property died recently, and as the farm had been occupied by the family for several generations, the widow desired to continue the tenancy. The agent wrote, however, that "it had been the rule from time immemorial on the Estcourt estate that widows should not be continued as tenants, and that was the only ground for severing the tenancy in the present instance." This was harsh enough, but worse was to follow. The widow considered that, in accordance with the provisions of the Agricultural Holdings Act, as also in accordance with the custom in that part of the country, she was entitled to be compensated for the manure, hay, and straw left on the farm. Mr. Estcourt actually disputed this claim, because he had given notice to his tenant that the Agricultural Holdings Act was not to apply on his property, and that "general custom" was not in accordance with the conditions on which he let his land. The fact is that all such "notices" respecting the operations of the Agricultural Holdings Act should be treated as null and void, for it is monstrous that rapacious landlords should be permitted to override or evade the law of the land. I hope that it may turn out that the agent has been acting without the authority of Mr. Estcourt, for that is not the sort of policy one expects in these days from a county member.

Mr. George Errington, the Member for Longford, whose movements to and from the Vatican, during the last twelve months or more, have been a cause of great uneasiness to Sir Henry Drummond Wolff and a few other individuals, has recently obtained a solid recognition at the hands of his co-religionist, Mrs. Stapleton-Bretherton, who has left him by her will Lackham Manor, Chippenham, in addition to a pecuniary legacy. Should his threatened political "eviction" from Longford be effected, this bequest would, doubtless, afford him considerable consolation for his want of political "fixity of tenure."

The Radicals throughout the country should do something to testify their approbation of Mr. Peter Taylor's public conduct during the lengthy period that he has sat in Parliament. He has ever shown himself a sturdy, thorough-going, and consistent Radical, and had he been a Conservative or a Whig it is probable that his services would be recognised, on his retirement, in some official manner. Were Mr. Gladstone to make him a Privy Councillor, this would meet with the approval of all Radicals.

Mr. Macdonald, the Dean of the Faculty of Advocates, will be the Tory candidate for Edinburgh and St. Andrew's Universities at the general election, in opposition to Sir Lyon Playfair.

Mr. Finlayson, of Merchiston, is to stand for Renfrewshire in the Liberal interest at the dissolution, in place of Mr. Crum, who retires. It is hardly probable that the Tories will contest the seat.

The Mid-Surrey election surprised no one. It was the triumph of that snobbism which is rampant in the metropolitan counties, and which is the result of persons in trade, or connected with it, wanting to figure as fine gentlemen when away from their places of business. Of politics they have but a slight knowledge, but they regard the Conservative as the aristocratic party, and fancy that a sort of aristocratic aroma pervades themselves as they return from voting for a Conservative condidate.

Almond's Hotel, situated in the best position of the West-End and close to the theatres, parks, &c., is now re-opened. A spacious Salle à Manger and Ladies' Drawing-room have also been added, hot and cold baths and many single bedrooms. Special attention directed to sanitary arrangements. Clifford-street, Bond-street, W —J. R. Roy, Proprietor.

Woods' Hotel (within Furnival's Inn, Holborn, E.C.) has been considerably modernised and improved. Families and Gentlemen will find in this Hotel *home comforts.*

It was announced in the newspapers that on the declaration at Southampton of the victory of the Conservative candidate for South Hants the church bells rang a merry peal. This is as it should be. The Church of peace has always been eager for the party of war, especially when represented by a soldier. But would it not be as well for the parsons to remember Sir Robert Walpole's saying when the church-bells rang to celebrate the declaration of war against Spain, "They are ringing their bells now, they 'll be wringing their hands soon"?

There is to be a great Liberal demonstration at Plymouth on July 23, at which, it is hoped, Sir Charles Dilke will be present.

A Scotch Conservative journal announces that Lord Randolph Churchill is suffering from a "cerebral infirmity," and, under these circumstances, it asks "Conservatives who have, not without reason, been displeased with recent incidents in their party, to believe that they and the country will yet have reason to be proud of him;" and it adds that "these are the sentiments of Lord Randolph's intimate friends, and it is pleasing to know that they are shared by Lord Salisbury and Sir Stafford Northcote." Not many years ago the Conservative newspapers were hinting that Mr. Gladstone was mad, and it probably is their sincere conviction that any one who declines to swallow the trash that they address to the country is more or less of a madman, and ought to be consigned to a lunatic asylum. I am afraid that neither Lord Salisbury nor Sir Stafford will gain much by laying the flattering unction to their souls that Lord Randolph is going mad.

Lord Ailesbury made an amusing speech at an agricultural dinner at Marlborough last week. In responding for the House of Lords, he observed that:—

> This was not a very light subject to discuss, and he realised that he was getting into what was called in theatrical language "heavy business." Well, he could only say that a duller place he never was in in all his life. Anything so slow and anything so dull as the Honse of Lords, as compared with the House of Commons, could not possibly be conceived. Instead of doing business as they used to do in the House of Commons (where be sat for nearly fifty years) during the small hours, he was obliged to go to bed before twelve o'clock. The fact was that there was nothing done after dinner. They were obliged to break up to go to dinner, and the result was that he went to sleep afterwards, instead of listening to a lively debate, and then going home at daybreak. He had often seen the sun rise when he was a member of the House of Commons, but he had never seen it since he went to the House of Lords.

Lord Ailesbury described his half-brother, Lord Charles Bruce, as "a most respectable member," and went on to say that he would consider himself "the most ungrateful scoundrel that ever lived" if he voted for any measure which would disfranchise Marlborough.

Sint ut sunt, aut non sint was the decision of the House of Lords last week, when asked by Lord Rosebery to reform themselves; and perhaps they are right. Our hereditary Legislature is so monstrous an absurdity that any reform of the Upper House would sweep it out of existence. In a country where party rules, and where the Executive is the outcome of the national will, we shall hardly long submit to an Upper Chamber in which one party has a permanent majority, which it uses in order to drive its opponents from power. Had not the House of Lords better give as a reason for not passing the Reform Bill, that it cannot decide the question so long as it is deprived of that legislative luminary, Lord St. Leonards?

So far so good! In detail, the scheme in respect to Egypt submitted to the House of Commons is open to a good deal of criticism. If, however, it be left to a Liberal Cabinet to carry it out, and provided that it be not supplemented by an absurd agreement on our part to lend to Egypt £8,000,000, it is a fair way out of a bad bargain. Owing to the folly of the late Conservative Administration, and to the weakness of the present Administration, we are in Egypt; and, desirous as I am for speedy evacuation, I do not believe that it would be possible to leave at once. The Gladstone scheme, however, provides for eventual evacuation, and it gives such pledges to Europe that no Conservative Administration could evade them. If the scheme meets with the approval of the Conference and of Parliament, there can be no doubt that within four years, and probably long before the termination of that period, Egypt and the Canal will be neutralised. The issue, therefore, is fairly before the country. On the one side there is the Liberal plan of recognising the rights of Europe and of Egypt; on the other hand, there is the Conservative plan of asserting English "rights," which mean the right to prove false to our word, the right to defy Europe, the right to steal every country the possession of which we consider would benefit us, and the right to act as bailiffs to bondholders and usurers, and to flog money out of all races weaker than ourselves for these blood-suckers.

It is to be hoped that Mr. Gladstone will not compromise this distinct issue, either by agreeing to levy excessive taxes from the Egyptians for the bondholders during our occupation, or to lend millions of our money on bad security, in order that these bondholders may get their pound of flesh. If he avoids these two rocks, he may count upon a majority both in Parliament and in the country.

Last week a Legislative attempt was made by the House of Commons to deal with the abuses involved in the sale of advowsons and of presentations to livings, and a Bill passed its second reading limiting the sale to certain persons, amongst whom were large landlords and lords of the manor. Why it was held of public advantage that Squires should become the Priest-Kings of their villages was not explained.

I have received £1. 10s. for Miss English's Fund for boarding poor London children in the New Forest, from "A naval officer sweltering in the heat here (the Red Sea), and envying the child whom his little subscription may benefit for a week or so."

Osler, 100, Oxford-street, W.—Crystal Glass and China Services; Minton's Worcester, Copelands, Wedgwood, and Crown Derby China, Chandeliers, Lamps and Wall Lights. 100, Oxford-st., W. Osler.

Riding Habits.—Specialty of John Redfern & Sons. Ladies' Tailors by Appointment to H.R.H. the Princess of Wales, 26, Conduit-street, London, W. Also at Cowes and Paris.

SCRUTATOR.

SLEIGHT OF TOUCH.

I ALWAYS derive pleasure from exposing humbugs, and especially those humbugs who make pretensions to mystic powers, which exceed the recognised limits of what are termed the laws of nature. When, therefore, Irving Bishop, instead of sticking in his experiments to the simple fact that a person may find out what another is thinking of by means of the involuntary muscular action which denotes assent or dissent, sought to persuade fools that he was able to discern the thoughts of any one by himself seeing a mental picture of these thoughts, and when he pretended to be in some sort of unnatural mystic condition, I brought this seer before the bar of public opinion, and showed that he was an impostor by the very simple method of betting him £1,000 to £100 that he would not read any one's thoughts under such conditions as rendered collusion, voluntary or involuntary, impossible. He, on his part, offered to accept the bet, but took very good care to evade all the conditions. He had a meeting at St. James's Hall, at which he was by way of reading the number of a bank-note known to one person alone, and without contact with that person. This feat was, of course, only performed by means of fraud. Under scientific conditions, no such feat ever has been performed, nor ever will be performed. After this exhibition, I again offered to bet Bishop, under the same conditions that I had already set forth, that he could not read the number of a note. As he had no wish to lose £100, he stated that he declined my offer. He has now turned up again, and I learn that he had a *séance* last Wednesday, at which he, after failing with Sir Henry Holland, and declining to accept Dr. Cameron as a subject, succeeded after long and painful efforts in writing down the number of a note known to Mr. P. Maclagan. This he did in the following way. He grasped Mr. Maclagan's right hand with his left, then made flourishes on a board, and, by watching the involuntary muscular movements in Mr. Maclagan's hand denoting assent or dissent, finally wrote down the right numbers. To make this clear, we will suppose that the first figure is 4. Bishop would commence drawing a straight line. Now, as all lines in figures are either straight or curved, assent would show him that he was so far right. There being, however, no assent to the figure being 1, he would know that it must be either 7 or 4. He would then commence to flourish at the top of the line. If there be no assent to this, he would only have to draw a horizontal line at the bottom, in order to form a 4, which, by a process of exhaustion, he would be aware must be the number. In the same way he would proceed with curves, 2, 3, 5, and 0, 6, 9, being figures made by means of tentative flourishes. Mr. Cumberland, as I stated last week, had called upon me and explained to me the entire mystery. After Bishop's *séance* he called again, and asked me to bring the members of the House of Commons who had witnessed Bishop's tricks to meet him. I told him that if he liked in the evening to come to the House of Commons, I would introduce him into the strangers' smoking-room, and if members liked, they would come there. Mr. Gladstone and other members were good enough to say that they would be the spectators, and at 11 p.m., when Mr. Cumberland turned up, the room was full. Mr. E. Stanhope was the first subject. He was asked to think of some object in the room. Mr. Cumberland's eyes were bandaged, and he grasped Mr. Stanhope's hand. In a minute or two, he led him to Mr. Allan Egerton, and touched the middle stud of his shirt-front. This was the object which had been thought of. With Mr. Puleston he not only found the object thought of, but handed it to a person thought of by Mr. Puleston. After this, Mr. Cumberland offered to indicate the place of a pain that any one might be feeling. All the members disclaimed having any pain; at last, Lord Lewisham stepped forward. After some manipulation, Mr. Cumberland placed his finger on one of Lord Lewisham's toes, and it appeared that his lordship was troubled with a corn on this toe. Then came the figure-reading. Mr. Cumberland hung up on a line against the wall figures ranging from ought to nine. Mr. Clarke, Q.C., produced a £5 note, read its number, and became the subject. The success was partial, for Mr. Cumberland, after passing Mr. Clarke's hand up and down along the numbers, named three of them correctly. Mr. T. P. O'Connor then produced a £10 note. It was handed to Mr. Stanhope, and Mr. Cumberland named four of the figures correctly. It was then announced that Mr. Gladstone would become the subject. This was received with loud cheers, and Mr. Gladstone, having thought of three numbers, was led up to the wall. Mr. Cumberland, who was blindfolded, begged the Prime Minister to concentrate his mind on the first number, and to look steadily at this number on the wall. He then took his hand, and passed it along the numbers. "Three," said Mr. Cumberland, "Right," answered Mr. Gladstone; and in the same way he said that the other two numbers had been successfully announced.

Mr. Cumberland explained that he made no sort of pretension to any mystic powers, and that the so-called thought-reading was nothing more than an acute perception, acquired by careful training, of the involuntary physical action upon the nerves, the muscles, or the blood of the thinker. When asked whether he could state a number thought of by a person blindfolded, he said that this would be impossible; and, indeed, he blindfolds himself in order not to allow his own thoughts to wander, for, in reality, he knows the position of each number upon the wall. Thanks, therefore, to this gentleman's candour and to his skill, the wretched nonsense of Irving Bishop, with his fainting fits, his mesmeric condition, his mental pictures, and the rest of his quackery, is exploded; and thought-reading is shown to be nothing more than sleight of touch.

There are three ways in which the reading of figures thought of may be performed:—

1. By the flourishing system which I have already explained, and which usually involves a good deal of trash about a 0 perhaps meaning a 6, &c.
2. By letting the subject grasp the hand of the performer, when the former guides the latter, and the subject in reality writes what he has thought of himself. (A gentleman who was sitting by me during Mr. Cumberland's

Antique and Decorative French, Italian, and English Furniture, and Old Tapestries, &c.—J. J. Duveen 181, Oxford-street.

performance told me that he often tries this with his wife, and always succeeds.)

3. By passing the hand of the subject slowly over a row of figures.

In this latter mode, the indications are various. Sometimes when the hand reaches the figure thought of, there is an involuntary pause, sometimes the pulse quickens, sometimes there is a slight tremour, and sometimes the hand actually indicates the number by almost pointing to it. It is a mistake to suppose that nervous persons are the best subjects. The best are those who can most concentrate their thoughts, and who are so in the habit of concentration, that appropriate muscular action becomes almost mechanical. Thus, in the case of Mr. Gladstone, his hand was like a rock; but, as he thinks much and deeply, and is frequently accustomed to give utterance to his thoughts, he unconsciously almost pointed to the figures which he thought of, as his hand passed before them, just as, in speaking, his questions would be involuntary, and he would not be aware that he was making them. Mr. Stanhope, on the other hand, is so nervously organised that his hand trembled before it reached the particular figure thought of, so that it became difficult for the operator to distinguish which the figure was. Any one may realise to himself what involuntary muscular action is by thinking of a book on a table. Let him point to it with his finger, and at the same time tell some one which the book is. He will find that, unless he makes an effort, the finger will not remain still, but that muscular action will keep pace with the words uttered.

A MERE SELL.

The Mediæval Market at the Wellington Riding-school turned out a very mixed and rather disappointing affair. The ostensible object was to get funds for teaching the deaf and dumb how to articulate. I have no wish to chill philanthropy, but I confess, as far as I have heard the results of this articulating system, they have appeared to me rather ghastly, and the noises, combined with facial contortions, which are understood to do duty for speech, seem to me to have hardly reached the verge of intelligibility. The successful teaching of the deaf and dumb through lip-motion and the fingers has always struck me as more reasonable and effective. Still—the objects of the Mediæval Market apart—the show was unsatisfactory: it was, in fact, neither mediæval, nor, properly, a market at all. The Chaucer procession was inadequate and inaccurate, and the stalls were supplied with more than usually unsaleable rubbish. I heard one lady boasting that she had furnished her own stall without laying out a farthing; a remark that was fairly capped by another lady, who declared that she went to this stall intending to buy, but had been quite unable to find a single article there worth buying. Needless to say that the Royalties advertised did not turn up, but several good-natured artists and talented amateurs did. Even the arrangements for them were meagre and slovenly to a degree. Mrs. and Miss Ellicott, assisted by Mr. Brereton, Miss Ambler, and Miss Hilda Wilson, had organised an excellent shilling concert. "I only wish," said one lady, "I had gone in, for I wandered through the place and could get nothing for my money; and there I know I should have." Others got in, only they were suffocated in a small partition, fitted up with dirty cloth, not suitable either to sit or to sing in; but those who pushed their way through were rewarded by Miss Hilda Wilson's charming rendering of Miss Ellicott's song "To the Immortals," and Mr. Brereton's "O ruddier than the cherry." Still, I was forcibly reminded, in the midst of my sufferings, of Artemus Ward's timely observation when his own little show became inconveniently crowded: "Ladies and gentlemen, you could not expect to come in without paying your money, but you can pay your money without coming in." On the whole, I think we have had quite enough of fancy fairs this season—or rather I would say, in the language of the ancient Romans, *plusquam satis.*

THE MILITARY TOURNAMENT.

This has deservedly been a success, for the Agricultural Hall has been crowded to overflowing day after day. I do not think that I ever saw a more beautiful sight than what was called the "musical ride." About fifty men went through a number of the most difficult figures on horseback. The horses were so well trained, that they kept exact time to the music, and seemed to go through the figures without any aid of their riders. What perhaps excited more interest was the driving competition between horse and field batteries. Guns, to which six horses were harnessed, passed at full gallop through a space between two small posts, just wide enough to allow the wheels to get through, and in most cases they did so without touching either of the posts. The contests, too, between the lance and the sword, and the lance and the bayonet, gave a warlike reality to the entertainment, which was highly appreciated. The lance generally seemed to have the best of it. The horses which threw themselves down at the word of command were, I learnt, taught to do this by the old Rarey system. The teacher holds up one leg, and then pushes the horse over. When this has been done several times the horse throws himself down of his own accord at the word.

MUSIC.

I am sure I hope Mdlle. Avigliana's concert to-day (Wednesday) will be a success at Princes' Hall. I heard her at the Gloucester Festival, where she was associated with a work of inconsiderable merit, and suffered somewhat professionally in consequence. However, that was but a momentary check, and she soon found herself in request again. Besides her public engagements, she has been heard to much advantage in private drawing-rooms this season. I am told that she had unfortunately stored most of her things at Whiteley's, and lost them all in the recent fire. Her concert, I trust, will go far towards reimbursing her. I notice the names of Miss Damian, Helen D'Alton, Guido Papini (violin), and Tito Mattei (piano) amongst the performers; and the first page of the programme is covered by an overpowering list of patrons and patronesses, including the American Minister, with Duchesses, Marchionesses, and Countesses to follow. If each of them take but two stalls, Mdlle. Avigliana will have secured over £50, which ought, at any rate, to cover her fees and management expenses.

Mdlle. Jonatha gave her last recital at St. James's Hall on Monday. The programme was too long, containing no less than ten pieces, one of which was a Beethoven sonata, and another one of Schumann's straggling exercitations in

fourteen parts. These recitals, I suppose, are constructed to suit people who come in late. The critic, under these circumstances, is tempted to belong to another class—those who leave early. Mdlle. Janotha is an artiste of great merit; but I simply cannot stand any more pianoforte recitals this season. Miss Eissler, a clever young violinist, was heard to great advantage on the same afternoon at the Reuben Sassoon's splendid mansion, 1, Belgrave-square.

Agnes Zimmermann plays at M. Brousil's concert to-day (Wednesday), Mrs. Bancroft recited at M. Isidore de Lara's yesterday, and the South London Choral Society have secured Mdme. Albani and Antoinette Sterling for to-night, when Gounod's "Gallia," which I believe was written for Mrs. Weldon, will be given. I dare not say that I had sooner hear Albani than Mrs. Weldon sing it, for fear of a libel case.

Incomparably the most interesting concerts last week were Signor Bottesini's. He gave one in the afternoon and another in the evening at Princes' Hall The general complaint was that there was not enough of Bottesini and too much of other people. For instance, I happened at the afternoon concert to sit next to some people who came in just after he had played his first solo. Well, he did not play again till very late in the second part. My unfortunate friends had come up from the country expressly to hear him, got in a little late, and were forced to leave in order to catch their train just before he played the second time. So they missed him altogether.

By the way, I notice in Grove's "Dictionary" that Bottesini's name does not occur; yet he is one of the greatest soloists of the age, besides being quite unique on contra-basso. There was a galaxy of instrumental talent at his concert, and some indifferent singing. Amongst some excellent violinists I especially admired Mdlle. Le Vallois, who played with great taste and delicacy. Signor Papini joined Bottesini in a duet of an extraordinary description—full of melody, exquisite harmony, and wonderful *tours de force*. Bottesini is certainly changed since the days, now long ago, when he first electrified the musical world of London, somewhere about 1850. But his hand has lost none of its cunning, nor his eye its *sang froid*. His grip on the audience is as firm as his grip on the neck of his double bass. There is the old magic flute hidden somewhere in that bulky bass, and breathing out of the sound-holes in harmonics; the mellow reedy *timbre* of the lower notes which in the usual bass viol are mere grunts, and the rapid flashes of sound and sudden thunder contrasted with snatches of heavenly melody—'tis all just as of old, and the excitement after, and even during each performance, is precisely the same. I dare say some one could be found to play all or most of the notes played by Bottesini, but the general effect would probably be uninteresting and clumsy. I have heard Sivori play certain demoniacal compositions of Paganini, with which that Italian wizard was wont to rouse the audience to frenzy; but his pupil's correct delicacy left every one simply appreciative but quite cold. No, you can't teach people to play like Bottesini, or Ernst, or Rubinstein, or Liszt. No one can exactly analyse the distinction between the very first and the second rate—but the gap is simply enormous. Who wants to analyse at all at such moments? People cry, laugh, their hearts beat quicker, they hold their breath, or clutch at the person nearest them—critics? bah—fools! Cannot you be still, and uncover your heads when genius crosses your path? I am told that Bottesini is coming back in the autumn; at present he has gone to fulfil an engagement at Naples.

The St. Cecilia Society last week laid itself open to the criticism of too much and not enough. Its orchestra consists entirely of women, all except the conductor. To obtain a distinctively female orchestra, it is absolutely necessary that a woman should conduct: the man with the bâton is one male *de trop*. To get a certain firmness of attaque and cohesion—now much needed—there should be men in the band. The one man seems to me to mar the whole. It is by no means impossible that an orchestra of women managed by a woman would exhibit a new kind of sensibility and charm, which, at present, the St. Cecilia certainly does not possess. The experiment is worth trying. The chorus work was better than the instrumental *ensemble*. The chief players were Miss Amy Hickling, Miss Mary Carmichael, and Mrs. E. H. Turpin. Mr. Malcolm Lawson was the conductor.

SPURGEON ON BEULAH HILL.

We have all read the accounts of Mr. Spurgeon's Jubilee, with, I trust, considerable edification. Mr. Spurgeon has been interviewed, pumped, flattered, probed, and mobbed generally within the last few days, and apparently with the happiest results. He has made a clean breast of it. In his own estimation—and a good many other people's, too—he is a very great man. There is something naïve, narrow, and withal genial and lovable in the account he so freely gave of himself and his doings the other day. He is not at any time a man of reticence. He once said to a friend of mine:—"People call me conceited. Well, I'm not particularly conceited that I know of; but when you remember that my sermons have now for many years been translated into every civilised language in the world, and some uncivilised ones, and when I remember that I came up to London a raw lad of sixteen years of age, some thirty-four years ago, and from the time I began preaching as a mere boy, I have never found any building—the present one included—large enough to hold the people who flocked to hear me, why, I sometimes wonder I'm not more conceited!" But, in justice to Mr. Spurgeon, I must add that, whilst having a more than Papal sense of his own infallibility, he has always referred his gifts and his successes to a source higher than himself; and so, in a way, all his self-glorification may really be at once transferred—as he would, I am sure, wish it to be—to that higher source. In the same manner Garibaldi used to accept the homage, or rather the adoration, of his followers, with the simple acknowledgment expressed in his own words, "I am a principle."

Spurgeon has nothing to complain of—but the gout. He has long lived down all real opposition and silenced ridicule. He was at first accused of joking irreverently in the pulpit; but the charge was only half true. He had a ready wit, and, like a great many celebrated preachers who have also been humourists, he used it—or, as some people say, abused it. This, however, was always a matter of opinion. I never heard a stroke of humour from

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Spurgeon in the pulpit which struck me as irreverent at the time; but I have heard many coarse and feeble jokes attributed to him. I put them down to the dullards and slanderers who were incapable of appreciating him. The fact is, a stroke of humour or passion in the pulpit or on the stage is either a great success or a great failure; repeated by noodles in cold blood it is invariably a failure. Spurgeon has also suffered, like most preachers, from persons invariably selecting the most trivial or defective bits of some powerful address—being trivial and defective themselves, that, no doubt, was all they could assimilate. I remember a grave pastor remonstrating with the mighty Baptist. "I wonder now," said the dull old fellow, "how you, as an influential minister, can reconcile it to your conscience to make so many jokes in the pulpit?" "You wouldn't, though," said Spurgeon, "if you knew how many I kept to myself."

But I will concede this much, that Spurgeon will do anything to arrest or retain attention. The way to heaven or to hell, illustrated by his climbing painfully up the pulpit-rail and then sliding swiftly down, as into the nethermost pit, may or may not be a fable, but I do not doubt for a moment that Spurgeon would do that or anything else if he thought it likely to save people from hell or send them to heaven. I believe on one sultry summer's Sunday he actually rose in the pulpit, and, wiping the perspiration from his brow, exclaimed, in a loud voice, "It's damned hot!" and as a thrill of horror ran through the assembly of 6,000 people before him, he repeated still louder, "It's damned hot!" and continued, "these, my dear friends, were the unnecessary and blasphemous words which saluted my ears this morning as I walked to the house of God!" and then followed a most impressive sermon on the coarse and thoughtless irreverence of our streets.

Within his limits it must be admitted that the Baptist pastor is supreme. He may be said to represent commonplace raised to its highest power, and no one but a great advertising agent, a newspaper editor, or a popular preacher knows what the almighty power of commonplace really is. As a mere speaker, Spurgeon's obvious merits are very great. He never utters a sentence which cannot be distinctly heard, nor a sentiment that cannot be easily understood. He is never in a hurry; he always allows people time to swallow the bait. Thus he is easy to listen to, whilst he flatters the understanding of the meanest of his flock.

Still, I freely admit that all this would not account for his great and lasting popularity. He is not only a very good man, but a very clever man, and undoubtedly one of the greatest natural orators of the age. Had he anything like Gladstone's learning, Bright's knowledge of the world, or Ward-Beecher's culture and poetic intellect, he would be simply the greatest orator alive. But his mental calibre and the limits of his intellectual horizon were readily exposed to the crafty, sympathetic, and perhaps a little cynical gentleman who interviewed him last week for the "P.M.G." at Beulah-hill.

Mr. Spurgeon could not see, for instance, that his strictures on the theatre were out of place in a non-ascetic religionist like himself. His interviewer found him in the midst of luxury and leisure, with his bees, his fruits, his flowers, his books, his pictures, and the general elegancies of refined and civilised life. Still, out of this life is shut, and advisedly shut for himself, and by himself for all those over whom he has any influence, that great popular solace and recreator, the theatre and all its works. The very dramatic power of which he makes, as some think, such over-free and unscrupulous use in the pulpit, he denounces everywhere else. Mr. Spurgeon is a great actor, and lives very largely by his powerful acting every Sunday; but he will have none of it outside the Tabernacle—which is very like the clergy of St. Paul's Cathedral in 1378, who petitioned Richard II. to stop the secular competition of actors outside the Temple, because the Chapter had spent so much money on costumes and scenery for miracle plays performed inside the cathedral. Many will sympathise with Mr. Spurgeon in his regret that the stage is not quite up to the Tabernacle mark in morals—though, I am told, there are screws loose even there; but few will fail to see that a man who openly avows that he has nothing to do with the amusements of the people — except, apparently, to condemn them—is, to say the least, a very one-sided teacher, and not quite equal to the demands of the age.

Again, Mr. Spurgeon said very naïvely that he did not depend upon advertisement or any lay methods for his charitable income—about £10,000 a year; but simply on prayer. They prayed for cash, and God sent the cash. This sounds strong, no doubt. It never seemed to occur to him that Spurgeon and his Tabernacle are about the most colossal form of advertisement going in this or any other country, and that the intense *esprit de corps* of several thousand more or less self-righteous and conceited persons is, next to the seductions of rank and fashion, about the most formidable as well as the most secular agency for levying charitable moneys in existence.

We do not grudge him or his people their beliefs, nor would we damp any one's faith and ardour in Mr. Spurgeon's good causes; but do not let us have prophetic and religious "bunkum" where explanations of a quite sublunary nature will suffice. As for Mr. Müller, at Bristol, who also prays for cash, he obtrusively noises abroad the fact that he is constantly asking heaven for £5 notes, and that a number of children will starve if he doesn't get them. What is this (unconsciously, no doubt) but an advertisement exactly fitted to draw cash from the pockets of all who believe in the power of prayer?

However, I don't wish here to criticise Spurgeon in any unfriendly spirit. We are all proud of him; we all deceive ourselves a little about our motives, and over-estimate our own importance, when, perhaps, we have not quite so much real importance as Spurgeon has to over-estimate; only I must say that for a man who openly professes "Calvinistic theology" and "Puritanical morality," Mr. Spurgeon certainly takes a smiling, if rather narrow, view of life on Beulah-hill, and from that pleasant vantage-ground appears to contemplate the predestination to eternal torments of the great majority of the human race with tolerable equanimity.

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THE BARREL ORGAN.

Tune.—The Peer of the Period!

To Lord Rosebery.

YOUR speech, my Lord, deserves, in many ways,
Attentive notice and unstinted praise;
But still we feel unable to admit
That anything can ever come of it.
You may advise, and sterner critics storm—
The House of Lords is far, though, past reform;
And, in such weak and moribund condition,
'Tis useless to delay its abolition!

"You say, and truly, that within its portals
It numbers several score of famous mortals;
Judges and generals, scholars, diplomats,
Leaven its mob of fameless autocrats;
Nay, it contains—you took much pains to show it—
Two dozen ministers and one great poet;
In short, six scores of peers in all you claim,
Who have, in various ways, gained name and fame.

"Well, granting there is such a brotherhood,
Still, as you know, they're impotent for good;
What boots their wisdom, what their tried sagacity,
Their oft-proved zeal, far-seeing perspicacity,
If, at a beck, the 'Whips' can bring down hordes
Of idle, senseless, vacuous, silly lords,
By whom the land's most famed ones and most noted,
Can, at a nod, be easily out-voted?

"What does it matter though one lobby may
Contain the bravest warriors of the day,
The greatest judges that the land has seen,
The grandest minds, the intellects most keen;
If in the other, reckless of the right,
Lawn-sleeves with acred nobodies unite,
As though 'twere chiefest of our prelates' uses
To stay reforms and stand up for abuses?

"Then you complain, my lord, your House is left,
Save for too short a space, of work bereft,
And crave for it more tasks it can pursue,
More legislation it can carry through;
But 'ere you settled this complaint to bring,
Did you, my lord, look well to this one thing—
How has the House, for which more work you ask,
Performed so far its legislative task?

"*You* say it's done but little; *we* add sadly,
It's done that little very, very badly!
Sooth, we've such cause its labours to deplore,
That 'tis not strange we will not grant it more.
It has so ruined all it's dared to touch,
The land may well rejoice it's touched not much,
And has the best of reasons for demurring
To now increase its faculty for erring.

"Look back, my lord, and you'll too surely find
Those 'barren months' which rankle in your mind
Have oft sufficed to give the Peers a chance
To check reform and champion ignorance;
Have time afforded them by voice and vote
To freedom stifle, tyranny promote;
And, yielding not to argument or fear,
To put back progress many a weary year!

"Just think, my lord, what mischief has been wrought
In those brief hours which you too short have thought.
Too brief! Ah! would they had been briefer still,
For then ere this had Mercy worked her will,
And 'sportsmen' timid doves no more would slay,
To make a London beauty's holiday;
Nor would the power of bigotry suffice
To brand domestic purity as vice!

"Too brief, my lord? Nay, they've been all too long,
For they've resulted in most grievous wrong!
One heedless hour has seen the work of years
Destroyed by your too-idle House of Peers;
Has given it time to strain the constitution,
And bring the land to verge of revolution!
Too brief, my lord? Nay, by the nation's will,
We hope ere long to make them briefer still!

"But 'tis not work alone your nobles lack.
You think your House might win its prestige back
By opening wide its doors to men of worth,
Who cannot entry claim by right of birth.
Thus, you suggest that Literature might send
A Peer or two to help to matters mend;
That Science, p'rhaps, and Medicine might assist
With, say, an ennobled surgeon-oculist!

"As painting-Peers you say you would include,
An actor-Lord would surely not intrude?
Whilst sculptor-Peers the cause of Art would aid,
And music-Lords, like law-Lords, might be made;
And granted this, my lord, 'tis quite as clear
You ought to have a hansom-driving Peer;
A jockey-Baron, too, would doubtless shine,
And one that's in the Licensed Victualling line.

"The Bishops' bench, you said, you'd reinforce
With brethren drawn from a Dissenting source;
Nay, more, that no class might a protest lodge,
You'd have a Workman Peer, a Baron Hodge,
Who from the workshop and the plough-tail taken
Might save the House whose walls are now so shaken—
In short, my lord, you're anxious to restore
One huge anomaly by making more!

"At least, you should have pity upon those
Whose martyrdom so glibly you propose.
What has the man of letters done that he
Should share your House's dreary mummery?
Why take a doctor from the lives he's saving
To make him aid the people's will in braving?
Or why make workmen think hard toil may tend
In their enforced ennoblement to end?

"No, no, my lord, your speech was very clever,
But you suggest a wholly vain endeavour;
The writing is already on the wall,
Do what you will, the House of Lords must fall,
And those who've tried to hope this was not so
At last the bitter, wholesome truth must know,
Since you, in striving to your House defend,
Have only shown, my lord, its power must end."

NOTES FROM PARIS.

A COINCIDENCE.

A COINCIDENCE which might furnish a theme for a novel to Wilkie Collins. The low, brick house at the corner of the Kneuter Dike and Duke-street, in which the last Prince of Orange died, was the one in which the Grand Pensionary de Witt resided after he became a widower, and from which he was "removed" by agents of William of immortal memory. John de Witt was for conciliating Louis Quatorze so far as it was practicable, without enslaving Holland, for him to be conciliated. A policy openly hostile to Le Grand Monarque seemed to him madness. Time would have proved that he was right, if James II. had not been a poor obstinate fool, and, with the aid of Jeffreys and other thorough-going Englishmen, rendered himself intolerable to his well-educated subjects. Presumably, William, even before he paid his first visit to England as a suitor of the Princess Mary, saw the feasibility of de-

Minton's (Limited). — Minton's China. A visit to Messrs. Mortlock's extensive collection in Oxford-st. and Orchard-st. will conclusively prove the superiority of taste and lowness of price for which this house has been so celebrated during the last century and a half

throning James, and steadily intrigued to realise it. Cromwell had favoured Republicanism in Holland and the De Witt party, because a daughter of Charles I. was the guardian of the head of the Orange party, and, we may also assume, because he preferred a Republican to a kingly Government disguised under the name of a Stadholdership. John de Witt resided in the house on the Kneuter Dike to be next door to his married sister, whose care he desired to procure for his motherless children. His garden and hers communicated by a door, and she managed his domestic establishment as her own. The Princess of Orange was a daughter of Charles I., was an ingrained Royalist, and was surrounded with English Cavaliers. Her son was brought up amid the adherents of her father. The De Witts held William in suspicion as a future despot who would try to make the position, to which his adherents wished him to be raised, an hereditary one. It was well for Holland that his nearest relations, on his father's side, were distant cousins, for whom he had but little affection. Motley, the historian of the Dutch Republic, I may mention, lived in the house in which the long-flickering life of Alexander, Prince of Orange, has just gone out.

The death of the Prince of Orange may cause a return to the form of government which perished with John de Witt. Although the Crown of the actual King of the Netherlands did not weigh heavy on his subjects at the beginning of his reign, they have for some time found it a burden not always profitable to bear. The American estate, with its apparently inexhaustible petroleum wells, which was given to Madame Musard, and rendered her the wealthiest of *demi-mondaines*, belonged to the Dutch nation. It was the gage offered by the United States when, early in the century, they went as a borrower to the Dutch Government, and it has been since known in America as the Orange estate. Netherlandish Royalty has also taken short turns in Batavia, and pushed technical rights beyond their utmost limits. It was owing to the Royal appetite for lucre that the Luxembourg question was so near setting the Great Powers by the ears in 1868. The Dutch Sovereign then wanted to sell his Grand Ducal authority over that little State to Napoleon III. for 10,000,000 thalers. The Emperor was disposed to buy it at that price, and the transfer might have been accomplished if the French Minister for Foreign Affairs had not felt it prudent to ask "Citron" to be a party to the deed of sale.

The then heir-apparent thought the bargain a good one for his father. But he refused to sign unless he was given, he being the better life, the best part of the ten millions. Pressed by hard necessity, he then consented to accept a third, and finally a quarter of the money that France was ready to pay. When, however, his father stood out against him, he revealed the whole affair to the German Ambassador, who lost no time in communicating to Bismarck what he had heard from the Prince. That statesman accordingly let the cat sufficiently out of the bag to get up a movement in Germany hostile to the projected sale. On the day on which the French Ambassador was to call to announce to him the negotiations between the Courts of the Hague and the Tuileries, Bismarck had arranged that he should be questioned on the subject in the Prussian Chamber of Deputies. When he received the Ambassador's visit he told him that he was going to Parliament to answer the question of which he had been given notice, and that the reply must be patriotic. Luxembourg was as inalienable as the Schleswig-Holstein Duchies, aud Prussia was bound to defend German rights. The French diplomatist did not expect this, and was nonplussed. Bismarck asked him to go by a private walk through several gardens of Ministerial residences to the Chamber, where he had an appointment which he could not break. When he was there, the Ambassador took out the copy of the despatch which he had come to read to him and offered to give it to the Chancellor, who knew beforehand its drift. "Will you," he asked, "*force me* to take official notice of the plan it reveals? I warn you that if you insist, you will incur a fearful responsibility. If I am given a copy of the despatch, your Emperor will be unable to draw back, and we must then go to war. If you are for war, let me have the document; if not, put it in your pocket." The copy of the despatch was pocketed. Lord Derby was able to come forward with a solution, and he made the slip-knot which is enabling the Grand Duchy of Luxembourg to die a slow and easy death: Sedan greased the noose. If the King of the Netherlands had obtained the 10,000,000 thalers, a good many of them would have gone to the semi-Algerian singer, Émilie Ambré.

Madame Kalomine is not descended from Ulrich Hutten, who sided against Luther with the Anabaptists. Her genealogical tree, which has been published here and in Germany, and for which, of course, she is not responsible, is a fanciful one. Griffins and chimeras must live upon its foliage, as aphides do on the tender leaves of rose-bushes. Madame Kalomine is, I am assured, a niece of the late Madame Balzac and of the octogenarian Mdlle. Jules Lacroix. She is, therefore, also a niece of Madame de Bocarnie, the heroine of a Flanders *cause célèbre* which was tried about thirty-two years ago. That Bocarnie affair was a very queer story indeed. The three sisters, one of whom Balzac married, were typical Polish beauties. Madame Balzac was as much given to romancing as her second husband. But there was this difference—that his romances were avowedly works of fiction, and took in nobody, while hers deceived both their author and the genius to whom she was wedded. The vast territories she owned in South-Eastern Poland were, in reality, but a fairly good property. She was in all respects a Mary, and needed the assistance of a drudging Martha to keep her house in order and to look to the *pot-au-feu*. To find anything so ill-kept and untidy, so luxurious, so uncomfortable, and so hopelessly out of gear as the little hotel in which she lived from the time she married Balzac until she died, one should go to the country house of a Russian nobleman. Madame Balzac held that tidy housewives are domestic despots of the most nagging kind, and that it is impossible for a man of particular sentiment, who has fallen in love with a pink-cheeked, beady-eyed Martha, to remain long attached to her. She

The Bazaar of Oct. 28, says that Mr. & Mrs. B. Phillips, Manchester House, 36, Thayer-st., Manchester-sq., W., are the most Liberal Buyers of all kinds of Clothes, Uniforms, Jewellery, Gold, Silver, &c. Money orders sent for parcels. Appointments kept. Cash only.

Vanity Fair says:—"Mr. Benjamin is still the Prince of Ulster and Stalking-Coat Makers." Ulster House, Conduit-street, W.

may have been right. It would be curious if the morganatic wife of the Grand Duke of Hesse-Darmstadt showed inherited fascination in leading him to break with Queen Victoria, with the German Imperial family, and with his subjects. To forget his heavenly-minded first wife would be in human nature. Did not Edward III. (who had a master mind, and was something of a sceptic, as his exclamation about the dropped garter of the Countess of Salisbury showed) forget noble and lovely Queen Philippa, and give, though she left daughters, her jewels to Alice Perrers?

Many of the English who have seen Sarah Bernhardt in Lady Macbeth are in ecstasies about her. She is certainly original, and in some respects interesting. Sarah is the she-Whistler of the stage. She has the genius of the picturesque, and knows how to make the sensory nerves of the spectators tingle. She appeals to no deep-lying sentiment, and calls forth no strong emotion. In a modern play, in which the heroine is neuratic, or in a skilfully-executed fantasia of a poet (like Doña Sol or Marie de Neubourg), she is better than as Lady Macbeth. I do not believe it is in her power to get to the inside of that character. Her conception of Lady Macbeth struck me as being superficial. But it is not given to every first-rate actress to understand the terrible Thane's wife. Sarah's idea is that Macbeth was enticed on to crime as much by the pretty coquetries *à la vie Parisienne* of the lady, as by her superior strength of will. I do not find a single line in the tragedy to show that Shakespeare had, in painting her, a beautiful Scotch-woman in his head. To this objection it might be urged that Duncan sent her a ring, and that Kings only gave jewellery to pretty women. But did they not also send golden tokens to the wives of men whose services they wanted to secure? Lady Macbeth is essentially a political woman of the close of the Renaissance. Three Queens who had great qualities, and were absolutely devoid of conscience, must have been forced upon the attention of Shakespeare during the long period when he was in London. We find in Lady Macbeth something of each. They were the Florentine authoress of the "Massacre of St. Bartholomew," Queen Elizabeth, and the Queen of Scotland, who may have risen to saintship through nineteen years of imprisonment, but who was anything but a saint when she married Bothwell. Shakespeare presumably often longed to continue his series of historical plays up to the close of Elizabeth's reign. We may be sure his fingers itched to write dramas in which the very dramatic Queens I have named would have been leading personages. But it was impossible for him, so long as Elizabeth toyed and trifled with the sons of Catherine de Médicis, to have brought her and her astrologer on the stage, or to have shown how she dominated Charles IX. and her other sons. It would have been repugnant to a man of Shakespeare's genius to have flattered like a courtier his Sovereign through five acts, and it would have been dangerous to paint her as she was. When James came to the Throne, whatever admiration or affection the dramatist entertained for the defunct Queen must have been heightened by the spectacle of her successor's mean vices, and by the odious Court, of which he was the centre. Shakespeare might have often in Elizabeth's lifetime turned over in his mind her hypocritical persecution of Davidson, who, so to speak, was smeared by her with the blood of Mary of Scotland. But the great though unamiable Queen was no more; her foibles and harsh actions were condoned. She had been very good to the playwright and manager of the Globe Theatre, and it would have been base ingratitude of him to show her at her worst on the stage, for the entertainment of drunken Anne of Denmark and James's minions. He would concede enough to King and courtiers in bringing the witches into his tragedy. Mary was being rehabilitated, and her son was on the Throne. So out of the three Queens a typical woman was formed. But there was more in her of Catherine and Bess than of Mary Stuart. She was not devoid of heart, and was actuated only by ambition and *la raison d'état*. The execution of Essex was the occasion of intense moral suffering to his Royal mistress, who, towards the end of her life, was tormented by remorse and insomnia. As it would not have done for stage purposes to have shown a typical female politician of the period sitting up silent and moody all night in her bed, Lady Macbeth was made to walk and talk in her sleep.

The Princess Metternich, who was here for the after-Easter season, has returned to Vienna. She is relatively stout, and has a good deal of colour in her cheeks—the consequences, she says, of beer being so tempting in Austria, and the Viennese climate being so dry. In looking at the Crown jewels, she let fall some tears, and exclaimed, "How gay and frolicsome we used all to be at the fêtes where these diamonds were worn! What a good old time the reign of the Emperor was to all those who had easy access to him!"

SPORTING NOTES.

THE entries for the Goodwood and Jockey Club Cups are rather disappointing, more particularly as regards the Newmarket event, for which one might reasonably have expected that some more of the crack three-year-olds would have been engaged, notably Wild Duck, Scot Free (whose omission is the more remarkable, inasmuch as he has no engagements after the Leger), Superba, and Busybody. Mr. Lefevre, however, has entered Archiduc, whose encounter with St. Gatien and St. Simon will be very interesting. They will meet at even weights, as there are now no penalties in the conditions of this stake, which seems to me a very great mistake. At Goodwood we have Ossian, Tristan, and Corrie Roy, the best of the older horses; while St. Simon and St. Gatien may be relied upon to dispose of the other three-year-olds. What Admiral Tryon's sealed nomination can be it is difficult to conjecture. The only difference at Newmarket is that "Mr. Manton" nominates Keir in addition to Corrie Roy. Lord Ellesmere has a sealed nomination, and the Grand Prix disappointment, Lambkin, is entered. The Goodwood Cup looks a certainty

Minton's China.—A visit to Messrs. Goode's Depôt in South Audley-street will at once show the immense superiority of their collection, both as regards taste, extent, and lowness of price.

I certainly recommend Mr. & Mrs. Hart, 15, Stockbridge-terrace, Pimlico, S.W., as the most just and liberal purchasers of Cast-off Clothes, Jewellery, and every description of property. They punctually keep appointments, and remit P.O.O. for articles per return.

for St. Simon, and he has only Archiduc to beat at Newmarket. The Duke of Portland's "crack" turns out to be his sealed nomination for the Select Stakes (as I anticipated would be the case in January), and in this he may meet Busybody (10 lb. extra), Superba, Duke of Richmond, and Queen Adelaide. It is decidedly anomalous to impose a penalty of 5 lb. for such a stake as the Great Yorkshire (which is regarded as equal to the Derby), and to ignore the Ascot Cup, and, indeed, all the Cups, as well as the Hardwicke at Ascot, and the Grand Prize at Epsom, two of the richest stakes of the year. There is a wooden pedantry in such conditions which is painfully characteristic of the rulers of Newmarket; but the same absurdities are to be found in discreditable abundance in the programme of many other important meetings.

I am glad to see that English owners have been fairly liberal in their patronage of the Baden-Baden meeting, and several of the best horses in training have been engaged in the Jubilee Prize of £2,000 (with a Cup given by the Grand Duke), which is run over two miles, and which, including the sweepstakes, will be worth over £3,000. The entry includes St. Simon, Corrie Roy, Thebais, St. Gatien, Busybody, Keir, Florence, and Lambkin. The French contingent includes Fra Diavola and Farfadet, which last was literally lost by Archiduc at Fontainebleau last week in the Prix de Seine et Marne.

The best racing of last week was at Derby, when there were two handicaps, each worth £1,000, added, and both of these fell to the popular colours of Mr. L. Rothschild, the Welbeck Plate with Prodigal, who was "thrown in," as well he might be after his wretched running at Manchester, when he was heavily backed. His friends were afraid to trust him here, so the ring had a benefit. Laceman, who was favourite, looked like walking in till Prodigal caught him, and then ensued one of the finest finishes of the season, in which F. Barrett rode remarkably well. Acrostic, who was well in on the Ascot running, was not apparently fancied, which was fortunate for his friends, as he broke a bloodvessel. By the way, the statement mendaciously made and ignorantly repeated, that this horse was not backed by the Middleham party for the Hunt Cup, is a pure romance. Prince William, who represented "Mr. Manton," ran nowhere, and it was the same dolorous tale with Antler, whose friends endeavoured to get back their Lincoln and Epsom losses. The Rutland Plate fell to Middlethorpe, who was as little fancied as his stable-companion had been on the previous day. Prism was declared a certainty, on the strength of a trial with Toastmaster, who, however, ran so badly at Ascot that he must be quite out of form, so it is not strange that Prism here "flattered" his supporters. Corunna was backed, although he meant Thebais at something over 10 st., and so was Energy, although one would think that he has shown often enough that, unless under very favourable conditions, a mile is two furlongs too far for him. Hampton was mere plating, and so, indeed, was Windsor, where the class of sport has woefully degenerated of late years. The only sensation was the defeat of Cora (who beat Rosy Morn at Manchester) by Present Times, who was defeated over and over again early in the season.

Lord Alington and Sir F. Johnstone are greatly exercised about St. Blaise, who is now in excellent condition for running; but there was so much elaborate noise about his disastrous withdrawal from his Ascot engagements, in favour of the Duke of Richmond, that it will not be easy to back him. It is almost certain that he will be favourite for the Stewards' Cup.

NEWMARKET.

The July Stakes, which last year gave us the first sight of Archiduc and Queen Adelaide, is likely to be a very interesting race; but I really think that the time has arrived for an addition of at least £200 to be made to this stake and to the Chesterfield, from the funds of the Jockey Club, while the conditions of Tuesday's race would also be improved by a clause imposing a 7 lb. penalty on winners of £500. The Stake will be worth nearly £2,000, and, in accordance with precedent, it will no doubt bring out some dark "flyers," while the result ought to settle the question as to which is the best of the public lot. Among those which have won are Lord Alington's Stella colt, Lord Cadogan's Lonely, Lord Hastings' Melton, and the Duke of Portland's Rosy Morn; while among those which have grievously disappointed their numerous and sanguine supporters are the New Stakes failure, Langwell (who will be more fit now than he was at Ascot); and the Duke of Westminster's Donatello, who, according to collateral form, both public and private, ought to have won the Ascot Triennial by many lengths. Among the dark lot are three nominated by Lord Falmouth, Armida, half sister to Galliard, by Childeric, purchased at the sale by Lord Hastings for 3,200 gs.; Louisbourg, for whom Porter (for Mr. Cloëte) paid 4,200 gs., and who is half-brother to Jannette, by Hampton; and Tresillian (by Silvio — Lilian; brother to that handsome impostor, Lillibullero), bought by F. Archer for 510 gs. The *début* of the first-named pair will be watched with great interest. T. Brown enters Anglesey, who is brother to Beaudesert, and cost 1,000 gs. at the Yardley sale last June. Mr. Gerard has the 800 gs. Mentmore-bred colt by Kisber—Chopette, who ought to race if there is anything in "running blood." Mr. Houldsworth enters two grandly-bred animals, whose pedigrees remind one of the days of Mr. James Merry. Mr. Lefevre's two include Cherbourg, who cost 240 gs. at the sale of the Marden Park yearlings, and who is half-brother (by Rosicrucian) to Somerset (who won this race in 1872) and to Coventry. Mr. Manton has the brother to Thebais, the good-looking 750 gs. colt by Hermit—Stockwater, the 800 gs. colt by Hermit—Perfume, and the 320 gs. filly Maccaroni—Queen Marion. Peck has the 1,600 gs. Sister to Queen Adelaide and the half-brother to Superba, by Muncaster. Baron Rothschild enters three, one of which is the 950 gs. half-sister (by Doncaster) to Kermesse. Mr. L. Rothschild has a sister to Talisman, who I hope will perform better than her roguish brother. The Duke of Westminster's lot includes a sister to Bend Or, who, I believe, has already been discarded from his stud as worthless for racing purposes. Sir J. Willoughby has the 1,200 gs. sister to Cipolata, who was one of the best-looking yearlings of the last July week. Lonely is the best of the public lot in the Exeter Stakes, in which there is a 3 lb. allowance for

Spectacles scientifically adapted to assist & strengthen the weakest sights by Mr. Laurance, F.S.S., Oculist Optician, 1a, Old Bond-st

maidens; a grossly idiotic clause. The Chesterfield will be worth about £1,300; and here, again, are some of Lord Falmouth's cracks—Cocoa Nut, by Silvio—Palm Flower, bought at the sale by Ryan, for Mr. D. Baird, for 2,500 gs.; and Esther Faa, by Skylark—Wheel of Fortune, bought for 2,200 gs. by Cannon, for Mr. "Abington." The other entry in this nomination is Koliefreth (half-brother, by Hampton, to Dutch Oven), who unluckily died, to the very serious loss of his breeder, for he was said to have been the best-looking of the whole of the Mereworth yearlings of last season, and he had more than thirty heavy engagements. Langwell, Rosy Morn, Lonely, and Donatello are engaged, as well as Child of the Mist and T. Jennings' Present Times, who, gauged through Cora and Rosy Morn, should be about the best two-year-old that has been out. Lord Hastings has the 720 gs. Chapel Royal; Mr. Manton has the same lot as in the July Stakes, with the addition of the half-brother (by Sterling) to Out of Bounds; Mr. Marshall has a filly by Hermit—Shannon; Mr. L. Rothschild a brother to Prestonpans; and Sir J. Willoughby the 1,500 gs. half-brother to Pero Gomez, by Rosicrucian. It will be strange if these two races do not entirely revolutionise the "juvenile" form of the season. The Midsummer Stakes will not in any way influence the Leger market, as Hermitage, Loch Ranza, and Kinsky are the best of the entry, and the smartest has not a 1,000 to 1 chance at Doncaster. The Summer Cup (R.C.) seems a certainty for Corrie Roy, in spite of his 7 lb. penalty, as Lambkin is the best of the rest (putting aside Blue Grass and Ladislas, who are not likely to run), and Mr. Vyner will scarcely start him for such a race if he really entertains the wildly extravagant notion that he has a chance for the Leger. Geheimniss has to beat only Prince William, Lucerne, and Duke of Richmond in the Bunbury Stakes, and, judging from her Ascot achievements, she is in good form just at present. The other races are of little interest, except to post-bettors, who will do well to be unusually cautious in their speculations, as the ground will be in good order, and in all probability the fields will be exceptionally large, even for this meeting, which, as everybody knows, is not at the best of times a good one for "the talent."

The sale of the Mereworth stud next Monday will be the great racing event of the year. Buyers have been waiting for it all the season, and there will be bidders from all parts of the world. There are sixteen yearlings, among them being a sister to Galliard, a half-sister (by Galopin) to Charibert and Childeric, a colt by Galopin out of Jannette, a half-brother (by Kisber) to Busybody, a half-sister (by Hampton) to Bal Gal and Dutch Oven, a colt by Galopin out of Wheel of Fortune, and a half-brother (by Galopin) to Skylark and Harvester. Lord Falmouth has (as I stated long ago would be the case) reserved his old mares, Queen Bertha, Hurricane, and Silverhair, and they will end their days in peace at Mereworth. There remain twenty-five brood mares, all of which were distinguished on the turf, while most of them that have had time have foaled good winners. Amongst them are Spinaway (dam of Busybody), with a filly by Isonomy, and served by Petrarch; Cantinière (bought by Lord Falmouth from the late Lord Ailesbury, when in foal with Bal Gal); the dam of Bal Gal and Dutch Oven, with a filly by Galopin, and served by Galliard; Wheatear (dam of Harvester), with a foal by Springfield, and served again by him; Jannette, with a colt foal by Isonomy, and served by Galliard; Mavis (dam of Galliard), served by Galopin; Chevisaunce (dam of Jannette), served by Galopin; Bal Gal (served by Galopin), Dutch Oven (by Springfield); Wheel of Fortune (the best racer ever bred by Lord Falmouth), with filly foal by Springfield, and served by Galliard. These are merely the gems of this wonderful stud. There are five sires, of which one may safely predict that Galliard will realise the most money.

On Tuesday Mr. Naylor's breeding-stud will be dispersed, and a draught from the Whimple stud, as well as nine of Mr. Taylor-Sharpe's yearlings, and some odd lots. On Wednesday the principal items will be the fifteen yearlings from Lord Wolverton's stud in Dorsetshire, and eleven from the Bonehill stud; but I must pass on to Thursday, when seventeen belonging to Lord Rosebery and fourteen from Blankney will come up. Mr. Chaplin's team includes a brother to Marden and Abbot, a sister to St. Médard, a brother to Lonely, a sister to Queen Adelaide, a brother to Kermesse, a half-sister (by Kisber) to Shotover and Martini, and a filly by Sterling out of Sister to Hermit. I am told that these are "a really grand lot." Lord Rosebery's team represent his well-known Mentmore strain, and are served by Controversy, Dutch Skater, and Macaroni. The Whimple yearlings include a Sister to Rookery, but if Mr. Smith desires to sell his stock he will do well to be content with moderate reserves.

MAMMON.

THE ARGENTINE REPUBLIC.

My recent remarks on the position of the Argentine Republic have brought me a letter from Mr. Alberto A. de Guerico, the Consul for the Argentine Republic in London, in which that gentleman is pleased to say that "in my attacks on the Argentine Republic I entirely fail to justify my adhesion to the motto of Truth, 'Cultores veritatis fraudis inimici,' although he feels positively sure that I must be perfectly conscious that every word in that article is an untruth, and an untruth so utterly at variance with every document published daily in London in the shape of reports from British Diplomatic and Consular officials, directors of public Companies, and others that deserve and enjoy the full confidence of the public, that nobody, unless moved by private and interested motives, would ever dare to commit it to print." Now, I am not conscious of anything of the kind, and most emphatically adhere to my statements. The simple assertion of Mr. de Guerico cannot convince me of the error of my ways, and I used the expression "puffy nonsense" as to the reports sent over from the Republic advisedly. The directors of public Companies and such-like officials, not to forget the loanmongers, are precisely the people who have done most of the mischief, and,

Army and Navy Hotel, Victoria-st., S.W., is probably now the best Hotel in London. Table d'hote 6 to 8. Cookery excellent.

John Shaw, Share Broker, Wardrobe-chambers, Queen Victoria-st. deals at tape prices at an inclusive commission of one-sixteenth.

whose statements cannot be trusted. Mr. de Guerico also says that "times have changed, and things and men in that country too." This assertion is utterly disproved by the arbitrary manner in which the Government of the Argentine Republic seek to expropriate the East Argentine Railway Company. From the statement made by the chairman of that Company to the meeting of shareholders held last week, the conduct of the Government appears scandalous. The most shifty devices are adopted in order to cheat the shareholders out of their dues. The old trick of sending an official to negotiate with a ruinous offer, of afterwards disowning him, and finally adopting his acts, is resorted to by the Minister of the Interior. In such a country it is, of course, useless for an English Company to attempt litigation. The directors have, therefore, made up their mind to again try the only remedy, which once before helped them to a settlement of their claims—that of an appeal to the Committee of the Stock Exchange. A quotation was then refused to a loan asked for by the Argentine Government, and the lesson had the desired effect. I suppose the charm will again work, for the Argentine Republic is dependent upon the pocket of that confiding individual, the British investor. When will the latter appreciate the risks he is running in holding the bonds of this Republic? And what sane man would invest in railroads subject to such blackmail? A new loan has already been negotiated, and is shortly to make its appearance. As long as the Republic can borrow £1, it will pay 10s. in interest. Mr. de Guerico may rest assured that he will not bully and bluster English newspapers into swearing that the finances of the Argentine Republic are flourishing, and that we ought to lend her more money. Things have really come to such a pass that the consular and diplomatic representatives of these South American Republics seem to fancy that any one is a criminal who ventures to suggest that caution is necessary in dealing with them, instead of blind credulity. Had they their way, they probably would hang without benefit of clergy any one who does not invest a portion of his savings in the bonds of South America.

ON THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

After some shortlived attempts at recovery, the American market has fallen back into its old condition of collapse. In addition to the financial causes of unrest, which are gathering force, the reports of the cereal crops are not by any means as favourable as could be desired. The tendency is, therefore, at the moment, still to anticipate a further shrinkage of values in these markets. The New York Central Company has, at last, vouchsafed to publish a statement of its receipts and expenditure. The result shows that, for the six months ending March 31st, the net sum available for dividend upon the common stock was 2,934,000 dols., being at the rate of 6½ per cent. per annum. The market, therefore, has not been far out in estimating the dividend actually earned as not more than 6 per cent. Whence, then, a return of 8 per cent.? It is only of a piece with the financial jugglery to which we have long been accustomed in everything relating to American railroads. Mr. Vanderbilt has, no doubt, been influenced, in the payment of this dividend, by the large interest which he and all his relations have in the New York Central line. But it is possible to be too clever, and in trying to sustain quotations by such a manifest artifice, the great Railway King has but defeated his own ends. A very severe fall has taken place in Lake Shore. Nor is it to be wondered at. If fancy dividends are to be resorted to in all the Vanderbilt stocks, it is conclusive evidence of underlying weakness, which the market is not slow in discovering and in gauging at its proper value. The Lake Shore Company has the additional drawback of being saddled with the Nickel Plate Line, which has just declared its inability to pay even working charges. I have referred on a previous occasion to the "good" selling of Milwaukee shares. This Company has for some time past kept its chin above water by the free issue of mortgages over its system, and by so doing has thrown a glamour of prosperity over the dividends of the common stockholder. The latter has now to bear the brunt of the collapse, as this process can no longer be resorted to. Union Pacific, although flat, are giving evidence of having reached about the lowest point. It is as yet uncertain whether a dividend will be declared on the first prox., but the appointment of Mr. Francis as President will doubtless inspire some confidence in the future *bona fides* and soundness of the management.

The lower Bank rate has stimulated a few purchases in English railway stocks, but there is no permanence in prices. Brighton "A" continue to fall away, although the majority of operators are now "Bears." It is a dangerous counter to play with, however, and is best left to those who possess the back-stairs information so peculiar to this Company. A pronounced fall has taken place in Chatham and South-Eastern securities, consequent upon the adverse award of the Railway Commissioners in the matter of the hop traffic. The sum which will have to be refunded for overcharges is stated to be £60,000, the larger portion of which will fall upon the South-Eastern, as the chief offender. There are rumours about that the heavy lines are paring down expenditure in every department, and that the result of the half year's working will be better than expected. I very much doubt it. The Sheffield Company's statements do not show anything of the kind, but quite the contrary. If they may be taken as a fair specimen of the working of the larger Companies, the outlook is anything but reassuring.

DIRECTORS' QUALIFICATIONS.

The case of the Carriage Co-operative Supply Association, decided on Thursday by Mr. Justice Pearson, throws a strange light on some of the doings of the Company promoter. This Company was promoted by a Mr. G. S. Smith, who was to receive £3,000 in cash and 300 fully-paid shares of £5 each, out of £7,500 paid to Messrs. Cutt and Boyfield, coachbuilders, in consideration of granting an underlease of their premises. Five "bogus" directors were nominated, who did not invest a single sixpence in the shares of the Company, although the directors' qualification was fixed at twenty £5 shares in the articles of association.

Options.—Explanatory Pamphlet on Stock Exchange Options, post-free. John Abbott & Co., Stock and Share Brokers, 21 and 22, Palmerston Buildings, London, E.C

Roper Frères & Company's 1st Quality extra dry Champagne. Roper Frères' 1st Quality medium dry. Of all Wine Merchants

Strangely enough, the directors do not appear to have been aware of this obligation on their part until three months after the formation of the Company. The promoter then resorted to an illegal transfer of twenty of his promotion shares to each of the five directors. Of the latter, only one, General George Ricketts Roberts, was a man of substance, the others being mere men of straw. The Company, as Companies similarly promoted and managed usually do, drifted into liquidation. When called upon to pay up the amount of their qualification, the four "bogus" directors pleaded that they had no means, and General Roberts has now been held responsible in a court of law for the amount of his co-directors' shares in addition to that of his own. The decision will have a salutary effect, and will make men of substance with a taste for seats on the Boards of Companies more careful as to the character and standing of their co-directors, for whose *bonâ-fide* holdings they are legally, jointly and severally liable.

A MEDICAL INSURANCE COMPANY.

This is a curious outcome of limited liability. If I am to believe the prospectus, six sane gentlemen, as directors, ask the public to give them £100,000 in order to found a Company which is "to enable individuals and families to receive adequate medical attendance in return for small periodical payments." The insured will be allowed to select their usual medical attendants, and these attendants are to receive their ordinary fees. Is it not obvious that such a Company would be ruined in a very short time, for the insured would take very good care to have their money's worth, and more, by sending to their medical attendants whenever they felt in the least indisposed. Are the directors of this Company asses, or do they take the public to be asses?

[*In consequence of pressure upon our columns, the Letter on* "London Life" *is unavoidably held over.*]

ANECDOTAL PHOTOGRAPHS.

THE LATE PRINCE OF ORANGE.

THE Prince of Orange had few enemies, and those individuals whom he was fond of he loved with his whole heart. He was attached to the women and ladies (now old) amongst whom he was brought up, and found it a pleasure to associate, whenever he was in Paris, with M. and Madame Jules Mohl. The former was his mother's tutor, and the latter was a very remarkable Irishwoman. She had the kind of Celtic face which Leech used to give to his typical Pat, scorned artificial modes of embellishing her ugly features and sticky figure, dressed in shabby clothes which were the fashion in Queen Adelaide's time, never aspired to shine, and yet, by sheer force of mental and moral graces and independence of character, was the foremost woman in the literary, learned, and political society of a "liberal" hue for nearly fifty years. The late Queen of the Netherlands used to dine and take tea frequently with Madame Mohl during her visits to Paris, and there enjoy hearing the *méchancetés* of Guizot, Comte d'Haussonville, Montalembert, Prevost-Paradol, and other *beaux esprits* about the Empire and the Imperialists, with whom, nevertheless, she was on very good terms and wished to remain so. When Prince Alexander went to visit the Mohls it was understood that he was not to be annoyed with the sight of strange faces. He never outgrew his child's love for his elder brother. "Citron" might be as gross an eater and drinker as he pleased, and as disgraceful as his instincts and naughty chums impelled him to be, and yet the brother, who was as immaculate as Joseph Surface wished to appear, would plead extenuating circumstances in his behalf. The last Prince of Orange but one, Alexander used to urge, could no more help being the bad boy he was than he himself could avoid being a confirmed invalid. Queen Sophie suggested this view when her eldest son entered on a career of dissipation. What could be expected of a double grandson of the Czar Paul, who had had a bad paternal example before his eyes, and none of those restraints of public opinion which keep in some States Royal personages on their good behaviour?

The Dutch are too much absorbed in watching their dikes and in waging war against the sea, to pay attention to the weaknesses of their Princes. They are taciturn, slow-going, and only mind their own business; nor have they yet forgotten that the present King began his reign by, in consideration of his enormous private revenues, spontaneously cutting down his Civil List, and proposing to defray many charges of the Crown, which the nation had borne in his father's time. Belgium, Cologne, and Paris talked and laughed at "Citron's" pranks. Amsterdam and the Hague kept silence about them, and any one who ventured to repeat the gossip of the Boulevards about him to Prince Alexander, brought upon himself a sharp rebuke. I saw a letter from Prince Alexander to a French advocate on the subject of the Santerre scandal. The motive of his Royal Highness in writing it was, in case his brother should be sued as a co-respondent, to enable him to have the best legal advice, and to make certain that the truth about the affair in which he was involved should come out. The then heir-apparent to the throne of Dikedom was entirely without credit, and had been so for many years. Indeed, the debtors' prison of Clichy was abolished by the Emperor Napoleon III. out of kindness to the Prince of Orange. Prince Alexander had no vices, and always lived within his income, so that he was on this, as on other occasions, able to be a friend in need to his brother. He was very anxious for the whole truth to be known, because he thought its revelation would mark a new departure in "Citron's" career. The rakish Prince was not, contrary to the general belief, the hero of the Café d'Orsay adventure, the heroine of which escaped, under the eyes of her husband and a police commissary, from a private dining-room, disguised as a pastrycook's boy. The Dutch Prince had known her when she was a wild girl at Compiègne, and fell in with her long after, while she was, pending a cross suit against her husband for separation, staying at a conventual boarding house. But as the Royal personage

Minton's China.—Thomas Goode & Co., Artists and Designers in Porcelain, South Audley-street Grosvenor-square.

was tired of being a sinner, unless when sin had the charm of the newest novelty, it bored him to be asked to take her *en partie fine* to theatres and restaurants. He therefore begged an exalted friend to be her cavalier. The latter, when the dining-room at the Café d'Orsay was invaded, remembered that he had a visiting-card of "Citron's" in his pocket, and so he gave it, on being asked his name, to the police officer. As the illustrious Dutchman had no character to lose, he consented to pass for the hero of the adventure. His brother, however, stood out against the proposal that he should do so, for the whole world had been scandalised by an affair which Bismarck's agents had been chiefly instrumental in bruiting for the purpose of throwing discredit on the House of Orange.

If the Prince of Orange had no character to lose, Prince Alexander urged that he had a character to regain, and that, as he was no longer inclined to be dissipated, he might easily turn over a new leaf. Prince Alexander was harassed with gloomy apprehensions about the future of Holland. It would be safer, he thought, to go on in the old groove, if his brother could bring himself to quit Paris and take up a becoming position at the Hague. But if he could not live away from the Boulevards, or apart from Boulevardiers, Alexander was strongly of opinion that the Constitution should be revised in a democratic sense, and that the sooner this was done the better. He had no illusion as to his own unfitness to contend with the dangers to which the growth of Prussian power in Germany exposes Holland. The second marriage of his father appeared to him a crime. It complicated already serious difficulties, and only delayed the dying-out of the Royal House of Nassau. Prince Alexander, moreover, opined that in case his brother showed incapacity to alter his habits, the certainty of an approaching extinction of the reigning family could be made to help in surmounting a national crisis.

Prince Alexander graduated at Leyden. His father wanted to send him to England, but his mother, fearing he would be drawn into muscular exercise and University sports, which his frail constitution would not bear, kept him near her in Holland. She asked a good deal of advice on the subject, and consulted King Leopold and the Prince Consort. They were for the continental system of education for a continental Prince. The Queen's father-in-law had graduated at Oxford, and learned to drink port wine there in deep potations. Her husband also prided himself on being "half an Englishman, if not in his blood, in his ways and habits." No doubt he spoke English very well, and that he wanted, as a youngster, to run away to Gretna-green with Malibran. He also was in some respects a traditional imitator of the First Gentleman of Europe and his Royal brothers; but I never heard of an English Prince who took more delight in singing and instrumental music than in anything else. The King, I may here mention, founded a Conservatoire for vocalists and instrumentalists at his own expense. He created this singing and fiddling university from a pure love of art. However, as the *artistes* scandalised the methodic Dutch by their Bohemian eccentricity, his Majesty judged well to remove them to Brussels. But he continued to entertain them *en masse* once a year at Loo; and still goes on doing so, though without enthusiasm. The nephritic affection from which he suffers renders him morose. It prevented him, during the last illness of his son Alexander, returning to the Hague from Carlsbad.

The last Prince of Orange was flagrantly a stunted offshoot of a worn-out stem. He had a colourless complexion, unless when a hectic flush suffused the sharp cheek-bone. The ossature was weak, and the muscles accorded with it. Had he been forced to carry loads in childhood, he would have been bow-legged; but, the nether limbs having been spared the fatigue of so much as bearing his own weight in early boyhood, he became knock-kneed. The eyes of the unhappy Prince feared the light, and yet nothing gave him more pleasure than to sit in the sun and look on bright objects. He liked gorgeous flowers, the gorgeous plumage of Batavian birds, and the tawny complexions and gaudy dresses of Italian peasant women. He also liked big hotels with meretricious gilding. In some respects he was very old-maidish, and by his excessive neatness and love of pet-animals, was the plague of his servants. They were not allowed to touch his papers, and yet he was intolerant of dust. His birds kept up a babble round him which prevented the silence of the tomb from invading his low, red brick house. They did not understand that he was an invalid, did not mind his querulous temper, his crankiness and gloomy apprehensions, and went on singing and chattering when his attendants walked on tiptoe and talked in an undertone. This explains his passion for them. With his poor constitution and bad chest, his life only wanted a pretext for going out. If typhoid fever had not carried him off, he would have died of something else long before he was an old man. The Prince had long, cold, moist hands, and finger-nails resembling the great-toe nails of a ballet-dancer. He had rather a philosophic than an artistic mind. All his mother's intimate friends were prized by him. For her sake he was attached to her cousin, the Princess Mathilde, who had been her companion in girlhood. The youth of Queen Sophie had been unhappy owing to her stepmother's unkindness. She was not happier in her adult life, and nothing made her feel so bitter as the constitutional weakness of her sons, Prince Alexander and Prince Maurice, who died early. What St. Simon said about the legitimate and legitimised families of Louis Quatorze used to come home to her with terrible force during the Prince's winter illnesses.

QUEER STORIES.

THE MYSTERIOUS STRANGERS.

MISS LYDIA DAVIDSON was enjoying her cup of tea in her comfortable little house in Ravensbourne one Saturday afternoon, when her friend Miss Newman was announced. That lady was well known for the fervour and energy which she infused into her conduct of what inferior minds may regard as the minor affairs of life; also

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for a severity in her attire that may be described by one wishing to deal mildly with it as "gentlewomanlike."

She entered with even more than her wonted haste and dash, and cried,

"How do you do, Lydia? I am *most thankful* to find you at home. I have come with a definite purpose, as talking over a thing is better than writing a dozen notes. Very strange and startling events are happening here, and I have arrived at the conclusion that it is my duty to lay them before you and other friends, in order to see what can be done."

"Dear! dear!" murmured Miss Davidson, in vague alarm; "you don't mean it! Tell me all about it, dear Jane."

"I will tell you as much as I at present know," returned her friend. "Well, to begin with. When I was coming down from London early last spring, a gentleman and lady were in the same carriage with me. I took them for a honeymoon couple, and felt sorry to constrain their *tête-à-tête*. They made me most uncomfortable with all the private and confidential things they had to say; and they kept poring over a little book with their heads together—poetry, or some rubbish or other, I suppose. I've no patience with that sort of thing—have you?"

Miss Davidson was, however, romantic, and could not get up a show of indignation in time to respond to her friend's glance; so she only looked a little foolish and abashed.

"And for six months," Miss Newman continued, "have they been coming, regularly twice a week—Monday and Thursday. And they may have done it for six years, for aught I know, because it is only since I have been at my new lodgings, opposite the Bull, that I have noticed them carefully. They arrive early—about ten o'clock—have some refreshment, I fancy, for they always stop in the hotel a while; then they drive or walk out, not always together—but often taking different roads; stay out—oh! till four, or five, or six, and sometimes they have a quantity of luggage, those nice dress-baskets and things, ladylike luggage—and then, after their dinner, off they go towards the railway station."

"Really!" cried Miss Davidson, in astonishment. "And their appearance? Do they look like——"

"Gentlepeople?" put in Miss Newman. "Yes, decidedly. That is a point on which I am *never* deceived. The lady dresses exquisitely and most becomingly. They're not young, nor, of course, very old. He is a handsome man, with a military air. In fact, I am pretty sure he is an officer; for I saw so much of the military when I lived at Dover, and then" (lowering her voice) "I heard so many sad things, too, about garrison doings, that I begin to feel anxious. The Bull is such a respectable hotel, it would be quite a misfortune for the town if—if—anything unpleasant were to come out," concluded Miss Newman, forced by the vagueness of her subject into, for once, being herself vague.

"Dear me! What you say quite startles me," said Miss Davidson. "If anything like that happens a hundred miles away, or even in London, it is not so bad; but here! It's a shock to me! I must mention it to Eliza," she added, as that functionary entered, bent most unamiably on interrupting the conference.

"I'll finish my tea," said Miss Newman, putting her fingers firmly on her saucer. "It is an excellent cup—most refreshing, Lydia."

Had it not been for the softening influence of the morsel of gossip, long brewing hostilities might now have ripened into fierce strife between Eliza and her mistress's friend, but Miss Davidson's questions about the mysterious strangers claimed the confidential maid's attention. "No, she hadn't heard nothink about them—leastways, nothink but a stray word or two. But *she'd* soon fathom it, *she* would. She had no opinion of people as came and went, and no one knew whence nor whither."

Dignity prevented Miss Newman's joining in the conversation while her foe Eliza was taking part in it; but she was glad in her heart that that forcible person should be set on the track.

"I'll tell you what I think about it," exclaimed Miss Davidson, a little later. "I think, dear, that the gentleman is some very distinguished person indeed, and that the lady—she may be a perfect lady, you know, all the time—is beneath him, and that there's a morganatic marriage! There are such things now-a-days, and always have been, you know."

"But, if so, why shouldn't she have her own establishment? Why come to an hotel?" objected Miss Newman. "Still, we shall find out about it some way or another. It's a positive duty, however unpleasant, to clear it up. Perhaps you'll talk it over with your brother to-morrow. I know he sometimes spends Sundays with you, and please let me know what he thinks. But don't send him to talk about it to me, for it's not a subject I should go into with a young man, unless it was one of the clergy. I am off now to see the curate about it. Our rector resents inquiry, I do believe, for I can't get anything out of him. Good-bye, Lydia!"

"Good-bye, dear. I'll not ring for Eliza. I'll let you out."

Lydia had scarcely settled herself again after performing this little attention when Eliza appeared, cloaked and bonneted, at the sitting-room door, remarking, "I've been out a little while, ma'am. After what you said just now, my duty was plain; and I went round to the Bull at once, knowing as you'd not be wanting me."

"Oh, dear me, Eliza," returned the docile mistress, "I quite forgot that your niece, Mary, is barmaid at the Bull. And did you see the landlady? And can she explain about the strangers?"

"Of course, ma'am, I saw Mrs. Weston," returned Eliza, energetically. "It's what I went for; but I couldn't get nothink out of her. I said to her, as civil as possible, 'Will you tell me, Mrs. Weston, the names of those parties as comes here twice a week, a Mondays and a Thursdays.' But she only said, very stiff and 'igh, 'I never gives the names of any of my parties, not even to the gentleman from the *Ravensbourne Record*.' And more than that she wouldn't say, so at last I came away; but I'll make some excuse to be there next Monday, and I'll see them, at all events," and with that Eliza withdrew to her own domain, leaving her mistress to spend the rest of the evening trying to recall all the instances she had heard of morganatic marriages, and their results.

Miss Davidson had just taken her seat in church the

Old Point Lace.—Hayward's, Experts, Dealers and Purchasers of Old Lace, 166 and 168, Oxford-street, W.

following morning when Miss Newman, very "taut" and trim, hurried into a vacant place next to her, and, after burying her face for an instant in her hands, she turned, as she knelt, to her neighbour and said in an undertone, "Have you seen your brother to-day? What does he think?"

"No, dear, no; he's not coming; but don't talk about it in church, please don't." And the good lady tried with feeble hurry to find her place. Miss Newman forebore further remark till Mr. Miniver Weekly ascended the pulpit. Then she betrayed a longing to speak and an inability to sit still. But Lydia resolutely turned the crown of her bonnet towards her friend, fearful that a conversation might again be opened, to the outrage of the decorous feelings of the congregation.

"'Woe unto the world because of offences, for it must needs be that offences come; but woe to the man by whom the offence cometh.' Or," continued the thin voice of the curate, "as a more literal version, though one less purely English, has it, 'Woe to the world because of scandals.'"

"There!" whispered Miss Newman, no longer repressible, "I knew I had done some good with him. I never left him yesterday till his teeth literally chattered. I told him he must do something about the Bull people, and that he was responsible for all the evil that happens in the parish that he could prevent. He'll preach about them."

"Jane, dear Jane, don't!" gasped poor Miss Davidson, and Mr. Weekly began his discourse; which, to Miss Newman's unutterable disappointment, turned on a question of church discipline, the preacher maintaining that those of his clerical brethren who were opposing his own particular view of the matter were clearly of the number of the anathematised referred to in the text.

"Mrs. Farmer!" cried Miss Newman, as the congregation streamed out through the lych-gate. "One word, I beg."

"Good morning Miss Newman, I'm so glad to see you," responded pretty little Mrs. Farmer. "I've so many things to say. You know you asked me to think of a solution for the Mysterious Strangers' visits to Ravensbourne. Well, I think," and her pretty lace tie and necklet heaved with emotion, "that the couple have lost a child—a dear little baby perhaps—and that it's buried here, and they've made a vow to visit its grave."

"What!" said the matter-of-fact Miss Newman; "vow to visit a grave regularly twice a week, on Monday and Thursday! But, Mrs. Farmer, I stopped you specially just now to beg you would be with me to-morrow afternoon about three. My windows command the Bull, and these people never fail to put in an appearance on Mondays; and mind you bring your sister-in-law too, won't you? I am going to ask Miss Brown, Miss Davidson, and Mrs. Barton, the new doctor's wife. I want to catch her now. Good-bye. I am glad you think with me that it is a matter to look into, as a point of duty. You'll promise to come? All right." And the indefatigable Miss Newman started in pursuit of Mrs. Barton.

Miss Newman took care that the strangers should be the subject of many conversations that Sunday. At first, some of the good folk of Ravensbourne declared themselves wholly indifferent to the matter, but finding manifestly absurd explanations started as to the visits of this interesting couple, they criticised the explanations, and in most cases found themselves in the end committed to a theory of their own.

"I may congratulate myself," said Miss Newman, that night, as she laid her bony cheek upon her pillow—"I may congratulate myself on having raised the question in Ravensbourne to the rank it merits—that of a 'burning question,'" and she ran over the points she intended to dwell upon in the speech to be delivered on the morrow, when the ladies assembled in her sitting-room.

Three o'clock on Monday afternoon saw Eliza installed in the bar of the hotel with her niece; whilst Miss Brown, Miss Davidson, Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Barton, Mrs. Farmer, and four or five other ladies, were assembled at Miss Newman's. After the customary greetings, the hostess said: "Ladies, I have convened this meeting for a special purpose—not, let me explain at once, for the mere gratification of idle curiosity. I have asked you to meet here to consider the suspicious conduct of the visitors to that hotel opposite, and to determine what steps should be taken in their regard. I have my own notion as to what should be done; but I will put that aside until I have received your suggestions. There *may* be no disgraceful discoveries; but that remains to be proved. My watch warns me," concluded Miss Newman in a different tone, compelled regretfully to excise some telling sentences, "that if they come back in a fly, and they sometimes do so, they should be here in six minutes; later, if they walk. So we have no time to waste. I simply repeat, therefore, what is to be done?"

"I must confess, I only came to look at them," said Mrs. Farmer, after a pause.

"I haven't an idea what to do," said several voices.

"Would it be of any use to speak to Mrs. Weston, of the hotel?" timidly asked Miss Smith.

"None!" replied Miss Newman, with severity. "That has been tried. You might trust me to try all obvious plans like that."

"And what is the suggestion, Miss Newman, that you said you had to make?" Miss Brown inquired.

"That we should club together to employ a detective!" answered the hostess, with decision. "We must make sure of our facts. I find, on inquiry, that the cost of a regular detective would be heavy; but there is an ex-policeman who has been employed on such missions, and his charge would not exceed two guineas a day. In about two days he thinks he could ascertain the residences, occupations (if any), and much of the past history of the parties."

"We must not get ourselves into any scrape by prying," said Mrs. Barton.

"If there is money wanted, we ought to have had some of our men-kind here," Miss Brown objected. "We women are such poor and needy creatures."

But the discussion was suddenly stopped by a cry from Miss Newman of, "There they come!"

"Well, she's very elegant-looking," said one. "There's nothing more aristocratic than a hooked nose; but she

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must be thirty-five if she's a day. What a lovely silk she has on!"

"Bless me!" said Mrs. Barton. "He's not so military-looking after all. And he's a good fifty-five. But there's an air about him; and as for her, she might be a Duchess. Look at the magnificent mantle she has on!"

The couple who were causing so much excitement were met at the hotel door by the obsequious waiter, who handed them a telegram.

"I'll run across to the post-office, and ask what was in that despatch," cried Miss Newman, rushing out.

Several pair of eyes were turned from the window to follow the hostess's retreating figure.

"Mrs. Farmer, is there anything the matter?" exclaimed Miss Davidson, in alarm, catching sight of Mrs. Farmer's pale and troubled face.

"Yes—no," stammered the little woman. "I—I—don't feel quite well. I'm going home," and she hurried from the room. Something like a shriek rose at the same instant from Miss Brown's lips. She had been in the background, but had just taken Miss Newman's vacant place at the window. "Why, Mrs. Farmer!" she exclaimed, but Mrs. Farmer was gone.

"Post-office won't tell!" gasped Miss Newman, coming back in a very excited state. "They say it's contrary to rules."

"Mrs. Farmer has gone away," said Mrs. Smith, "without saying good-bye, or leaving a message for you, Miss Newman."

"I think I can explain," Miss Brown began, but she was interrupted by a cry from two or three others. "Oh! look, look, they're going!" And there, sure enough, at the hotel door, evidently in a flurry, were the landlady, a waiter, and the mysterious strangers. A fly then whisked round from the yard, and pulled up with a jerk. The strangers took their places in it, and a housemaid came running down with some wraps, the lady's umbrella, and other small things in her hands.

"There's an up-train to London in eight minutes," said Miss Newman, watch and time-table in hand. "They're going to catch that. The telegram was to give them the alarm. Some one is on their track, and a confederate has given them notice."

"Is Miss Davidson here?" cried Eliza, rushing in, the corner of her shawl filled with what seemed to be bundles of letters, and an open telegram in her hand. "Read that!" she exultantly exclaimed, at the same time giving her mistress the message.

Obediently, Miss Davidson took the telegram, and read:—

From Miss Isaacs, Duke-street, Paddington. To the lady or gentleman, No. 3 sitting-room, Bull Hotel, Ravensbourne. Return immediately. Premises on fire.

"Heavens!" cried Miss Davidson, piously.

"Gracious!" exclaimed Miss Brown; and a chorus of voices said, "Dear me!" "Oh!" and "Ah!"

"And now read *that*," reiterated Eliza, as she handed the following circular to Miss Davidson. "I said I'd fathom it, and I've done it, ma'am."

Bull Hotel, Ravensbourne, Monday.

Madam,—Owing to ladies and gentlemen having objections to be seen entering Wardrobe Establishments, Mr. and Mrs. Abrams have been induced by numerous customers to take the upper part of a private house in Duke-street, Paddington; and therefore ladies of the highest rank need not hesitate to honour this emporium with a visit. Mr. and Mrs. Abrams continue to give the highest price for all kinds of ladies' and gentlemen's wearing apparel, court dresses, regimentals, officers' outfits, trinkets, gold and silver, diamonds, and all kinds of precious stones, antique plate, old china, and all sorts of miscellaneous property. Established 27 years. Their numerous and aristocratic clients in the country may feel satisfied that the personal appearance of Mr. and Mrs. Abrams when calling at their houses will always be a guarantee that none of that unpleasant publicity will be given to their visits of which the nobility and gentry have so justly complained, with regard to those of less experienced and considerate wardrobe purchasers. As a specimen of the letters they are continually receiving, Mr. and Mrs. Abrams subjoin the following:—

"Lady B—— has just had great pleasure in recommending her friend, the Duchess of C——, to request Mrs. Abrams to call upon her; Lady B—— having always found Mrs. Abrams' dealings with her characterised by the utmost liberality and punctuality."

"Appointments may be made for Thursday at the above address, or Mr. or Mrs. Abrams will wait upon clients in the neighbourhood on that day, or on Monday."

GIRLS' GOSSIP.

DEAREST AMY,—Is it not sad that there are to be no Drawing-rooms? I am afraid it is finally decided now that none are to be held. Lilla's pet dressmaker told her the other day that it will make an immense difference to the West-end tradespeople, and still more to the thousands of smaller people who work for them. I really think the Queen might consider the interests of her loyal people, who sympathised so truly with her in her grief at the loss of her son. There is a time for all things, says the Man of Wisdom, and surely the time has come for the people to be considered. As it is, the consideration has been as yet all on one side.

Then there is the inconvenience to the mothers who wanted to have their daughters presented. Fancy the disappointment of the girls themselves, too! After looking forward to the enjoyment of their first season, to find themselves debarred from going to balls and parties because they cannot be presented must be hard indeed. And then the agony of thinking that, perhaps, if they had come out, they might have made the match of the season! Oh, Amy, don't you feel for the poor things and their "might-have-beens"?

Papa won't take us to hear Judic. He says it is *un peu trop fort*. But Lilla went and said there were lots of girls there, and that they laughed when they saw others laugh, but apparently their knowledge of French was somewhat limited. Lilla says Judic is simply delicious. She can do anything with her audience, so marvellous is the expression of her face, and so inimitable are her gestures. And yet the audience, instead of looking at her, lose the essence of the whole performance by staring at their books. I think I would rather stay away than have to jog through a translation all the time. We asked Lilla if there really was anything in these performances to justify papa in refusing to take us, but she only made a grimace, and said that the suggestive portions were those that seemed to take best. So I suppose the dear pater was not far wrong.

But Lilla said something that reminded me of my increasing years. "At the same time, Madge," she remarked, "you know you weren't born yesterday." And I *wasn't*, Amy dear. I am getting frightfully old. On a dark, cold day I feel somewhere about ninety; but then again, when the sun is shining and I have a pretty gown on, and am going to enjoy myself on the river, or at a tennis party, or at a dance somewhere, I feel quite ridiculously young and delightfully silly. And you know, dear, the people who can be pleasantly silly, and who have a genius for talking nonsense, always get on best in society. Your tremendously earnest people, who have "aims" and "objects," are like steam-rollers as compared with victorias or single broughams. They are desperately heavy, and are always threatening to crush people's toes. If I were giving a dinner party, I would rather invite a hopeless imbecile than a philanthropist, or a School Board woman, or a modern edition of dear old Don Quixote. It seems unkind, does it not? But Society lives by its butterflies. They

Old Lace.—The finest collection in London at A. Blackborne & Co.'s, 35, South Audley-street, Grosvenor-square.

are its *raison d'être*. Rational conversation is quite out of place at a ball, a dinner, or a wedding. One has to froth one's nothings up to a pretty cream, like white of egg, and to make play with them, skip round them, dance lightly over them, and then one's reward is in hearing some one say, "I always get on with Miss So-and-So. Not much in her, but she is pleasant and amusing."

Sir Bulwer Lytton put it beautifully in "The Caxtons." The two brothers, Austin and Roland, were introduced into fashionable society, and were quite "out of it" in the jargon of talk that went on. "So the company fished for minnows," said Austin, in relating his experiences, "while our pearl-fisheries and coral banks went for nought."

We went to the Mediæval Market, held at the Duke of Wellington's Riding School last week in aid of a fund to enlarge the Training College for Teachers of the Deaf at Ealing. The Market was held in "ivy-clad ruins," which sounds pretty, but in reality the ruins were rather amateurish, and so was the ivy, while the moon was the most amateurish of all. Poor, dear Luna! I think she was made of white calico, and her radiance on the windows of the ruin was represented by blue cotton blinds. But every one worked hard in the cause of the deaf and their teachers. Mrs. St. John Ackers, who, with her husband, founded the school, sold dairy produce. Lady Waterford dealt in Indian work of all kinds. The Hon. Mrs. Portman showed a variety of paintings and sketches. Mrs. Herbert Draper's live pets were interesting, especially the thoroughbred Shetland ponies which had been sent direct from their native isles to be sold at the market. There were, besides, puppies, pigeons, rabbits, and plenty of chloride of lime at this stall. Mrs. Charles Mallet's stall, where tea, cream, cakes, and fruit were dispensed, seemed popular.

I went to Kuhe's concert on Wednesday afternoon, and had a delightful treat. Lucca sang "Voi che sapete" most deliciously, and Hollman's violoncello was more divine than ever. Signor Mierswinski's voice and style were never heard to better advantage than in Tosti's "Vorrei morir." I hope he won't have his wish, as expressed in the song. Madame Scalchi's velvet notes delighted us in "Non più mesta." She wore a marvellous gown of brocade, on which tulips in their natural colours were strewn upon a cream-coloured ground. This formed the bodice and train, and was worn over a cream-coloured lace petticoat. Across the knees of this was laid a trail of tulips, large as life, and made of velvet or chenille. They hung by long stems downwards, and repeated the tints of the flowers on the brocade. Madame Lucca wore a quite too lovely dress of cream-coloured satin. The petticoat was covered with fringes and tassels of gold, which swayed and tinkled softly every time she moved. Mr. Wilson Barrett gave us a dramatic recitation. It was a monologue called "The handsome man of (something) farm." I could not catch the farm's name. Returning from his day's work, our handsome man finds his cottage empty and a note on the table from his wife, informing him that she's gone "with a handsomer man than he." Then he "goes on" a bit, talkee-talkee, as Charlie said, instead of runee-catchee. However, the wisdom of this course of action appears ultimately, for, just as he has retracted the curses he had called down upon her, she walks into the cottage, having been out for a ride with her father, who is the "handsomer man." Mr. Wilson Barrett worked us all up to a tremendous pitch of sympathy with the woes of the hero, and then let us down again delightfully by means of an immense fib, for "I knew it all the time," he says to his wife, who, if she believed him, must have been very much astonished at the warmth of his greeting. The way the recitation "rooshed us up sublime," and then "rooshed us down" again, reminded me of the delightful manner in which poor Mr. Penley, in the "Private Secretary," is dragged up the acclivity of the drawing-room ottoman by Mr. Hill, and down the declivity on the other side.

I hear that the beauty of the Maori king is of a kind to make a very deep impression on any one who should meet him suddenly and unexpectedly. Charlie was at a theatre lately where the New Zealand potentate formed part of the audience, and he said it was the funniest thing in the world to see the curious fascination he exercised over some of the more impressionable people. They would slowly and unwillingly turn their heads to his private box, and then jerk them away again in a violent hurry, only to begin, after a few seconds, turning, like the sunflower, to its god, but for very different reasons. He ought to be made to wear a veil, like Mokanna, the Prophet of Khorassan.

Miss Ronald's wedding was such a pretty one! She married Mr. Ritchie, of Belfast, so that the bridegroom was Irish and the bride American. These facts may account for the originality of some items of the ceremony. The two little bridesmaids, Donne Isabella and Vittoria Colonna, wore white over pink, and each carried a shepherd's crook, tied with orange blossoms and white rosebuds. The bride's dress was draped with crêpe-de-chine, a material that is now almost indispensable in a wedding gown. At the breakfast the bride and bridegroom sat beneath a huge bell made entirely of orange-blossoms and white hothouse flowers. It measured four feet in diameter, so you may guess how many gardenias, lilies of the valley, and stephanotis went to its composition.

We went to the Private View of Mr. Du Maurier's drawings, at the Fine Art Society's rooms in New Bond-street, on Saturday, and spent a pleasant hour in looking over some old friends out of the pages of *Punch*. The catalogue is, in itself, delightful, containing as it does the text of all Du Maurier's social satires that have appeared of late in *Punch*. It also gives a portrait of Mr. Du Maurier's dog, which has so often appeared in his pictures, and some appreciative notes on the artist written by Mr. Henry James. Among these I find a delicious description of "'Arriet" as delineated by Du Maurier. It says:—

> Her dress is contemporaneous, and sufficiently neutral; her person is of strictly feminine proportions; she is not afflicted with monstrous extremities, yet she exhales vulgarity. There is something quite wonderful in the way in which the body of her dress—attempting, with the contracted waist, a "figure," but not obtaining it—assures you that she cannot please.

Now, is not that well put?

There is quite a dearth of pretty frocks in the Park this season. People appear to imagine that because there are to be no State functions of any kind they need not buy any new clothes. If they would only think it over, they would see that here is the very opportunity to distinguish themselves and to be called the "best-dressed women in London." Another season they might easily be outshone, but this one is their chance of an innings.

What very dreadful want of taste people exhibit in their choice of knee-rugs! I have seen some very terrible specimens of late. And, oh! my dear, there was a yellow carriage in the Park last week, upholstered in bright scarlet, with the men in green liveries! There, now, what *do* you think of that?

Lily tells me of a pretty costume she saw lately at Vichy, in the afternoon. It was a muslin dress, with white ground and Pompadour bouquets (did not our mammas wear something of the kind in their young days?), and was trimmed with *plissés* of the same edged with flounces of old lace. The polonaise, of the same muslin, fitted tight to the waist behind, and remained puffed and loose in front; it was lifted up by knots of ribbon of the same colour as the bouquets on the dress. The sleeves and trimmings were of old lace. One day the wearer of this pretty costume put on the "Aurora" bonnet, a tiny structure of Italian straw and shot silk (moss and gold) with poppies of the same colour at the side; another day she wore the "Mireille" capote, made of black lace with a white tulle crown, and lilies of the valley at the side.

One of the prettiest dresses worn at the Princess de Sagan's fancy ball was that of a village bride, the wearer being the Duchesse de Frias (*née* Balfe). The Marquise de Belbœuf, with her fair hair all cut short, looked very pretty as a *gardeuse de dindons;* but the most original dress of all was that of a beggar, worn by the handsome Marquise d'Hervey de St. Denis, and which really is worth describing. A grey woollen skirt, with pieces of blue, maroon, green cloth let in at haphazard. A tunic of red poplin most naturally torn, pieced up, and lifted up on the side, showing a large pocket of checked stuff. The chemise, of

cream-coloured linen, showed above a black corslet; the hat was composed of a wide brim of very coarse straw, encircling a small red cap. The cloak, of grey stuff, was in rags, and lined with black. The Marquise's lovely fair hair was all spread upon her shoulders, and she carried a tiny hurdy-gurdy. Never was there so captivating a beggar-woman. Many of the gentlemen were dressed as carters, with blue silk blouses, nankeen trousers, and felt hats, with a bouquet of field flowers at the side.

This is a delicious way of cooking the quite young carrots that are to be had at this season:—

Wash and pare a sufficient quantity of them to fill a good-sized vegetable dish; partly cook them in boiling water; then cut them into long, thin pieces of equal length, and put them into a saucepan with a good piece of butter, some salt, pepper, and a little parsley; add a glassful of cream, and let the carrots simmer till quite tender. Just before dishing-up, thicken the sauce with the yolks of two eggs.

You will find omelette with cherries a nice dish for luncheon. Here is the recipe:—

Take fifty good-sized ripe cherries, and stone them; beat six eggs thoroughly, mix your cherries up with the eggs, then beat the whole up together. Cook your omelette as usual; cover it with powdered sugar when dishing it, and surround it with rum, which must be set alight just before being served.

Try these, and let me know how you like them. Good-bye, dear.—Ever your loving cousin,

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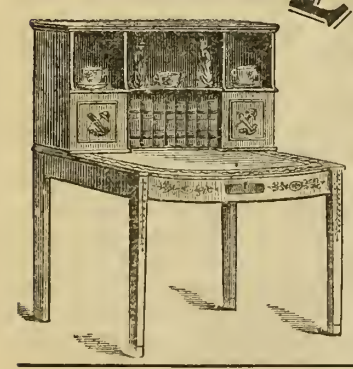

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BROWN'S
PATENT 'DERMATHISTIC' CORSET

BONES, BUSKS, AND SIDE STEELS PROTECTED BY LEATHER.

Ladies who indulge in such healthful and exhilirating exercises as Rowing, Riding, Driving, Lawn Tennis, &c. &c., will find the Dermathistic Corset invaluable, the leather facing being a sure prevention against bones, busks, or side steels breaking, while it renders the Corset most delightfully pliable to the figure during the most active or violent exertions, and retains its original shape to the end, thus making it for general wear, comfort, and durability the most useful Corset ever invented.

BEWARE of WORTHLESS IMITATIONS.

Every genuine pair is stamped on the Busks:

BROWN'S PATENT DERMATHISTIC.

Black and all Colors, 5/11 to 15/6

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EACH BOTTLE OF THIS CELEBRATED SAUCE PREPARED FROM THE ORIGINAL RECIPE BEARS THE WELL-KNOWN LABEL SIGNED

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E. LAZENBY & SON, London.
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As Used by H.R.H. The Prince of Wales.

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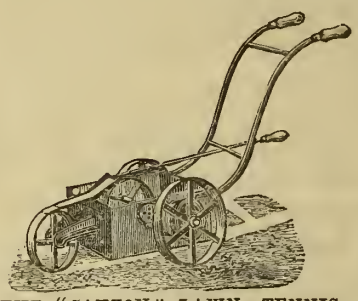

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TARAXACUM AND PODOPHYLLIN.—This fluid combination is used instead of blue pill and calomel for the cure of dyspepsia, biliousness, and all symptoms of congestion of the liver, generally pain beneath the shoulders, headache, drowsiness, no appetite, furred tongue, disagreeable taste in the morning, giddiness, disturbance of the stomach, and general depression. It sets the sluggish liver in motion, very slightly acts on the bowels, giving a sense of health and comfort within 24 hours. It is the safest medicine. Taraxacum and Podophyllin is made only by J. PEPPER, Bedford Laboratory, London, whose name is on every label. Bottles, 2s. 9d. Sold by all Chemists.

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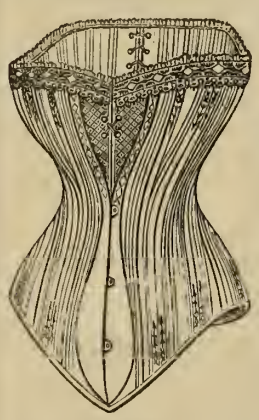
Symington's Divided Busk



Removes the gravest objection to the ordinary Corset, namely, the usual injurious pressure upon the delicate and vital organs of the chest, and meets the present demand for hygienic dress reform.

The upper portions of the busk are curved outwards, leaving the organs of respiration entirely free, and being ground down to the finest consistency, form beautifully yielding supports to the bosom part of the Corset.

This invention has been elaborated from the suggestions of an eminent medical man, who writes the Patentees as follows:—

"I am more than pleased with your invention, which I consider perfection. It will, I feel sure, entirely remove the distressing conditions which I have described. You may rely upon my influence in recommending the article to my numerous patients, and I trust your meritorious efforts will be fully appreciated by a grateful public."

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Manufactured solely from HOME-GROWN FRUIT and the BEST REFINED SUGAR.
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Specialties: 'Home-made' Strawberry Jam & Orange Marmalade.

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The Favourite Summer Beverage; wholesome and refreshing. A Delicious Cooling Drink—effectually quenching thirst.

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Prepared from the Lime Fruit. Is entirely free of Alcohol. A Wholesome Family Beverage for Dinner or Supper Table.

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A Delicious Drink in Water—Effervescing in all Aërated Waters. An Excellent Stimulant blended with Spirits.

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The Perfection of Fruit Beverages. Delicious, cooling, and refreshing In Water—effervescing In all the Mineral Waters.

ROSE'S LIME JUICE CORDIAL.
The Favourite Beverage for Lunch, Dinner, or Supper Parties. Eminently wholesome. No Table Should be without it.

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A Real Summer Delicacy; Cooling and refreshing in Water. Effervescing in all Aërated Waters. Effectually quenching thirst.

ROSE'S LIME JUICE CORDIAL.
The favourite Temperance beverage; delicious, cooling, and refreshing; entirely free of alcohol. Eminently wholesome.

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An excellent substitute for the Lemon as a flavouring in Summer Drinks, Claret Cups, &c. Cooling and refreshing.

ROSE'S LIME JUICE CORDIAL.
Is highly medicinal, cooling and purifying the blood. An excellent Stomachic, assisting digestion.

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No beverage has received higher recommendations from the Medical Profession as eminently wholesome. See *Lancet*.

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The family dinner table has additional attractions when supplied with Rose's Lime Juice Cordial in water.

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Non-alcoholic, It has now become the favourite Beverage all the year round.

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It has been decided in various Chancery suits that Rose & Co., London, are the original introducers of Lime Juice Cordial.

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Exported to all parts of the World. Special Export Terms.
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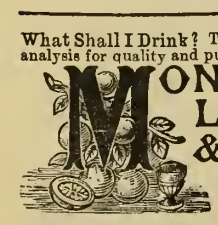
What Shall I Drink? The *Lancet* has subjected the Montserrat Lime Juice to full analysis for quality and purity, and recommends the public to drink it in preference to any form of alcohol.



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The invested assets exceed Four Millions. Whole World Licenses granted to Seamen and others permanently engaged on board ship at an extra premium of £1 per cent. Limited licenses for voyages not extending beyond 33 degrees North Latitude 10s. per cent.
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PERILS ABOUND ON EVERY SIDE!! The Railway Passengers' Assurance Company insures against Accidents of all kinds, on land or water, and has the Largest Invested Capital, the Largest Income, and pays yearly the Largest Amount of Compensation of any Accidental Assurance Company. Chairman, Harvie M. Farquhar, Esq. Apply to the Clerks at the Railway Stations, the Local Agents, or West-end Office, 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Charing Cross; or at the Head Office, 64, Cornhill, London, E.C.
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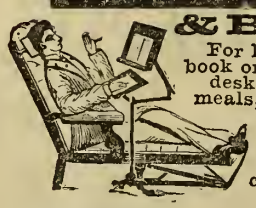
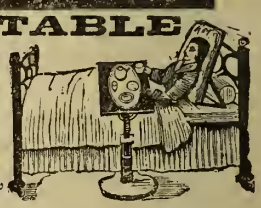
& BED TABLE



For holding a book or writing desk, lamp, meals, &c., in any position over an easy chair, bed, or sofa.



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HULL, BARNSLEY, AND WEST RIDING JUNCTION RAILWAY AND DOCK COMPANY.

(Incorporated 43 and 44 Vict., Cap. 199, August 26, 1880.)

ISSUE of £1,800,000 FIVE PER CENT. PERPETUAL PREFERENCE STOCK, 1884.

Price of Issue, £85 for each £100 of Stock.

Dividend commencing to accrue on the opening of the Railway and Dock. Interest at the rate of 4 per cent. per annum will be allowed by way of rebate on all amounts paid in advance of calls.

Issued under the authority given to the directors by the special general meetings of the proprietors held on the 24th of February, 1883, and on the 25th of August, 1883, and being part of the capital authorised by the Company's Acts of 1882 and 1883 respectively.

SUBSCRIPTIONS are INVITED by the DIRECTORS for the above Stock, on the following terms and conditions:—

1. The price is £85 for every £100 of Stock.
2. The payments to be as follows:—£10 on application; £15 on allotment; £25 on 1st August, 1884; £15 on 1st November, 1884; £10 on 1st February, 1885; £10 on 1st May, 1885.
3. Subscribers will have the option of paying the above-named instalments in advance on allotment, or on any one of the days fixed for the payment of any instalment, and interest at the rate of 4 per cent. per annum will be allowed by way of rebate for the time the payments in advance are made.
4. If an instalment remains unpaid after the due date, interest at the rate of £6 per cent. per annum will be charged upon the arrears.
5. In the event of any instalment and the interest thereon remaining unpaid for more than 30 days after the due date, the directors reserve to themselves the right to declare all previous payments forfeited, and to dispose of the stock at their discretion for the benefit of the Company.
6. All stock transferred is to be held by the transferee, subject to the conditions of the original allotment, and no stock will be transferred until any instalment of which notice has been sent is paid.
7. Twenty-one days' notice of the instalments will be given by post to the registered proprietors of the stock.

Up to the present time about £4,000,000 (of which £3,000,000 Ordinary Share Capital will rank after the present proposed issue) has been expended on the undertaking, but the works originally contemplated and authorised by the Company's Act of 1880, had been considerably enlarged to meet the present requirements of trade, and have been supplemented by further works authorised by Parliament under subsequent Acts, some of which have been paid for out of the original capital. The parliamentary estimate for the original works has been also somewhat largely exceeded by the high price of land in the neighbourhood of Hull, and by causes beyond the control of the Company's engineers.

The present issue is therefore required for the purpose of completing such of the works authorised by the Company's Acts of 1880, 1882, and 1883 respectively, as are absolutely necessary to enable the main line between Cudworth and Hull, together with the Alexandra Dock, to be opened for traffic and become a revenue-earning property.

The capital required is based upon a careful consideration of the report of Mr. Grierson, General Manager of the Great Western Railway, whose assistance has been obtained by the directors with the object of keeping down all unnecessary outlay.

Copy of Mr. Grierson's report accompanies the prospectus.

The engineers' estimates of the cost of the works remaining to be executed on April 30 last, including 10 per cent. for contingencies, are as follows:—

For the Railway Works	£746,475
For the Alexandra Dock Works	445,173
	£1,191,648

These estimates have been approved by the contractors, Messrs. Lucas & Aird, who have by the following letter undertaken to execute this work as specified for a sum not exceeding the above amount, and to hand over the railway and dock ready for the commencement of traffic by the 1st January, 1885, being the date named in the Company's contracts.

"37, Great George-street, Westminster, S.W.,
26th May, 1884.

"To the Directors of the Hull, Barnsley, and West Riding Junction Railway and Dock Company.

"Gentlemen,—According to your request we have considered with your engineers their estimate of the cost of the works of your railway and the Alexandra Dock, which they have specified to us as remaining to be executed on the 30th April last, amounting (including an allowance of 10 per cent. for contingencies) to—

"For the Railway Works	£746,475
"For the Dock Works	445,173
	"£1,191,648

"We are satisfied with and approve those estimates, and are prepared to undertake the execution of the works so specified for a sum to be settled with your engineers, not exceeding the above amount, and to hand over the Railway and Dock ready for the commencement of traffic by the 1st of January, 1885, being the date specified in our contracts.

"We are, gentlemen,
"Your obedient servants,
(Signed) "LUCAS & AIRD."

In addition to the cost of works estimated as above, provision must be made for the following items, viz.:—

Due to contractors for work executed from 1st January to 30th April	£300,000
Land purchases and charges to completion	245,000
Rolling stock and general equipment of the Railway and Dock, incidental expenses, &c.	230,000
	£825,000

It will be thus seen that the requirements of the Company previous to obtaining a working system of both railway and dock amount to about £2,000,000, which it is now proposed to provide by the issue of £1,800,000 Preference Stock, supplemented as occasion may require by the exercise of the Company's borrowing powers (the usual one-third proportion) in respect of this stock.

The directors have pleasure in announcing that they have prevailed upon Mr. J. S. Forbes, Chairman of the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway, and of the Metropolitan District Railway, and Mr. S. Swarbrick, late General Manager of the Great Eastern Railway, to join the board in the capacity of managing directors.

The great experience and the proved administrative capacity of these gentlemen will afford the strongest assurance to the proprietors that, in negotiations with other companies the best judgment will be exercised, and that in the internal management of the Company the greatest development of the property, combined with economy in working, may be anticipated with confidence.

The object for which the Company was incorporated in 1880 may be briefly recapitulated, together with the development of the enterprise since that date.

The Company was incorporated in 1880 for the purpose of constructing and maintaining a direct and independent line of railway from Hull to the centre of the South Yorkshire coalfield near Barnsley, together with a deep-water dock at Hull of an area of 46½ acres. The junctions authorised were with the following railways, viz.:—the Midland, the Lancashire and Yorkshire, the North-Eastern, the West Riding and Grimsby, and the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire.

In 1882 Parliament sanctioned the extension of the Company's system to Huddersfield and Halifax, with a junction with the London and North-Western Railway, and authorised the acquisition of further land for the extension of the Company's docks, and the construction of timber ponds and other works, but the carrying out of these extensions has been postponed.

In 1882 Parliament also sanctioned the incorporation of the Church Fenton and Wistow (now called Selby and Mid-Yorkshire Union Railway Company, having for its object the construction of a railway forming a junction with the Hull and Barnsley at Drax, and giving access by a junction with the North-Eastern to York and the Northern lines. This line, when constructed by the promoters of it, will be worked by the Hull and Barnsley Railway Company.

In 1883 Parliament further sanctioned the incorporation of the East and West Yorkshire Railway Company, having for its object the construction of a railway from Leeds to a junction with the Hull and Barnsley Railway at Drax, and with junctions to the Great Northern Railway at Ardsley and the Midland Railway at Woodlesford. Over this railway, when constructed, the Hull and Barnsley Company have running powers, thus obtaining improved access to Wakefield, Leeds, Bradford, and the West.

An examination of these facts, with the maps accompanying the prospectus, will show that the Company, since its incorporation, has acquired an increased prospect of a large and remunerative traffic.

It is satisfactory to note that, notwithstanding the prevailing depression in some parts, the trade of Hull shows a steady and satisfactory increase.

The following statistics show the tonnage of shipping upon which dock dues have been paid from 1873 to 1883, inclusive:—

1873	1,937,722	1879	2,224,658
1874	2,058,624	1880	2,346,708
1875	2,094,071	1881	2,217,219
1876	2,258,701	1882	2,424,441
1877	2,279,734	1883	2,460,584
1878	2,377,689		

The Directors feel no hesitation in stating that in their opinion the Alexandra Dock, when completed, will be one of the cheapest docks in the kingdom, having regard to its capacity, depth, width, and large quay space, and that it will be able to accommodate with great economy and facility a very large traffic.

The charge upon the revenue of the Company now ranking for payment of interest before the present issue is £45,200, which will be increased by about £25,500 when the borrowing powers in respect of the present issue of preference stock are exercised; these charges will probably be reduced at an early date on the falling in of the existing debenture bonds, by the issue of debenture stock bearing a lower rate of interest.

Subject to the payment of the above charges the whole net earnings on the outlay of about £6,000,000 will be available for paying the interest on the preference stock now offered.

Applications for stock should be made on the form enclosed with the prospectus, accompanied by a payment of £10 per £100 of stock applied for, and be forwarded to the Company's bankers, Messrs. Smith, Payne, & Smiths, London; or Messrs. Samuel Smith Brothers & Co., Hull.

Applications from shareholders will be preferentially considered.

If no allotment be made, the deposit will be returned in full, and if a less amount of stock than is applied for be allotted, the surplus of the deposit on application will be applied towards the amount payable on allotment.

Forms of application may be obtained of the Company's bankers, of the brokers of the Company, Messrs. James Capel & Co., and Messrs. Mullens, Marshall, & Co., London; and of the Secretary, at the Offices of the Company, 4, Charlotte-street, Hull, and 16, Tokenhouse-yard, London, E.C.

The SUBSCRIPTION was OPENED on WEDNESDAY, June 18, and will be CLOSED on or before THURSDAY, June 26, 1884.

By order. J. DANIELL, Secretary.

Hull, June 16, 1884.

PORTUGUESE THREE PER CENT. LOAN OF 1884.

For £10,260,000 Stock, of which £2,095,000 are reserved for London and Holland, in Bonds of £20, £100, and £500 each.

Messrs. STERN BROTHERS beg to announce that his Majesty the King of Portugal having, by the Laws of 21st June, 1883, and 14th May, 1884, and decrees of 27th December, 1883, and of 19th June, 1884, authorised the creation of £10,260,000 nominal capital Three per Cent. Stock, they have, in conjunction with the Comptoir d'Escompte de Paris, the Bank of Portugal, and several other Portuguese establishments, entered into a contract with the Portuguese Government for the same.

The Loan authorised by the Law of 21st June, 1883, of the amount of £1,880,000, is already placed; of the Loan of £8,380,000, authorised by the Law of the 14th May, 1884, £4,190,000 have been taken firm by the Portuguese Banks; £2,095,000 are reserved for France, Belgium, and Switzerland, and Messrs. STERN BROTHERS are now prepared to receive applications for the remaining £2,095,000 in London, and in Holland through their Agents there.

The Bonds for this Loan will be to "Bearer" in amounts of £20, £100, and £500 each, and will bear interest at the rate of Three per cent. per annum, payable half-yearly, on the 1st January and 1st July in each year, at the Portuguese Financial Commission in London, in pounds sterling, at the Comptoir d'Escompte de Paris, in Paris, at the exchange of 25.25, and in Amsterdam at 11 gilders 80 cents per £ sterling, and will be similar in tenor to the Portuguese Three per Cent. Bonds at present in existence.

Subscription Lists will be opened simultaneously at the Comptoir d'Escompte de Paris in Paris, at the Bank of Portugal in Lisbon, at the Banco Aliança in Oporto, and in Holland and Belgium.

The Bonds issued in London and Holland will be countersigned by Messrs. STERN BROTHERS, those issued in Paris and Belgium by the Comptoir d'Escompte de Paris, and those issued in Portugal by the Bank of Portugal. The Bonds will be provided with Coupons, which will be renewed when exhausted free of expense.

The price of issue is £50. 10s. for every £100 Stock, with Interest from 1st July, 1884, payable as follows:—

£5	per Cent.	on Application.
5	,,	,, Allotment.
10	,,	,, 1st August, 1884.
10	,,	,, 3rd October, 1884.
10	,,	,, 19th November, 1884.
10 10s.	,,	,, 2nd January, 1885 (deducting 1½ per cent. dividend less English Income-tax).
£50 10s.		

In case of non-allotment, the Deposit will be returned without further liability on the part of the Contractors.

Holders of Scrip may anticipate the payment of all the instalments on, or any day after, the 4th July, and will be allowed a discount of 4 per cent. per annum.

In default of due payment of the respective instalments all previous payments will be liable to forfeiture.

The English Scrip receipts will, with all possible despatch, be exchanged for Bonds after all the instalments have been paid.

Foreign Scrip receipts will be issued at the several places of subscription, and will be exchangeable for Bonds only at the place of issue.

Fully-paid Scrip or Bonds will be received by the Portuguese Financial Commission in London, for conversion into Internal Stock, at the option of the holders, during one year from the date of emission of this loan, at the rate of 53⅓ pence per milreis.

The subscription list will be opened on Thursday, the 26th inst., and will be closed on Friday, the 27th inst., at 4 p.m. for London, and for the country on the following morning. Applications in the accompanying form will be received in London by Messrs. STERN BROTHERS.

London, 24th June, 1884.

PORTUGUESE THREE PER CENT. LOAN OF 1884.

For £10,260,000 Stock.

No. .....

LETTER OF APPLICATION.

Messrs. STERN BROTHERS,
LONDON.

GENTLEMEN,

Having paid to you the sum of ....., ... request you to allot ..... Pounds Stock in the above Loan, and ..... hereby agree to accept that amount or any smaller sum that may be allotted to ....., and to pay the further instalments thereon as they may become due, according to the terms of your Prospectus of the 24th June, 1884.

Your obedient Servant,

.....

Address in full .....

Dated June, 1884.

STEAM LAUNDRIES IN LONDON AND THE PROVINCES.

NOTICE TO INVESTORS.

THOMAS BRADFORD & CO., Practical and Consulting Steam Laundry Engineers, have, during the last 20 years, in the ordinary course of their business as Laundry Engineers (with a few exceptions), entirely designed, fitted up, and started for their clients the undermentioned Public Steam Laundries, which have been established by LOCAL CAPITAL, local influence, and local architects, altogether apart from speculative promotion, and altogether without the costly aid of professional promotion.

RELIABLE information and advise is most respectfully tendered by THOMAS BRADFORD & Co. to all desirous of becoming investors in steam laundry undertakings, T. B. & Co. having had exceptional experience in every class of steam laundries that have been established by private enterprise or by local limited liability combination.

IT is well known in the "Metropolitan" district that THOMAS BRADFORD & Co., Consulting Steam Laundry Engineers, established and worked at their own cost a large Public Steam Laundry for several years before they undertook the responsibility of recommending Steam Laundries as an investment to their numerous clients.

THOMAS BRADFORD & CO., Consulting Steam Laundry Engineers, were the first (nearly twenty years ago) to recognise the great importance of SANITARY CONDITIONS in the construction and working of Public Steam Laundries, and those most recently carried out by them are recognised as models for imitation.

THOMAS BRADFORD & CO., Consulting Steam Laundry Engineers, respectfully offer their advice and experience to investors in Steam Laundries, with a view to such undertakings being entered upon under conditions that afford a fair gnarantee of success.

HEALTH EXHIBITION.—THOMAS BRADFORD & CO., Steam Laundry Engineers, are exhibiting, in the Western Gallery, at the Health Exhibition a Working Steam Laundry, embracing their special manufactures and steam laundry appliances, and where T. B. & Co. will be glad to afford all desirable information appertaining to steam laundry nndertakings.

THOMAS BRADFORD & CO., Steam Laundry Engineers, have also at their London Offices and Show Rooms, 140, 141, 142, 143, High Holborn, a complete exhibit of all their Steam Laundry Machinery and Specialties, and where all desirable information appertaining to Steam Laundries, public or private, can be obtained.

THOMAS BRADFORD & CO., Practical and Consulting Steam Laundry Engineers, have during the last twenty years in the ordinary course of their business (with a few exceptions), entirely designed, fitted up, and started for their clients (in addition to a large number for Public and Private Institutions) the following Public Steam Laundries, which are working satisfactorily, and which have effected in their respective localities most important improvements in the sanitary and economical conditions of Laundry Work generally:

STEAM LAUNDRIES IN LONDON AND DISTRICT.

London and Provincial Steam Laundry.
West End Sanitary Steam Laundry.
Camden Steam Laundry.
Hampstead Sanitary Steam Laundry.
Willesden Sanitary Steam Laundry.
Imperial Desborough Steam Laundry.
Highbury Steam Laundry.
Norwood Sanitary Steam Laundry.
Nottiug-hill (Crane's) Steam Laundry.
Richmond Sanitary Steam Lanndry.
Royal Chiswick Steam Laundry.
Kingston-on-Thames Steam Laundry.
St. James (Holloway) Steam Laundry.
Finsbury-park Steam Laundry.
Richmond (Hackney) Steam Laundry.
Mildmay-park Steam Laundry.
Nine Elms House Steam Laundry.
Stamford-hill (Penitentiary) Steam Laundry.
Harrow Stream Laundry.
Eton Steam Laundry.
Watford Steam Laundry.
Uxbridge Steam Laundry.
South Wimbledon (Worple-road) Steam Lanndry.
Kensington (Walham-green) Steam Laundry, South Kensington.
And numerous other (smaller) Steam Laundries in the Metropolitan District.

STEAM LAUNDRIES IN THE PROVINCES.

Bath Steam Laundry.
Liverpool and Glasgow Steam Laundry, Liverpool.
Folkestone Steam Laundry.
Cambridge Steam Laundry.
Ventnor Steam Laundry (Isle of Wight).
Southsea Steam Laundry.
Brunswick (Portsea) Steam Laundry.
Dorking Steam Laundry.
Torquay Steam Laundry.
Bedford Steam Laundry.
Burton-on-Trent Steam Laundry.
Yarmouth Steam Laundry.
Bournemonth Steam Laundry.
Cheltenham Steam Laundry.
Sonth Hants (Southampton) Steam Laundry.
Clifton Steam Laundry, Bristol.
Clifton (Bromheads) Steam Laundry, Bristol.
Dorchester Steam Laundry.
Weymouth Steam Laundry.
Eastbourne Steam Laundry.
Clevedon Steam Laundry.
Hull Steam Laundry.
Nottingham Steam Laundry.
Norwich Steam Laundry.
Lincoln Steam Laundry.
Gloucester Steam Lauudry.
Edinburgh Steam Lanndry.
Newcastle and Gateshead Steam Laundry.
Weston-super-Mare Steam Laundry.
Fratton (Portsmouth) Steam Laundry.

AND NUMEROUS OTHER STEAM LAUNDRIES IN GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND; AND ALSO IN THE COLONIES.

THOMAS BRADFORD & CO.,
LAUNDRY ENGINEERS,
HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON.
VICTORIA-AVENUE, MANCHESTER.
BOLD STREET, LIVERPOOL.
CRESCENT IRON WORKS, SALFORD.

THE CANNES-VALLAURIS LAND IMPROVEMENT COMPANY (Limited).—The Company has entered into a Contract with Messrs. Taylor & Co., contractors, by which that firm agrees to purchase from year to year, over a period of five years, 60 Acres of the Company's land (less the necessary land for roads), at the rate of 12 francs 50 centimes per square mètre, and to build thereon at the rate of about Twelve Acres per year.

By the carrying out of this Agreement the Company will receive a snm nearly equivalent to the total payable in respect of the Mortgage of £57,700 and the 8,000 B Debentures now offered for Subscription.

THE CANNES-VALLAURIS LAND IMPROVEMENT COMPANY (Limited).—Issue of 8,000 B MORTGAGE DEBENTURES of £10 each, bearing Interest at £6 per centum per annum, payable half-yearly, and giving to the holders a right of participation in profits. These Debentures will be secured upon about 268 acres (1,095,615 square mètres) of Freehold Land, subject only to a First Mortgage of £57,700, part of £169,700, the purchase-money payable to the vendors for the land. Subscribers to participate in profits as explained below. Price of Issue, Par; payable 10s. on Application, £1 on Allotment, £3. 10s. one calendar month after, and the remainder as required. All Debentures not previously redeemed will be paid off within ten years from the date of issue. Subscribers will retain their right to a Share in the profits of the undertaking after their Debentures have been paid off. The Company will, after one year from the issue of the B Debentures, accept such Debentures in part payment of the purchase of land.

THE CANNES-VALLAURIS LAND IMPROVEMENT COMPANY (Limited).—Incorporated nnder the Companies Acts, 1862 to 1883. The lowest estimated profit of the undertaking is £200,000, and Shares representing this amount, viz.:—50,000 Shares of £4 each—will be created. Of these Shares seven have been subscribed for and will be taken by the seven persons who have signed the Memorandum of Association, the remaining 49,993 will be issued as fully paid-up. To enable the B Debenture Holders to participate in the ultimate profits, one Fully Paid-up Share of £4 will be allotted to the holder of every B Debenture of £10. Shares will not bear any Dividend nntil all principal money and interest due upon the Mortgage and Debentures of the Company have been paid. The entire property will be legally hypothecated to the following Trustees on behalf and for the protection of the B Debenture Holders.

TRUSTEES FOR DEBENTURE HOLDERS.

Sir Charles Craufurd Bart., J P., 10, Warwick-square, S.W., and Burgh Hall, Lincolnshire.
Charles J. Lacy, Esq., Messrs. Lacy, Hartland, Woodbridge, & Co., Bankers, London.
The Viscount M. F. René de Martel de Janville, 26, Rue Washington, Paris.

BANKERS.

In London.—Messrs. Barclay, Bevan, Tritton, & Co., Lombard-street, E.C.
In Paris.—Banque Général d'Assurance, 36, Avenue de l'Opéra.
In Cannes.—Messrs. John Taylor & Riddett, 43 and 45, Rue de Frejus.
BROKER.—Charles Billett, Esq , 5, Copthall-buildings, London, E.C.
STANDING COUNSEL.—Edward Blair Michell, Esq., Barrister-at-Law, and Bachelier en Droit, 90, Chancery-lane, London.

SOLICITORS.

For the Trnstees—Messrs. Campbell, Reeves, & Hooper, 17, Warwiok-street, London, S.W.
For the Company—Henry Arthur Graham, Esq., Lonsdale-chambers, 27, Chancery-lane, London.
SECRETARY (pro tem.)—Mr. George Shenton.

OFFICES.

In London—Crown-buildings, Crown-court, Old Broad-street, E.C.
In Paris—34, Rue de la Victoire.

THE CANNES-VALLAURIS LAND IMPROVEMENT COMPANY (Limited).

ABRIDGED PROSPECTUS.

This Company has been formed for the purpose of acquiring and developing a most attractive Building Estate, situate in the Commune of Vallauris, in France, immediately adjoining the town of Cannes and its fashionable suburb, "La Californie."

The first Mortgage of £57,700 is equal to about 1s. 0½d. per square mètre only, and the £80,000 B Debenture Capital is equal to about 1s. 5½d. per mètre only. It will thus be seen that the holders of these Debentures will be most amply secured.

Particular attention is called to the fact that this Estate will be drained in the most effective manner, according to the latest improvements in sanitary engineering, the situation of the ground affording special facilities for effectually and economically carrying off the sewage.

The present Water Company of Cannes will provide the Estate with drinking and service water from their lately-constructed Canal de la Siagne, which runs close to the Northern side of the Estate.

The only Agreements entered into are an Agreement dated the 30th day of January, 1884, made between Count Henri de Pazzis, acting on behalf of Monsieur Videau Perriere, of the one part, and E. Charles Burgess, of the other part. Five letters from the said Count Henri de Pazzis to the said E. Charles Burgess, dated respectively 6th February, 20th April, 28th April, 14th May, and 22nd May, 1884, and a telegram from the said Count Henri de Pazzis to the said E. Charles Burgess, dated 12th Jnne, 1884 (granting extensions of time); an Agreement dated the 21st day of May, 1884, made between the Company and J. C. Marsh; an Agreement dated the 21st day of May, 1884, made between the Company of the one part, and Thomas Walmsley Taylor and Linton Pwiddle of the other part; and a Bond dated the 21st day of May, 1884, given by the said J. C. Marsh to the Company.

The above Agreements, Letters, and Telegrams, the Bond, the Memorandum, the Articles of Association and Special Resolutions, the Certified Plan of the Estate, the Report of Messrs. Manuel and C. Toussaint Giraud, the various Resolutions of the Municipal Council of Vallauris, and the certified translations thereof, authorising the sale of the property, can be inspected at the Offices of the Solicitor to the Company during the advertisement of this prospectus, between the hours of Eleven and Four.

Application will be made in due course to the Committee of the Stock Exchange for a settlement and quotation.

Full Prospectus, Map, and Reports can be obtained at the Bankers, Brokers, and Offices of the Company.

June 13, 1884.

NATIONAL STOCK EXCHANGE,

110, CANNON STREET, LONDON, E.C.

STOCKS or SHARES bought or sold at tape prices.
No Commission or Brokerage charged.
Speculative accounts opened from 1 per cent. cover.
With no further liability.
OPTIONS granted at tape prices.
Special advantages offered to Investors.
Close market prices guaranteed
Orders by post or telegram have immediate attention.
Coupons cashed before they are due.
Money advanced on Stocks and Shares.
Large Reading Room, with both tapes, and
Telephones for the free use of clients.
Prospectus and advice forwarded gratis by the Proprietors,

A. S. COCHRANE & SONS,

STOCKBROKERS & DEALERS.

CONSOLIDATED CREDIT AND MORTGAGE CORPORATION, Limited, 40, Great Tower-street, E.C. Advances £10 to £1,000. No delay. No fees. Personal application to the Secretary.

Ladies

Do you want a pure, blooming Complexion? If so, a few applications of Hagan's MAGNOLIA BALM will gratify you to your heart's content. It does away with Sallowness, Redness, Pimples, Blotches, and all diseases and imperfections of the skin. It overcomes the flushed appearance of heat, fatigue and excitement. It makes a lady of THIRTY appear but TWENTY; and so natural, gradual, and perfect are its effects, that it is impossible to detect its application.

FRAUD. Important Notice.

VIN MARIANI—COCA WINE.

VIN MARIANI should be particularly demanded, as there are several fraudulent and worthless imitations of this valuable preparation.

By its use health is restored and strength obtained.

This Peruvian plant yields from its leaves the most powerful tonic yet discovered; its effects are more speedy, more apparent, and more durable than any other known, it is a nervous excitant, giving great muscular vigour and sustaining the human frame under unusual physical exertion and fatigue.

Delicate persons and people of nervous and excitable temperament will find this Wine a real boon, as it supplies just the stamina required. Invalids and convalescents will find in it the gentle stimulant and sustaining power so eagerly sought after. It is exceedingly pleasant to take, and is used by very abstemious persons as a Dessert Wine. It is of a low alcoholic strength, containing only the percentage of an ordinary Burgundy. It may be taken continuously as it does not derange the nervous system, as is too often the case where Bark or Quinine are given.

This wine is in great repute on the Continent and is prescribed very largely by all the principal physicians.

A Pamphlet, giving a detailed account of it, will be forwarded on application to the Agents,

ROBERTS & CO.

London: 76, New Bond Street. Paris: 5, Rue de la Paix.

COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS.

COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS, FOR LIVER.

COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS, FOR BILE.

COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS, FOR INDIGESTION.

Tikheel

cures Neuralgia Tic and Toothache

NERVOUS AND SICK HEADACHE.

TIKHEEL is not pretended to be a cure for every ache and pain, but a certain and safe remedy for rapidly relieving and speedily curing TIC in the head, TIC in the face, TIC in the Gums, NERVOUS & SICK HEADACHE, TOOTHACHE (even when proceeding from a decayed tooth rendering extraction unnecessary). It also removes at once the Toothache to which. Females are at times so peculiarly subject. Price 2s. 6d., of all Chemists, London: Savory & Moore, 143, New Bond-street, W.; Butler & Crispe, 4, Cheapside, E.C.; Edinburgh: Duncan Flockhart & Co. Belfast: Grattan & Co.; Paris: Roberts & Co., 5, Rue de la Paix. Do not be persuaded to "Try something else." PARCELS POST FREE for 2s. 9d. in Stamps, or P.O.O., from the Manufacturers, CLARKE, BLEASDALE, BELL, & CO., YORK.

LEATH & ROSS'S SPECIAL PREPARATIONS.

"Fair hand, smooth skin, how beautiful ye are."

AUROZINE (the New Remedy) Preserves the Hands, Skin, Lips, removing signs of cold and sea air, smooths, whitens, renders supple, and imparts healthy tint to the skin, frees the pores, is pleasant to use, colourless and not greasy. Highly serviceable in abrasions and for cracked or sore lips. Vegetable, not mineral. In bottles, 1s., 1s. 6d., and 2s. 6d.; by post, 1s. 3d., 1s. 9d., 3s.

"Her teeth were pure as virgin ivory."

ANTISEPTIC TOOTH TINCTURE, or LIQUID DENTIFRICE, the best preparation for the Teeth and Gums, whitens the Teeth, preserves the Enamel, hardens the Gums, fixes the Teeth, and counteracts decay. In bottles, 1s., 1s. 6d., and 2s. 6d.; post-free, 1s. 3d., 1s. 9d., and 2s. 9d.

"Its fragrancy and cleansing powers were seen."

DORE'S TRANSPARENT SOAP is the Soap of the Day. It is perfect in purity and strength, thoroughly cleansing the skin, while free from soda. DORÉ'S TRANSPARENT SOAP preserves the natural hue and benefits the skin. In boxes, 1s. and 1s. 6d., containing three cakes each.

"I breathe again, and freely court the breeze."

GLYKALINE, THE APPROVED REMEDY FOR Colds, Coughs, and Catarrhs. Miss Melville, 40, Upper Mansell-street, Swansea, writes:—"My niece for the past five years has suffered from Hay Fever. GLYKALINE has done her much good. Hers was a stubborn case. I send this in common justice that others may find the benefit from GLYKALINE." Of this approved remedy, Mrs. Bruce (Lesarrach, Roscrea) says:—"It acted almost miraculously with me. In a bad case of bronchitis I was perfectly cured." GLYKALINE for Coughs and Colds is unprecedented. "Talon Rouge," in *Vanity Fair* says:—"This medicine has the valuable property of CURING cold in the head. BEFORE NIGHT I WAS PERFECTLY CURED. It is called GLYKALINE." This independent contributor bears witness to the healing properties of this remarkable specific. Price 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., and 4s. 6d.; post-free, 1s. 3d., 3s., and 4s. 9d. All Chemists.

"Balmy sleep gave sweet repose."

NEURALINE.—THE APPROVED SPECIFIC, Cures Toothache, Neuralgia, and all Nerve Pains, Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica, and Face-Ache. Often acts instantaneously. In many cases a single application cures; in all cases relief. Writes Sir J. Matheson:—"Mr. Edgar, of Butt Lighthouse, Island of Lewis, N.B.—Mrs. Edgar cannot fully express her thanks to Lady Matheson for the NEURALINE. It proved THE MOST SUCCESSFUL REMEDY SHE HAD EVER APPLIED." All Chemists, 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d.; by post 1s. 3d. and 3s.

"Grateful and good as dew on parched soil."

OZONISED OIL.—THE NEW PREPARATION FOR THE HAIR. Nourishes it, arrests decay, stimulates the growth. Not a dye and is easily applied. Confidently recommended. 1s., 1s. 6d., and 2s. 9d.; post-free, 1s. 3d., 1s. 9d., and 3s.

"Essential curative, most welcome."

ODONTALGIC ESSENCE.—A Liquid Stopping for Decayed Teeth. Hardens and completely protects, gives security and ease, and aids mastication. Highly appreciated. 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d.; post-free 1s. 3d. and 3s.

"Nature regained her normal powers."

PHOSPHO-MURIATE of QUININE.—A SPECIAL PREPARATION FOR GENERAL DEBILITY. This Specific renews the failing system. Lassitude, Headache, Sleeplessness, Nervousness, Excitement, and Depression disappear. It relieves Exhaustion and Brain-weariness. 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., and 4s. 6d.; post-free 1s. 3d., 3s., and 4s. 9d.

"Insidious, undermining foes, begone!"

WORM POWDERS for Adults and Children. Parents should remember that the injurious effects caused by Worms are very serious, not only to the physical system of children, but to their mental development. These WORM POWDERS remove Intestinal Worms of large and small size. Price 1s. 6d. and 2s. 6d. post-free.

"Remove the Cause, and the Effect shall cease."

PLAIN DIRECTIONS FOR COMMON COMPLAINTS, sent post-free by

LEATH & ROSS, HOMŒOPATHIC CHEMISTS, 5, ST. PAUL'S; and 9, VERE STREET.

A FACT WORTH KNOWING.

BEECHAM'S PILLS

Are admitted by thousands to be worth above a guinea a box, for Bilious and Nervous Disorders, such as wind and pain at the stomach, sick headache, giddiness, fulness, and swelling after meals, dizziness and drowsiness, cold chills, flushings of heat, loss of appetite, shortness of breath, costiveness, scurvy, blotches on the skin, disturbed sleep, frightful dreams, and all nervous and trembling sensations, &c. The first dose will give relief in twenty minutes. This is no fiction, for they have done it in thousands of cases.

Every sufferer is earnestly invited to try one box of these pills, and they will be acknowledged to be

Worth a Guinea a Box.

For females of all ages these pills are invaluable. No female should be without them. There is no medicine to be found to equal Beecham's Pills for removing any obstruction or irregularity of the system. If taken according to the directions given with each box they will soon restore females of all ages to robust health.

For a weak stomach, impaired digestion, and all disorders of the liver, they act like "MAGIC," and a few doses will be found to work wonders upon the most important organs in the human machine. They strengthen the whole muscular system, restore the long-lost complexion, bring back the keen edge of appetite, and arouse into action the whole physical energy of the human frame. These are "FACTS" admitted by thousands, embracing all classes of society, and one of the best guarantees to the nervous and debilitated is

Beecham's Pills have the largest sale of any Patent Medicine in the world.

Full directions are given with each box.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND PATENT MEDICINE DEALERS.

THE

GRESHAM

LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY.

ST. MILDRED'S HOUSE, POULTRY, LONDON, E.C.

FUNDS.

Realised Assets (1883)	£3,351,200
Life Assurance and Annuity Funds	3,265,000
Annual Income	664,094

The Directors are prepared to receive from Local Boards and Corporations applications for Loans upon Rates. The Society also grant Loans upon Security of Freehold, Copyhold, and Leasehold Property, Life Interests, and Reversions.

Prospectus, Reports, and Proposal Forms, on application to the Society's Agents and Branch Offices; or to

JOSEPH ALLEN, *Secretary.*

THE WONDERFUL VELVETEENS AT 2/- A YARD.

LEWIS'S, in Market Street, Manchester, are the Manufacturers of fine, first-class Velveteens, which are now known all over the world. They are fast pile and fast dyed, and every inch is guaranteed.

If a dress should wear badly, or be in any respect faulty, LEWIS'S will give a new dress for nothing at all, and pay the full cost for making and trimming.

The price of these beautiful Velveteens in Black and all the most beautiful Colours now worn is 2s. a yard. This quality Velveteen is sold by the best Drapers at 3s. 6d., 4s. 6d., and 5s. 6d. a yard. The public, although they don't know it, have to pay two or three profits, the difference between the manufacturer's price and the price the consumer pays for Velveteens.

LEWIS'S, of Market Street, Manchester, manufacture these Velveteens themselves, and sell them (or it might almost be said give them) to the public for 2s. a yard. LEWIS'S ask ladies to write for patterns of these extraordinary Velveteens.

They will then be able to judge for themselves whether LEWIS'S, of Market Street, Manchester, praise their Velveteens more than they deserve.

WRITE for PATTERNS on an ordinary post card.

LEWIS'S Pay Carriage on all Orders to any address in Great Britain or Ireland.

When writing please mention this Paper.

LEWIS'S, IN MARKET STREET, MANCHESTER.

USE HOP BITTERS

They give new life and vigour to the aged and infirm. To all whose employments cause irregularity of the bowels or urinary organs, or who require an Appetizer, Tonic, and Mild Stimulant, these Bitters are invaluable, being highly curative, tonic, and stimulating, without intoxicating.

Balmy sleep, good digestion, rich blood, and perfect health in Hop Bitters.

Cures Drowsiness, Biliousness, pains and aches.

It is no vile drugged stuff, pretending to be made of wonderful foreign roots, barks, &c., and puffed up by long bogus certificates of pretended miraculous cures, but a simple, pure, effective medicine, made of well-known valuable remedies, that furnishes its own certificates by its cures. The purest and best of medicines ever made.

LADIES' WATERPROOF CLOAKS

Free and Safe for 20s.

THE VERY BEST QUALITY.

These splendid Macintoshes at 20s. each, are made from the finest Canton Cloth, with Hoods, and each one is inclosed in a waterproof case, with patent spring fasteners and handle. The proprietors of the Bon Marché have these splendid Macintoshes for Ladies specially manufactured of a light yet very durable material, guaranteed to retain its softness and lustre *in any Climate* however severe, *and perfectly waterproof.* The same kind of Ladies' Macintoshes are sold by the best houses for 30s.

Samples of the fabric in different colours free by post.

THE BON MARCHÉ,

IN BASNETT STREET, LIVERPOOL.

Furnish your Houses or Apartments

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1. The sum of £2. 2s. will be given every week for the best EPIGRAM, CONUNDRUM, LIPOGRAM, BOUTS-RIMÉS, or whatever the announced subject of the competition for the week may be.

2. The Puzzle Editor reserves the right, however, of dividing the above sum between two or more competitors, or of withholding the prize, should exceptional circumstances render such a course desirable.

3. The decision and award of the Puzzle Editor must be considered final and irrevocable, and, for obvious reasons, no appeal from his critical judgments can be entertained.

4. In every instance the Prize will be given in money, subject to no condition whatever, except the publication of the winner's real name and address in this journal.

5. Competitors will be allowed eight days for the composition and despatch of their efforts; but all such communications must, at the latest, be received at the TRUTH OFFICE by the first post on Friday morning in the week succeeding the publication of the subject for competition.

6. Not more than one Prize will be given in a Quarter to the same competitor.

7. ALL NEW CONTRIBUTORS ARE REQUIRED TO FORWARD WITH THEIR FIRST ANSWERS THEIR REAL NAMES AND ADDRESSES FOR REGISTRATION; such names and addresses will not be published except in the case of Prize-winners.

8. The *nom-de-plume* chosen by competitors should not exceed 12, and must under no circumstances consist of more than 14 letters.

9. COMPETITORS MUST ON NO ACCOUNT CHANGE THE NOMS-DE-PLUME THEY HAVE ONCE ASSUMED.

10. On the announcement of the Prize-winner's *nom-de-plume*, the successful competitor must write and make formal application for the Prize, stating the address to which the cheque must be sent. Any competitor failing to do so within three months of winning the Prize will forfeit all claim to the same.

11. No communications can be received on post-cards, by telegraph, or by hand. They must all be sent by the time named above, all post letters addressed—

PUZZLE EDITOR OF "TRUTH," CARTERET-STREET, QUEEN ANNE'S-GATE, S.W.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 279.—PARLIAMENTARY CAST OF "THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL."

X. X. X. (J. J. Bisgood, Esq., B.A., Bute Docks Office, Cardiff) £2 2 0

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 280.

With regard to this competition, I have to state that, as the full copy of the Rules was not published when the competition was given, it has been resolved to include in the contest the Elevens sent in by the following competitors, which were received by the second post on Friday, the 13th inst.:—J. McLaren, Erin, Landing Net, Thos. Hunt, R. Hankey, Calpe, Wandsworth, W. A. Clark, Piper, Tink-a-Tink, Stop in Bed, Fad, Mitigate, Knotty Ash, Royal Albert, Jimma Scranna, Tomas, Blerney, Falcon, Harris, Old Daredi Stoll, E. J. Prest, A. E. E., William Leslie, Boss, Blurney Jim, Hope, Little Billie, Tossie, Hallie, John Halifax, Taurus, Norman Barrow.

The widespread interest taken in cricket has been clearly shown by the unusually large number of replies received in competition for Prize No. 280. The suggested Elevens poured in by every post, and even since the close of the competition, I have received scores more of them from various parts. The examination and classification of so many answers has naturally been a heavy task. But it was necessary, in order to publish a large proportion of the Elevens, to attempt a classification of some sort, and by means of the plan I adopted, coupled with the substitution of figures for names, it will have been seen that I was able to print the composition of over a thousand Elevens. Any one who studied them carefully will have noticed several curious facts. The first is the very large number of cricketers mentioned in the competition. The sixty-seven different names published by no means exhaust the variety, for the unpublished Elevens contained at least ten more names, such as Mr. D. Q. Steel, Mr. M. P. Lucas, Tester, J. Hide, &c., which were mentioned by one or more competitors. The fact, then, that in making up the representative eleven nearly four score of contemporary cricketers should have been suggested more or less frequently is a striking proof of how cricket opinion varies. But, as will have been seen at a glance, the changes were, as a rule, rung on some twenty names at most. There were five or six names to be found in well-nigh every eleven sent in. Mr. W. G. Grace, I may say, was named in all of them, save three; while Mr. A. G. Steel was only omitted in seven. Messrs. A. P. Lucas, C. T. Studd, A. Lyttelton, W. W. Read, and Barnes came next in order in popularity; and then, I think, Lord Harris and Mr. O'Brien, with Peate, Ulyett, Barlow, Bates. A number of competitors saw fit to write letters justifying their selection, but in such a competition the names chosen spoke for themselves, and needed no explanation. As I announced, I have had assistance in deciding as to the best eleven. An experienced cricketer who has long had much to do with playing the game, though he is not now prominently before the public, has most kindly assisted me in the award. After long and keen discussion, and the deliberation due to so difficult a question, it has been decided that the best possible Eleven that could be made up of Englishmen in play this season would be one containing the following cricketers:—1. Mr. W. G. Grace; 2. Mr. A. G. Steel; 3. Mr. A. P. Lucas; 4. Mr. C. T. Studd; 5. Hon. A. Lyttelton; 6. Mr. W. W. Read; 7. Barnes; 8. Barlow; 9. Ulyett; 10. Peate; and 11. Bates; or, to use the numbers employed last week, Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 9, 10, 11, 12 and 13. This having been determined on, it was found on search that no less than 6 competitors had sent in Elevens made up in exactly the same way as the selected Eleven just given. A scrutiny of last week's Puzzle page will show that these six competitors are Maggar, J. H. Busteed, Crying Tom, Francis, Rector, and Vandsdelzen, amongst whom it will be necessary to equally divide the sum of Two Guineas which is available.

A very large number of competitors, it will be seen, were within an ace of winning, as their elevens differed as regards one man only from the prize one. Ten men out of the eleven will, I think, be found included in hundreds of the Specimen Elevens. One competitor, I may mention as a curiosity of the competition, selected Spofforth as one of his, or rather her, eleven.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 283.

The Prize will be given this week for an exercise of ingenuity known as "Burying Names." The names to be "buried" are those of the Australian cricketers now in this country, and the Prize will be given to that competitor who

SUCCEEDS IN "BURYING" IN A SENTENCE OR PARAGRAPH OF NOT MORE THAN SEVENTY-FIVE WORDS IN ALL, AND ON ANY SUBJECT, THE LARGEST NUMBER OF THE SAID NAMES IN A NEAT AND COMPLETE MANNER.

The names to be taken for the purpose are the following:—Murdoch, Bonnor, M'Donnell, Bannerman, Giffen, Palmer, Blackham, Midwinter, Scott, Spofforth, Boyle, Cooper, and Alexander; and it is not supposed that any one will succeed in properly "burying" all of them. In fact, the prize will not necessarily be given to the competitor who "buries" the largest number, unless the operation be performed in a neat and workmanlike manner. Thus, to give an obvious example, in the words "The Black Hamburgh grapes" the name Blackham is not "buried" with that completeness which could be desired. By the exercise of a little ingenuity it could doubtlessly be more artfully concealed.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

X. X. X.—You will be ineligible for a prize for thirteen clear weeks from the date of the publication of the Puzzle in answering which you were successful.

COCKYOLLIBIRD.—I am sorry you had not quite enough time to complete your researches.

LAUSANNE.—Your "Eleven" was duly received, and was left unacknowledged by an oversight. It was composed thus:—1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 9, 10, 11, 12.

F. HOOKER.—A similar answer applies to your Eleven—1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 9, 10, 11, 13.

AMERICA AND ASIA.—America was intended, as you surmised. In Asia's case it was an oversight.

OLD SKY BLUE.—I am much obliged to you for your kind suggestion, and for the sample of riddles it contains.

R. BUNTON.—I most willingly complied with your request.

J. MCLAREN.—I duly included your answer to Puzzle No. 280.

J'Y SUIS.—You quite misunderstood the names and numbers published last week. I cannot agree with you as to Mr. A. P. Lucas.

OLD BUFF.—Your eleven was an excellent one, but, as you will see, differed as to two men from the prize one.

ARTEMUS.—Your eleven, consisting of Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 7, 8, 9, 11, 12, 18, should have been acknowledged.

THE PUZZLE EDITOR.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 281. ASSORTED SPECIMENS—GOOD AND OTHERWISE.

ATTEMPTS AT GIVING THE SOURCES OF FIFTEEN PROSE AND POETICAL EXTRACTS FROM ENGLISH AUTHORS.

*** In the following columns each competitor's replies are given just as they were received. I will, in the first place, however, give the actual authors of the "Fifteen Quotations," which were given on June 12.

1. Fielding's "History of Tom Jones: a Foundling," book 7, chapter 1, the first paragraph. 2. Barham's "Ingoldsby Legends, "The Knight and the Lady," line 1 to 7. 3. Peter Pindar's "Ode to Edmund Burke," stanza 2, lines 1 and 2. 4. "The Rehearsal," a dramatic satire ascribed to the Duke of Buckingham, act 1, scene 1, from speech of First Player. 5. Dryden's "Absolom and Achitophel," part 1, from description of Achitophel. 6. Campbell's "Pleasures of Hope," lines 7 and 8. 7. Pope's "Moral Essays," epistle 2, lines 41 and 42. 8. Scott's "Song of Harold Harfager," stanza 2, lines 1 to 4. 9. Butler's "Hudibras," part 3, canto 3, lines 1 and 2. 10. Lord Chesterfield's "Advice to his Son: Letter on Graces," paragraph on Compliments, lines 1 to 5. 11. Dr. Johnson's "Vanity of Human Wishes," lines 11 and 12. 12. Parnell's "Hermit," lines 5 and 6. 13. Shenstone's "Lines Written at an Inn at Henley," stanza. 14. Wilkes' *North Briton*, No. 33, Jan. 15, 1763, commencement of paragraph 4. 15. Tennyson's "Vivien," page 117, Original Edition of "Idylls of the King."

1. Fielding's "Tom Jones," book 7, chap. 1. 2. "Ingoldsby Legends," "The Knight and the Lady." 5. Dryden's "Absalom and Achitophel," part 1, lines 163 and 164. 6. Campbell's "Pleasures of Hope,"

part 1, lines 7 and 8. 7. Pope's "Moral Essays," epistle 2, lines 41 and 42. 9. Butler's "Hudibras," part 3, canto 3, lines 1 and 2. 10. Chesterfield's Letters to his Son, letter dated Sept. 22, 1752. 11. Johnston's "Vanity of Human Wishes," lines 11 and 12. 12. Parnell's "Hermit," lines 5 and 5. 13. Shenstone's "Verses at an Inn at Henley," last stanza. 15. Tennyson's "Idylls of the King," "Vivien," 309.—C. T. B.

2. First lines of "The Knight and his Lady," Barham's "Ingoldsby Legends." 4. "The Rehearsal," Villiers Duke of Buckingham, act 1, sc. 1, first player. 5. Dryden's "Absalom and Achitophel," lines 163 and 164.—7. Campbell's "Pleasures of Hope," lines 7 and 8. 7. Pope's "Epistle to a Lady," "Characters of Women," lines 41 and 42. 8. Very like Sir Walter Scott's, but I have not found them. 9. Butler's "Hudibras," part 3, canto 3, lines 1 and 2. 10. Earl of Chesterfield's Letters to his Son, letter 151. 11. Somewhst like Gray, but I have not found them. 12. "The Hermit," by Parnell, lines 5 and 6. 13. Shenstone's "Lines written at an Inn at Henley," verse 5. 14. I looked for this in Macaulay, bnt have not found it. 15. Tennyson's "Idylls of the King," "Merlin and Vivien," line 309 and 310.—J. McGrigor Allan.

1. Fielding's "Tom Jones," book 7, chapter 1. 2. Ingoldsby's "Knight and the Lady," verse 1. 3. Anstey's "New Bath Guide." 5. Dryden's "Absalom and Achitophel," part 1, line 163. 6. Campbell's "Pleasures of Hope," part 1, line 7. 7. Pope's "Characters of Women," epistle 2, lines 41 and 42. 10. Chesterfield's Letters to his Son, "Graces." 12. T. Parnell's "Hermit," line 5. 13. Shenstone, written on window of inn at Henley.—Grace.

1. Dr. Barrow's "Sermon on Genius." 2. Barham's "The Knight and the Lady." 3. Rhodes' "Bombastes Furioso." 4. Buckingham's "The Rehearsal," act 1, first player. 5. Dryden's "Absolom and Achitophel," line 163. 6. Campbell's "Pleasures of Hope," part 1, line 7. 7. Pope's "Moral Essays," II., line 41. 9. Bloomfield's "The Fakenham Ghost." 10. Chesterfield (Newbery, 1786), page 46. 11. Johnson's "Vanity of Hnman Wisbes," line 51. 12. Parnell's "The Hermit," line 5. 13. Shenstone (lines on an inn at Henley). 14. Macaulay? 15. Tennyson's "Merlin and Vivien," page 434.—Synok.

2. Barham's "Ingoldsby Legends," "The Knight and the Lady," lines 1 to 6. 3. "The ——iad." 4. George, Duke of Buckingham's "Rehearsal," act 1, scene 1. 5. Dryden's "Absalom and Achitophel," part 1, lines 163 and 164. 6. Campbell's "Pleasures of Hope," part 1, lines 7 and 8. 7. Pope's "Moral Essay," II., 41 and 42. 9. Bntler's "Hudibras," part 3, canto 3, 1 and 2. 10. "Maxim of Lord Chesterfield," founded on his letter to Philip of Nov. 14, O.S. 1749 (No. 169 of first edition of Chesterfield's Letters). 12. Parnell's "Hermit," lines 5 and 6. 13. Shenstone, "Lines on the window of an inn at Henley." 14. Wilkes, "The North Briton," No. 33. 15. Tennyson's "Merlin and Vivien," 316 and 317.—Eurytus II.

1. "The World," &c., Sheridan. 2. "The Lord and his Lady," from the "Ingoldsby Legends," lines 1 to 6. 4. Addison. 5. Dryden's "Absalom and Achitophel, part 1, lines 163-4. 6. Campbell's "Pleasures of Hope," part 1, line 7. 7. Pope. 8. Scott. 9. "Hudibras' Prior." 10. "Lord Chesterfield's Letters." 12. Goldsmith's "Hermit." 13; Shenstone's "Lines written at an inn at Henley.' 14. Macaulay's "History of England." 15. Shakespeare.—Miss P. de Tompkins.

2. Barham's "Ingoldsby Legends," "The Knight and the Lady," line 1, *et seq.* 4. Duke of Buckingham's "Rehearsal," act 1, scene 1. 5. Dryden's "Absalom and Achitophel" (lines not numbered; it is the description of Lord Shaftesbnry as Achitophel). 6. Campbell's "Pleasures of Hope," lines 7 and 8. 7. Pope's "Moral Essays," epistle 2, lines 41 and 42. 9. Butler's "Hudibras," part 3, canto 3, lines 1 and 2. 10. Lord Chesterfield's "Letters to his Son." 11. Dr. Johnson's "Vanity of Human Wishes," lines 11 and 12. 12. Parnell's "Hermit," lines 5 and 6. 13. Shenstone's "Lines Written on the Window of an Inn." 15. Lord Tennyson's "Vivien" (lines not numbered, but the paragraph begins, "Says she not well?").—Missing.

2. From "The Knight and the Lady," Thomas Ingoldsby, line 1. 5. From "Absalom and Achitophel," part 1, line 163, Dryden. 6. From "The Pleasures of Hope," part 1, Campbell. 7. From "Characters of Women," epistle 2, line 41, Pope. 10. From "Lord Chesterfield's Letters to his Son." 11. From "The Vanity of Human Wishes," line 11, Johnson. 12. From "The Hermit," line 5, Parnell. 13. "Written on the Window of an Inn," Shenstone.—Cockyollibird.

2. "Knight and Lady" ("Ingoldsby Legends"), line 1. 3. "Bab Ballads" (W. S. Gilbert). 5. "Absolom and Achitophel," part 1, 27 (John Dryden). 6. "Pleasures of Hope," part 1, line 7 (Thos. Campbell). 7. Lord Byron. 8. "Lady of the Lake" (Walter Scott). 9. "Macbeth" (William Shakespeare). 12. "The Hermit" (Thomas Parnell), line 5. 13. Written on the window of an inn, by Wm. Shenstone. 14. Lord Beaconsfield iu "Lothair." 15. Pops's "January and May," line 78.—Cabbage.

2. Barham's "Ingoldsby Legends," "The Knight and the Lady," line 1, *et seq.* 5. Dryden's "Absolom and Achitophel," part 1, lines 163-4. 6. Campbell's "Pleasures of Hope," part 1, lines 7 and 8. 7. Pope's "Moral Essays," Ep. II., "On the Character of Women," line 41. 9. Butler's "Hudibras," part 3, can. 3, lines 1 and 2. 11. Dr. Johnson's "Vanity of Human Wishes," lines 11 and 12. 13. Shenstone's "Lines Written at an Inn at Henley," 5th stanza. 12. Parnell's "The Hermit," lines 5 and 6. 15. Tennyson's "Idylls of the King, Vivien," lines 309-10.—Mactavish.

2. From Barham's "Ingoldsby Legends," "The Knight and the Lady," part of verse 1. 5. Dryden's "Absalom and Achitophel," part 1, lines 163 and 164. 6. Campbell's "The Pleasures of Hope," lines 7 and 8. 7. Pope's "Moral Essays," "To a Lady," lines 41 and 42. 9. Butler's "Hudibras," part 3, canto 3, lines 1 and 2. 10. The 289th Letter of Lord Chesterfield to his son. 12. Thomas Parnell's "The Hermit," lines 5 and 6. 13. Lines written at an inn at Henley by Shenstone.—Allbram.

"The Knight and the Lady" ("Ingoldsby Legends"), lines 1 to 7. 5. "Absalom and Achitophel" (Dryden), part 1, line 163. 6. "Pleasures of Hope" (Campbell), part 1, line 7. 7. "Epistle to a Lady," II. "Moral Essays" (Pope), line 41. 8. "Song of Harold Harfager" (W. Scott), verse 2, lines 1 to 4. 10. Lord Chesterfield's Letters to his son. 11. Vanity of Human Wishes" (Johnson), line 11. 12. "The Hermit" (Parnell), line 5. 13. Written on Window of an Inn, by Shenstone. 15. "Merlin and Vivien" (Tennyson), line 448.—Jersey House.

2. Barham's "Ingoldsby Legends." "The Knight and the Lady," line 1. 5. Dryden's "Absalom and Achitophel," character of Shaftesbury, line 14 (Campbell's Specimens). 6. Campbell's "Pleasures of Hope," line 7. 7. Pope's "Moral Essays," epistle 2, line 41. 9. Butler's "Hudibras," part 3, canto 3, line 1. 12. Parnell's "The Hermit," line 6. 13. Shenstone's (William) "Whoever has travelled," &c. 15. Tennyson's "Vivien," line 309.—Prima Donna.

2. Ingoldsby's "The Knight and the Lady." 5. Dryden's "Achitophel." 6. Campbell's "Pleasures of Hope." 11. Pope. 12. Goldsmith. 13. Shenstone.—Daphnis.

2. Barham's "Ingoldsby Legends," "The Knight and the Lady," lines 1, 2, 3, 5, 6, 7. 5. Dryden's "Absolom and Achitophel," part 1, lines 163, 164. 6. Campbell's "Pleasures of Hope," part 1, lines 7, 8. 7. Pope's "Epistle to a Lady," lines 41, 42. 12. Parnell's "The Hermit," lines 5, 6. 13. Shenstone's "Written on a Window of an Inn."—Coaly Tyne.

2. "The Knight and the Lady," a domestic legend of the reign of Queen Anne (Ingoldsby). 5. "Absolom and Achitophel" (Dryden), line 163. 6. Campbell's "Pleasures of Hope."—Old Skyblue.

2. Thomas Barham's "Ingoldsby Legends." 3. "Hudibras." 5. Dryden's "Achitophel," part 1, line 163. 6. Thomas Campbell's "Pleasures of Hope," part 1, line 7. 8. "Percy Reliques." 9. "Shakespeare." 10. "Lord Chesterfield's Letters." 12. Thomas Parnell's "The Hermit," line 5. 13. Shenstone's "Lines Written on a Window of an Inn." 14. Lord Beaconsfield's "Coningsby."—Journalist.

2. "Ingoldsby Legends," "The Knight and the Lady," verse 1, Thomas Ingoldsby (Rev. Barham). 5. "Absolom and Achitophel," line 27 (Dryden). 6. "Pleasures of Hope" (Campbell), line 7. 12. "The Hermit" (T. Parnell) line 5. 13. "On an Inn Window" (Shenstone).—Mamie.

2. The "Ingoldsby Legends," strophe 1 (Rev. R. H. Barham). 3. "Absolom and Achitophel," part 1, lines 163 and 164 (J. Dryden). 6. "Pleasures of Hope," part 1, lines 7 and 8 (T. Campbell). 7. "Moral Essays," epistle 2, lines 41 and 42 (A. Pope). 11. "Vanity of Human Wishes," lines 11 and 12 (Dr. Johnson). 12. "The Hermit," lines 5 and 6 (T. Parnell). 13. "Lines Written at an Inn at Henley" (W. Shenstone). 15. "Vivien" ("Idylls of the King" lines 309 and 310 (A. Tennyson).—Out.

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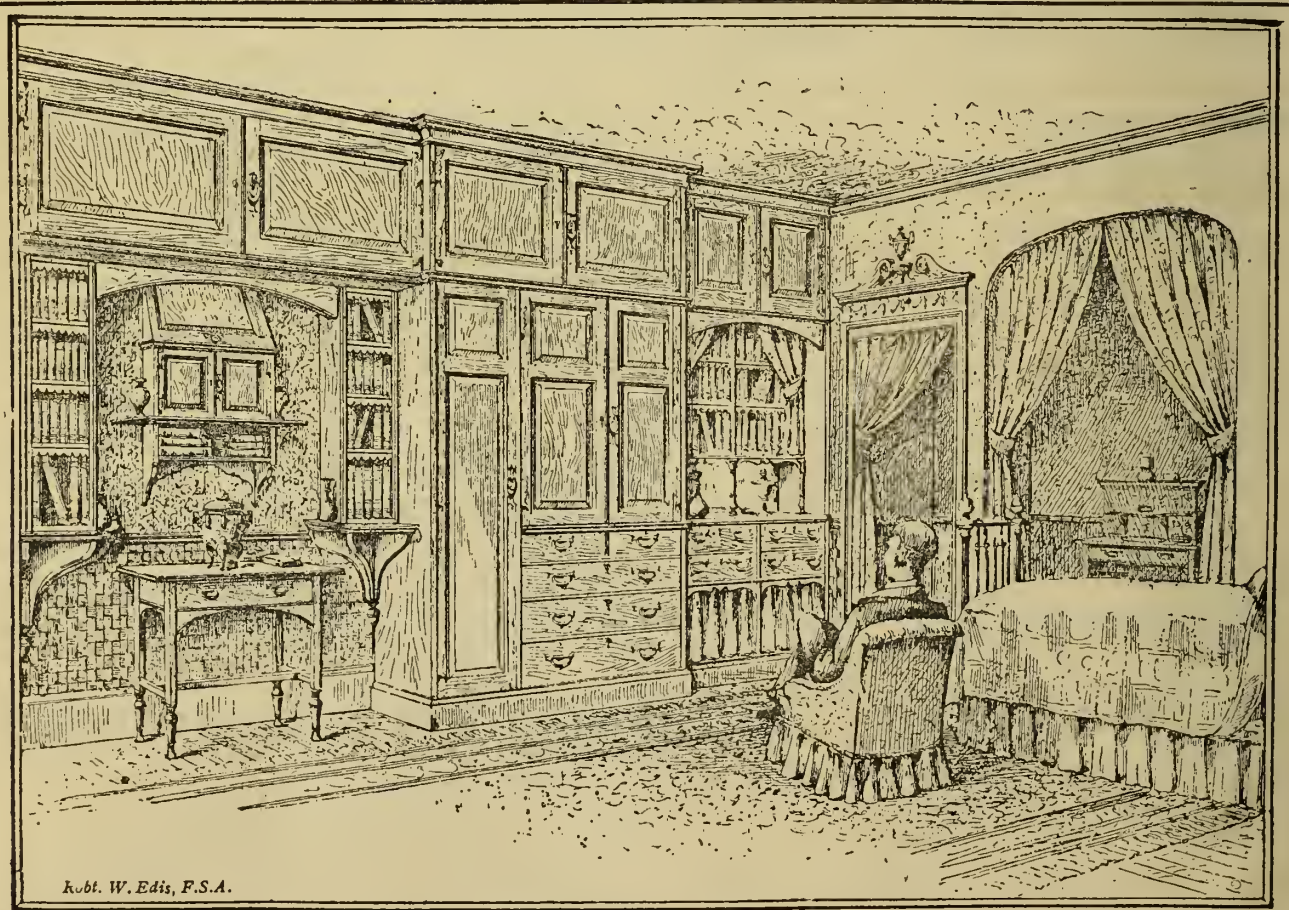

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